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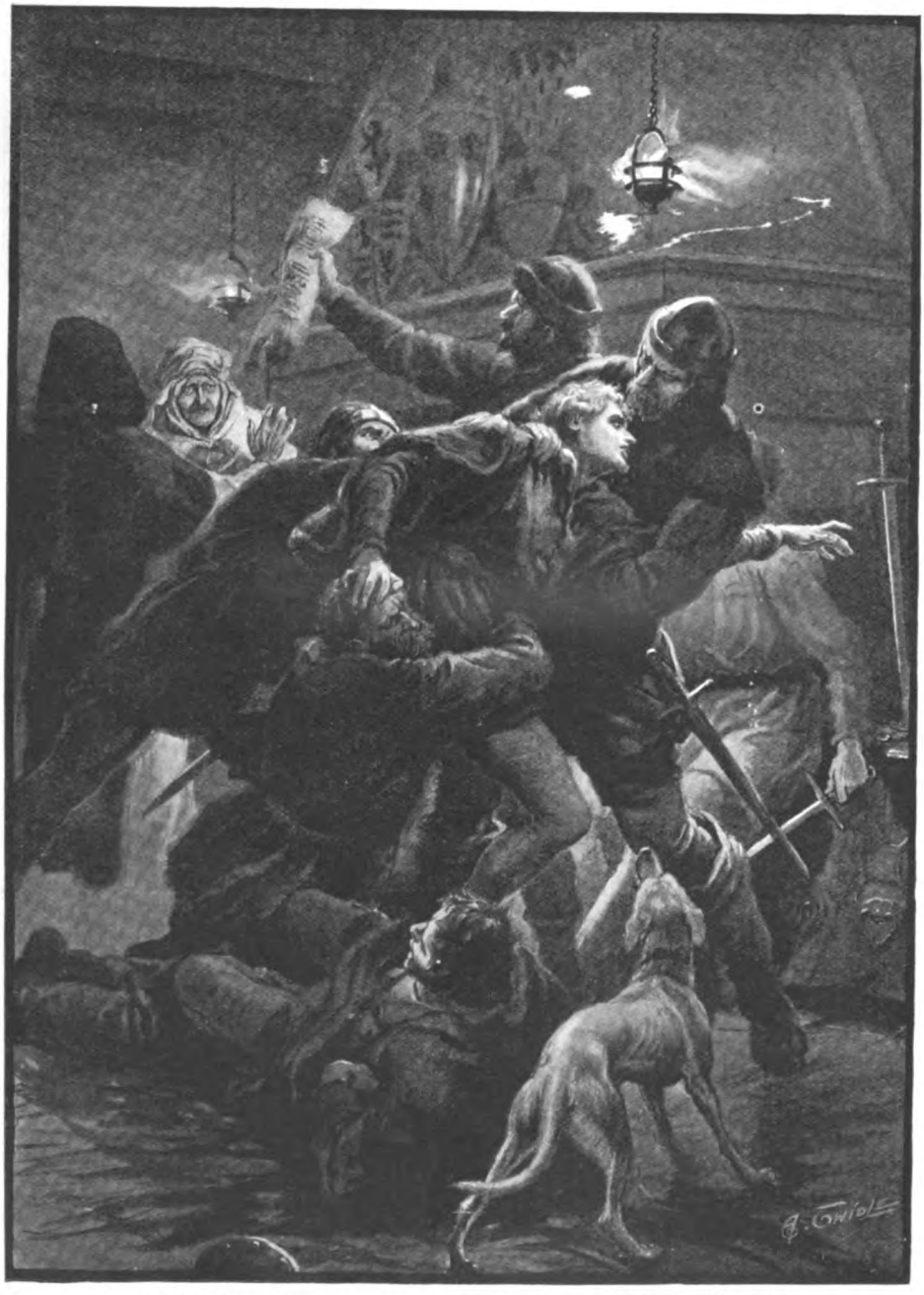

"DESPERATELY NIGEL STROVE TO GAIN HIS SWORD."

(*See page* 8.)

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An Illustrated Monthly

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INDEX

PAGE.

AMULET, THE. A Story for Children ... ... *E. Nesbit.* 107, 224, 345, 465
Illustrations by H. R. Millar.

ANGELS' VISITS ... ... *W. W. Jacobs.* 450
Illustrations by Will Owen.

ANIMALS THAT JOKE ... ... *Henri Coupin.* 161
Illustrations by J. A. Shepherd.

ARTISTS' MODELS: Women who have Sat for Men, and Men who have Sat for Women ... 617
Illustrations from Pictures by Famous Artists.

AUCTIONEERING, THE ROMANCE OF ... ... *Percy Collins.* 100
Illustrations from Photographs.

BEAST-BOOKS, MISS GUEST'S 338
Illustrations from Drawings, Sketches, and a Photograph.

BEAUTY, "PSYCHE" PORTRAITS OF FEMALE 260
Illustrations from Photographs.

BOOMERANGS AND BOOMERANG-THROWING ... ... *Charles Ray.* 87
Illustrations from Sketches and Diagrams.

BY DEPUTY ... ... *Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.* 529
Illustrations by J. Finnemore, R.I.

CHANGELING, THE ... ... *W. W. Jacobs.* 689
Illustrations by Will Owen.

CLOCK, HOW TO MAKE A FLORAL ... ... *S. Leonard Bastin.* 712
Illustrations from Diagrams.

COMEDY OF ERRORS, A ... ... *C. C. Andrews.* 639
Illustrations by Gordon Browne, R.B.A.

COMMONS, THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF *Col. Lockwood, M.P.* 682
Illustrations from Photographs.

CONVICTS, THE ESCAPE OF THE—ON THE BIOGRAPH ... ... *Theodore Waters.* 649
Illustrations from Photographs.

COST OF KINDNESS, THE ... ... *Jerome K. Jerome.* 91
Illustrations by A. Wallis Mills.

CRICKET, CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN 714
Illustrations from Photographs.

CRUIKSHANK PRINT, THE STRANGE STORY OF A ... ... *G. S. Layard.* 353
Illustrations from Old Prints.

CURIOSITIES 116, 236, 356, 476, 596, 716
Illustrations from Photographs.

DAM, THE MOST WONDERFUL, IN THE WORLD ... ... *Orrin E. Dunlap.* 233
Illustrations from Photographs.

DISTANT RELATIVE, A ... ... *W. W. Jacobs.* 154
Illustrations by Will Owen.

DRAMATIC SITUATION? WHAT IS THE FINEST. Opinions of the Leading Playwrights. 183
Illustrations by A. D. McCormick, R. B. M. Paxton, and from Photographs and a Painting.

DRESS AGENCIES: How a Lady may Dress in the Best Style at One-Third of the Ordinary Cost.... 522
Illustrations from Photographs.

EXPRESSION IN SONG, THE ART OF ... ... *M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon.* 278
Illustrations by Alan Wright.

FIGHT ... ... *Richard Washburn Child.* 578
Illustrations by S. H. Vedder.

PAGE.

FIRE AT SEA ... ... *Lawrence Perry.* 19
Illustrations from Photographs.

FLORAL CLOCK, HOW TO MAKE A ... ... *S. Leonard Bastin.* 712
Illustrations from Diagrams.

GOLF, TWENTY YEARS OF ... ... *A. Wallis Myers.* 585
Illustrations from Diagrams.

HEADS OF GREAT MEN, THE ... ... *Helen Corinne Gillenwater.* 315
Illustrations from Diagrams.

HEALTHY AT ALL AGES, HOW TO BE. A Symposium of Eminent Doctors 297
Illustrations from Photographs.

HIS LORDSHIP... ... ... *W. W. Jacobs.* 26
Illustrations by Will Owen.

HORSE-CHESTNUT BUD, THE LIFE STORY OF A ... . *John J. Ward.* 443
Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

IRVING, HENRY. An Artist's Sketch of an Actor 41
Written and Illustrated by Harry Furniss.

KING'S CURING, THE ... ... *Seumas MacManus.* 657
Illustrations by Stephen Reid.

KITCHEN COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THE ... *Col. Lockwood, M.P.* 682
Illustrations from Photographs.

KUCHING, A DAY SPENT IN ... ... *H.H. the Ranee of Sarawak.* 377
Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs.

"LIGHT VERSE, MY BEST PIECE OF." Selected by the Most Eminent Humorous Poets ... 393
Illustrations from Photographs.

LOST PLATO, THE ... ... *Arthur Thompson, M.A.* 265
Illustrations by W. S. Stacey.

LOVE-FEAST, THE LAST ... ... *Basil King.* 420
Illustrations by A. Castaigne and Cyrus Cuneo.

LOVE-KNOT, A ... ... *W. W. Jacobs.* 290
Illustrations by Will Owen.

MAID *v.* MAN ... ... *Florence Warden.* 671
Illustrations by P. B. Hickling.

MALINGERING ... ... *Litton Forbes, M.D.* 319
Illustrations by Alfred Pearse.

MINES, LOST, THE ROMANCE OF ... ... *T. C. Bridges.* 633
Illustrations by Warwick Goble.

MOON, THE NEW THEORY OF THE... ... ... *Waldemar Kaempffert.* 572
Illustrations from Photographs.

MOTOR-CAR, ACROSS AMERICA BY. Some Remarkable and Thrilling Trans-Continental Journeys ... ... *Frederick A. Talbot.* 513
Illustrations from Photographs.

MUTINY ON THE "POTEMKIN," THE ... ... *A. Kovalenko.* 57
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville and from Photographs.

MY DAY OF VENGEANCE.. ... ... *E. R. Punshon.* 385
Illustrations by W. Rainey.

NERVE: Some Instances of Human Fortitude ... ... *Harold Begbie.* 697
Illustrations by Alfred Pearse.

PAINTINGS BY GREAT ARTISTS, SOME REDISCOVERED ... ... *Ronald Graham.* 537
Illustrations from Paintings, Sketches, and Photographs.

PAIR OF ROGUES, A ... ... *Florence Warden.* 167
Illustrations by P. B. Hickling.

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. A Football Story ... . *P. G. Wodehouse.* 207
Illustrations by W. S. Stacey.

PHANTASMS: Some Remarkable Instances of Ghostly Visitations ... ... *Harold Begbie.* 495
Illustrations by Alfred Pearse.

PHOTOGRAPH, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A. Result No. II.—Children 68
Illustrations from Paintings and Photographs.

"PICTURE, MY BEST." By the Most Eminent French Painters ... ... *Adrian Margaux.* 123
Illustrations from Paintings.

294437

PAGE.

"PICTURE, MY BEST." By the Most Eminent German Painters ... ... *Adrian Margaux.* 457
Illustrations from Paintings.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AT DIFFERENT AGES:—

AUSTRIA, EMPEROR OF 329
BATTENBERG, PRINCESS ENA OF 180
DARE, MISS ZENA 668
FRENCH, K.C.B., GENERAL SIR JOHN ... 417
HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE 105
JAY, MISS ISABEL 326
NORWAY, KING HAAKON VII. OF 556
NORWAY, QUEEN MAUD OF 553
SPAIN, KING ALFONSO XIII. OF 177

POSTMAN'S PALACE, A ... ... *George A. Best.* 473
Illustrations from Photographs.

"POTEMKIN," THE MUTINY ON THE ... ... *A. Kovalenko.* 57
Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville and from Photographs.

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL ... ... *Rudyard Kipling.* 48, 193, 309, 401, 588, 703
Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson, R.I.

ROYAL COMMAND, A ... ... *Winifred Graham.* 437
Illustrations by A. Wallis Mills.

SIR NIGEL ... ... *A. Conan Doyle.* 3, 133, 243, 363, 483, 603
Illustrations by A. Twidle.

SPAIN, THE KING OF, AND HIS PALACES ... ... *Mary Spencer Warren.* 147
Illustrations from Photographs.

STRAND CLUB, THE CHRONICLES OF THE 82, 202, 285, 412, 559, 663
Illustrations from Drawings.

STROKE OF THE HOUR, THE ... ... *Gilbert Parker.* 72
Illustrations by Appley L. Wood.

TAUCHNITZ ... ... *Mrs. Herbert Vivian.* 430
Illustrations from Paintings, Photographs, and Facsimiles.

TERRIBLE HALF-HOUR, A ... ... *Miss M. Milbanke.* 332
Illustrations by Paul Hardy.

THAT HANSOM. A ... Adventure of Sam Briggs ... ... *Richard Marsh.* 564
Illustrations by W. ... ay.

THEIR ANNIVERSARY ... ... *C. C. Andrews.* 503
Illustrations by Paul Hardy.

TWO BON-BONS, THE ... ... *Fred M. White.* 545
Illustrations by P. B. Hickling.

"UNCLE BOB"... ... ... *J. J. Bell.* 625
Illustrations by E. S. Hodgson.

UPS AND DOWNS IN MY LIFE... ... ... *Henry W. Lucy.* 33
Illustrations by Alfred Pearse and from Photographs.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SUMMONER CAME TO THE MANOR-HOUSE OF TILFORD.

BY the date of this chronicle the ascetic sternness of the old Norman castles had been humanized and refined so that the new dwellings of the nobility, if less imposing in appearance, were very much more comfortable as places of residence. A gentler race had built their houses rather for peace than for war. He who compares the savage bareness of Pevensey with the piled grandeur of Bodiam or Windsor cannot fail to understand the change in manners which they represent. The earlier castles had a set purpose, for they were built that the invaders might hold down the country; but when the Conquest was once firmly established a castle had lost its meaning, save as a refuge from justice or as a centre for civil strife. On the marches of Wales and of Scotland the castle might continue to be a bulwark to the kingdom, and there they still grew and flourished; but in all other places they were rather a menace to the King's Majesty, and as such were discouraged and destroyed. By the reign of the third Edward the greater part of the old fighting castles had been converted into dwelling-houses or had been ruined in the Civil Wars, and left where their grim, grey bones are still littered upon the brows of our hills. The new buildings were either great country houses, capable of defence but mainly residential, or they were manor-houses with no military significance at all. Such was the Tilford manor-house, where the last survivors of the old and magnificent house of Loring still struggled hard to keep a footing and to hold off the monks and the lawyers from the few acres which were left to them.

The mansion was a two-storied one, framed in heavy beams of wood, the interstices filled with rude blocks of stone. An outside staircase led up to several sleeping-rooms above. Below there were only two apartments, the smaller of which was the bower of the aged Lady Ermyntrude. The other was the hall, a very large room, which served as the living-room of the family and as the common dining-room of themselves and of their little group of servants and retainers. The dwellings of these servants, the kitchens, the offices, and the stables were all represented by a row of pent-houses and sheds behind the main building. Here lived Charles the page, Peter the old falconer, Red Swire, who had followed Nigel's grandfather to the Scottish wars, Weathercote the broken minstrel, John the cook, and other survivors of more prosperous days, who still clung to the old house as the barnacles to some wrecked and stranded vessel.

One evening, about a week after the breaking of the yellow horse, Nigel and his grandmother sat on either side of the large, empty fireplace in this spacious apartment. The supper had been removed and so had the trestle tables upon which it had been served, so that to modern eyes the room would have seemed bare and empty. The stone floor was strewed with a thick layer of green rushes, which was swept out every Saturday, and carried with it all the dirt and debris of the week. Several dogs were now crouched among these rushes, gnawing and cracking the bones which had been thrown from the table. A long wooden buffet, loaded with plates and dishes, filled one end of the room; but there was little other furniture save some benches against the walls, two dorseret chairs, one small table littered with chessmen, and a great iron coffer. In one corner was a high wicker-work stand, and on it two stately falcons were perched, silent and motionless save for an occasional twinkle of their fierce yellow eyes.

But if the actual fittings of the room would have appeared scanty to one who had lived in a more luxurious age, he would have been surprised on looking up to see the multitude of objects which were suspended above his

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"HERE LIVED CHARLES THE PAGE, PETER THE OLD FALCONER, AND OTHER SURVIVORS OF MORE PROSPEROUS DAYS."

head. Over the fireplace were the coats-of-arms of a number of houses allied by blood or by marriage to the Lorings. The two cresset lights which flared upon each side gleamed upon the blue lion of the Percies, the red birds of de Valence, the black engrailed cross of de Mohun, the silver star of de Vere, and the ruddy bars of FitzAlan, all grouped round the famous red roses on the silver shield which the Lorings had borne to glory upon many a sanguinary field. Then from side to side the room was spanned by heavy oaken beams from which a great number of objects were hanging. There were mail shirts of obsolete pattern, several shields, one or two rusted and battered helmets, bow-staves, lances, otter-spears, harness, fishing-rods, and other implements of war or of the chase, while higher still, amid the black shadows of the peaked roof, could be seen rows of hams, flitches of bacon, salted geese, and those other forms of preserved meat which played so great a part in the housekeeping of the Middle Ages.

Dame Ermyntrude Loring, daughter, wife, and mother of warriors, was herself a formidable figure. Tall and gaunt, with hard, craggy features and intolerant dark eyes, even her snow-white hair and stooping back could not entirely remove the sense of fear which she inspired in those around her. Her thoughts and memories went back to harsher times, and she looked upon the England around her as a degenerate and effeminate land which had fallen away from the old standard of knightly courtesy and valour. The rising power of the people, the growing wealth of the Church, the increasing luxury in life and manners, and the gentler tone of the age were all equally abhorrent to her, so that the dread of her fierce face, and even of the heavy oak staff with which she supported her failing limbs, was widespread through all the country round. Yet if she were feared she was also respected, for in those days, when books were few and readers scarce, a long memory and a ready tongue were of the more value; and where, save from Dame Ermyntrude, could the young, unlettered squires of Surrey and Hampshire hear of their grandfathers and their battles, or learn that lore of heraldry and chivalry which she handed down from a ruder but a more martial age? Poor as she was, there was no one in Surrey whose guidance would be more readily sought upon a question of precedence or of conduct than the Dame Ermyntrude Loring.

She sat now with bowed back by the empty fireplace, and she looked across at Nigel with all the harsh lines of her old ruddled face softening into love and pride. The young squire was busy cutting bird-bolts for his cross-bow, and whistling softly as

he worked. Suddenly he looked up and caught the dark eyes which were fixed upon him. He leaned forward and patted the bony hand.

"What hath pleased you, dear dame? I read pleasure in your eyes."

"I have heard to-day, Nigel, how you came to win that great war-horse which stamps in our stable."

"Nay, dame, I had told you that the monks had given it to me."

"You said so, fair son, but never a word more. Yet the horse which you brought home was a very different horse, I wot, to that which was given you. Why did you not tell me?"

"I should think it shame to talk of such a thing."

"So would your father before you, and his father no less. They would sit silent among the knights when the wine went round and listen to every man's deeds, but if perchance there was anyone who spoke louder than the rest and seemed to be eager for honour, then afterwards your father would pluck him softly by the sleeve and whisper in his ear, to learn if there was any small vow of which he could relieve him, or if he would deign to perform some noble deed of arms upon his person. And if the man were a braggart, and would go no farther, your father would be silent and none would know it. But if he bore himself well your father would spread his fame far and wide, but never make mention of himself."

Nigel looked at the old woman with shining eyes. "I love to hear you speak of him," said he. "I pray you to tell me once more of the manner of his death."

"He died as he had lived—a very courtly gentleman. It was at the great sea-battle upon the Norman coast, and your father was in command of the after-guard in the King's own ship. Now the French had taken a great English ship the year before, when they came over and held the narrow seas and burned the town of Southampton. This ship was the *Christopher*, and they placed it in the front of their battle, but the English closed upon it and stormed over its side, and slew all who were upon it. But your father and Sir Lorredan of Genoa, who commanded the *Christopher*, fought upon the high poop, so that all the fleet stopped to watch it, and the King himself cried aloud at the sight, for Sir Lorredan was a famous man-at-arms and bore himself very stoutly that day, and many a knight envied your father that he should have chanced upon so excellent a person. But your father bore him back and struck him such a blow with a mace that he turned the helmet half round on his head, so that he could no longer see through the eye-holes, and Sir Lorredan threw down his sword and gave himself to ransom. But your father took him by the helmet and twisted it until he had it straight upon his head. Then, when he could see once again, he handed him his sword, and prayed him that he would rest himself and then continue, for it was great profit and joy to see any gentleman carry himself so well. So they sat together and rested by the rail of the poop, but even as they raised their hands again your father was struck by a stone from a mangonel and so died."

"And this Sir Lorredan," cried Nigel; "he died also, as I understand?"

"I fear that he was slain by the archers, for they loved your father and they do not see these things with our eyes."

"It was a pity," said Nigel, "for it is clear that he was a good knight and bore himself very bravely."

"Time was, when I was young, when commoners dared not have laid their grimy hands upon such a man. Men of gentle blood and coat-armour made war upon each other, and the others, spearmen or archers, could scramble amongst themselves. But now all are of a level, and only here and there one, like yourself, fair son, who reminds me of the men who are gone."

Nigel leaned forward and took her hands in his. "What I am you have made me," said he.

"It is true, Nigel. I have indeed watched over you as the gardener watches his most precious blossom, for in you alone are all the hopes of our ancient house, and soon—very soon—you will be alone."

"Nay, dear lady, say not that."

"I am very old, Nigel, and I feel the shadow closing in upon me. My heart yearns to go, for all whom I have known and loved have gone before me. And you—it will be a blessed day for you, since I have held you back from that world into which your brave spirit longs to plunge."

"Nay, nay; I have been happy here with you at Tilford."

"We are very poor, Nigel. I do not know where we may find the money to fit you for the wars. Yet we have good friends. There is Sir John Chandos, who has won such credit in the French wars, and who rides ever by the King's bridle-arm. He was your father's friend, and they were

squires together. If I send you to Court with a message to him he would do what he could."

Nigel's fair face flushed.

"Nay, Dame Ermyntrude, I must find my own gear, even as I have found my own horse, for I had rather ride into battle in this tunic than owe my suit to another."

"I feared that you would say so, Nigel, but indeed I know not how else we may get the money," said the old woman, sadly. "It was different in the days of my father. I can remember that a suit of mail was but a small matter in those days, for in every English town such things could be made. But year by year, since men have come to take more care of their bodies, there have been added a plate of proof here and a cunning joint there, and all must be from Toledo or Milan, so that a knight must have much metal in his purse ere he put any on his limbs."

Nigel looked up wistfully at the old armour which was slung on the beams above him.

"The ash spear is good," said he, "and so is the oaken shield with facing of steel. Sir Roger FitzAlan handled them and said that he had never seen better. But the armour——"

Lady Ermyntrude shook her old head and laughed.

"You have your father's great soul, Nigel, but you have not his mighty breadth of shoulder and length of limb. There was not in all the King's great host a taller or a stronger man. His harness would be little use to you. No, fair son, I rede you that when the time comes you sell this crumbling house and the few acres which are still left, and so go forth to the wars in the hope that with your own right hand you will plant the fortunes of a new house of Loring."

"NIGEL LOOKED UP WISTFULLY AT THE OLD ARMOUR."

A shadow of anger passed over Nigel's fresh young face.

"I know not if we may hold off these monks and their lawyers much longer. This very day there came a man from Guildford with claims from the Abbey extending back before my father's death."

"Where are they, fair son?"

"They are flapping on the furze bushes of Hankley, for I sent his papers and parchments down wind as fast as ever falcon flew."

"Nay, you were mad to do that, Nigel. And the man, where is he?"

"Red Swire and old George the archer threw him into the Thursley bog."

"Alas! I fear me such things cannot be done in these days, though my father or my husband would have sent the rascal back to Guildford without his ears. But the Church and the law

are too strong now for us who are of gentle blood. Trouble will come of it, Nigel, for the Abbot of Waverley is not one who will hold back the shield of the Church from those who are her servants."

"The Abbot would not hurt us. It is that grey, lean wolf of a sacrist who hungers for our land. Let him do his worst. I fear him not."

"He has such an engine at his back, Nigel, that even the bravest must fear him. The ban which blasts a man's soul is in the keeping of his Church, and what have we to place against it? I pray you to speak him fair, Nigel."

"Nay, dear lady, it is both my duty and my pleasure to do what you bid me, but I would die ere I ask as a favour that which we can claim as a right. Never can I cast my eyes from yonder window that I do not see the swelling down-land and the rich meadows, glade and dingle, copse and wood, which have been ours since Norman William gave them to that Loring who bore his shield at Senlac. Now, by trick and fraud, they have passed away from us, and many a franklin is a richer man than I, but never shall it be said that I saved the rest by bending my neck to their yoke. Let them do their worst, and let me endure it or fight it as best I may."

The old lady sighed and shook her head.

"You speak as a Loring should, and yet I fear that some great trouble will befall us. But let us talk no more of such matters, since we cannot mend them. Where is your citole, Nigel? Will you not play and sing to me?"

The gentleman of those days could scarce read and write, but he spoke in two languages, played at least one musical instrument as a matter of course, and possessed a number of other accomplishments unknown to modern culture, from the imping of hawks' feathers to the mystery of venerie, with knowledge of every beast and bird, its times of grace and when it is seasonable. So far as physical power went, to vault barebacked upon a horse, to hit a running hare with a cross-bow bolt, or to climb the angle of a castle courtyard were feats which had come by nature to the young squire, but it was very different with music, which had called for many a weary hour of irksome work. Now at last he could master the strings, but both his ear and his voice were not of the best, so that it was well, perhaps, that there was so small and so prejudiced an audience to the Norman-French chanson which he sang in a high, reedy voice with great earnestness of feeling, but with many a slip and quaver, waving his yellow head in cadence to the music:—

A sword! A sword!
Ah! give me a sword,
For the world is all to win.
Though the way be hard
And the door be barred,
The strong man enters in.
If Chance and Fate
Still hold the gate,
Give me the iron key,
And turret high
My plume shall fly,
Or you may weep for me.

A horse! A horse!
Ah! give me a horse
To bear me out afar
Where blackest need
And grimmest deed
And sweetest perils are.
Hold thou my ways
From glutted days
Where poisoned leisure lies,
And point the path
Of tears and wrath
Which mounts to high emprise.

A heart! A heart!
Ah! give me a heart
To rise to circumstance;
Serene and high
And bold to try
The hazard of the chance.
With strength to wait,
But fixed as Fate
To plan and dare and do,
The peer of all,
And only thrall,
Sweet lady mine, to you.

It may have been that the sentiment went for more than the music, or it may have been that the nicety of her own ear had been dulled by age, but old Dame Ermyntrude clapped her lean hands together and cried out in shrill applause.

"Weathercote has indeed had an apt pupil," she said. "I pray you that you will sing again."

"Nay, dear dame; it is turn and turn betwixt you and me. I beg that you will recite a romance—you who know them all. For all the years that I have listened I have never yet come to the end of them, and I dare swear that there are more in your head than in all the great book which they showed me at Guildford Castle. I would fain hear Doon of Mayence, or the Song of Roland, or Sir Isumbras."

So the old dame broke into a long poem, slow and dull in the inception, but quickening as the interest grew, until with darting hands and glowing face she poured forth the verses which told of the emptiness of sordid life, the beauty of heroic death, the high sacredness of love, and the bondage of

"WITH DARTING HANDS AND GLOWING FACE SHE POURED FORTH THE VERSES."

honour. Nigel, with set, still features and brooding eyes, drank in the fiery words, until at last they died upon the old woman's lips, and she sank back weary in her chair. Nigel stooped over her and kissed her brow.

"Your words will ever be as a star upon my path," said he. Then, carrying over the small table and the chessmen, he proposed that they should play their usual game before they sought their rooms for the night.

But a sudden and rude interruption broke in upon their gentle contest. A dog pricked its ears and barked. The others ran growling to the door. And then there came a sharp clash of arms, a dull, heavy blow as from a club or sword-pommel, and a deep voice from without summoned them to open in the King's name. The old dame and Nigel had both sprung to their feet, their table overturned and their chessmen scattered among the rushes. Nigel's hand had sought his cross-bow, but the Lady Ermyntrude grasped his arm.

"Nay, fair son, have you not heard that it is in the King's name?" said she. "Down, Talbot! Down, Bayard! Open the door and let his messenger in."

Nigel undid the bolt and the heavy wooden door swung outwards upon its hinges. The light from the flaring cressets beat upon steel caps and fierce, bearded faces, with the glimmer of drawn swords and the yellow gleam of bow-staves. A dozen armed archers forced their way into the room. At their head were the gaunt sacrist of Waverley and a stout, elderly man clad in a red velvet doublet and breeches, much stained and mottled with mud and clay. He bore a great sheet of parchment with a fringe of dangling seals, which he held aloft as he entered.

"I call on Nigel Loring," he cried. "I, the officer of the King's law and the lay summoner of Waverley, call upon the man named Nigel Loring."

"I am he."

"Yes, it is he," cried the sacrist. "Archers, do as you were ordered."

In an instant the band threw themselves upon him like the hounds on a stag. Desperately Nigel strove to gain his sword, which lay upon the iron coffer. With the convulsive strength which comes from the spirit rather than from the body, he bore them all in that direction, but the sacrist snatched the weapon from its place, and the rest dragged the writhing squire to the ground and swathed him in a cord.

"Hold him fast, good archers, keep a stout grip on him!" cried the summoner. "I pray you, one of you, prick off these great dogs which snarl at my heels Stand off, I say, in the name of the King! Watkin, come betwixt me and these creatures, who have as little regard for the law as their master."

One of the archers kicked off the faithful dogs. But there were others of the household who were equally ready to show their teeth in defence of the old house of Loring. From the door which led to their quarters there emerged the pitiful muster of Nigel's threadbare retainers. There was a time

when ten knights, forty men-at-arms, and two hundred archers would march behind the scarlet roses. Now at this last rally, when the young head of the house lay bound in his own hall, there mustered at his call the page Charles with a cudgel, John the cook with his longest spit, Red Swire, the aged man-at-arms, with a formidable axe swung over his snowy head, and Weathercote the minstrel with a boar-spear. Yet this motley array was fired with the spirit of the house, and under the lead of the fierce old soldier they would certainly have flung themselves upon the ready swords of the archers, had the Lady Ermyntrude not swept between them.

"Stand back, Swire!" she cried. "Back, Weathercote! Charles, put a leash on Talbot and hold Bayard back!" Her black eyes blazed upon the invaders until they shrank from that baleful gaze. "Who are you, you rascal robbers, who dare to misuse the King's name, and to lay hands upon one whose smallest drop of blood has more worth than all your gross and caitiff bodies?"

"Nay, not so fast, dame; not so fast, I pray you!" cried the stout summoner, whose face had resumed its natural colour now that he had a woman to deal with. "There is a law of England, mark you, and there are those who serve it and uphold it, who are the true men and the King's own lieges. Such a one am I. Then, again, there are those who take such as me and transfer, carry, or convey us into a bog or morass. Such a one is this graceless old man with the axe, whom I have seen already this day. There are also those who tear, destroy, or scatter the papers of the law, of which this young man is the chief. Therefore, I would rede you, dame, not to rail against us, but to understand that we are the King's men on the King's own service."

"What, then, is your errand in this house at this hour of the night?"

The summoner cleared his throat pompously, and, turning his parchment to the light of the cressets, he read out a long document in Norman-French, couched in such a style and such a language that the most involved and foolish of our forms are simplicity itself compared to those by which the men of the long gown made a mystery of that which of all things on earth should be the plainest and the most simple. Despair fell cold upon Nigel's heart and blanched the face of the old dame as they listened to the dread catalogue of claims and suits and issues, questions of peccary and turbary, of house-bote and fire-bote, which ended by a demand for all the lands, hereditaments, tenements, messuages, and curtilages which made up their worldly all.

Nigel, still bound, had been placed with his back against the iron coffer, whence he heard with dry lips and moist brow this doom of his house. Now he broke in on the recital with a vehemence which made the summoner jump.

"You shall rue what you have done this night," he cried. "Poor as we are, we have our friends who will not see us wronged, and I will plead my cause before the King's Own Majesty at Windsor, that he, who saw the father die, may know what things are done in his Royal name against the son. But these matters are to be settled in course of law in the King's courts, and how will you excuse yourself for this assault upon my house and person?"

"Nay, that is another matter," said the sacrist. "The question of debt may indeed be an affair of a civil court. But it is a crime against the law and an act of the devil which comes within the jurisdiction of the Abbey Court of Waverley when you dare to lay hands upon the summoner or his papers."

"Indeed he speaks truth," cried the official. "I know no blacker sin."

"Therefore," said the stern monk, "it is the order of the holy Father Abbot that you sleep this night in the Abbey cell, and that to-morrow you be brought before him at the court held in the chapter-house, so that you receive the fit punishment for this and the many other violent and froward deeds which you have wrought upon the servants of Holy Church. Enough is now said, worthy Master Summoner. Archers, remove your prisoner!"

As Nigel was lifted up by four stout archers the Dame Ermyntrude would have rushed to his aid, but the sacrist thrust her back.

"Stand off, proud woman! Let the law take its course, and learn to humble your heart before the power of Holy Church. Has your life not taught its lesson—you, whose horn was exalted among the highest, and will soon not have a roof above your grey hairs? Stand back, I say, lest I lay a curse above you!"

The old dame flamed suddenly into white wrath as she stood before the angry monk.

"Listen to me while I lay a curse upon you and yours," she cried, as she raised her shrivelled arms and blighted him with her flashing eyes. "As you have done to the house of Loring, so may God do to you, until your power is swept from the land of

England, and of your great Abbey of Waverley there is nothing left but a pile of grey stones in a green meadow. I see it! I see it! With my old eyes I see it! From scullion to Abbot, and from cellar to tower, may Waverley and all within it droop and wither from this night on."

The monk, hard as he was, quailed before the frantic figure and the bitter, burning words. Already the summoner and the archers with their prisoner were clear of the house. He turned, and with a clang he shut the heavy door behind him.

"AS YOU HAVE DONE TO THE HOUSE OF LORING, SO MAY GOD DO TO YOU."

CHAPTER V.

HOW NIGEL WAS TRIED BY THE ABBOT OF WAVERLEY.

The law of the Middle Ages, shrouded as it was in old Norman-French dialect, and abounding in uncouth and incomprehensible terms, in deodands and heriots, in infang and outfang, was a fearsome weapon in the hands of those who knew how to use it. It was not for nothing that the first act of the rebel commoners was to hew off the head of the Lord Chancellor. In an age when few knew how to read or to write, these mystic phrases and intricate forms, with the parchments and seals which were their outward expression, struck cold terror into hearts which were steeled against mere physical danger. Even young Nigel Loring's blithe and elastic spirit was chilled as he lay that night in the penal cell of Waverley, and pondered over the absolute ruin which threatened his house from a source against which all his courage was of no avail. As well take up sword and shield to defend himself against the Black Death as against this blight of Holy Church. He was powerless in the grip of the Abbey. Already they had shorn off a field here and a grove there, and now in one sweep they would take in the rest; and where then was the home of the Lorings, and where should the Lady Ermyntrude lay her aged head, or his old retainers, broken and spent, eke out the balance of their days? He shivered as he thought of it. It was very well for him to threaten to carry the matter before the King, but it was ten years since Royal Edward had heard the name of Loring, and Nigel knew that the memory of Princes is a short one. Besides, the Church was the ruling power in the palace as well as in the cottage, and it was only for very good cause that a King could be expected to cross the purposes of so high a prelate as the Abbot of Waverley, so long as they came within the scope of the law. Where, then, was he to look for help? With the simple and practical piety of the age he prayed for the aid of his own particular saints—of St. Paul, whose adventures by land and sea had always endeared him; of St. George, who had gained much honourable advancement from the Dragon; and of St. Thomas, who was a gentleman of coat-armour, who would understand and help a person of gentle blood. Then, much comforted by his naïve orisons, he enjoyed the sleep of youth and health until the entrance of the lay-brother with the bread and small beer which served as breakfast in the morning.

The Abbey Court sat in the chapter-house at the canonical hour of tierce, which was nine in the forenoon. At all times the function was a solemn one, even when the culprit might be a villein who was taken

poaching on the Abbey estate, or a chapman who had given false measure from his biased scales. But now, when a man of noble birth was to be tried, the whole legal and ecclesiastical ceremony was carried out with every detail, grotesque or impressive, which the full ritual prescribed. To the distant roll of Church music and the slow tolling of the Abbey bell the white-robed brethren, two and two, walked thrice round the hall singing the "Benedicite" and the "Veni Creator" before they settled in their places at the desks on either side. Then in turn each high officer of the Abbey from below upwards—the almoner, the lector, the chaplain, the sub-prior, and the prior—swept to their wonted places. Finally there came the grim sacrist, with demure triumph upon his downcast features; and at his heels Abbot John himself, slow and dignified, with pompous walk and solemn, composed face, his iron-beaded rosary swinging from his waist, his breviary in his hand, and his lips muttering as he hurried through the office for the day. He knelt at his high prie-dieu; the brethren, at a signal from the prior, prostrated themselves upon the floor, and the low, deep voices rolled in prayer, echoed back from the arched and vaulted roof like the wash of waves from an ocean cavern. Finally the monks resumed their seats, there entered clerks in seemly black, with pens and parchment; the red velvet summoner appeared to tell his tale; Nigel was led in, with archers pressing close around him; and then, with much calling of old French and much legal incantation and mystery, the Court of the Abbey was open for business.

It was the sacrist who first advanced to the oaken desk reserved for the witnesses, and expounded in hard, dry, mechanical fashion the many claims which the house of Waverley had against the family of Loring. Some generations back, in return for money advanced or for spiritual favour received, the Loring of the day had admitted that his estate had certain feudal duties towards the Abbey. The sacrist held up the crackling yellow parchment with swinging leaden seals on which the claim was based. Amid the obligations was that of escuage, by which the price of a knight's fee should be paid every year. No such price had been paid, nor had any service been done. The accumulated years came now to a greater sum than the fee simple of the estate. There were other claims also. The sacrist called for his books, and with thin, eager forefinger he tracked them down, dues for this and tallage for that, so many shillings this year and so many marks that one. Some of it occurred before Nigel was born, some of it when he was but a child. The accounts had been checked and certified by the serjeant of the law. Nigel listened to the dread recital and felt like some young stag who stands at bay with brave pose and heart of fire, but who sees himself compassed round and knows clearly that there is no escape. With his bold young face, his steady blue eyes, and the proud poise of his head he was a worthy scion of the old house; and the sun, shining through the high oriel window and showing up the stained and threadbare condition of his once rich doublet, seemed to illuminate the fallen fortunes of his family.

The sacrist had finished his exposition, and the serjeant-at-law was about to conclude a case which Nigel could in no way controvert, when help came to him from an unexpected quarter. It may have been a certain malignity with which the sacrist urged his suit, it may have been a diplomatic dislike to driving matters to extremes, or it may have been some genuine impulse of kindliness, for Abbot John was choleric, but easily appeased. Whatever the cause, the result was that a white, plump hand, raised in the air with a gesture of authority, showed that the case was at an end.

"Our Brother Sacrist hath done his duty in urging this suit," said he, "for the worldly wealth of this Abbey is placed in his pious keeping, and it is to him that we should look if we suffered in such ways, for we are but the trustees of those who come after us. But to my keeping has been consigned that which is more precious still, the inner spirit and high repute of those who follow the rule of St. Bernard. Now, it has ever been our endeavour, since first our saintly founder went down into the valley of Clairvaux and built himself a cell there, that we should set an example to all men in gentleness and humility. For this reason it is that we build our houses in lowly places, that we have no tower to our Abbey churches, and that no finery and no metal, save only iron or lead, come within our walls. A brother shall eat from a wooden platter, drink from an iron cup, and light himself from a leaden sconce. Surely it is not for such an Order, who await the exaltation which is promised to the humble, to judge their own case and so acquire the lands of their neighbour. If our cause be just, as, indeed, I believe that it is, then it were better that it be judged at the

King's Assizes at Guildford, and so I decree that the case be now dismissed from the Abbey Court so that it can be heard elsewhere."

Nigel breathed a prayer to the three sturdy saints who had stood by him so manfully and well in the hour of his need.

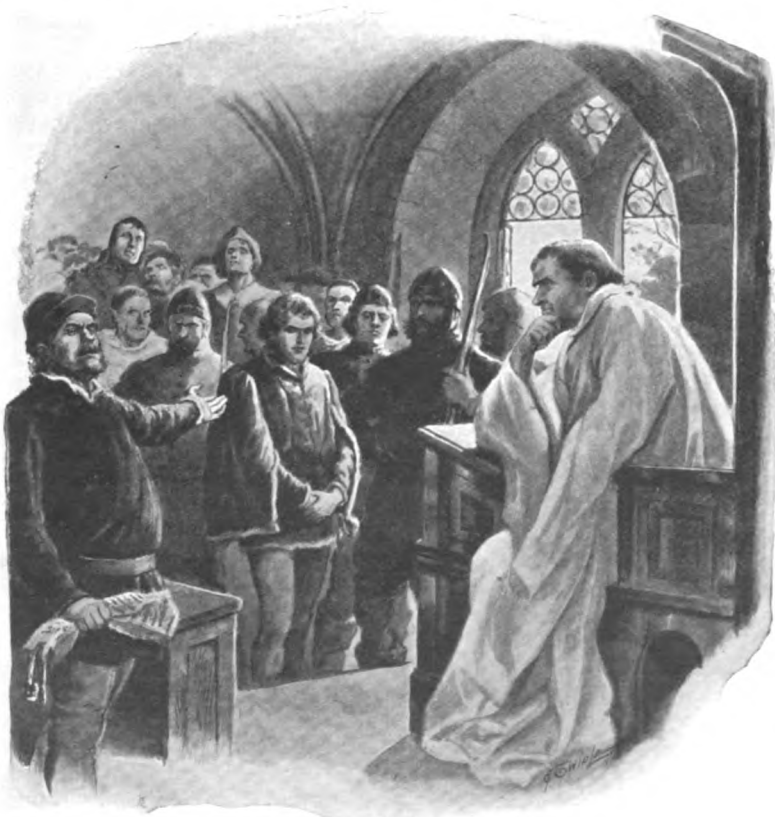
"Abbot John," said he, "I never thought that any man of my name would utter thanks to a Cistercian of Waverley, but by St. Paul you have spoken like a man this day, for it would indeed be to play with cogged dice if the Abbey's case is to be tried in the Abbey Court."

The eighty white-clad brethren looked with half-resentful, half-amused eyes as they listened to this frank address to one who, in their small lives, seemed to be the direct vice-regent of Heaven. The archers had stood back from Nigel as though he were at liberty to go, when the loud voice of the summoner broke in upon the silence.

"If it please you, holy Father Abbot," cried the voice, "this decision of yours is indeed *secundum legem* and *intra vires* so far as the civil suit is concerned which lies between this person and the Abbey. That is your affair. But it is I, Joseph the summoner, who have been grievously and criminally mishandled, my writs, papers, and indentures destroyed, my authority flouted, and my person dragged through a bog, quagmire, or morass, so that my velvet gabardine and silver badge of office were lost and are, as I verily believe, in the morass, quagmire, or bog afore-mentioned, which is the same bog, morass——"

"Enough!" cried the Abbot, sternly. "Lay aside this foolish fashion of speech and say straightly what you desire."

"Holy father, I have been the officer of the King's law no less than the servant of Holy Church, and I have been let, hindered, and assaulted in the performance of my lawful and proper duties, while my papers, drawn in the King's name, have been shended and rended and cast to the wind. Therefore I demand justice upon this man in the Abbey Court, the said assault having been committed within the banlieue of the Abbey's jurisdiction."



"THEREFORE I DEMAND JUSTICE UPON THIS MAN."

"What have you to say to this, Brother Sacrist?" asked the Abbot, in some perplexity.

"I would say, father, that it is within our power to deal gently and charitably with all that concerns ourselves, but that where the King's officer is concerned we are wanting in our duty if we give him less than the protection that he demands. I would remind you also, holy father, that this is not the first of this man's violence, but that he has before now beaten our servants, defied our authority, and put pike in the Abbot's own fish-pond."

The prelate's heavy cheeks

flushed with anger as this old grievance came fresh into his mind. His eyes hardened as he looked at the prisoner.

"Tell me, Squire Nigel, did you indeed put pike in the pond?"

The young man drew himself proudly up.

"Ere I answer such a question, Father Abbot, do you answer one from me, and tell me what the monks of Waverley have ever done for me that I should hold my hand when I could injure them?"

A low murmur ran round the room, partly wonder at his frankness and partly anger at his boldness. The Abbot settled down in his seat as one who has made up his mind.

"Let the case of the summoner be laid before me," said he. "Justice shall be done and the offender shall be punished, be he noble or simple. Let the plaint be brought before the Court."

The tale of the summoner, though rambling and filled with endless legal reiteration, was only too clear in its essence. Red Swire, with his angry face framed in white bristles, was led in, and confessed to his ill-treatment of the official. A second culprit, a little wiry nut-brown archer from Churt, had aided and abetted in the deed. Both of them were ready to declare that young Squire Nigel Loring knew nothing of the matter. But then there was the awkward incident of the tearing of the writs. Nigel, to whom a lie was an impossibility, had to admit that with his own hands he had shredded those august documents. As to an excuse or an explanation, he was too proud to advance any. A cloud gathered over the brow of the Abbot, and the sacrist gazed with an ironical smile at the prisoner, while a solemn hush fell over the chapter-house as the case ended and only judgment remained.

"Squire Nigel," said the Abbot, "it was for you, who are, as all men know, of ancient lineage in this land, to give a fair example by which others should set their conduct. Instead of this, your manor-house has ever been a centre for the stirring-up of strife, and now, not content with your harsh showing towards us, the Cistercian monks of Waverley, you have even marked your contempt for the King's law, and through your servants have mishandled the person of his messenger. For such offences it is in my power to call the spiritual terrors of the Church upon your head; and yet I would not be harsh with you, seeing that you are young, and that even last week you saved the life of a servant of the Abbey when in peril. Therefore, it is by temporal and carnal means that I will use my power to tame your over-bold spirit, and to chasten that headstrong and violent humour which has caused such scandal in your dealings with our Abbey. Bread and water for six weeks, from now to the Feast of St. Benedict, with a daily exhortation from our chaplain, the pious Father Ambrose, may still avail to bend the stiff neck and to soften the hard heart."

At this ignominious sentence, by which the proud heir of the house of Loring would share the fate of the meanest village poacher, the hot blood of Nigel rushed to his face, and his eye glanced round him with a gleam which said more plainly than words that there could be no tame acceptance of such a doom. Twice he tried to speak, and twice his anger and his shame held the words in his throat.

"I am no subject of yours, proud Abbot," he cried at last. "My house has ever been vavasour to the King. I deny the power of you and your Court to lay sentence upon me. Punish these your own monks, who whimper at your frown, but do not dare to lay your hand upon him who fears you not, for he is a free man, and the peer of any save only the King himself."

The Abbot seemed for an instant taken aback by these bold words and by the high and strenuous voice in which they were uttered. But the sterner sacrist came as ever to stiffen his will. He held up the old parchment in his hand.

"The Lorings were indeed vavasours to the King," said he, "but here is the very seal of Eustace Loring, which shows that he made himself vassal to the Abbey and held his land from it."

"Because he was gentle," cried Nigel; "because he had no thought of trick or guile."

"Nay!" said the summoner. "If my voice may be heard, Father Abbot, upon a point of the law, it is of no weight what the causes may have been why a deed is subscribed, signed, or confirmed, but a Court is only concerned with the terms, articles, covenants, and contracts of the said deed."

"Besides," said the sacrist, "sentence is passed by the Abbey Court, and there is an end of its honour and good name if it be not upheld."

"Brother Sacrist," said the Abbot, angrily, "methinks you show overmuch zeal in this case, and certes we are well able to uphold the dignity and honour of the Abbey Court without any rede of thine. As to you, worthy summoner, you will give your opinion

when we crave for it, and not before, or you may yourself get some touch of the power of our tribunal. But your case hath been tried, Squire Loring, and judgment given. I have no more to say."

He motioned with his hand, and an archer laid his grip upon the shoulder of the prisoner. But that rough plebeian touch woke every passion of revolt in Nigel's spirit. Of all his high line of ancestors was there one who had been subjected to such ignominy as this? Would they not have preferred death? And should he be the first to lower their spirit or their traditions? With a quick, lithe movement he slipped under the arm of the archer and plucked the short, straight sword from the soldier's side as he did so. The next instant he had wedged himself into the recess of one of the narrow windows, and there were his pale, set face, his burning eyes, and his ready blade turned upon the assembly.

"By St. Paul!" said he, "I never thought to find honourable advancement under the roof of an Abbey, but perchance there may be some room for it ere you hale me to your prison."

The chapter-house was in an uproar. Never in the long and decorous history of the Abbey had such a scene been witnessed within its walls. The monks themselves seemed for an instant to be infected by this spirit of daring revolt. Their own life-long fetters hung more loosely as they viewed this unheard-of defiance of authority. They broke from their seats on either side and huddled, half scared, half fascinated, in a large half-circle round the defiant captive, chattering, pointing, grimacing, a scandal for all time. Scourges should fall and penance be done for many a long week before the shadow of that day should pass from Waverley. But meanwhile there was no effort to bring them back to their rule. Everything was chaos and disorder. The Abbot had left his seat of justice and hurried angrily forward, to be engulfed and hustled in the crowd of his own monks like a sheep-dog who finds himself entangled amid the flock. Only the sacrist stood clear. He had taken shelter behind the half-dozen archers, who looked with some approval and a good deal of indecision at this bold fugitive from justice.

"On, then!" cried the sacrist. "Shall he defy the authority of the Court, or shall one man hold six of you at bay? Close in upon him and seize him. You, Baddlesmere, why do you hold back?"

The man in question, a tall, bushy bearded fellow, clad like the others in green jerkin and breeches, with high brown boots, advanced slowly, sword in hand, against Nigel. His heart was not in the business, for these clerical courts were not popular, and everyone had a tender heart for the fallen fortunes of the house of Loring, and wished well to its young heir.

"Come, young sir, you have caused scathe enough," said he. "Stand forth and give yourself up."

"Come and fetch me, good fellow," said Nigel, with a dangerous smile.

The archer ran in. There was a rasp of steel, a blade flickered like a swift dart of flame, and the man staggered back with blood running down his forearm and dripping from his fingers. He wrung them and growled a Saxon oath.

"By the black rood of Bromeholm!" he cried, "I had as soon put my hand down a fox's earth to drag up a vixen from her cubs."

"Stand off," said Nigel, curtly. "I would not hurt you; but, by St. Paul, I will not be handled, or someone will be hurt in the handling."

So fierce was his eye and so menacing his blade as he crouched in the narrow bay of the window that the little knot of archers were at a loss what to do. The Abbot had forced his way through the crowd, and stood, purple with outraged dignity, at their side.

"He is outside the law," said he. "He hath shed blood in a Court of Justice, and for such a sin there is no forgiveness. I will not have my Court so flouted and set at naught. He who draws the sword, by the sword also let him perish. Forester Hugh, lay a shaft to your bow."

The man, who was one of the Abbey's lay-servants, put his weight upon his long-bow and slipped the loose end of the string into the upper notch. Then, drawing one of the terrible three-foot arrows, steel-tipped and gaudily winged, from his waist, he laid it to the string.

"Now draw your bow and hold it ready," cried the furious Abbot. "Squire Nigel, it is not for Holy Church to shed blood, but there is naught but violence which will prevail against the violent, and on your head be the sin. Cast down the sword which you hold in your hand."

"Will you give me freedom to leave your Abbey?"

"When you have abided your sentence and purged your sin."

"Then I had rather die where I stand than give up my sword."

"'COME AND FETCH ME, GOOD FELLOW,' SAID NIGEL, WITH A DANGEROUS SMILE."

A dangerous flame lit in the Abbot's eyes. He came of a fighting Norman stock, like so many of those fierce prelates who, bearing a mace lest they should be guilty of effusion of blood, led their troops into battle, ever remembering that it was one of their own cloth and dignity who, crozier in hand, had turned the long-drawn, fatal day of Hastings. The soft accent of the Churchman was gone, and it was the hard voice of a soldier which said :—

"One minute I give you and no more. Then when I cry 'Loose!' drive me an arrow through his body."

The shaft was fitted, the bow was bent, and the stern eyes of the woodman were fixed on his mark. Slowly the minute passed, while Nigel breathed a prayer to his three soldier saints, not that they should save his body in this life, but that they should have a kindly care for his soul in the next. Some thought of a fierce wild-cat sally crossed his mind, but once out of his corner he was lost indeed. Yet at the last he would have rushed amongst his enemies, and his body was bent for the spring, when with a deep, sonorous hum, like a breaking harp-string, the cord of the bow was cloven in twain, and the arrow tinkled upon the tiled floor. At the same moment a young, curly-headed bowman, whose broad shoulders and deep chest told of immense strength, as clearly as his frank, laughing face and honest blue eyes did of good humour and courage, sprang forward, sword in hand, and took his place by Nigel's side.

"Nay, comrades," said he. "Samkin Aylward cannot stand by and see a gallant man shot down like a bull at the end of a baiting. Five against one is long odds, but two against four is better, and by my finger-bones Squire Nigel and I leave this room together, be it on our feet or no."

The formidable appearance of this ally, and his high reputation among his fellows, gave a further chill to the lukewarm ardour of the attack. Aylward's left arm was passed through his strung bow, and he was known from Woolmer Forest to the Weald as the quickest, surest archer that ever dropped a running deer at ten-score paces.

"Nay, Baddlesmere, hold your fingers from your string-case, or I may chance to give your drawing-hand a two months' rest," said Aylward. "Swords, if you will, comrades; but no man strings his bow till I have loosed mine."

Yet the angry hearts of both Abbot and sacrist rose higher with a fresh obstacle.

"This is an ill day for your father, Franklin Aylward, who holds the tenancy of Crooksbury," said the sacrist. "He will rue it that ever he begot a son who will lose him his acres and his steading."

"My father is a bold yeoman, and would rue it even more that ever his son should stand by while foul work was afoot," said Aylward, stoutly. "Fall on, comrades! We are waiting."

Encouraged by promises of reward if they should fall in the service of the Abbey, and by threats of penalties if they should hold back, the four archers were about to close, when a singular interruption gave an entirely new turn to the proceedings.

At the door of the chapter-house, whilst these fiery doings had been afoot, there had assembled a mixed crowd of lay-brothers, servants, and varlets, who had watched the development of the drama with the interest and delight with which men hail a sudden break in a dull routine. Suddenly there was an agitation at the back of this group, then a swirl in the centre, and, finally, the front rank was violently thrust aside. Through the gap there emerged a strange and whimsical figure, who from the instant of his appearance dominated both chapter-house and Abbey, monks, prelates, and archers, as if he were their owner and their master.

He was a man somewhat above middle age, with thin, lemon-coloured hair, a curling moustache, a tufted chin of the same hue, and a high, craggy face, all running to a great hook of a nose, like the beak of an eagle. His skin was tanned a brown red by much exposure to wind and sun. In height he was tall, and his figure was thin and loose-jointed, but stringy and hard-bitten. One eye was entirely covered by its lid, which lay flat over an empty socket, but the other danced and sparkled with a most roguish light, darting here and there with a twinkle of humour and criticism and intelligence, the whole fire of his soul bursting through that one narrow cranny.

"'EXCUSEZ!' SAID HE, IN A LISPING FRENCH."

His dress was as noteworthy as his person. A rich purple doublet and cloak was marked on the lapels with a strange scarlet device shaped like a wedge. Costly lace hung round his shoulders, and amid its soft folds there smouldered the dull red of a heavy golden chain. A knight's belt at his waist and a knight's golden spurs twinkling from his doeskin riding-boots proclaimed his rank, and on the wrist of his left gauntlet there sat a

demure little hooded falcon, of a breed which in itself was a mark of the dignity of the owner. Of weapons he had none, but a mandoline was slung by a black silken band over his back, and the high brown end projected above his shoulder. Such was the man—quaint, critical, masterful, with a touch of what is formidable behind it all—who now surveyed the opposing groups of armed men and angry monks with an eye which commanded their attention.

"Excusez!" said he, in a lisping French. "Excusez, mes amis! I had thought to arouse you from prayer or meditation, but never have I seen such a holy exercise as this under an Abbey's roof, with swords for breviaries and archers for acolytes. I fear that I have come amiss, and yet I ride on an errand from one who permits no delay."

The Abbot, and possibly the sacrist also, had begun to realize that events had gone a very great deal farther than they had intended, and that without an extreme scandal it was no easy matter for them to save their dignity and the good name of Waverley. Therefore, in spite of the debonair, not to say disrespectful, bearing of the new-comer, they rejoiced at his appearance and intervention.

"I am the Abbot of Waverley, fair son," said the prelate. "If your message deal with a public matter it may be fitly repeated in the chapter-house; if not I will give you audience in my own chamber, for it is clear to me that you are a gentleman of blood and coat-armour who would not lightly break in upon the business of our court—a business which, as you have remarked, is little welcome to men of peace like myself and the brethren of the rule of St. Bernard."

"Pardieu, Father Abbot!" said the stranger. "One had but to glance at you and your men to see that the business was, indeed, little to your taste, and it may be even less so when I say that rather than see this young person in the window, who hath a noble bearing, further molested by these archers, I will myself adventure my person on his behalf."

The Abbot's smile turned to a frown at these frank words.

"It would become you better, sir, to deliver the message of which you say that you are the bearer, than to uphold a prisoner against the rightful judgment of a Court."

The stranger swept the court with his questioning eye.

"The message is not for you, good Father Abbot. It is for one whom I know not. I have been to his house and they have sent me hither. The name is Nigel Loring."

"It is for me, fair sir."

"I had thought as much. I knew your father, Eustace Loring, and though he would have made two of you, yet he has left his stamp plain enough upon your face."

"You know not the truth of this matter," said the Abbot. "If you are a loyal man you will stand aside, for this young man hath grievously offended against the law, and it is for the King's lieges to give us their support."

"And you have haled him up for judgment," cried the stranger, with much amusement. "It is as though a rookery sat in judgment upon a falcon. I warrant that you have found it easier to judge than to punish. Let me tell you, Father Abbot, that this standeth not aright. When powers such as these were given to the like of you, they were given that you might check a brawling underling or correct a drunken woodman, and not that you might drag the best blood in England to your bar, and set your archers on him if he questioned your findings."

The Abbot was little used to hear such words of reproof uttered in so stern a voice under his own Abbey roof and before his listening monks.

"You may perchance find that an Abbey Court has more powers than you wot of, Sir Knight," said he—"if knight indeed you be who are so uncourteous and short in your speech. Ere we go farther I would ask your name and style?"

The stranger laughed.

"It is easy to see that you are indeed men of peace," said he, proudly. "Had I shown this sign"—and he touched the tokens upon his lapels—"whether on shield or pennon, in the marches of France or Scotland, there is not a cavalier but would have known the red pile of Chandos."

Chandos, John Chandos, the flower of English chivalry, the pink of knight-errantry, the hero already of fifty desperate enterprises, a name known and honoured from end to end of Europe! Nigel gazed at him as one who sees a vision. The archers stood back abashed, while the monks crowded closer to stare at the famous soldier of the French wars. The Abbot abated his tone and a smile came to his angry face.

"We are indeed men of peace, Sir John, and little skilled in warlike blazonry," said he, "yet stout as are our Abbey walls, they are not so thick that the fame of your exploits has not passed through them and reached our ears. If it be your pleasure to

take an interest in this young and misguided squire it is not for us to thwart your kind intention or to withhold such grace as you request. I am glad indeed that he hath one who can set him so fair an example for a friend."

"I thank you for your courtesy, good Father Abbot," said Chandos, carelessly. "This young squire has, however, a better friend than myself, one who is kinder to those he loves and more terrible to those he hates. It is from him I bear a message."

"I pray you, fair and honoured sir," said Nigel, "that you will tell me what is the message that you bear."

"The message, mon ami, is that your friend comes into these parts and would have a night's lodging at the manor-house of Tilford for the love and respect that he bears your family."

"Nay, he is most welcome," said Nigel; "and yet I hope that he is one who can relish a soldier's fare and sleep under a humble roof, for, indeed, we can but give our best, poor as it is."

"He is indeed a soldier, and a good one," Chandos answered, laughing, "and I warrant he has slept in rougher quarters than Tilford manor-house."

"I have few friends, fair sir," said Nigel, with a puzzled face. "I pray you give me this gentleman's name."

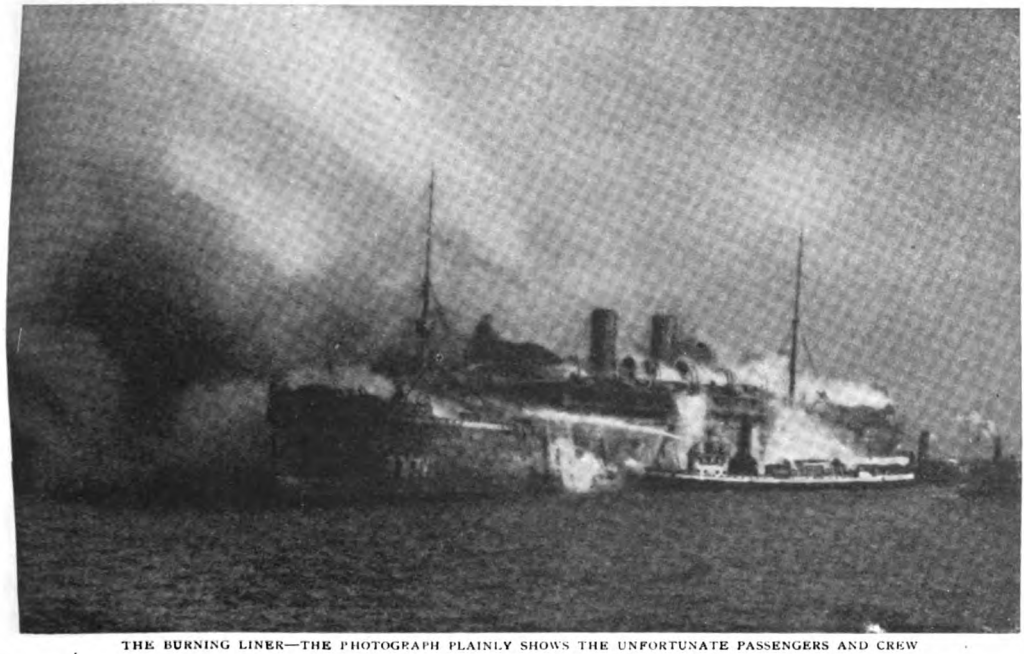
"His name is Edward."

"Sir Edward Mortimer of Kent, perchance, or is it Sir Edward Brocas, of whom the Lady Ermyntrude talks?"

"Nay, he is known as Edward only, and if you ask a second name it is Plantagenet, for he who comes to seek the shelter of your roof is your liege lord and mine, the King's High Majesty, Edward of England."

"HE WHO COMES TO SEEK THE SHELTER OF YOUR ROOF IS YOUR LIEGE LORD AND MINE, THE KING'S HIGH MAJESTY, EDWARD OF ENGLAND."

(To be continued.)



THE BURNING LINER—THE PHOTOGRAPH PLAINLY SHOWS THE UNFORTUNATE PASSENGERS AND CREW GROUPED ON THE FORWARD DECK.

Fire at Sea.

By Lawrence Perry.

SOMETIMES a vessel comes in from sea with a tale of fire and death that brings the quick breath from even the most hardened.

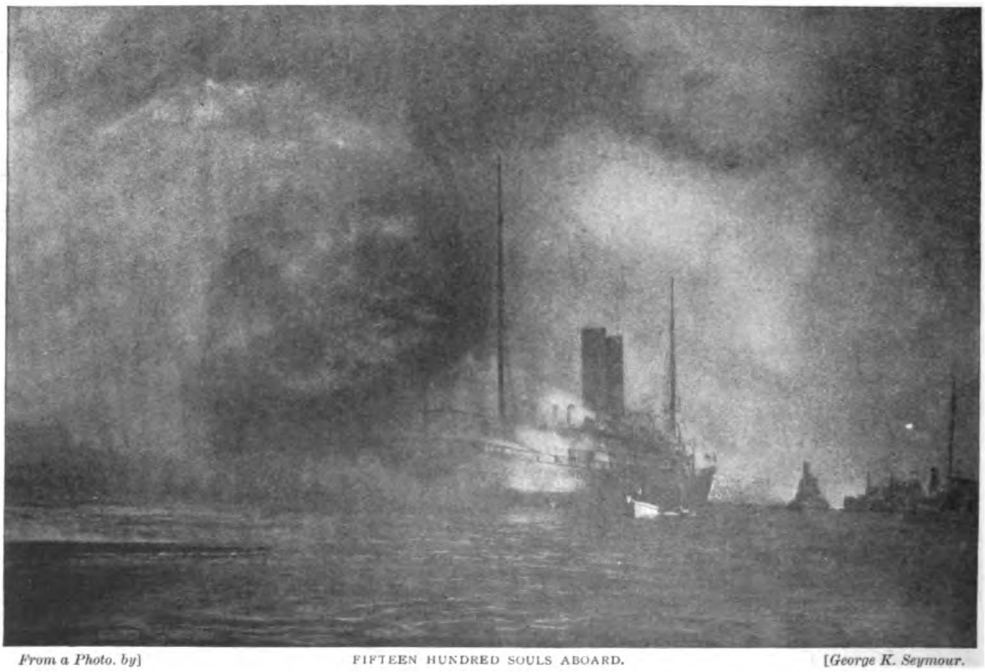
One winter night, a few years ago, First Officer Nelson, standing his watch on the swaying bridge of the British tramp *Hector*, rolling her way through the heavy midnight seas from Liverpool for New York, saw away off on the horizon a flare of light. A lance-like pillar of flame it was, the top of which was torn off by the wind when it reached its height and carried across the heavens for several hundred feet. Then the light faded away, and the darkness which had framed the spectacle seemed more intense than ever. But only for a second. For as Nelson strained his eyes to pierce the blackness, a red glow began to rise out of the sea. Steadily it grew in stature and in intensity, until the sea was no longer dark—until the skies glowed like a furnace door.

The cry of "Fire" rang through the wallowing tramp, carrying with it all the emotions which that cry ever arouses in those who fare upon the deep.

The course of the *Hector* was altered to the southward, and in the space of an hour she was within several hundred yards of the burning vessel, the oil-ship *Loodiana*. She was on fire from stem to stern. Great gusts of flame were rolling out amidships and being hurled high in the air. The masts were fiery pillars, and the water on all sides was filled with floating masses of burning oil. The crew of the *Hector* gathered in the bow. It was an interesting, a picturesque, a magnificent spectacle—until one of the crew gave a sharp cry and stretched out his arm in the direction of the bow. Then the scene was changed from the picturesque to the frightful. Following the line of his arm, every eye made out two figures crouched under the bowsprit, standing on the bobstay—a man and a woman. The man's arms were about the woman. He was shielding her as best he might from the heat and the flames.

A high wind was blowing, fortunately bow on, which tended to retard the forward advance of the flames. But as the crew stood watching with dazed fascination, the oil-ship yawed and a great rush of flames licked greedily at the two figures. Then the vessel rounded to again and the flames were beaten back—two elements, one fighting to save life, the other to destroy it. Again the vessel fell off, and again the

flames reached out for their prey, and again were they beaten back. In frenzy the captain of the tramp called for volunteers to lower a boat, and, in spite of the raging winter sea and the gale and the burning oil, the crew responded to a man. The three officers were selected and two of the seamen. But as they rushed to man the falls a shout from the rest of the crew brought them to



From a Photo. by] FIFTEEN HUNDRED SOULS ABOARD. *[George K. Seymour.*

the rail. The end of the tragedy was at hand. With a rush and a roar the flames covered the bow, they burst from all sections of the forepeak, they ran out along the bowsprit, they shrouded the two figures, which disappeared for a second. Then they appeared again, this time cleaving the red glare and sinking in the waters.

That was all. The *Hector* came to New York and the captain gave out the above report. The underwriters paid their loss. The tragedy was closed.

Ideal North Atlantic Christmas weather. The sky was a cold, even grey, there were high combing head seas, and the wind whipped flurries of snow against the sails and through the rigging of the great four-masted ship *Marpesia*, bound from New York for Cette, naphtha laden.

Captain Jensen smiled as he bent over his log to record the seasonable Yule-tide conditions; for the holiday spirit thrills Jack at sea in no less degree than his brother ashore. It was especially marked on board the *Marpesia*, chiefly because the good Scandinavian skipper proposed to celebrate the joyous season in accordance with all the pleasant traditions of his race. There was to be a feast for one thing, and the chanteymen had organized a chorus; it was to be a good day, and the seamen hauled at the braces or shifted sails with right good will, and laughed and joked in happy anticipation.

Strange it was that death should have taken its toll of the *Marpesia* on Christmas Day. The starboard watch, eleven men, went below shortly after daybreak—they were never to come up again alive—and their comrades worked merrily above.

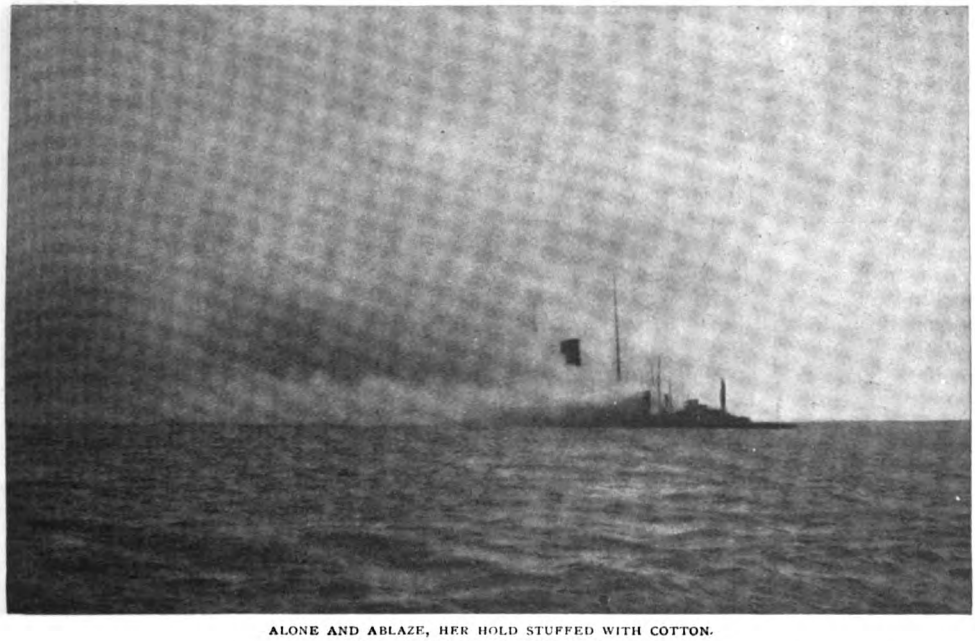
The morning waned. The boatswain was about to pipe all hands on deck when suddenly a sort of a quiver ran through the ship. There was a low rumbling—low at first, but rapidly increasing in intensity, and then a pause, broken suddenly by a frightful roar. Beginning a few feet in front of the mainmast, the entire forward section of the *Marpesia*—foremast, decks, cargo, and interior fittings—shot a hundred feet in the air, and against the red background that framed them could be seen the forms of the starboard watch. The debris rained into the sea, and then, sweeping aft, came a roaring wall of flame.

Fed by the terrible naphtha, the flames belched upward with a ferocity and volume that gave not the slightest doubt of the futility of combating them. Literally, they were devouring the vessel as though it were made of cardboard. And yet there was no alternative but to fight—the small boats had gone up with the forward section, and it was too rough to think of launching a raft. Then, too, it is a part of a sailor's instinct to fight for his vessel to the last foothold, and so the survivors rigged lines of hose and poured pitiful streams into the fiery crater with as little effect as though the water was so much air. Step by step the men were forced back, until at the last they were obliged to drop their hose and run as far aft as they could go. It was quickly seen that if the vessel were to last half an hour her head must be thrown off the wind, the flames in her present position being fanned sternwards. Captain Jensen called for volunteers to go to the main and mizzen braces and haul the yards in such a position as to enable him to wear ship—in other words, to bring the wind over the stern. The flames were spurting down the rail every second, but with one accord the crew left shelter and sprang to their posts, working in the fierce heat until the *Marpesia* finally fell off.

Thus she hung with her stern to the wind while the seamen crouched as far aft as they could get, waiting the turn of Fate with the stolidity of men accustomed to danger in every form. A merciful vessel might come to the rescue—but on all the horizon not a sail, not a string of smoke, was seen. It was but a faint hope, and the evil possibilities greatly outnumbered the hopeful ones.

Twelve hours the crew stayed behind the little house on the poop deck and watched the devouring element advance upon them foot by foot. By nightfall it had worked past the midship section. At times red tongues almost licked their faces. The smoke, too, was stifling, and the flames mounting skyward were so furious that there was no darkness within two miles of the ship.

Before dawn the heat was so intense that any place on the vessel was untenable, and so the sailors, with hair singeing and faces and hands blistering, set to work building a plank extension out over the stern. Thirty feet out they built it, and erected thereon small shields for protection from the heat and the flame puffs. Here they stayed three hours, moving back foot by foot while the mizzenmast went up in a tall column of fire—the mainmast had long gone—and crashed outside. Back, back moved the crew until they lay with heads hanging over the edge of the platform. Another explosion shook what remained of the *Marpesia*. The fire bridged the last gap;



ALONE AND ABLAZE, HER HOLD STUFFED WITH COTTON.
From a Photo. by George K. Seymour.

it licked up the platform. But as it did so the Danish steamship *Gallia* broke through the outer wall of darkness and rolled into the light-radius, not a second too soon. One by one, with clothing in flames, the men leaped into the sea, and there they fought for life until small boats from the succouring steamship picked them up.

FIRE-BOATS PUMPING ON A FLAMING OIL-SHIP.
From a Photograph.

And so that was the end of the good ship *Marpesia* and of her starboard watch. The seventeen survivors were landed at Bermuda and shipped thence to New York. No doubt they are now serving on other oil-ships, for oil-ship sailors take into account just such things as happened to the *Marpesia* on Christmas Day. It is one of the risks of the trade; and, of course, every trade has its special dangers.

Last spring the steamship *Luckenback*, laden with oil in bulk, and a crew of twenty-seven men, set out from Sabine Pass, Texas, for New York City. She never reached her destination. She was never spoken by any vessel, and not a splinter of her, nor a sign of her crew, was ever found to give hint as to her fate. Shipping circles had but one comment—fire. Certainly; when an oil-ship does not come home, then there is but one logical explanation.

Fire is frequent on all vessels, from the proudest greyhound to the humblest tramp, or wind-jammer. But the records show that they are more frequent, or at least more deadly, on oil-laden craft. There are two types of oil-carriers: the full-rigged ships and barques, both of which carry oil in cases, and the tank steamships, which carry oil in bulk. It might be remarked that the word "oil" is used in a generic sense, and may mean petroleum, naphtha, or other liquids of kindred nature. In the old pioneer days of carrying oil in bulk, tank steamships went up in puffs of flame with alarming frequency. Generating gases would cause an explosion, as was the case with the *Marpesia*, or a trickle of oil would leak through the tank compartments into the engine-room. In either case the complete destruction of the vessel was a question of but a short time.

In these days of porcelain tanks, improved bulkheads, and patent valves, which allow gases to escape without harm to the vessel, oil carrying steamships are not so liable to destruction; but still these improvements did not save the *Luckenback*, which was on her maiden trip at the time of her disappearance.

The last oil-ship to burn in the vicinity of the Middle Atlantic coast was the *Commodore T. H. Allen*, which took fire off Fire Island on the morning of July 8th, 1901.

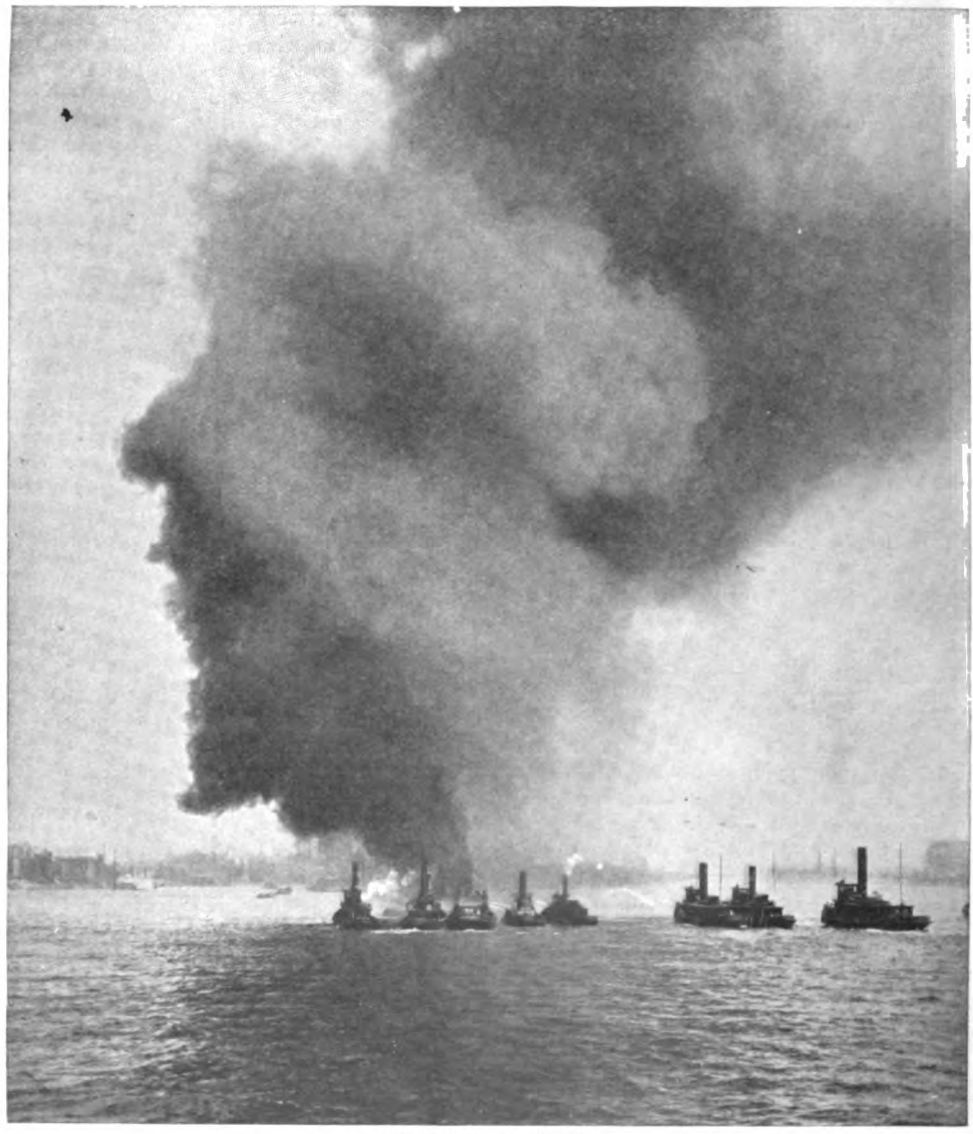
She had seventy-five thousand cases of crude oil aboard, and the glow of the flames could be seen in New York City. She did not last very long, and even to-day parts of her charred bones wash up on the island beach in a north-east storm. Just previous to the loss of the *Allen*, the oil-ship *Ariadne* was destroyed at about the same place. She was a beautiful sight as she made past Fire Island with every sail bellying, and the marine observers watched her with admiration until they saw a sudden puff of smoke shoot up from the midship section. The next instant, before their very eyes, the upper deck and masts and sails flew high in the air and a heavy boom floated over the waters. Four days and four nights the *Ariadne* lay heaving on the water, as tier after tier of case-oil burned or exploded, and on the fifth day with a hissing plunge she disappeared.

Cotton-laden steamships are also the bane of the marine insurance underwriters, who pay losses on them month by month. Bound up the coast from southern ports, or lying in dock in northern cities with the cotton still in their holds, fire breaks out in these steamships suddenly and mysteriously, causing thousands of dollars' damage and sometimes loss of life. As a rule fires on cotton-vessels cannot be accounted for save on the basis of spontaneous combustion, a rather unsatisfactory accounting, to say the least. And, worse still, a large percentage of cotton-fires cannot be successfully combated. That is to say, they cannot be quenched before a great deal of the cargo has been involved in the flames. Usually when in port the captain solves the problem of putting out the flames by scuttling his vessel. Of course, that is absolutely sure, but it involves the expense of raising the liner in addition to paying for the damage by fire. Steam is being used now with good results in fighting fires on these cotton-steamships. When flames are discovered the hatches are battened down to prevent draught, the crew called to quarters, and huge lengths of hose are lowered through deck openings designed for this very purpose. The other ends are attached to the boilers, and then steam is forced into the blazing hold. This method is now considered much more effective than the use of water for killing a fire, if only for the reason that the hot vapour penetrates every nook and cranny, reaching places where water does not go.

If the fire is discovered before the flames have involved too large a portion of the cargo the steam treatment is invariably successful. Sometimes, too, when the blaze is confined to just one section of the hold, the captain will open a stop-cock and flood the compartment, even at sea. This naturally solves the fire question with swiftness and aplomb. But if the bulkhead happens to be weak the terrific pressure of the water which has been allowed to fill the compartment may break it. Then the vessel hunts the bottom without delay. It follows, therefore, that a captain does not resort to this extreme method unless he is reasonably certain as to the structural strength of his craft. In harbours, however, where shoals are plentiful, no captain hesitates to fill his vessel chock-full of water if the flames are defying the efforts of the crew. For wet cotton will dry, whereas burned cotton represents total loss.

No doubt spontaneous combustion really is a frequent cause of these fires aboard cotton-ships, but the fact remains that this explanation sometimes covers a multitude of sins of omission and commission on the part of the officers, of the crew, or of those who handle the cargo. A bunch of oily waste left lying about, matches, sparks from pipes, anything, however infinitesimal, serves to set cotton smouldering and finally blazing. Or the fire may have had its inception on a southern pier some days before it was discovered in the hold of a vessel. The bales are piled up on the piers at the cotton ports, and the negro roustabouts, knocking off at noon, lounge about on the pier smoking their pipes. Perchance a small spark flies into a bale. It need be only a very tiny spark. But it has all the harmful effects on this bale that a disease germ has on the human body. Down among the bales piled in the bottom of the hold this little spark smoulders and eats its way, growing larger every day. In the meantime the steamship is ploughing her way up the coast. The spark still works, the bale becomes a smouldering mass. The heat increases, other bales are involved, and a fierce flame fills the hold. Thick smoke pours out through the cracks in the deck, and then follows a fight for life as the captain races his vessel for port; the crew working like beavers, the passengers huddled in the cabins or on deck, a prey to fears hitherto unfelt.

Fire occurs frequently in coal bunkers of vessels. Spontaneous combustion is usually, in fact invariably, the cause, and the flames are fierce and difficult to combat. As a rule, though, the structural condition of the bunkers assists the crew materially in their



THE END OF AN OIL-SHIP.
From a Photograph.

efforts to confine the flames. Naval vessels, battleships and the like, are always having fires in their bunkers, but little harm ever results, if the loss of a certain amount of coal be excepted, and the jackies are prone to regard such emergencies in the light of welcome diversions.

So far as the big greyhounds are concerned, there is little to fear from fire in the ordinary run of things. One reason is that they carry light cargoes, which, as a rule, are not of an especially inflammable nature, and at the same time the system of steel compartments, watertight, and therefore firetight—to coin a word—renders it an easy matter to confine a fire.

It is good that such is the case, for the greyhounds are not at all immune from fire, the most recent evidence to strengthen that statement being the fire which occurred last May in the hold of the *Majestic*.

Two or three years ago the North German Lloyd liner *Barbarossa* left Hoboken with a full complement of passengers and her capacious holds groaning with freight. She had barely cleared the bar when fire was

reported in one of the forward sections. With a great, wide sweep, the captain swung his craft about and headed for Hoboken. The wondering passengers, most of whom were on deck taking their good-bye looks at America, were, of course, startled, but no information was vouchsafed them, and they were in total ignorance of the real conditions until the vessel arrived off Quarantine, when thick clouds of smoke burst out of the forward deck openings. She was docked at her Hoboken pier, her passengers debarked, and the flames subdued after a long, hard fight. The *Barbarossa's* trip to Bremen was indefinitely deferred.

On all the German vessels they make a great point of their fire drills, and passengers never know when they are to be startled by a rush of the crew to quarters. One Sunday morning in the late nineties, just after Divine service, the captain of one of the crack Mediterranean liners received word that there was a fire among some tanks of linseed oil in the hold. The captain, a man of resource, called to his side a passenger whom he knew, who had crossed with him a number of times, and upon whom he could depend.

"Mr. G——," said the captain, "I wish you would stand down here on the deck, among the passengers, and call up to me on the bridge, requesting a fire drill. There is a nasty fire in the hold, and I do not want to start a panic. I hope to be able to extinguish it without any knowledge on the part of the passengers that we have been in danger."

"Mr. G——" accordingly called to the captain, requesting the fire drill, an appeal, by the way, in which all the ennuied passengers joined. In granting it the commander leaped down from the bridge and ordered general quarters sounded. The passengers stood about the after hatch watching with great delight the manœuvres of the crew as they formed on deck and then dashed down the various companion-ways into the hold; but their delight was somewhat tinctured a bit later when they began to carry unconscious sailors from below, laying them along the deck. It gave them their first hint of the real situation. Finally, the captain himself was carried up unconscious. For six long hours a desperate fight was maintained in mid-ocean, and there were times when the officers were about to give the word to lower the boats, into which, indeed, the women and children had previously been ordered. Eventually, however, the flames were beaten back and finally extinguished. This fire, if memory serves, occurring on board the *Lahn*, was one of the few times when great numbers of passengers of the first class have been in real danger from fire on a modern greyhound.

On the morning of May 9th, 1897, before the dawn had broken, the officer of the deck of the Mallory line steamship *Leona*, bound up the coast to New York, detected the odour of smoke. He investigated, and found the forward hold—filled with cotton—a veritable furnace of flames. The alarm was sounded, and the crew were quickly at their posts. Quick as they were, however, they were too late to head off the fire from the steerage, in which were sleeping some dozen men and women as well as three of the crew. The screams of the victims could be heard, once they were aroused to a sense of their peril. But they were as rats in a trap, and the only opening led into the heart of the fire. Volunteers were called upon to go to the rescue, and, as is ever the case in time of danger at sea, there was no lack of response. But all efforts to save the doomed men and women were futile. The flames roared about the compartment, and finally the cries were stilled. All hope of saving life having gone, the officers and crew gave their attention to the salvation of the steamship and to the surviving passengers, who behaved with the utmost coolness and assisted the crew in their fight against the flames.

At the height of the fire the *City of Augusta* came up and took off the passengers, the crew refusing to desert their vessel.

One Sunday morning in the summer of 1901, paints and oils in the forward hold of the United States gunboat *Petrel*, steaming off the Philippine Islands, suddenly burst into flames. A score of sailors leaped down into the hold with lines of hose, but they were speedily overcome in the dark inferno. Other sailors went down and rescued them by knotting ropes about the prostrate men. The rescuers then succumbed, and other sailors descended to rescue them. In the course of half an hour three-quarters of the crew were stretched out on the deck unconscious. Commander Jesse M. Roper, rising from a sick bed, insisted upon leading his men in the fight and perished in the hold, his body being rescued from the flames by Lieutenant McKeown. The flames were extinguished after a fight that lasted well into the afternoon.

Romance enough in that, it would seem, to silence all those who prate of the harnessed ocean, of the prosaic age of steam, of the waning of the old-time sea thrill, and sea terror, and the like.

HIS LORDSHIP

BY

W. W. JACOBS

FARMER ROSE sat in his porch smoking an evening pipe. By his side, in a comfortable Windsor chair, sat his friend the miller, also smoking, and gazing with half-closed eyes at the landscape as he listened for the thousandth time to his host's complaints about his daughter.

"The long and the short of it is, Cray," said the farmer, with an air of mournful pride, "she's far too good-looking."

Mr. Cray grunted.

"Truth is truth, though she's my daughter," continued Mr. Rose, vaguely. "She's too good-looking. Sometimes when I've taken her up to market I've seen the folks fair turn their backs on the cattle and stare at her instead."

Mr. Cray sniffed; louder, perhaps, than he had intended. "Beautiful that rose-bush smells," he remarked, as his friend turned and eyed him.

"What is the consequence?" demanded the farmer, relaxing his gaze. "She looks in the glass and sees herself, and then she gets miserable and uppish because there ain't nobody in these parts good enough for her to marry."

"It's a extraordinary thing to me where she gets them good looks from," said the miller, deliberately.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rose, and sat trying to think of a means of enlightening his friend without undue loss of modesty.

"She ain't a bit like her poor mother," mused Mr. Cray.

"No, she don't get her looks from her," assented the other.

"It's one o' them things you can't account for," said Mr. Cray, who was very tired of the subject; "it's just like seeing a beautiful flower blooming on an old cabbage-stump."

The farmer knocked his pipe out noisily and began to refill it. "People have said that she takes after me a trifle," he remarked, shortly.

"You weren't fool enough to believe that, I know," said the miller. "Why, she's no more like you than you're like a warming-pan - not so much."

Mr. Rose regarded his friend fixedly. "You ain't got a very nice way o' putting things, Cray," he said, mournfully.

"I'm no flatterer," said the miller; "never was. And you can't please everybody. If I said your daughter took after you I don't s'pose she'd ever speak to me again."

"The worst of it is," said the farmer, disregarding this remark, "she won't settle down. There's young Walter Lomas after her now, and she won't look at him. He's a decent young fellow is Walter, and she's been and

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named one o' the pigs after him, and the way she mixes them up together is disgraceful."

"If she was my girl she should marry young Walter," said the miller, firmly. "What's wrong with him?"

"She looks higher," replied the other, mysteriously; "she's always reading them romantic books full o' love tales, and she's never tired o' talking of a girl her mother used to know that went on the stage and married a baronet. She goes and sits in the best parlour every afternoon now, and calls it the drawing-room. She'll sit there till she's past the marrying age, and then she'll turn round and blame me."

"She wants a lesson," said Mr. Cray, firmly. "She wants to be taught her position in life, not to go about turning up her nose at young men and naming pigs after them."

Mr. Rose sighed.

"What she wants to understand is that the upper classes wouldn't look at her," pursued the miller.

"It would be easier to make her understand that if they didn't," said the farmer.

Mr. Rose withdrew his pipe and regarded him open-mouthed.

"Yes; but how——" he began.

"And it seems to me," interrupted Mr. Cray, "that I know just the young fellow to do it—nephew of my wife's. He was coming to stay a fortnight with us, but you can have him with pleasure—me and him don't get on over and above well."

"Perhaps he wouldn't do it," objected the farmer.

"He'd do it like a shot," said Mr. Cray, positively. "It would be fun for us and it 'ud be a lesson for her. If you like, I'll tell him to write to you for lodgings, as he wants to come for a fortnight's fresh air after the fatiguing gaieties of town."

"Fatiguing gaieties of town," repeated the admiring farmer. "Fatiguing——"

He sat back in his chair and laughed, and Mr. Cray, delighted at the prospect of getting rid so easily of a tiresome guest, laughed too. Overhead at the open window a third person laughed, but in so quiet and well-bred a fashion that neither of them heard her.

The farmer received a letter a day or two

"NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN JANE ROSE ON THE ONE SIDE AND LORD FAIRMOUNT ON THE OTHER WERE SOON IN PROGRESS."

"I mean," said Mr. Cray, sternly, "with a view to marriage. What you ought to do is to get somebody staying down here with you pretending to be a lord or a nobleman, and ordering her about and not noticing her good looks at all. Then, while she's upset about that, in comes Walter Lomas to comfort her and be a contrast to the other."

afterwards, and negotiations between Jane Rose on the one side and Lord Fairmount on the other were soon in progress; the farmer's own composition being deemed somewhat crude for such a correspondence.

"I wish he didn't want it kept so secret," said Miss Rose, pondering over the final letter. "I should like to let the Crays and

one or two more people know he is staying with us. However, I suppose he must have his own way."

"You must do as he wishes," said her father, using his handkerchief violently.

Jane sighed. "He'll be a little company for me, at any rate," she remarked. "What is the matter, father?"

"Bit of a cold," said the farmer, indistinctly, as he made for the door, still holding his handkerchief to his face. "Been coming on some time."

He put on his hat and went out, and Miss Rose, watching him from the window, was not without fears that the joke might prove too much for a man of his habit. She regarded him thoughtfully, and when he returned at one o'clock to dinner, and encountered instead a violent dust-storm which was raging in the house, she noted with pleasure that his sense of humour was more under control.

"Dinner?" she said, as he strove to squeeze past the furniture which was piled in the hall. "We've got no time to think of dinner, and if we had there's no place for you to eat it. You'd better go in the larder and cut yourself a crust of bread and cheese."

Her father hesitated and glared at the servant, who, with her head bound up in a duster, passed at the double with a broom. Then he walked slowly into the kitchen. Miss Rose called out something after him.

"Eh?" said her father, coming back hopefully.

"How is your cold, dear?"

The farmer made no reply, and his daughter smiled contentedly as she heard him stamping about in the larder. He made but a poor meal, and then, refusing point-blank to assist Annie in moving the piano, went and smoked a very reflective pipe in the garden.

Lord Fairmount arrived the following day on foot from the station, and after acknowledging the farmer's salute with a distant nod requested him to send a cart for his luggage. He was a tall, good-looking young man, and as he stood in the hall languidly twisting his moustache Miss Rose deliberately decided upon his destruction.

"'SHE'S GOT YOUR EYES,' SAID HIS LORDSHIP."

"These your daughters?" he inquired, carelessly, as he followed his host into the parlour.

"One of 'em is, my lord; the other is my servant," replied the farmer.

"She's got your eyes," said his lordship, tapping the astonished Annie under the chin; "your nose too, I think."

"That's my servant," said the farmer, knitting his brows at him.

"Oh, indeed!" said his lordship, airily.

He turned round and regarded Jane, but, although she tried to meet him half-way by elevating her chin a little, his audacity failed him and the words died away on his tongue. A long silence followed, broken only by the ill-suppressed giggles of Annie, who had retired to the kitchen.

"I trust that we shall make your lordship comfortable," said Miss Rose.

"I hope so, my good girl," was the reply. "And now will you show me my room?"

Miss Rose led the way upstairs and threw open the door; Lord Fairmount, pausing on the threshold, gazed at it disparagingly.

"Is this the best room you have?" he inquired, stiffly.

"Oh, no," said Miss Rose, smiling; "father's room is much better than this. Look here."

She threw open another door and, ignoring a gesticulating figure which stood in the hall below, regarded him anxiously. "If you would prefer father's room he would be delighted for you to have it. Delighted."

"Yes, I will have this one," said Lord Fairmount, entering. "Bring me up some hot water, please, and clear these boots and leggings out."

Miss Rose tripped downstairs and, bestowing a witching smile upon her sire, waved away his request for an explanation and hastened into the kitchen, whence Annie shortly afterwards emerged with the water.

It was with something of a shock that the farmer discovered that he had to wait for his dinner while his lordship had luncheon. That meal, under his daughter's management, took a long time, and the joint when it reached him was more than half cold. It was, moreover, quite clear that the aristocracy had not even mastered the rudiments of carving, but preferred instead to box the compass for tit-bits.

He ate his meal in silence, and when it was over sought out his guest to administer a few much-needed stage-directions. Owing, however, to the ubiquity of Jane he wasted nearly the whole of the afternoon before he obtained an opportunity. Even then the interview was short, the farmer having to compress into ten seconds instructions for Lord Fairmount to express a desire to take his meals with the family, and his dinner at the respectable hour of 1 p.m. Instructions as to a change of bedroom were frustrated by the re-appearance of Jane.

His lordship went for a walk after that, and coming back with a bored air stood on the hearthrug in the living-room and watched Miss Rose sewing.

"Very dull place," he said at last, in a dissatisfied voice.

"Yes, my lord," said Miss Rose, demurely.

"Fearfully dull," complained his lordship, stifling a yawn. "What I'm to do to amuse myself for a fortnight I'm sure I don't know."

Miss Rose raised her fine eyes and regarded him intently. Many a lesser man would have looked no farther for amusement.

"I'm afraid there is not much to do about here, my lord," she said, quietly. "We are very plain folk in these parts."

"Yes," assented the other. An obvious compliment rose of itself to his lips, but he restrained himself, though with difficulty. Miss Rose bent her head over her work and stitched industriously. His lordship took up a book and, remembering his mission, read for a couple of hours without taking the slightest notice of her. Miss Rose glanced over in his direction once or twice, and then, with a somewhat vixenish expression on her delicate features, resumed her sewing.

"Wonderful eyes she's got," said the gentleman, as he sat on the edge of his bed that night and thought over the events of the day. "It's pretty to see them flash."

He saw them flash several times during the next few days, and Mr. Rose himself was more than satisfied with the hauteur with which his guest treated the household.

"But I don't like the way you have with me," he complained.

"It's all in the part," urged his lordship.

"Well, you can leave that part out," rejoined Mr. Rose, with some acerbity. "I object to being spoke to as you speak to me before that girl Annie. Be as proud and unpleasant as you like to my daughter, but leave me alone. Mind that!"

His lordship promised, and in pursuance of his host's instructions strove manfully to subdue feelings towards Miss Rose by no means in accordance with them. The best of us are liable to absent-mindedness, and he sometimes so far forgot himself as to address her in tones as humble as any in her somewhat large experience.

"I hope that we are making you comfortable here, my lord?" she said, as they sat together one afternoon.

"I have never been more comfortable in my life," was the gracious reply.

Miss Rose shook her head. "Oh, my lord," she said, in protest, "think of your mansion."

His lordship thought of it. For two or three days he had been thinking of houses

and furniture and other things of that nature.

"I have never seen an old country seat," continued Miss Rose, clasping her hands and gazing at him wistfully. "I should be so grateful if your lordship would describe yours to me."

His lordship shifted uneasily, and then, in face of the girl's persistence, stood for some time divided between the contending claims of Hampton Court Palace and the Tower of London. He finally decided upon the former, after first refurnishing it at Maple's.

"How happy you must be!" said the breathless Jane, when he had finished.

"HIS LORDSHIP TRIED TO EXPLAIN."

He shook his head gravely. "My possessions have never given me any happiness," he remarked. "I would much rather be in a humble rank of life. Live where I like, and —and marry whom I like."

There was no mistaking the meaning fall in his voice. Miss Rose sighed gently and lowered her eyes—her lashes had often excited comment. Then, in a soft voice, she asked him the sort of life he would prefer.

In reply, his lordship, with an eloquence which surprised himself, portrayed the joys of life in a seven-roomed house in town, with a greenhouse six feet by three, and a garden large enough to contain it. He really spoke well, and when he had finished his listener gazed at him with eyes suffused with timid admiration.

"Oh, my lord," she said, prettily, "now I know what you've been doing. You've been slumming."

"Slumming?" gasped his lordship.

"You couldn't have described a place like that unless you had been," said Miss Rose, nodding. "I hope you took the poor people some nice hot soup."

His lordship tried to explain, but without success. Miss Rose persisted in regarding him as a missionary of food and warmth, and spoke feelingly of the people who had to live in such places. She also warned him against the risk of infection.

"You don't understand," he repeated, impatiently. "These are nice houses—nice enough for anybody to live in. If you took soup to people like that, why, they'd throw it at you."

"Wretches!" murmured the indignant Jane, who was enjoying herself amazingly.

His lordship eyed her with sudden suspicion, but her face was quite grave and bore traces of strong feeling. He explained again, but without avail.

"You never ought to go near such places, my lord," she concluded, solemnly, as she rose to quit the room. "Even a girl of my station would draw the line at that."

She bowed deeply and withdrew. His lordship sank into a chair and, thrusting his

hands into his pockets, gazed gloomily at the dried grasses in the grate.

During the next day or two his appetite failed, and other well-known symptoms set in. Miss Rose, diagnosing them all, prescribed by stealth some bitter remedies. The farmer regarded his change of manner with disapproval, and, concluding that it was due to his own complaints, sought to reassure him. He also pointed out that his daughter's opinion of the aristocracy was hardly likely to increase if the only member she knew went about the house as though he had just lost his grandmother.

"You are longing for the gaieties of town, my lord," he remarked one morning at breakfast.

His lordship shook his head. The gaieties comprised, amongst other things, a stool and a desk.

"I don't like town," he said, with a glance at Jane. "If I had my choice I would live here always. I would sooner live here in this charming spot with this charming society than anywhere."

Mr. Rose coughed and, having caught his eye, shook his head at him and significantly glanced over at the unconscious Jane. The young man ignored his action and, having got an opening, gave utterance in the course of the next ten minutes to radical heresies of so violent a type that the farmer could hardly keep his seat. Social distinctions were condemned utterly, and the House of Lords referred to as a human dust-bin. The farmer gazed open-mouthed at this snake he had nourished.

"Your lordship will alter your mind when you get to town," said Jane, demurely.

"Never!" declared the other, impressively.

The girl sighed, and gazing first with much interest at her parent, who seemed to be doing his best to ward off a fit, turned her lustrous eyes upon the guest.

"We shall all miss you," she said, softly. "You've been a lesson to all of us."

"Lesson?" he repeated, flushing.

"It has improved our behaviour so, having a lord in the house," said Miss Rose, with painful humility. "I'm sure father hasn't been like the same man since you've been here."

"What d'ye mean?" demanded the farmer, hotly.

"Don't speak like that before his lordship, father," said his daughter, hastily. "I'm not blaming you; you're no worse than the other men about here. You haven't had an opportunity of learning before, that's all. It isn't your fault."

"Learning?" bellowed the farmer, turning an inflamed visage upon his apprehensive guest. "Have you noticed anything about my behaviour?"

"Certainly not," said his lordship, hastily.

"All I know is," continued Miss Rose, positively, "I wish you were going to stay here another six months for father's sake."

"Look here——" began Mr. Rose, smiting the table.

"And Annie's," said Jane, raising her voice above the din. "I don't know which has improved the most. I'm sure the way they both drink their tea now——"

Mr. Rose pushed his chair back loudly and got up from the table. For a moment he stood struggling for words, then he turned suddenly with a growl and quitted the room, banging the door after him in a fashion which clearly indicated that he still had some lessons to learn.

"You've made your father angry," said his lordship.

"It's for his own good," said Miss Rose. "Are you really sorry to leave us?"

"Sorry?" repeated the other. "Sorry is no word for it."

"You will miss father," said the girl.

He sighed gently.

"And Annie," she continued.

He sighed again, and Jane took a slight glance at him cornerwise.

"And me too, I hope," she said, in a low voice.

"*Miss* you!" repeated his lordship, in a suffocating voice. "I should miss the sun less."

"I am so glad," said Jane, clasping her hands; "it is so nice to feel that one is not quite forgotten. Of course, I can never forget you. You are the only nobleman I have ever met."

"I hope that it is not only because of that," he said, forlornly.

Miss Rose pondered. When she pondered her eyes increased in size and revealed unsuspected depths.

"No-o," she said at length, in a hesitating voice.

"Suppose that I were not what I am represented to be," he said, slowly. "Suppose that, instead of being Lord Fairmount, I were merely a clerk."

"A clerk?" repeated Miss Rose, with a very well-managed shudder. "How can I suppose such an absurd thing as that?"

"But if I were?" urged his lordship, feverishly.

"It's no use supposing such a thing as

that," said Miss Rose, briskly; "your high birth is stamped on you."

His lordship shook his head.

"I would sooner be a labourer on this farm than a king anywhere else," he said, with feeling.

Miss Rose drew a pattern on the floor with the toe of her shoe.

"The poorest labourer on the farm can have the pleasure of looking at you every day," continued his lordship, passionately. "Every day of his life he can see you, and feel a better man for it."

Miss Rose looked at him sharply. Only the day before the poorest labourer had seen her—when he wasn't expecting the honour—and received an epitome of his character which had nearly stunned him. But his lordship's face was quite grave.

"I go to-morrow," he said.

"Yes," said Jane, in a hushed voice.

He crossed the room gently and took a seat by her side. Miss Rose, still gazing at the floor, wondered indignantly why it was she was not blushing. His lordship's conversation had come to a sudden stop and the silence was most awkward.

"I've been a fool, Miss Rose," he said at last, rising and standing over her; "and I've been taking a great liberty. I've been deceiving you for nearly a fortnight."

"Nonsense!" responded Miss Rose, briskly.

"I have been deceiving you," he repeated. "I have made you believe that I am a person of title."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Rose again.

The other started and eyed her uneasily.

"Nobody would mistake you for a lord," said Miss Rose, cruelly. "Why, I shouldn't think that you had ever seen one. You didn't do it at all properly. Why, your uncle Cray would have done it better."

Mr. Cray's nephew fell back in consternation and eyed her dumbly as she laughed. All mirth is not contagious, and he was easily able to refrain from joining in this.

"I can't understand," said Miss Rose, as she wiped a tear-dimmed eye—"I can't understand how you could have thought I should be so stupid."

"I've been a fool," said the other, bitterly, as he retreated to the door. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Jane. She looked him full in the face, and the blushes for which she had been waiting came in force. "You needn't go, unless you want to," she said, softly. "I like fools better than lords."

"I LIKE FOOLS BETTER THAN LORDS."

Ups and Downs in My Life.

By Henry W. Lucy.

SCENE, Crystal Palace; locality, a bit of meadow inside the Palace grounds, consecrated to the departure of many balloons; epoch, the sixteenth Handel Festival; time, high noon; weather cloudy, with a strong wind blowing south-west. There are not many people about, the tens of thousands who throng the Crystal Palace being happily unconscious that a renowned traveller is about to make another journey. Up on a knoll near the gate leading into the field are two nursemaids in charge of four children, the latter amusing themselves by dragging each other through a hedge, whilst the maids are profoundly occupied—the one reading a letter, the other listening.

MR. H. W. LUCY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

In the centre of the sward a balloon is swaying about ineffectually, held down by innumerable bags of sand hooked on to the netting. A gentleman in semi-police attire is diligently pumping gas into the balloon. Another gentleman, in his shirt-sleeves, is superintending operations. Others, also in shirt-sleeves, are holding on to ropes, sniffing at the gas, or performing other functions understood to be essential to a successful balloon ascent.

Captain Fred Burnaby (of the Blues) stands smilingly looking on, his colossal figure draped in a thick, far-reaching overcoat, his head crowned by a comical little tweed cap, guaranteed not to blow off unless the balloon goes within a mile of Saturn. Near him is another gallant captain, of the Grenadiers, who has not thought the occasion worth special preparation in the way of dress. He has turned out in an ordinary shooting-coat, and "billycock" hat warranted to blow off on the slightest provocation. There is no particular reason why the Grenadier should go up in a balloon, except that there is a strong spice of danger about the enterprise; for whomsoever else may join the expedition, it is stipulated that there shall be no professional aeronaut. Burnaby, however, has a purpose. Back from his ride to Khiva, he has now been in this effete land several weeks, and its commonplaces begin to pall upon him. Life is scarcely worth living in a country where a man regularly goes to bed under cover; where he dines at stated hours, has his morning and evening newspapers, goes to dinner-parties and balls, and from Sunday to Saturday comes no nearer danger than that which may lurk under the probability of a mob suddenly breaking in upon the Horse Guards, when he might at the head of his troops defend it to the last drop of his blood.

MR. WRIGHT IN THE CAR OF THE BALLOON IN WHICH MR. LUCY AND HIS COMPANIONS ASCENDED.
From a Photo. by Mr. T. Wright. By permission of Mr. Percival Spencer.

Growing discontented with the horrible regularity of life in London, the thought occurred to him that he would have a balloon all to himself, where, freed from the counsels or the fears of an aeronaut, he might go whither the wind should drive him. As some men, finding themselves in low spirits, not sound in

the liver, take a pill, so the captain decided to take a balloon. Thus it comes to pass that, whilst the wind is bending the mighty trees, swaying the balloon to and fro as if it were a feather, he looks on with contented smile, the colour already coming back to his cheeks, the light returning to his eyes.

"Now, sir," said Wright, the envied owner

"THE BALLOON IS SURGING AND SWAYING IN A MANNER THAT THREATENS TO PITCH THE OCCUPANTS OUT OF THE CAR."

of a real balloon, "the sooner you are ready, the better I shall be pleased."

"Have you given us plenty of gas?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; you will go up like a shot."

"Give us some more gas," said Burnaby, firmly.

The gentleman in the semi police uniform shook up the hose, and the balloon, trembling and snorting like a maddened horse, threatened to break away.

Crawling in under the netting, skilfully evading the swaying cords that threatened to strangle him, the Grenadier boarded the car. Sitting down at the bottom, with his head thrust through the netting, after the fashion an ambitious bird on the way to market in a twine-bound basket curiously regards the surrounding scenery, he had a bad five minutes. The balloon was tossed about with increased frenzy. Every time it pitched over, right or left, the netting swept across, threatening to create a flow of promotion in a crack regiment.

Burnaby, scorning to dodge in among the netting, strode fiercely over it towards the car, his illimitable legs dangerously entwined at every step. He got over safely, just escaping being ripped up by the anchor as the balloon lurched over, and the Grenadier's head, still safe on his shoulders, disappeared on the other side. The captain has every qualification for an aeronaut except moderate size. No one except those who have made an aerial journey with him can imagine the curiously complete way in which his legs pervade the car. It is a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. If he did not find a fresh charm in the danger of sitting on the edge of the car whilst it careers through space, it would be absolutely impossible to dispose of him in any aerial contrivance built on a smaller scale than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Now the car is loaded the balloon grows madder and madder, dashing off towards the side on the edge of which the captain sits, holding on to the netting. Then it lurches back, the Grenadier, now master of the situation, deftly dodging the netting as it sweeps across with murderous intent to strangle him.

"Let go!" cried the captain, and the men begin unhooking the bags of sand.

The balloon is positively going out of what passes with it for a mind, surging and swaying in a manner that threatens to pitch the occupants out of the car.

"Let us have another bag of ballast."

"You have got plenty," Wright expostulates.

"Another bag of ballast," says the captain, in the same uncompromising manner with which he had ordered and obtained more gas. The bag was pitched in.

The sand-bags that anchor the balloon to earth are unhooked one by one. The men in charge grow more and more excited. The two nursemaids on the far-off knoll stop reading their letter to watch the balloon. Of the four children one has been finally overcome, and, lying prone on its face, its back affords a convenient coign of vantage whence an elder brother may observe the proceedings. The last link with earth is loosed. The mad surging of the balloon ceases. To the throbbing and jumping there succeeds a condition of absolute steadiness, whilst the world and all that therein is seem suddenly to sink beneath the occupants of the car.

The prospect swiftly widens, and, without feeling that we have stirred an inch, lo! we are motionless many feet above the topmost pinnacle of the Crystal Palace. All around, for miles and miles, lies the verdurous country with a cloud of smoke towards the north, through which chimneys and spires appear, indicating that there lies London.

Driven by the south-west wind the balloon was carried swiftly on at the rate of forty miles an hour. So steady and motionless was the progress that the only way of ascertaining that one moved was to fix the eye on some landmark. Being well loaded with ballast, the balloon was kept at a pretty low level for some miles, thus affording a view of the country stretched below, the fields showing in varied pattern like a drawing-room carpet, the towns and villages, with all their streets singularly straight, dotted about like neatly-made toys. Clear away to the north-west London loomed large, the principal object in the congeries of buildings being St. Paul's Cathedral.

The balloon made straight for the river, crossing it just below Greenwich. Harking back, it trended farther east, crossing again at Woolwich. Whilst sailing in this direction the captain's heart was light. Balloon ascents are a comparative nothingness to him, for, having long ago made his twentieth, he has given up counting how many times he has been up. In the present instance there was the special spice of delight in the fact that he was untrammelled by the presence of an aeronaut, and that consequently something might happen. What he wanted, and chiefly hoped for, was to get to the sea.

"It is a curious thing in this country," he said, looking moodily at his compass, "that one never or rarely gets a good stiff north breeze that would carry a balloon over the Channel. This westerly gust, if it lasted, would take us out into the German Ocean. But we shall have it changing again, and will be off on the usual journey across Essex."

There fell dead silence. The balloon sped steadily eastward till Woolwich was passed. Looking far out the eye beheld, under a gleam of sunshine, something that shone like molten silver.

"The sea!" cried the captain.

A voice, which sounded strangely—as

"A BROAD SEA OF FLEECY CLOUD, ON WHICH WAS PICTURED THE SHADOW OF THE BALLOON."

voices do in the unearthly stillness of this upper air—slowly spoke :—

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken ;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Look'd on each other with a wild surmise
> Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Burnaby's prognostication proved true. After catching a glimpse of what seemed to be the sea, though it was probably only the broad mouth of the river at Gravesend, the balloon, spinning round, began to recross the river, and swiftly made its way over the low-lying land of Essex.

"Shall we go higher?" said the Grenadier.

"Yes," said the captain.

A bag of ballast was emptied, the earth seemed to sink farther, and the top of the balloon suddenly came upon a cloud. Like everything else, the cloud soon dropped below the car. The balloon went sailing on. Above, a cloudless sky of blue ; below, no earth, nor sight nor sound of human life. Only a broad sea of fleecy cloud, on which was pictured the shadow of the balloon, with the heads of the occupants as clearly traced as if it were a colossal photograph. It was worth a much more perilous journey to see this picture, and to feel all that was made possible by the sight. Overhead, the bewitchingly blue sky, tempering with softened light the blazing ball of the setting sun ; beneath, the fleecy clouds with the shadowy companion balloon ; afar off, beyond the ravelled edges of the cloud, glimpses of glade and trees and sunlit fields.

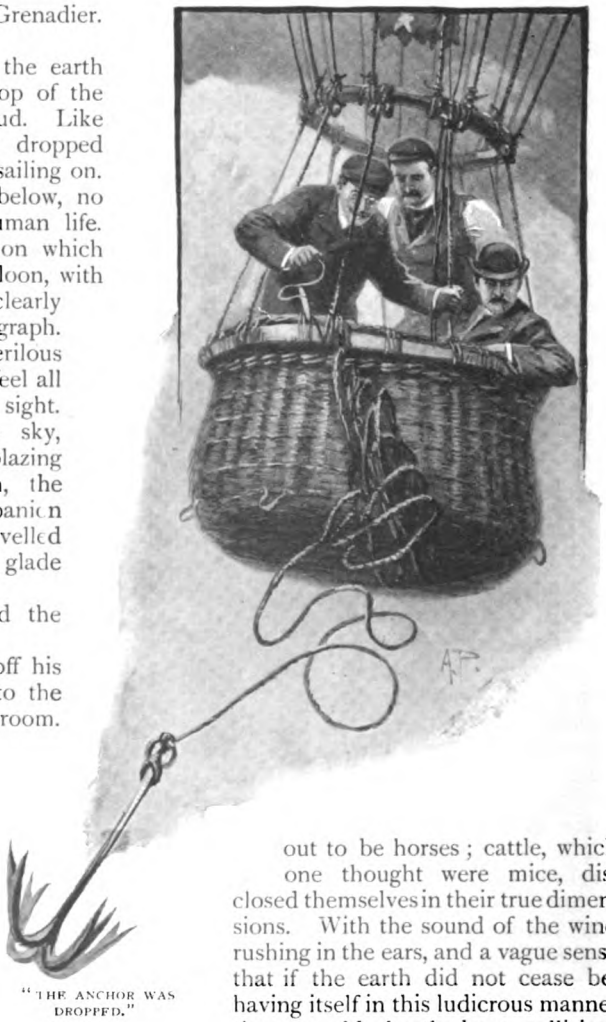
"It is confoundedly hot," said the Grenadier.

"Yes," said the captain, taking off his gigantic coat and hanging it on to the anchor, as if he were in a mess-room. "One comfort in being above the clouds is that a man can sit in public in his shirt-sleeves."

The balloon sped on and presently cleared the cloud. All the nether world lay spread below, with the Thames glittering far away behind, suggesting the idea that the sea-serpent had got himself electro-plated and was leisurely crawling up towards London, intent upon seeing the great city. After sailing for an hour and a half, the wind still keeping southerly, the sea again became visible to the east. A glance at the map showed that this must be the Blackwater River, and that, with the wind as it now was, the balloon would, in course of time, arrive at Norwich. Some distance ahead was a wood—not Epping Forest, as the Grenadier surmised, for Epping lay away to the left.

"We had better get down before we reach the wood," said the captain ; "so here goes."

And he gave the gas-pipe a turn. The earth, contrary to its usual practice, now began to ascend. Suddenly the fields assumed larger dimensions ; trees grew up as if by magic ; animals, which looked like hares as they capered about the meadows, turned



"THE ANCHOR WAS DROPPED."

out to be horses ; cattle, which one thought were mice, disclosed themselves in their true dimensions. With the sound of the wind rushing in the ears, and a vague sense that if the earth did not cease behaving itself in this ludicrous manner there would shortly be a collision, things continued to grow larger and larger.

"Out with the anchor!" shouted the captain. The anchor was dropped, the earth thereupon suddenly taking a dive, leaving the balloon some hundred feet higher

than when freighted with the iron load. You may throw an anchor out on a field, but you cannot make it bite. This particular anchor amused itself by dancing about on the hard earth, diligently grubbing up the grass, passing through hedges, and skilfully avoiding anything that offered a firm clutch.

The earth, having thus insisted upon coming up to the balloon, brought the wind with it. The captain was now in improved spirits. The pertinacious conduct of the anchor was quite an unlooked-for treat. Fullness of joy was promised by approaching the wood, which was rushing on the balloon with far more velocity than Dunsinane approached Macbeth.

"We shall be into the wood in half a minute," said the captain, cheerfully.

"At the charge!" responded the Grenadier. Amid the rushing of the wind might be heard an inspiriting whistle sounding the charge.

"Here is the wood!"

Into it went the balloon, crashing against a tree and tearing a large strip out of the silk, spreading abroad a perfume as if the main pipe of the gasworks had suddenly burst. If the anchor would only catch the ground now all would be well.

But there never was, since the days of the Ark, an anchor like this. To observe the way it carefully eluded trees, which grew about as plentifully as gooseberry bushes, was exceedingly interesting. It would go half a yard out of its course to avoid an eligible tree, whilst it fiercely grubbed up any weeds that raised aloft their feeble stalks. From tree to tree the wind hurried the balloon, making fresh gashes in the canvas, threatening to leave not a rag behind. Also the balloon now began to droop heavily, and it was evident that the end could not long be delayed.

Midway in the wood the anchor carefully selected an exceedingly rotten elm, on a branch of which the car calmly reposed, the anchor taking this opportunity—when it was absolutely of no use—to fasten itself in the root of a giant oak. There was nothing for it but to drop on to the ground, and this was done without other harm than a few scratches. There remained the balloon to release, and this the Grenadier volunteered to do. Climbing up the tree like a cat, he, though half suffocated with gas, loosened the folds of the balloon, and lowered the car into the arms of the captain.

"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO DROP ON TO THE GROUND."

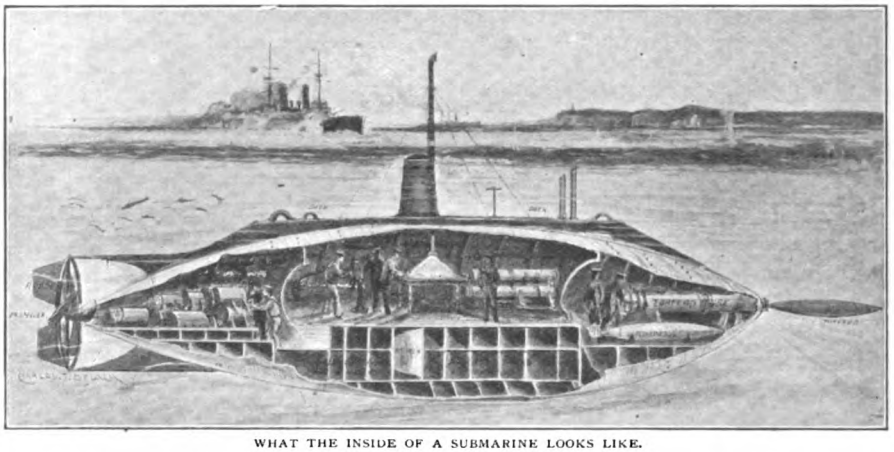
"How do you feel now?" asked the Grenadier, when, at midnight, he met his companion of voyage at the Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace.

"Better," said Burnaby, emphatically. "That was a capital anchor. I am going to buy it from Wright, and will keep it for future balloon journeys."

On March 18th, 1904, being a Friday, day of ill omen to sailors, the country was shocked by news of terrible disaster. The submarine *A1*, scouting off the Nab Lightship, was run down by a big ocean steamer homeward bound. The officers on the bridge of the *Berlin Castle*, feeling a shock to the hull of their ship,

thought they had been struck by a torpedo, and hastily signalled to whom it might concern that they did not care for further practice. What actually happened was that, running over the submerged *A1*, the liner struck the conning tower, sending the submarine to the bottom, seven fathoms down, with her crew of nine hands and two officers sealed up in a hopeless tomb.

Twelve months later, walking through Portsmouth Dockyard, I came upon a ghastly memento of the terrible tragedy. It was the hull of the hapless *A1* in dry dock undergoing repairs. Her frail framework showed the rent caused by the impact of the great steamer. Repairs were still going forward, but the dockyard authorities were



WHAT THE INSIDE OF A SUBMARINE LOOKS LIKE.

not disposed to hurry them. At the call of duty the British seamen will go anywhere and do anything. Still, on the whole, it was thought better not to hurry *A1* into commission again. Better let the passage of a year or two blunt the feeling of horror and alarm created by the accident.

I had personal interest in the wreck, since I was on my way to join her sister ship, *A2*, with intent to make a submarine excursion. The Admiral and the party from Admiralty House cheerily came to see me off. I did not discern in their countenances or their manner overweening desire on the part of anyone to share the adventure. Sufficient for the day was the opportunity of seeing the rescued wreck of *A1*, without actually experimenting in the unsympathetic bosom of the deep and the narrow hold of *A2*.

It was a lovely spring morning. Portsmouth Harbour sparkled in the sunlight as we steamed in the Admiral's launch towards the submarine awaiting us at the mouth of the harbour. To draw alongside was easy enough, at least for the man at the wheel of the launch. For a mere landsman there was initial difficulty in getting aboard the submarine. Built for working in the depths of ocean, the structure of a fish is inevitably adopted. For the unaccustomed foot the deck of *A2* inconveniently resembled the back of a porpoise. That would have mattered less had there been anything in the shape of bulwarks or rails to hang on by. A porpoise has neither, nor had *A2*. The second lieutenant, his legs scientifically astraddle, gripped my hand and I made my way to the centre of the rolling boat, whence projected the top of what I subsequently recognised as the conning tower. A perpendicular steel ladder shoots down into the hold, quite a snug apartment running the full length of the hull. In the centre, under the conning tower, it was some seven or eight feet high. Following the lines of the porpoise, it narrowed fore and aft to a point where men moving about perforce went down on hands and knees.

Brilliantly illuminated with electric light, one could see that on either side every foot of the space was devoted to intricate machinery. Port and starboard the bellied sides of the hold were occupied by what, to the solitary passenger, were inscrutable screws and levers, each having its appointed function, failure at any particular turn meaning the destruction of the ship and its crew. By and by, when, submerged, *A2* was merrily moving along under pretence of being charged with a playful surprise for an enemy's ship, and, in obedience to the word of command, swift hands reaching forth here and there touched a lever or turned a screw, one

thought of the organ-loft and a musician manipulating the stops.

When I descended, the crew, nine all told, were each at his appointed post, lying or sitting, according to his position in connection with the sloping deck overhead. The second lieutenant was in charge below. The first stood on the ladder in the conning tower. At a signal the top of the turret closed down, shutting out the light of heaven and glimpses of the shore. The valves in the ballast tanks were opened and filled with water. The boat began to sink, swiftly disappearing from the gaze of the interested company on the Admiral's launch. Only amid the eddy on the surface of the sea under which *A2* had sunk projected the mouth of the periscope, a small, ingeniously constructed reflector, our only means of communication with a narrowly limited space of the world above.

"THE BOAT BEGAN TO SINK."

I began to be alert for the coming of novel sensations. When we began our descent surely one would feel the movement and hear the swish of hungry water as the boat sank. There was something terribly intense in the tones and attitude of officers and crew. Only the second lieutenant, told off to explain matters to the passenger, preserved an airy manner and a lightness of tone suitable more to a snug smoking-room than the hull of a submerged boat. Up in the conning tower, his eye to the periscope, perched the lieutenant in command. From time to time his voice, pitched in low, vibrating tones, solemnly distinct, broke the silence by rapping forth orders intently listened for by the nine sailors, barefooted, strong-handed, alert.

"Close 3, 4, and 5," said the voice from the tower. There was quick movement on the part of three bluejackets. A wheel was turned or a lever pulled. In turn came the almost whispered responses, "Three closed, sir," "Four closed, sir," "Five closed, sir."

Silence fell for some moments, then fresh orders with quick response, always in that sort of whisper in which people exchange remarks in a death chamber. To tell the truth, the narrow hold, regarded longitudinally, with its bulging midships, its tapering ends, and its memories of *A1* twelve months ago buried full seven fathoms deep, *did* resemble a Gargantuan coffin.

"When shall we sink?" I whispered to the second lieutenant. (I did not mean to whisper, but the habit was imperative and contagious.)

"We sank five minutes ago," he answered. "We are ten feet under water, out of sight from sea or land, except for a few inches of the top of the periscope. We are making eight knots nicely. If, before going under, we had spotted the enemy's ship, we should be within firing range in twenty minutes, would let fly the torpedo primed in the bows

yonder, and be ready for the spare tube as the first hit or missed the hull."

Straining attention, one had (or fancied he had) some sense of movement, hearing some sound of bubbling water at the prow. But it required exercise of faith capable of removing mountains to realize that we had sunk beyond sight or ken of mankind, and were running races in the depths of the sea with surprised soles and confounded cod. Testimony to the unusual situation was not forthcoming through the medium of other senses. We were shut out from the ambient air. But forrard, under the spare torpedo tube, was stored in chambers an amount of air that would, I was assured by the cheery second lieutenant, last for twelve hours.

"'WE SANK FIVE MINUTES AGO,' HE ANSWERED."

Nearly three months later, on June 8th, another sister ship of *A2* sank with her complement of eleven men on board. For fully twelve hours the rescue party overhead discovered in the stream of bubbles floating to the surface evidence that for that period the imprisoned men were alive, having sufficient air to breathe. This liberal storage is necessary, for, though a cruise below—at least in practice time—rarely exceeds half an hour, there is ever-present danger of happing on a mud-bank at the bottom of the sea, involving prolonged struggle for deliverance.

Through the twenty minutes we were engulfed there was no perceptible difference in the air we breathed. What became of the vitiated atmosphere is a mystery I forgot to fathom.

Under Providence, we were absolutely in the hands of the young lieutenant up in the conning tower, his prosaic feet just showing on the lower rung of the steel ladder. For the rest the crew were as absolutely machines as were the screws they turned or the levers they pressed. Save for the commander's voice now and then breaking in on the uncanny stillness, and for the coffin-shaped space on which the electric light shone, they neither heard nor saw.

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

Coming back to our starting-point, always without sense of motion, I peered through the periscope. From the depth of the hold I looked upon a circle of water with the sunlight illumining it. On its rim was the Admiral's launch with the house-party on board, probably wondering with vexed apprehension whether anything would happen to *A2*, her crew and passenger, that at the bidding of common decency would interfere with luncheon at the accustomed hour. This circular space, the range of the periscope, is all that the commander of a submarine can see from the depths. It seems to have failed *A1* in the moment of peril. Had the lieutenant in the conning tower caught sight of the liner entering the rim of light there would have been time to sink the boat beyond the point of danger.

"So you've come up again!" a voice said, as, emerging from the depths, we found ourselves almost alongside the Admiral's launch. It was the young daughter of Admiralty House.

The remark was prosaic. Of course we had come up again. Perhaps it was supersensitiveness that gave birth to the fancy of discerning a shade of disappointment clouding an ingenuous countenance.

Henry Irving.

AN ARTIST'S SKETCH OF AN ACTOR.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FURNISS.

SOMETHING of an apology is, perhaps, expected from me for adding my little stock of reminiscences of our greatest actor to the huge list of those already published. I think I may say, however, that I had exceptional opportunities of knowing him. He and I were very old friends, and I made a careful study of him in fifty of his best-known characters. Every one of these sketches he approved of. Let me begin my recollections with a quotation from a letter which I sent to the *Daily Telegraph* just after his death :—

"I have been rather surprised that, so far as I have seen, no artist's name appears in all the appreciations of Irving published since his death. Yet Irving, to my mind, was essentially the artist-actor. A deaf man, if artistic, could enjoy and understand the subtlety of Sir Henry Irving's wonderful performances, simply through watching his artistic manner.

"In 1887, when I removed my 'Artistic Joke' from the Gainsborough Gallery, in Bond Street, and re-opened it in Manchester shortly afterwards, I found that Irving happened to be playing in that city in 'Faust.' The Manchester Art and Literary Club gave a supper in his honour, and, hearing that I was in the city, they very kindly invited me. To my surprise and embarrassment I found myself placed at the table at the left of the chairman, and regarded as the second guest of the evening.

"After supper Irving delivered, in his easy manner, one of those graceful speeches in which no one surpassed him. I was then called upon to follow upon 'Art,' and, unprepared, I was somewhat at a loss to connect 'Art' and 'The Drama.' However, I advanced a favourite point of mine, which is that artists derive much benefit from the theatre, whither they go to learn. I reminded my listeners that a hundred years ago Royal Academicians used to meet at their Royal Academy, where a model was placed in front of them, in order that they might discuss the different attitudes and movements of figures and their drapery. This their successors no longer meet to do, and I pointed out that among the reasons which have led them to discontinue the practice was the fact that they can now sit in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre and get a lesson in motion, attitude, and the movement of drapery, from such a master of those arts as Irving."

In fact, no actor ever came nearer to the combination of the artist and the actor than Sir Henry Irving.

It struck me as I was making the remarks noted above that Irving was probably thinking of the caricatures I had perpetrated of him. But although there is no denying the fact that he was very sensitive to caricature, he knew that I was a genuine admirer of his genius, and that in common with all artists I

AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

knew him to be a true artist also, and his poses and the management of his hands and drapery were well worth studying by the brethren of the pencil and the brush.

He was as much a friend to the workers in the studio as he was to those on the stage, and it is therefore sad to think that he fared so badly in the hands of the artists — both painters and sculptors. The late Edwin Long painted a very poor picture of Irving as Hamlet. Millais' portrait exhibited in the Academy, and since then hanging over the fireplace in the strangers' room in the Garrick Club, gives one no idea of strength, and Irving had a strong face. And as he frequently sat under this portrait it was easy to contrast the original with the picture.

IRVING AS HAMLET.

A caricaturist is one who emphasizes all the bad qualities in the sitter and avoids the better ones. Is it libellous to say that a certain R.A.'s portraits are clever simply for the reason that he is most uncompromising? He paints the Jew picture-dealer, cunning, leery; the turn of the thumb, the whole attitude, is that of a Jew in burlesque. Yet who can say it is not true to life? The wife of the vulgar City man, as he depicts her, with diamonds in her hair, on every finger, round each wrist, is true to nature. Yet the nature seems more vulgar on canvas than in real life. The artist who can paint the truth and "show up" his sitters, as caricatures do, is daring; but he is, in his art, essentially a caricaturist. Still, when he paints a portrait of a great artist, and not merely of a successful man or woman in trade, he ought to bring out the best points of his sitter. His portrait of Irving, a greater artist himself than all the Academicians—English, Dutch, or Yankee—ought to have been the tribute of one artist to another—such a portrait, for instance, as that of Mrs. Siddons by Reynolds. But what was that portrait? The head of a drunken, fifth-rate, broken-down mummer. I caricatured it, mercifully, in *Punch* as our own Irving with a bad cold in his head. Anyway, it was certainly quite unworthy of the artist-painter or of the artist-actor. This Irving himself felt, and felt bitterly. He made no secret of the fate of this portrait. For one evening, at a dinner of distinguished people, he informed the guests what had befallen it.

"I have been asking my friend next to me," he said, indicating the President of the Royal Academy, and addressing the company in general, "whether any man has a right to destroy the work of a great artist, should that artist produce a portrait which may be regarded as a libel. Some of you have seen a portrait of me by X——, who I believe is a great painter, exhibited in the Academy a few seasons ago. That portrait I looked upon with indignation. To-day—this very morning—in the process of packing (I am leaving my old rooms off Bond Street) I came across it. I called in my old servant-man and asked him what he thought of it. Would he have it? No; he declined. So I took a long, sharp knife and I cut that portrait into long strips, and my man threw them into the fire. Now, was I justified in that act? That is what I want to know."

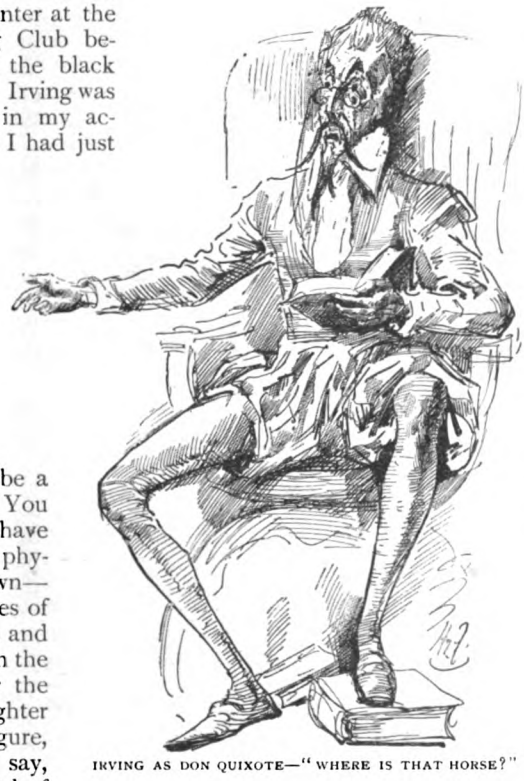
A SKETCH OF SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA AND SIR HENRY IRVING.

It is a thousand pities that this clever

artist did not rise to the occasion and hand down to posterity a really fine portrait of Irving. This unfortunate one was only a head. He could have painted the head again, and some model could have sat for the figure. Irving knew all about such studio matters, as the following anecdote shows.

It so happened I sat at supper next to Irving on the night of the greatest prize-fight of our time. Strange to say, it was a supper at the Garrick Club given by an artist to those who supported his election to the club. The fight I had been to was that famous encounter at the National Sporting Club between Slavin and the black pugilist, Jackson. Irving was deeply interested in my account of the fight I had just seen. I told him of the fine effort of the defeated but plucky white man, Slavin. As an artist I could not but admire the grand physique of the ebony-skinned gladiator.

"Yes," said Irving, "he must be a splendid fellow. You know, we actors have taken credit for a physique not our own—witness the pictures of the last generation and those before. Then the actor sat only for the head; a prize-fighter posed for the figure, and, strange to say, the favourite model of the last generation was a coloured fighter."



IRVING AS DON QUIXOTE—"WHERE IS THAT HORSE?"

With the exception of Hamlet, no part has ever been the making of an actor. An actor must make the part, and the part must suit his personality. No one would ever select Sir Henry Irving to play Falstaff, but everyone selected him to play Don Quixote. The part was written for him, and he looked the character to perfection. But one great difficulty that presented itself was the finding of Don Quixote's horse—sufficiently quaint, starved, and aged. Irving had not himself thought much about it, but as the time for the production drew near he realized with anxiety that he had to appear, attired in armour, astride his charger. He consulted his trustworthy lieutenant, Mr. Bram Stoker.

"Bram, what about the horse, eh?"

"Oh, that's all right. I have found the very one for you in a field between Sunderland and South Shields. It's on its way."

The rehearsals went on. Irving bestrode a common or prompter's chair, and waved his umbrella in place of his spear.

But horse-riding—particularly in front of the footlights—is a feat not to be performed without practice.

"Bram, *where is* that horse?"

"I've just got a telegram, sir; it is on its way; it will be at Euston before we reach Act II."

No horse arrived. Irving was getting more and more uneasy.

"Bram, where is that horse? I had better hire one somewhere in London."

"It's *coming*. Hire one in London! Why, there is not one in the whole of London to suit the part. Wait till you see this one. It will be a gigantic success. You can count its ribs, and its bones stand out like hat-pegs. It's ewe-necked and has a head like a camel."

"But where is it? I must see it to-day."

Bram rushed from the stage, and nearly upset a messenger rushing on with a telegram.

The telegram ran:—

"Horse and man have arrived at Euston and started for theatre."

Mr. Bram Stoker handed the telegram to his chief. Mr. Loveday called out Act II.; Sir Henry disappeared to his dressing-room to have his armour put on, and before all this was completed Mr. Bram Stoker returned. He rushed on to the stage with reddened face and glistening eye, his whole appearance denoting tragic disappointment.

"Stoker, *where is that horse?*"

"Oh, it's all up with it."

"What, not here! Where is it?"

"It arrived—it left Euston——"

"Yes, yes; I know. I saw the telegram. But where is it?"

"Well, the man and the beast got as far as Bow Street, then the police stopped them. The horse was ordered to be shot, and the man has been sentenced to a month's hard labour for cruelty to animals!"

The painstaking Mr. Stoker's trouble was therefore lost, and stage realism suffered a blow. The substitute was a cab-horse, which, strange to relate, had to be made up for every performance to look a "bag of bones": ribs painted and hollow flanks artistically suggested.

IRVING AS ROBESPIERRE.

This little incident recalls another that happened a few years afterwards, when Irving produced Sardou's "Robespierre." It was then necessary to have a horse to pull on a cart crowded with country folk, in the beautiful rustic scene with which the play opens.

This time Irving did not trust to wasters from the north or risks with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He discovered that the white horse ridden by another celebrated actor in a popular play which had just completed its run was, in technical phraseology, "resting"; so it was brought on to the stage of the Lyceum at rehearsal for Irving's inspection. The following conversation took place between Sir Henry and the man with the horse:—

"My good man, is this horse docile?"

"Lor' bless you, Sir 'Enry, it's as quiet as a lamb."

"And accustomed, I hear, to the stage, eh?"

"Yes, sir; it's the very 'orse as 'as been such a success in Mr. X——'s great production at his grand theatre."

"Ah, quite so, quite so. Mr. X—— found it a good actor, eh?"

"I should think he did. Why, when Mr. X—— was haranguing the audience, why this 'ere 'orse yawned, it did."

"Ah, I see, it's a good critic too."

Sir Henry never forgot an old friend; and many and many a kindly act of princely generosity is known, but not recorded. Perhaps one is worth telling, as it is not only a fair specimen of hundreds of Sir Henry's acts of munificence, but it also throws a side-light on to the peculiar weakness of members of "the profession."

Shortly after Irving went into management at the Lyceum he was walking down the Strand, when he was accosted by an out-of-elbow, broken-down tragedian:—

"What? Harry, my hearty! How is my old pal Harry? Why, the boys tell me, Irving, that you are now an actor-manager; running the Lyceum. Who ever would have thought of this, in the old stock days at Edinburgh and Liverpool, eh?"

"Ah, my dear fellow, quite so — quite so," said Irving, shaking the stranger by the hand. "But you have the advantage of me. Who are you?"

"Who am I? Why, Roscius Shakespeare Thompson; you remember R. S. Thompson—Rocy, your old pal."

"Ah, of course; now I do recall you, Thompson. You are 'Dressing-bag Thompson,' aren't you?"

"Why, of course I am; 'Dressing-bag Thompson.' Fancy, Harry, your remembering that after all these years!"

"What are you doing, Thompson?"

"Walking gent; examiner of public buildings; anything you like but acting. Ah, Harry, the profession isn't what it was in the palmy days of stock companies. They're all burst now, and shop-boys become 'actors' and tour in pieces written by clerks, and run by American Jew company-promoters. The 'legitimate,'" said Thompson, thumping himself on the chest, "are no longer appreciated.

By the way, Harry, what can you do for one of the right sort?"

"Come round to the Lyceum; we'll consult Bram Stoker. . . . Here, Stoker, allow me to introduce Mr. Thompson—'Dressing-bag Thompson.' Is our company full? We'll put him on the list and chance a suitable part turning up." Then, turning to Thompson, he said:—

"What about salary, eh? Twelve pounds a week, eh?"

"From you, Harry, as an old pal, I will accept that retainer. I like to help an old friend; so consider my services are yours at the honorarium mentioned."

"That's all right, Thompson; you will be paid weekly and advised when the next play is to be read. Good-bye, Thompson. How is your mother? All right, eh? Of course; Bram, just pay Mr. Thompson his first week's salary in advance."

The next play was read in due course. "Dressing-bag Thompson" sat with the rest of the company while the characters were distributed, but no part fell to him.

"Henry, Henry, where is my part?" he cried.

"Eh? Ah, yes, my dear fellow," said Irving, walking up to him; "the play, you see, is by a modern author, one of those fellows who don't appreciate legitimate actors. Better luck next time! You get your twelve pounds a week, I hope? How is your mother? Good-bye, old chap."

Again the time came round for another reading—this time a revival of Shakespeare. Thompson rose and asked once more where his part was. Irving approached him kindly but "Dressing-bag Thompson" greeted him with: "No, no, Harry; no excuse this time, old chap. The immortal bard is no new author; he's legitimate. Where is my part?"

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Irving, putting his arm into Thompson's and drawing him to one side. "You get your salary, eh—twelve pounds a week?"

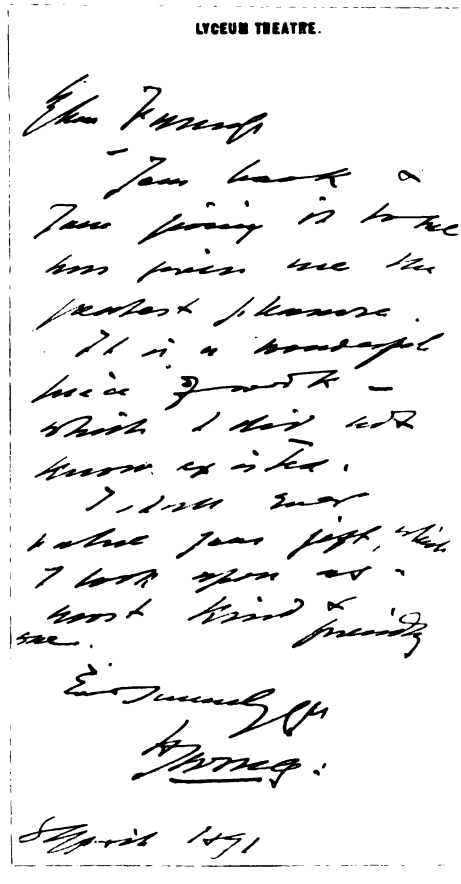
"Yes, yes; but where's my part? This is not a modern author."

"No, no; of course. But, 'Dressing-bag Thompson,' you know we're obliged to respect the dead."

I was once sketching Irving in a new piece at a dress rehearsal for one of the illustrated papers. At the same time an artist hailing from the Emerald Isle, with the strongest brogue I ever heard, appealed to me as a friend of Irving to allow him to see that actor in his dressing-room for the purpose of getting more detail of the costume. This Irving kindly assented to; and after some time the Irish artist returned full of admiration.

"Begorrah, sorr, Irving's a wonderful man intoirly. Oi hadn't bin spakin' foive minuets whin he axes me, 'Whin, thin, did you lave Oireland?' Begorrah, he's a wonderful insoight into cha-*rac*-ter to till Oi was Oirish afther only foive minuets' talk!"

Irving appreciated any little attention or compliment. I came across this letter from him in acknowledging one of my books:—


LYCEUM THEATRE.

Perhaps no one in our time lent himself more to caricature than Irving. He was as easy to burlesque with the voice as with the pencil. The man who succeeded best with both was Fred Barnard. He had an advantage in being as thin as Irving, and something of the same type of face and tone of voice. I have drawn more caricatures of Irving and have given more imitations, but, being as unlike the actor as any man could be, I had to depend on voice alone. So much so that, once at a garden-party at a house in the country, a young lady—afterwards famous as

a singer—gave an imitation of Miss Ellen Terry as Juliet in the Balcony Scene; I was Irving as Romeo, but wisely hid myself in a laurel bush so as not to destroy the illusion.

One of Irving's company at the Lyceum, of the name of Lewis, in years gone by gave a marvellous and original imitation of Irving playing a game of billiards. The idea was as simple as it was ingenious, and had one merit over other "sketches" of Irving—it might have happened. Of course it never did, but it was possible. Irving is asked by a stranger to play a game—a hundred up.

"HE WAS AT HIS BEST AFTER SUPPER, ENJOYING A GOOD CIGAR."

"Eh? Yes, yes. I don't mind. Play even, eh? No points—ah!"

The "business" was then simple and delightfully comic, Irving taking off his coat as if he was removing a coat-of-mail, which he hangs up on a peg with the manner of hanging it up on a castle wall. Then follows the selection of the cue, as if choosing a double-handed sword for a combat with Macduff. "Ah! too heavy. Eh! too-o-o light. Eh! ah! too-o-o long"; and so on. The cue selected, then the business of "the chalk" (chalking the cue) gave scope to the mannerisms familiar to all imitations.

"Shall I break, eh? Ha, ha!" Then came the stab at the ball, the anxious watching of its progress up the table, the despair at missing the spot-ball.

"Ha, ha! That's one to you." And Irving marks. And to the end he does nothing else, for his opponent makes his hundred in one break.

THE SLEIGHT-OF-HAND CIGARETTE TRICK IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

The whole "business" is Irving's increasing tragic despair, until at the end he throws up his arms and cries, "Heavens! And I have not had one stroke at all!"

Irving was a born practical joker and enjoyed fun. He was always at his best after supper, enjoying a good long and strong cigar. His great friend Toole does not smoke. Everyone who saw Toole in "Walker, London" (and who did not?), may not be aware of the sacrifice which that conscientious comedian made at every performance in the interests of art. He actually smoked a cigarette, whilst nicotine in any form is obnoxious to him. However, to ease the minds of his friends, who I am sure could not have enjoyed this most popular actor's performance had they known he was suffering for their pleasure, I had better say that the cigarettes were specially made, and Toole puffed the innocent flower of camomile. Mentioning Toole and his cigarette reminds me of his great friend Irving and the cigarette which the latter smoked in the first act of "The Corsican Brothers." Every cigarette-smoker envied the way in which (apparently) Irving rolled that cigarette. He placed the paper in the palm of his left hand, threw some tobacco into it, and instantly, with one quick movement, the cigarette was perfect and between his teeth. It was pure sleight-of-hand—what is known to conjurers as "palming" a ready-made cigarette, which was substituted for the paper and tobacco.

Irving was very liberal in his invitations to "go behind." Few are aware that Mr. Gladstone once

appeared on the Lyceum stage. It happened thus. It is well known that the Premier and Sir Henry Irving had a great admiration for each other, and when Mr. Gladstone attended the theatre he always went round to Sir Henry's room to have a chat. He took quite as much interest in the mechanism of the arrangements as he did in the intricacies of the Home Rule Bill. One night, when "The Corsican Brothers" was on the Lyceum stage, Mr. Gladstone was missed from his box. He was behind the scenes, having everything explained to him by Mr. Loveday. The music stopped, the players were in their places, and the curtain was about to be rung up, but Mr. Gladstone was still standing in the middle of the stage holding an argument with his guide about some detail, or recounting to him some theatrical reminiscence of days gone by. Mr. Gladstone wanted to see the scene through, and had no inclination to return to his own box. It was the *bal masqué* scene, in which boxes are arranged round the stage with people in them. Into one of these Mr. Gladstone was hurried; and although the audience saw that he was not in his former seat, few, if any, noticed him upon the stage. So he in his time played many parts, even to that of a super at the Lyceum.

According to Colour-Sergeant Barry, who had for seven-and-twenty years been door-keeper at the Lyceum in Irving's time, Mr. Gladstone, when he visited the theatre, occupied a little wooden seat which had been let into the proscenium wall, whence he obtained an excellent view of the stage without himself being seen by the audience.

I have never yet been able to analyze the mind that invents and circulates lies about public men. Malicious inventions may be not uncommon among 'Arrys and bounders, but that the educated man of the world should deliberately lie passes all understanding.

I was entertained at dinner in a large provincial town by its leading and most important citizen—a man of the world and a really good fellow at heart. The conversation, of course, drifted into the most general of all social topics of the last ten years—the stage, when to my utter astonishment our host seriously informed myself and his friends that he considered mummer-worship overdone, and gave it as his opinion that our actors and actresses were an over-rated, self-advertised lot, and illustrated this wild assertion by a scene he had himself, he said, witnessed in London. He assured us that Sir Henry Irving was in the habit of driving every morning to the front entrance of the Lyceum Theatre and, remaining in his well-appointed cab, of calling loudly for his letters, which were brought to him, there to be opened and read in public. Sir Henry amused himself by throwing the envelopes into the gutter, to be fought for and picked up by his worshippers and street boys who were daily attracted to the spot by this familiar scene of London life, which my host declared he had himself witnessed. This of Sir Henry Irving, the greatest and most modest of all his profession!

The other and true side of the picture could at that time have been seen at the other side of the building. A cab draws up, out of which steps the well-known figure of Sir Henry, clothed in the most ordinary attire. He wears a low-crowned hat, rather in want of a brush; his private key opens a little private door, situated in a street deserted and practically private, into his private room; he finds his private secretary awaiting him to open his private letters. And should my informant of the front-door incident happen to call, I doubt if he would be granted a peep into the privacy of Sir Henry's sanctum.

Now, a perfectly true story of an actor-manager in front of his theatre happened in the old days of the Haymarket. Buckstone, passing under the portico in front of the house late one night, after the theatre had been closed, observed an intoxicated man vainly endeavouring to light a match, or rather several matches, on one of the pillars. It so happened Buckstone had just gone to the expense of having the front of the theatre painted; he could not restrain remonstrating with the destructive inebriate.

A SKETCH OF IRVING AS A YOUNG MAN.

"My good man, why do that? I have just had those pillars repainted, and I really cannot allow my property to be utilized for striking matches."

With that hopelessly contemptuous look peculiar to gentlemen in an intoxicated condition, the stranger deliberately replied: "Oo are you? What d'ye mean? Go away. I—I tell you what y' are—you're an infernally bad imitation of that old fool B-B-Buckstone!"

Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.

WELAND'S SWORD.

THE children were at the Theatre, acting to Three Cows as much as they could remember of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Their father had made them a small play out of the big Shakespeare one, and they had rehearsed it with him and with their mother till they could say it by heart. They began where Nick Bottom the weaver comes out of the bushes with a donkey's head on his shoulder, and finds Titania the Queen of the Fairies asleep on a bank. Then they skipped to the part where Bottom asks three little fairies to scratch his head and bring him honey, and they ended where he falls asleep in Titania's arms. Dan was Puck and Nick Bottom as well as the three Fairies. He had a pointy-eared cloth cap for Puck, and a real paper donkey's head out of a Christmas cracker—but it tore if you were not careful—for Bottom. Una was Titania, with a wreath of columbines and a foxglove wand.

The Theatre lay in a meadow which the grown-ups called the Long Slip. A little mill-stream that carried water to a mill two or three fields away bent round one corner of it, and in the middle of the bend lay a big old fairy Ring of darkened grass, which was their stage. The mill-stream banks, overgrown with willow and alder and hazel and maple, made convenient places to wait in till your turn came; and a grown-up who had seen it said that Shakespeare himself could not have imagined a more suitable setting for his play. They were not, of course, allowed to act on Midsummer Night itself, but they went down after tea on Midsummer Eve, when the shadows were growing, and they took their supper—hard-boiled eggs, Bath Oliver biscuits, and salt in an envelope—with them. Three cows had been milked and were grazing steadily with a tearing sound that one could hear all down the meadow; and the noise of the mill at work sounded like bare feet running on hard ground. A cuckoo sat on a gate-post singing his broken June tune, "cuckoo-cuk," while a busy kingfisher crossed from the mill-stream to the brook which ran on the other side of the meadow. Everything else was a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass.

The play went beautifully. Dan remembered all his parts—Puck, Bottom, and the three Fairies—and Una never forgot a word of Titania—not even the difficult bit where she tells the Fairies how to feed Bottom with apricocks, ripe figs, and dewberries, and all the lines end in "ies." They were both so pleased that they acted it three times over from beginning to end before they sat down in the unthistly centre of the Ring to eat eggs and Bath Olivers. This was when they heard a whistle among the alders on the bank, and they jumped.

The bushes parted. In the very spot where Dan had stood as Puck they saw a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that ran right across his freckled face. He shaded his forehead with one hand as though he were watching Quince, Snout, Bottom, and the others rehearsing "Pyramis and Thisbe," and, in a voice as deep as Three Cows asking to be milked, he began:—

"What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of our fairy Queen?"

He stopped, hollowed one hand round his ear, and, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, went on:—

"What, a play toward? I'll be auditor,
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause."

The children looked and gasped. The small thing—he was no higher than Dan's shoulder—stepped quietly into the Ring.

"I'm rather out of practice," said he; "but that's the way my part ought to be played."

Still the children stared at him—from his dark blue cap, like a big columbine flower, to his bare, hairy feet. At last he began to laugh.

"Please don't look like that. It isn't *my* fault. What else could you expect?" he said.

"We didn't expect anyone," Dan answered, very slowly. "This is our field."

"Is it?" said their visitor, sitting down. "Then what on human earth made you act 'Midsummer Night's Dream' three times over, *on* Midsummer Eve, *in* the middle of a ring, and under—right *under* one of my oldest hills in old England? Pook's Hill—Puck's Hill—Puck's Hill—Pook's Hill! It's as plain as the nose on my face."

He pointed to the bare, fern-covered slope of Pook's Hill that runs up from the far side of the mill-stream to a dark wood. Beyond that wood the ground rises and rises five hundred feet, till at last you climb out on the

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"AT LAST HE BEGAN TO LAUGH."

bare top of Beacon Hill, where you look over the Pevensey Levels and the Channel and half the naked South Downs.

"By Oak, Ash, and Thorn!" he said, still laughing. "If this had happened a few hundred years ago you'd have had all the People of the Hills out like bees in June!"

"We didn't know it was wrong," said Dan.

"Wrong!" The little fellow shook with laughter. "Indeed, it isn't wrong. You've done something that kings and knights and scholars in the old days would have given their crowns and spurs and books to find out. If Merlin himself had helped you, you couldn't have managed better. You've broken the hills—you've broken the hills! It hasn't happened in a thousand years."

"We—we didn't mean to," said Una.

"Of course you didn't. That's just why you did it. Unluckily the hills are empty now, and all the People of the Hills are gone. I'm the only one left. I'm Puck, the oldest Old Thing in England, very much at your service if—if you care to have anything to do with me. If you don't, of course you've only to say so, and I'll go."

He looked at the children and the children looked at him for quite half a minute. His eyes did not twinkle any more. They were very kind, and there was the beginning of a good smile on his lips.

Una put out her hand. "Don't go," she said; "we like you."

"Have a Bath Oliver," said Dan, and he passed over the squashy envelope with the eggs.

"By Oak, Ash, and Thorn," said Puck, taking off his blue cap, "I like you too. Sprinkle a little salt on the biscuit, Dan, and I'll eat it with you. That'll show you the sort of person *I* am. Some of us"—he went on, with his mouth full—"couldn't abide salt, or horse-shoes over a door, or mountain-ash berries, or running water, or cold iron, or the sound of church bells. But I'm Puck!"

He brushed the crumbs carefully off his doublet and shook hands.

"We always said, Dan and I," Una stammered, "that if it ever happened we'd know exactly what to do; but—but now it seems all different somehow."

"She means meeting a fairy," said Dan. "You know, *I* never believed in 'em—not after I was six, anyhow."

"I did," said Una. "At least, I sort of half believed till we learned 'Farewell Rewards.' Do you know 'Farewell Rewards and Fairies?'"

"Do you mean this?" said Puck. He threw his big head back and began at the second line:—

> "Good housewives now may say,
> For now foul sluts in dairies
> Do fare as well as they;
> For though they sweep their hearths no less

("Join in, Una!")

> Than maids were wont to do,
> Yet who of late for cleanliness
> Finds sixpence in her shoe?"

The echo flapped all along the meadow.

"Of course I know it," he said.

"And then there's the verse about the Rings," said Dan. "When I was little it always made me feel saddish in my inside."

"'Witness those rings and roundelays,' do you mean?" boomed Puck, with a voice like a great church organ.

"Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
Are never seen on any heath
As when the time hath been.

"It's some time since I heard that sung last, but there's no good beating about the bush: it's true. The People of the Hills have all left. I saw them come into Old England and I saw them go. Giants, trolls, kelpies, brownies, goblins, imps; wood, tree, mound, and water spirits; heath-people, hill-watchers, treasure-guards, good people, little people, pishogues, leprechauns, night-riders, pixies, nixies, gnomes, and the rest—gone, all gone! I came into England with Oak, Ash, and Thorn, and when Oak, Ash, and Thorn are gone I shall go too."

Dan looked round the meadow—at Una's oak by the lower gate, at the line of ash trees that overhang Otter Pool where the mill-stream spills over when the mill does not need it, and at the gnarled old white thorn where Three Cows scratched their sleek necks.

"It's all right," he said; and added, "We're planting a lot more oaks this autumn too."

"Aren't you most awfully old?" said Una.

"Not old—fairly long-lived, as folks say hereabouts. Let me see—my friends used to set my dish of cream for me o' nights when Stonehenge was new. Yes, before the Flint men made the dewpond on Chanctonbury Ring."

Una clasped her hands, cried "Oh!" and nodded her head.

"She's thought a plan," explained Dan. "She always does like that when she thinks a plan."

"I was thinking if we saved some of our porridge and put it in the attic for you. They'd notice if we left it in the nursery."

"Schoolroom," said Dan, quickly, and Una flushed, because they had made a solemn treaty that summer not to call the schoolroom the nursery any more.

"Bless your heart o' gold!" said Puck. "You'll make a fine considering wench some market day. I really don't want you to put out a bowl for me, but if ever I need a bite, be sure I'll tell you."

He stretched himself at length on the dry grass, and the children stretched out beside him, their six legs waving happily in the air. They felt they could not be afraid of him any more than of old Hobden the hedger. He did not bother them with grown-up questions, or laugh at the donkey's head, but lay and smiled to himself in the most sensible way.

"Have you a knife on you?" he said at last.

Dan handed over his big one-bladed outdoor knife, and Puck began to carve out a piece of turf from the centre of the Ring.

"What's that for—magic?" said Una, as he pressed up the square of chocolate loam that cut like so much cheese.

"One of my little magics," he answered, and cut another. "You see, I can't let you into the Hills because the People of the Hills have gone; but if you care to take seizin from me, I may be able to show you something out of the common here on human earth. You certainly deserve it."

"PUCK BEGAN TO CARVE OUT A PIECE OF TURF."

"What's taking seizin?" said Dan, cautiously.

"It's an old custom the people had when they bought and sold land. They used to cut out a clod and hand it over to the buyer, and you weren't lawfully seized of your land —it didn't really belong to you—till the other fellow had actually given you a piece of it—like this." He held out the turf.

"But it's our own meadow," said Dan, drawing back. "Are you going to magic it away?"

Puck laughed. "I know it's your meadow, but there's a great deal more in it than you or your father ever guessed. Try!"

He held out two pieces of turf, and turned his eyes on Una.

"I'll do it," she said. Dan followed her example at once.

"Now are you two lawfully seized and possessed of all Old England," said Puck, in a sing-song voice. "By right of Oak, Ash, and Thorn you are free to come and go and look and know where I shall show or best you please. You shall see What you shall see and you shall hear What you shall hear, though It shall have happened three thousand year; and you shall know neither Doubt nor Fear. Fast! Hold fast all I give you."

The children shut their eyes, but nothing happened.

"Well," said Una, disappointedly opening them. "I thought there would be dragons."

"Though It shall have happened three thousand year," said Puck, and counted on his fingers. "No; I'm afraid there were no dragons three thousand years ago."

"But there hasn't happened anything at all," said Dan.

"Wait awhile," said Puck. "You don't grow an oak in a year—and Old England's older than twenty oaks. Let's sit down again and think. *I* can do that for a century at a time."

"Ah, but you're a fairy," said Dan.

"Have you ever heard me use that word yet?" said Puck, angrily.

"No. You talk about 'the People of the Hills,' but you never say 'fairies,'" said Una. "I was wondering at that. Don't you like it?"

"How would you like to be called 'mortal' or 'human being' all the time?" said Puck; "or 'son of Adam' or 'daughter of Eve'?"

"I shouldn't like it," said Dan. "That's how the Djinns and Afrits talk in the 'Arabian Nights.'

"And that's how *I* feel about saying—that word that I don't say. Besides, what you call *them* are things the People of the Hills would never associate with—unpleasant little buzzflies with butterfly wings and gauze petticoats, and shiny stars in their hair, and a wand like a school-teacher's cane for punishing bad boys and rewarding good ones. *I* know 'em."

"We don't mean that sort," said Dan. "We hate 'em too."

"Exactly," said Puck. "Can you wonder that the People of the Hills don't care to be confused with that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of impostors? Butterfly wings, indeed! I've seen Sir Huon and a troop of his people setting off from Tintagel Castle for Hy-Brasil in the teeth of a sou'-westerly gale, with the spray flying all over the castle, and the Horses of the Hill wild with fright. Out they'd go in a lull, screaming like gulls, and back they'd be driven again five miles inland before they could come head to wind. Butterfly wings! It was Magic—Magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam with singing mermaids in it. And the Horses of the Hill picked their way from one wave to another by the lightning flashes. *That* was how it was in the old days."

"Splendid," said Dan, but Una shuddered.

"I'm glad they're gone, then; but what made the People of the Hills go away?" Una asked.

"Different things," said Puck. "They didn't all go at once. They dropped off, one by one, through the centuries. Most of them were foreigners, and they couldn't stand the climate. *They* left early."

"How early?" said Dan.

"A couple of thousand years or more. The fact is they began as Gods. The Phœnicians brought some over when they came to buy tin in Cornwall; and the Gauls, and the Jutes, and the Danes, and the Frisians, and the Angles brought more when they landed. They were always landing in those days, or being driven back to their ships, and they always brought their Gods with them. England is a bad country for Gods. Now, *I* began as I mean to go on. A bowl of porridge, a dish of milk, and a little quiet fun with the country folk in the lanes was enough for me then, as it is now. I belong here, you see. But the others insisted on being Gods, and having temples, and altars, and priests, and sacrifices."

"People burned in wicker baskets?" said Dan. "Like Miss Blake tells us about?"

"All sorts of sacrifices," said Puck. "If it wasn't men, it was horses, or cattle, or pigs, or metheglin—that's a sticky, sweet sort of beer. I never liked it. They were a stiff-necked, extravagant set of idols, the Old Things were. But what was the result? Men don't like being sacrificed at the best of times; they don't even like sacrificing their farm horses. After a while men simply left the Old Things alone, and the roofs of the temples fell in, and the Old Things had to scuttle out and pick up a living as they could. Some of them took to hanging about trees, and hiding in graves and groaning o' nights. If they groaned loud enough and long enough they might frighten a poor countryman into sacrificing a hen, or leaving a pound of butter for them. I remember one Goddess called Belisama. She became a common wet water-spirit somewhere in Lancashire. And there were Belus and Ceso and Curon and Rosmert, and, oh, hundreds of other friends of mine. First they were Gods. Then they were People of the Hill, and then they went to other places because they couldn't get on with the English. There was only one Old Thing, I remember, who honestly worked for his living after he came down in the world. He was called Weland, and he was a smith to some Gods. I've forgotten their names, but he used to make them swords and spears. I think he claimed kin with Thor of the Scandinavians."

"'Heroes of Asgard' Thor," said Una.

"Yes," answered Puck. "None the less, when bad times came, he didn't beg or steal. He worked; and I was lucky enough to do him a good turn."

"Tell us about it," said Dan. "I think I like hearing of Old Things."

They re-arranged themselves comfortably, each chewing a new grass stem. Puck propped himself on one arm and went on:—

"Well, I met Weland first on a November afternoon in a sleet storm, on Pevensey Level——"

"Close here—over the hill, you mean?" Dan pointed south.

"Yes; but it was all marsh in those days, right up to Horsebridge and Hydeneye. I was on Beacon Hill—they called it Brunanburgh then—when I saw the pale flame that burning thatch makes, and I went down to look. Some pirates—I think they must have been Peofn's men—were burning a village on the levels, and Weland's image—a big, black wooden thing with amber beads round its neck—lay in the bows of a black thirty-two-oar galley that they had just beached. Bitter cold it was! There were icicles hanging from her deck and the oars were glazed over with ice, and there was ice on Weland's lips. When he saw me he began a long chant in his own tongue, telling me how he was going to rule England, and how I should smell the smoke of his altars from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight. *I* didn't care! I'd seen too many Gods charging into Old England to be upset about it. I let him sing himself out while his men were burning the village, and then I said (I don't know what put it into my head), 'Smith of the Gods,' I said, 'the time comes when I shall meet you plying your trade for hire by the wayside.'"

"What did Weland say?" said Una. "Was he angry?"

"He called me names and rolled his eyes, and I went away to wake up the people inland. But the pirates conquered the country, and for centuries Weland was a most important God. He had temples everywhere—from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, as he said—and his sacrifices were simply scandalous. To do him justice, he preferred horses to men; but men *or* horses, I knew that presently he'd have to come down in the world—like the others. I gave him lots of

"I LET HIM SING HIMSELF OUT."

time—I gave him about a thousand years—and in due course I went into one of his temples near Andover to see how he prospered. There was his altar, and there was his image, and there were his priests, and there were the congregation ; and everybody seemed quite happy, except Weland and the priests. In the old days the congregation were unhappy until the priests had chosen their sacrifices ; and so would you have been. When the service began a priest rushed out and dragged a man up to the altar, pretended to hit him on the head with a little gilt axe, and the man fell down and pretended to die. Then everybody shouted: 'A sacrifice to Weland ! A sacrifice to Weland !'"

"And the man wasn't really dead?" said Una.

"Not a bit. It was all as much pretence as a dolls' tea-party. Then they brought out a splendid white horse, and the priest cut some hair off its mane and tail and burned it on the altar, shouting, 'A sacrifice !' That counted the same as if a man and a horse had been killed, you see. I saw poor Weland's face through the smoke, and I couldn't help laughing. He looked so disgusted and so hungry, and all he had to satisfy himself was a horrid smell of burning hair. Just a dolls' tea-party !

"I judged it better not to say anything then ('twouldn't have been fair), and the next time I came to Andover, a few hundred years later, Weland and his temple were gone, and there was a Christian bishop in a church there. None of the People of the Hill could tell me anything about him, and I supposed that he had left England." Puck turned and lay on the other elbow, and thought for a long time.

"Let's see," he said at last. "It must have been some years later—a year or two before the Conquest, I think—that I came back to Pook's Hill here, and one evening I heard old Hobden talking about Weland's Ford."

"If you mean old Hobden the hedger, he's only seventy-eight. He told me so himself," said Dan. "He's a intimate friend of ours."

"You're quite right," Puck replied. "I meant old Hobden's ninth great-grandfather. He was a free man and made charcoal hereabouts. I've known the family, father and son, so long that I get confused sometimes. Hob of the Dene was my Hobden's name, and he lived at the Ford cottage. Of course, I pricked up my ears when I heard Weland mentioned, and I scuttled through the woods to the ford just beyond Bog Wood yonder." He jerked his head westward, where the valley narrowed between wooded hills and steep hop-fields.

"Why, that's Willingford Bridge," said Una. "We go there for walks often. There's a kingfisher there."

"It was Weland's Ford then, dear—almost the only one across the marsh. A road led down to it from the beacon on the top of the hill—a shocking bad road it was—and all the hill-side was thick, thick oak forest, with deer in it. There was no trace of Weland, but presently I saw a fat old farmer riding down from the Beacon under the greenwood tree. His horse had cast a shoe in the clay, and when he came to the Ford he dismounted, took a penny out of his purse, laid it on a stone, tied the old horse to an oak, and called out: 'Smith, smith, here is work for you !' Then he sat down and went to sleep. You can imagine how *I* felt when I saw a white-bearded, bent old blacksmith in a leather apron creep out from behind the oak and begin to shoe the horse. It was Weland himself. I was so astonished that I jumped out and said: 'What on human earth are you doing here, Weland?'"

"Poor Weland !" sighed Una.

"He pushed the long hair back from his forehead (he didn't recognise me at first). Then he said: '*You* ought to know. You foretold it, Old Thing. I'm shoeing horses for hire. I'm not even Weland now,' he said. 'They call me Wayland-Smith.'"

"Poor chap !" said Dan. "What did you say?"

"What could I say? He looked up, with the horse's foot on his lap, and he said, smiling, 'I remember the time when I wouldn't have accepted this old bag of bones as a sacrifice, and now I'm glad enough to shoe him for a penny.'

"'Isn't there any way for you to get back to Valhalla, or wherever you come from?' I said.

"'I'm afraid not,' he said, rasping away at the hoof. He had a wonderful touch with horses. The old beast was whinnying on his shoulder. 'You may remember that I was not a gentle God in my day and my time and my power. I shall never be released till some human being truly wishes me well.'

"'Surely,' said I, 'the farmer can't do less than that. You're shoeing the horse all round for him.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'and my nails will hold a shoe from one full moon to the next. But farmers and Weald clay,' said he, 'are both cold and sour.'

"Would you believe it, that when that farmer woke and found his horse shod he rode away without one word of thanks? I was so angry that I wheeled his horse right round and walked him back three miles to the Beacon, just to teach the old sinner politeness."

"Were you invisible?" said Una. Puck nodded, gravely.

"The Beacon was always laid in those days ready to light, in case the French landed at Pevensey, and I walked the horse about and about it that lee-long summer night. The farmer thought he was bewitched—well, he *was*, of course—and began to pray and shout. I didn't care! I was as good a Christian as he any fair-day in the county, and about four o'clock in the morning a young novice came along from the monastery that used to stand on the top of the hill."

"What's a novice?" said Dan.

"It really means a man who is beginning to be a monk, but in those days people sent their sons to a monastery just the same as a school. This young fellow had been to a monastery in France for a few months every year, and he was finishing his studies in the monastery close to his own home. Hugh was his name, and he had got up to go fishing hereabouts. His people owned nearly all this valley. Hugh heard the farmer shouting, and asked him what in the world he meant. The old man told him a wonderful tale about fairies and goblins and witches, and I *know* he hadn't seen a thing except rabbits and red deer all that night. (The People of the Hills are like otters — they don't show except when they must.) But the novice wasn't a fool. He looked down at the horse's feet, and saw the new shoes fastened as only Weland knew how to fasten 'em. (Weland had a way of turning down the nails that folks called the Smith's clinch.)

"'H'm!' said the novice. 'Where did you get your horse shod?' The farmer wouldn't tell him at first, because the priests never liked their people to have any dealings with the Old Things. At last he confessed that the Smith had done it. 'What did you pay him?' said the novice. 'Penny,' said the farmer, very sulkily. 'That's less than a Christian would have charged," said the novice. 'I hope you threw a "Thank you" into the bargain.' 'No,' said the farmer; 'Wayland-Smith's a heathen.' 'Heathen or no heathen,' said the novice, 'you took his help, and where you get help there you must give thanks.' 'What?' said the farmer. He was in a furious temper because I was walking the old horse in circles all this time. 'What, you young jackanapes?' said he. 'Then by your reasoning I ought to say "Thank you" to Satan if he helped me?' 'Don't roll about up there chopping logic with me,' said the novice. 'Come back to the Ford and thank the Smith, or you'll be sorry.'

"Back the farmer had to go. I led the horse, though no one saw me, and the novice walked beside us, with his gown swishing

"THEN HUGH THE NOVICE LOST HIS TEMPER."

through the shiny dew and his fishing-rod across his shoulders like a spear. When we reached the Ford again—it was five o'clock and misty still under the oaks—the farmer simply wouldn't say 'Thank you.' He said he'd tell the Abbot that the novice wanted him to worship heathen gods. Then Hugh the novice lost his temper. He just said, 'Out!' put his arm under the farmer's fat leg, and heaved him from his saddle on to the turf, and before he could rise he caught him by the back of the neck and shook him like a rat till the farmer growled, 'Thank you, Wayland-Smith.'"

"Did Weland see all this?" said Dan.

"Oh, yes, and he shouted his old war-cry when the farmer thudded on to the ground. He was delighted. Then the novice turned to the oak tree and said, 'Ho! Smith of the Gods, I am ashamed of this rude farmer; but for all you have done in kindness and charity to him and to others of our people, I thank you and wish you well.' Then he picked up his fishing-rod — it looked more like a tall spear than ever — and tramped off down the valley."

"And what did poor Weland do?" said Una.

"He laughed and he cried with joy, because he had been released at last, and could go away. But he was an honest Old Thing. He had worked for his living and he paid his debts before he left. 'I shall give that novice a gift,' said Weland. 'A gift that shall do him good the wide world over. Blow up my fire, Old Thing, while I get the iron for my last job.' Then he made a sword —a dark grey, wavy-lined sword — and I blew the fire while he hammered. By Oak, Ash, and Thorn, I tell you, Weland was a Smith of the Gods! He cooled that sword in running water twice, and the third time he cooled it in the evening dew, and he laid it out in the moonlight and said Runes (that's charms) over it, and he carved Runes on the blade. 'Old Thing,' he said to me, wiping his forehead, 'this is the best blade that Weland ever made. Even the user will never know how good it is. Come to the monastery.'

"We went to the dormitory where the monks slept, and saw the novice fast asleep in his cot, and Weland put the sword into his hand, and I remember the young fellow gripped it in his sleep. Then Weland strode as far as he dared into the Chapel and threw down all his shoeing-tools—his hammer, and pincers, and rasps—to show that he had done with them for ever. It sounded like suits of armour falling, and the sleepy monks ran in, for they thought the monastery had been attacked by the French. The novice came first of all, waving his new sword and shouting Saxon battle-cries. When they saw the shoeing-tools they were very bewildered, till the novice asked leave to speak, and told what he had done to the farmer, and what he had said to Wayland-Smith, and how, though the dormitory light was burning, he had found the wonderful rune-carved sword in his bed.

"HE LAID IT OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT."

"The Abbot shook his head at first, and then he laughed and said to the novice: 'Son Hugh, it needed no sign from a heathen God to show me that you will never be a monk. Take your sword, and keep your sword, and go with your sword, and be as gentle as you are strong and courteous. We will hang up the Smith's tools before the altar,' he said, 'because, whatever the Smith of the Gods may have been in the old days, we know

"WHEN THEY SAW THE SHOEING-TOOLS THEY WERE VERY BEWILDERED."

that he worked honestly for his living and made gifts to Mother Church.' Then they went to bed again, all except the novice, and he sat up in the garth playing with his sword. Then Weland said to me by the stables: 'Farewell, Old Thing; you had the right of it. You saw me come to England, and you see me go. Farewell!'

"With that he strode down the hill to the corner of the Great Woods—Woods Corner, I think it is now—to the very place where he had first landed—and I heard him moving through the thickets towards Horsebridge for a little, and then he was gone. That was how it happened. I saw it.'

Both children drew a long breath.

"But what happened to Hugh the novice?" said Una.

"And his sword?" said Dan.

Puck looked down the meadow that lay all quiet and cool in the shadow of Pook's Hill. A corncrake jarred in a hay-field near by, and the small trouts of the brook began to jump. A big white moth flew unsteadily from the alders and flapped round the children's heads, and the least little haze of water-mist rose from the brook.

"Do you really want to know?" Puck said.

"We do," said the children together. "Awfully!"

"Very good. I promised you that you shall see What you shall see, and you shall hear What you shall hear, though It shall have happened three thousand year; but just now it seems to me that, unless you go back to the house, people will be looking for you. I'll walk with you as far as the gate."

"Will you be here when we come again?" they asked.

"Surely, sure-ly," said Puck. "I've been here some time already, and I'm too old to change my habits. One minute first, please."

He gave them each three leaves—one of oak, one of ash, and one of thorn.

"Bite these," said he; "otherwise you might be talking at home of what you've seen and heard, and—if I know human beings—they'd send for the doctor. Bite!"

They bit hard, and found themselves walking side by side to the lower gate. Their father was leaning over it.

"And how did your play go?" he asked.

"Oh, splendidly," said Dan. "Only afterwards, I think, we went to sleep. It was very hot and quiet. Don't you remember, Una?"

Una shook her head and said nothing.

"I see," said her father.

"Late—late in the evening Kilmeny came home,
For Kilmeny had been she could not tell where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare.

But why are you chewing leaves at your time of life, daughter? For fun?"

"No. It was for something, but I can't azactly remember," said Una.

And neither of them could till——

(To be continued.)

The Mutiny on the "Potemkin."

By A. Kovalenko

(Former Lieutenant on the battleship "Kniaz Potemkin Tavrichesky," of the Black Sea Fleet).

CHAPTER II.

AS I said at the end of the last chapter, I quickly made up my mind to join the mutineers. I was about to state my decision, when I suddenly wondered whether the men who had come there really represented the wishes of the whole crew, or whether, if I stayed, they would understand my reasons, or consider me an unwelcome stranger.

"Matushehenko," I said, "I should consider it an honour to share the common fate of the crew, but can I be sure that among your seven hundred sailors there will not be men who will look on me in the light of an intruder because I am an officer?"

"Will you step aside with me?" said Matushehenko. "I want to say a few words to you in private."

We went a little way from the group, and he said to me in a low voice:—

"Of course, you understand that it would not do to ask the crew to decide whether they would propose to such and such individual officers to join them. Therefore we resolved to put the question to you all. But I must tell you that the crew would not only object to having most of the officers staying, but would even refuse to accept some of them. As regards yourself, I give you my word for it that the whole crew to a man would be glad to take you among them as their comrade. If you like, in an hour I will bring you a paper to that effect signed by all the sailors."

After that no one could have hesitated.

"No, I do not want a signed paper," I answered. "I am ready to stay."

Matushehenko shook my hand warmly.

"I knew you would," he said.

We went back to the officers. They still had an uneasy air.

"Well, gentlemen?" said Matushehenko.

As if in answer to him, I said to the deputation:—

"I beg that you will convey my answer to the crew, that I will gladly accept the proposal to stay, and from this moment am ready to the best of my powers to serve the cause of freedom."

The officers all looked at me in astonishment. One whispered to me:—

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I am obeying my conscience," I answered.

"'I AM OBEYING MY CONSCIENCE,' I ANSWERED."

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The junior medical officer, Golenko, now stepped forward and said to the sailors :—

"I consider it my duty, as a doctor, not to leave the sick and wounded who are in my care, and, therefore, I also decide to stay."

The deputation expressed their satisfaction at his decision.

It was now the turn of the other officers. Only a few of them said openly that they had not sufficient decision to take so grave a step. The rest talked incoherently about wives and children and families, and walked off to get ready to land. The sailors, evidently thinking there was nothing else to wait for, went away, telling the medical officer and myself that they would immediately make known our decision to the crew.

We went back to the ward-room. There the officers were preparing for departure. Now and again some of them would go up to the open port-hole and look out with anxiety on to the burning harbour, where the flames were still casting a red glare all round, and one could still hear the reports of rifle-shots. On seeing me some of the officers asked that I should request the council to put them on shore at the safest point. I promised to do so and went to the admiral's quarters. The council had just finished its deliberations and was dispersing. We came to the conclusion that it would be best to suggest to the officers that they should remain on the *Potemkin* till the morning, as it would then be easier to see the safest landing-place. I returned with the news to the officers, who, hearing that they were to stay on the *Potemkin* another night, once more meekly began to prepare their beds on the ward-room sofas.

The events of the last two days had tired me out, and, without waiting to undress, I lay down in my bunk and instantly fell asleep.

It was already past eight when I awoke. Having dressed hastily I went to the ward-room, where I found Nazarov, a mechanical engineer. He was dressed ready for departure.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"They are already on deck. We are just going."

I said good-bye to him, but did not go up on deck. Nazarov went out, and in a few minutes I heard the noise of the launch's screw.

"They're off," I thought to myself, with a sense of relief.

I felt distinctly cheerful. There was no sentry at the door now; no harassed, anxious officers' faces, no groans about wives and children. The sailors I had time to see all looked fit and in good spirits.

I went up on deck, where there were already some visitors from shore. They had brought news of last night. It appeared that towards evening the rougher elements of the population had begun to gather in the port. The crowd of roughs first sacked the Government wine-shops and got thoroughly drunk. Then began a regular orgy. They broke down, robbed, and burned all they came across. Some threw off their rags in the very street and put on the clothing they had stolen. Cases of eatables and wines were broken open against the stone pavement, the contents eagerly swallowed by the mob, and empty wine bottles were thrown over people's heads and smashed against walls. The workmen attempted to stop this senseless pillage, but in vain. Unavailing also were their efforts afterwards to restrain the mob by force. The crowd of roughs had lost all reason and nothing could control them.

At last troops arrived and began to shoot. Wounded and killed fell by dozens. Maddened by terror, some of the mob threw themselves into the flames and were burned. Cries and shrieks filled the streets. These dreadful scenes lasted the whole night, and only at daybreak the crowd began to disperse. Over a thousand were shot down by the soldiers.

To-day there was a state of depression in the city. The senseless outbreak had disorganized the revolutionary forces and had demoralized the soldiery. Martial law was proclaimed in Odessa. One after another new regiments were still arriving, and conflicts were even now taking place in the streets. To-day an attack on the workmen was expected. The situation was becoming graver and graver—prompt action was necessary.

I, with several members of the council, went into the ward-room to talk matters over. Something must be done to-day, as the position of the workmen in Odessa was very grave. But before any steps could be taken the crew must be got together.

The drums beat the roll-call, and I went up on the poop, where the crew was collecting. In the centre stood the group of councillors and all round them the other sailors. They soon filled the whole deck of the poop, and some even got up on to the tower where the twelve-inch guns stood.

Everyone looked grave and stood expectant, and all eyes were turned to the council.

I spoke, then one of the members of the council, and finally Matushehenko, who ended his speech with these words :—

"There are some hundred and fifty of us, convinced revolutionists, on board. We have all decided to stand firm on the side of the revolted people, and if necessary to give our heads for them. As your fellow-sailors, we call upon you to join us in this, and if, as I heard a few say to-day, you really want to go to Sebastopol, to ask for pardon of the Czar's officers, *we* will not live to see so shameful a thing. We will line up, and you shall take your rifles and shoot us down, and then you can go to your officers. They will meet you with music and acclamations, and give you honours and thanks and rewards for the noble work — selling the cause of the people's freedom. Choose, then — Go with us to the struggle, or without us to Sebastopol!"

"Not to Sebastopol!" roared the crowd. "We will live or die together!"

"Very well, then," continued Matushehenko. "We shall to-day open fire on the city to frighten them for having shot our comrades, the workmen. Do you consent?"

"Yes," came the unhesitating answer.

After the speech twelve sailors, including Matushehenko, were sent on shore for Vakoulenchouk's funeral.

It was then decided, before opening fire on the city, to find out how the troops were distributed.

About five o'clock, with the greatest difficulty, we managed to obtain some news. Amongst other things, we heard that a council was being held in the theatre under the presidency of General Kokhanov, who was in command of the forces, and that the troops were gathered chiefly about the theatre. The members of the *Potemkin's* council were all agreed that the theatre should be bombarded, and it was immediately decided to fire three blank shots to warn the peaceful citizens, and then, after an interval, to open fire on the building from the six-inch guns.

The call to quarters was beaten and the guns were loaded. One after another three blank shots were fired. In half an hour the shells were got ready. I looked out of a gun-port to watch the theatre. Then came the command, "Fire!" and with a roar from the gun the shell flew booming towards the city. I looked hard at the theatre, but it stood unharmed as before, high over the other buildings. Evidently the shell had gone past it. Again came the signal, and again the shot missed. I was not surprised at this, as I knew that this was the first time the crew had ever had any practical firing, while, to hit a mark from perfectly new guns, the captains of the guns ought to have had some shooting to find the range.

"GO WITH US TO THE STRUGGLE, OR WITHOUT US TO SEBASTOPOL."

It was decided to stop the firing till we could get a detailed plan of the town and learn the exact position of the military buildings and the distribution of the forces.

After that the steam launch was sent off to fetch the twelve men who had attended Vakoulenchouk's funeral, and all settled down quietly to wait for them.

About nine o'clock in the evening the launch returned, but bringing only nine of the twelve men. The other three had disappeared somewhere on shore. The council was immediately called in the ward-room, and we had begun discussing further plans when a new occurrence distracted our attention.

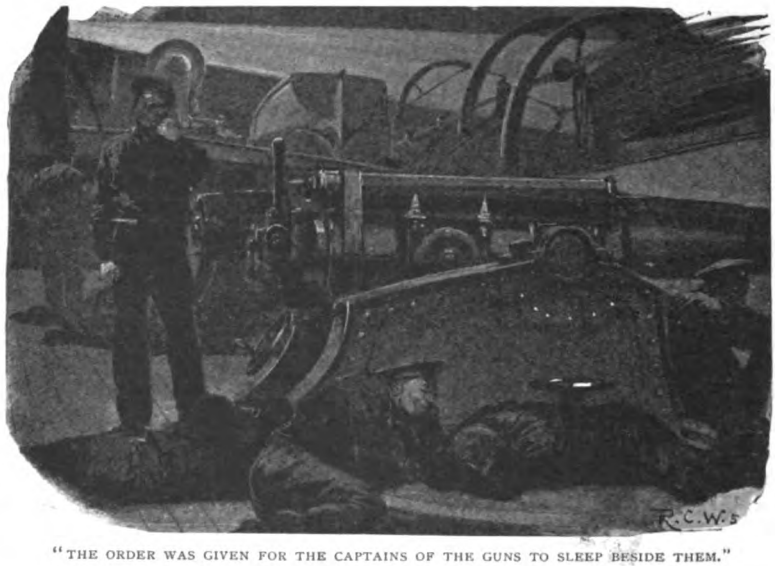
Through the open hatchway from the upper deck we distinctly heard the sound of the wireless telegraph at work. Evidently it was receiving a message from somewhere. The talk immediately ceased; all jumped to

their feet, crowded to the hatchway, and listened eagerly. We called to the signalman on duty and asked what it was.

"We have intercepted a message," he said. "The miners are working the telegraph."

Here one of the miners ran up.

"The fleet is not far off!" he cried, in an awe-stricken tone. "The telegram is from the *Three Prelates* calling up the battleship *Twelve Apostles*."



"THE ORDER WAS GIVEN FOR THE CAPTAINS OF THE GUNS TO SLEEP BESIDE THEM."

The thrumming of the telegraph began again.

The sailor ran to the apparatus, and in a few moments returned with a scrap of paper in his hand. On it was the message: "*Three Prelates* to *Twelve Apostles*.—Battleship *Kniaz Potemkin Tavrichesky* anchored in outer road of Odessa."

It was clear, therefore, that we might expect the fleet from the harbour.

Naturally the circumstance was so important that all other questions had to be left for the present. The greatest excitement prevailed. Of what ships was the fleet formed? With what intention was it coming? There were two possible alternatives. The squadron might be seeking the *Potemkin* in order to join us—that, of course, in the event of mutiny on the other ships also. The other alternative was that the squadron had remained on the side of the authorities, and was coming under command of its officers to take the *Potemkin*.

The latter suggestion was the more likely, for if the squadron were in the hands of the sailors they would probably have sent us a wireless message to apprise us of the fact.

It was therefore decided that as soon as the ships came in sight we should go to meet them at full speed and fully prepared for action. In view of the possibility of the squadron's joining us, we would not open fire till they had first given us provocation. If, however, the other ships commenced hostilities we would fight resolutely till we either won or died. It was decided that in no case would we surrender, and, if we were beaten, to blow the ship up. The resolution was communicated to the rest of the crew, who received it with acclamation. Enthusiasm ran high, and the fainter-hearted kept quiet.

After this the order was given to load all the guns and for the captains of the guns to sleep beside them, to keep up steam as before in all the eighteen boilers, and, if necessary, to bring into use the other four also, to prepare the most important engines and all the machinery for action, and to illuminate the horizon the whole night with searchlights. The launch and the torpedo-boat were to be sent out to keep watch. Everyone was to go to bed in his clothes, so as to be ready at any moment for the call.

Lastly, to verify the quarter-bill, the call to quarters was sounded. All were in their places. Everything was done quickly and with precision. Then those off duty were allowed to go to bed, while the watch went to their places.

It was already midnight when I went to my cabin and lay down in my clothes on my bunk. I soon went to sleep, but woke up frequently. Then I would get up and go on the bridge to see the searchlights, or make the round of the ship on all the decks. Each time I found the men at their posts, and that all performed their duty with the utmost care and zeal.

I was up about five the next morning. The *Potemkin* and the torpedo-boat had got up steam and had weighed anchor, prepared for the appearance of the squadron. On the

Veha, which we had yesterday decided to use as a hospital ship, was hoisted a flag with the red cross.

About six o'clock the news spread that the squadron was in sight. I rushed up to the bridge and, taking a telescope from one of the signalmen, looked at the horizon. There one could just see the tops of several masts.

Presently from somewhere came the muffled notes of drums and bugles, others nearer answered them, and then others again from our deck, till the whole ship rang with the rousing sounds of the call to quarters. I had heard it many a time in practice during my term of service, and yet in spite of this it now seemed to me to have something strange in it, something I had never heard before, as if the men had put into it some of the enthusiasm and the fighting spirit which animated them at that moment.

Immediately all on board were roused as by an electric shock. The men hurriedly ran to their places, in a moment all was ready, and in the general silence one could hear the noise of the engines as the vessel began to move. I came out on to the upper deck. The *Potemkin* was pressing forward at full speed, noisily cleaving the blue water. To our right we saw the shore, and before us, with tolerable clearness, the squadron. Through a telescope we could distinguish that it was made up of the battleships *Three Prelates*, with the flag of the squadron's junior commander, Rear-Admiral Vishnevetsky; the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz*, the *Twelve Apostles*, a torpedo-cruiser, and six torpedo-boats.

Suddenly the squadron began to slow down, and at length stopped altogether. The *Potemkin* also went more slowly, and then the wireless telegraph received a message from the admiral's ship: "Sailors of the Black Sea, we are deeply grieved at what you have done. What do you want, madmen?" We immediately sent the following message to the admiral: "If you wish to know what we want come on board the *Potemkin*. We guarantee your absolute safety." No answer came, and the *Potemkin* once more moved forward. Seeing this the squadron turned and made for the open sea at full speed. We decided not to pursue it, as there was reason to fear mines, and, turning again towards Odessa, anchored in the same place as before.

The crew were dismissed from their posts and began to come out on deck. The news of the squadron's flight was, of course, all over the vessel, and the men were in a state of great excitement. Caustic remarks were hurled from all sides.

"Funked it, did they?"

"It isn't so interesting, then, to try the *Potemkin's* shells."

The men's faith in the *Potemkin's* power had now risen perceptibly.

"Our battleship must indeed be formidable if the whole squadron ran away from it," they said.

The incident raised everyone's spirits, and dinner, in spite of the fact that owing to the scarcity of provisions it consisted almost entirely of biscuits and water, was a very jovial meal.

Hardly was the frugal dinner finished when the signalman brought us news that the squadron was again in sight, and now with the addition of two other battleships.

The men, so jovial a little while ago, all looked extremely grave. From the fact that the squadron was coming to meet us with two other battleships it was evident that it had serious intentions. Nevertheless, the men were in good spirits, and it was evident that nearly all were ready to stand to the end, whatever it might be.

From time to time I ran up on the main deck, from where I could see out of the gun-ports for some distance. Each moment brought us nearer the squadron. At last we were near enough to recognise the vessels. The new battleships were the *Rotislav* and the *Synop*. The ships were coming towards us in two columns, the battleships and the torpedo-cruisers in front, the torpedo-destroyer behind. The *Potemkin*, together with the torpedo-boat, which kept alongside the whole time, made straight for the centre of the first column. Soon we could see that the vessels of the squadron were, like the *Potemkin*, prepared for battle, with their davits down and guns out. But when we were about three hundred yards alongside from the squadron, sudden agitation began among the crews on the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz*, the *Twelve Apostles*, and the *Synop*. The sailors were pressing in crowds out of the hatchways, and soon the decks were covered with men. We kept straight ahead. In a few moments we had met the squadron, cutting into the middle of the forward column so that the *Synop* and the *Georgiy*, the *Twelve Apostles* and the three torpedo-catchers were on our right, while the *Rotislav*, the *Three Prelates*, the cruiser *Kazarsky*, and the three other torpedo-catchers were on our left. Slowly the *Potemkin* levelled its guns on the passing

battleships. The *Rotislav* and the *Three Prelates* in ominous silence did the same, while on the decks of the three other men-of-war the crews were crowding in evident confusion. Suddenly from the *Potemkin's* upper deck rang the cry, "Long live freedom! Hurrah!" and in a second it was taken up on the other three ironclads—a mighty volume of sound thundered across to us in an answering cheer. In the ecstasy of this unexpected triumph our crew completely lost their heads. Forgetting that the guns of the other two battleships were still levelled on us, the men left their posts, and with shouts of "Hurrah!" tore to the hatchway in one excited stream to gain the upper deck. I rushed to the ladder and, spreading wide my arms to bar the way, shouted as loudly as I could:—

"Comrades! Stop!"

Those nearest me fell back and stopped the coming crowd.

"There will be time enough to answer cheers afterwards, but while we have a single gun levelled at us we must be ready to answer shots!" And raising my voice once more I commanded:—

"Captains to their guns—all to their posts—off, sharp!"

The men ran to their places, and in a moment all was in order once more.

THE AUTHOR IN 1900, WHEN A STUDENT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF KHARKOV.
From a Photograph.

But the cheers had not died down, and rang on one deck and then on another till the vessels were at a considerable distance from us.

In a few minutes the squadron lay opposite and we were in the open sea. From the flagship they signalled to us, "Allow us to anchor." We answered, "Officers to leave the ships and to land." No reply followed. On this the *Potemkin* turned and steamed in the direction of the town. The squadron, seeing this, made for the open sea. We again steered towards the centre of the column, and, meeting, cut into it between the *Synop* and the *Rotislav*. Once more cheers rang out from the three battleships, while the *Three Prelates* and the *Rotislav* met us prepared for action. Again we passed each other; and then, to our intense surprise, the squadron turned away from Odessa towards the open sea.

This time our men all remained at their posts, but everyone who had an opportunity of seeing it watched the squadron the whole time. When it was already at a considerable distance from us the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* began to fall behind, and at last stopped. The rest of the squadron went on at full speed, and was soon out of sight.

Meanwhile the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* signalled to us by means of the semaphore* that the crew requested us to send them a deputation to explain what had happened to the *Potemkin*. Part of the watch, together with Matushehenko, was immediately sent out to them.

As soon as our men got on deck the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz*, as they told us on their return, they were surrounded by a dense crowd of sailors, who began eagerly asking about the events on the *Potemkin*. Matushehenko made a speech, giving an account of all that had taken place on our battleship, and adding that the *Potemkin* was the first ship to come into the possession of the people, as the crew had made up their minds to stand on the side of the nation, who had already begun its struggle with the Government, and he appealed to the crew of the *Georgiy* to join the *Potemkin*, together with their battleship. He was answered by a cheer from the sailors. Then Kirill addressed the officers, who, headed by the commander, Captain Gousevich, were crowded on the bridge. He told them that from that moment the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* was in the hands of the people, and hence, as the servants of the Czar's Government, the officers had no place there and would be put on shore. The guard was then called out and ordered to arrest the officers, who were then and there requested to give up their arms and to take off their epaulets. Suddenly they heard the report of a pistol, and the body of one of the officers fell from the bridge into the sea. It was

* A system of signalling by means of flags or lights, by which communication can be held with ships at a great distance.

Lieutenant Grigorkov, who had shot himself. The rest yielded to the inevitable, and were placed under arrest. Having been put on board a launch they were taken to the side of the *Potemkin*.

All the warrant-officers were left in their positions as on our battleship, and one of them, the first boatswain, was elected commander.

I was out on deck when the launch with the officers came up. They sat in the boat, pale, and surrounded by the convoy. In the stern, by the steersman, sat Matushehenko with a revolver in his hand. While they were making the necessary preparations for the torpedo-boat to tow the launch, some of the officers noticed me. With evident astonishment they pointed me out to each other, while some of our men were consulting with me as to the best place to put them on shore. At last the boat was taken in tow, and I came to the ship's side with a genuine curiosity to see these prisoners. There were several officers among them with whom I was well acquainted, but now we seemed perfect strangers, as if we were seeing each other for the first time. The torpedo-boat moved off, towing the launch after it in the direction of the shore.

The *Potemkin* then resumed its original position, and signalled to the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* to come up and anchor also. It approached us at once, and as it passed the *Potemkin* the crew saluted the senior vessel, in accordance with all naval rules. The crew was lined up on deck, on the bridge and at the ladders stood the petty officers very erect, saluting, while the bugles sounded the signal of greeting. We replied with a similar call, and I for my part, standing on deck, had great pleasure in saluting our new associates. There was a clanking of the anchor-chain, and the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* stopped a little astern of us.

The joy of the crew knew no bounds, for now we had a little revolutionary squadron: two men-of-war, a torpedo-boat, and a hospital ship. With this force we could take very strong measures.

In the evening the council was called in the ward-room. A deputation from the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* was present and a great many of our crew. Everyone was in good spirits and the confidence in our powers and the enthusiasm was at its height, the noise of more than a hundred voices filled the room, and I as president had no light task to get silence to open the meeting.

It was then decided that, if our demands were not complied with by the authorities next day, we should begin action by sea and land to take possession of the town.

Before going to bed I made the round of the decks. The crew was sleeping soundly. Only the night watch at their posts were still discussing the events with unabated animation.

That night I could not get to sleep for a long time. My imagination drew vivid pictures of the great possibilities before us. Perhaps to-morrow, I thought, joining forces with the revolted populace, we shall take the town, and from there kindle the fire of a general rebellion through the whole south. Then will rise the already restless borderlands; and even if that does not rouse the central provinces, and so, in the struggle against the yoke of the Czar's government, the whole of Russia free itself, at any rate the Caucasus, Finland, Poland, and my native Ukraina will gain the long-wished-for right of organizing the life of the people on principles of the beginnings of liberty and justice.

It was long past midnight when, tired with the impressions of the day, I fell sound asleep.

Early next morning I awoke with the pleasant memory of what had happened the day before. I had decided to keep a diary of these interesting events, and was just going to put down all that had happened up till now when Dymcheuko, one of the members of our council, came in. I saw by his troubled face that he had brought bad news.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Some of the *Georgiy's* council have just arrived," he replied, sitting down on the edge of my bunk, "to say that there is a split in the crew."

"How do you mean a split?"

"The greater number, headed by the commander and the other warrant-officers, insist on going immediately to Sebastopol to treat with the naval authorities, leaving the *Potemkin* to do as it chooses. The council and the more thinking part of the crew are not strong enough to withstand this resolve."

"We must go there at once."

I dressed hastily and we both went up on deck.

Dr. Golenko and I, with several other members of our council, set out in the steam launch.

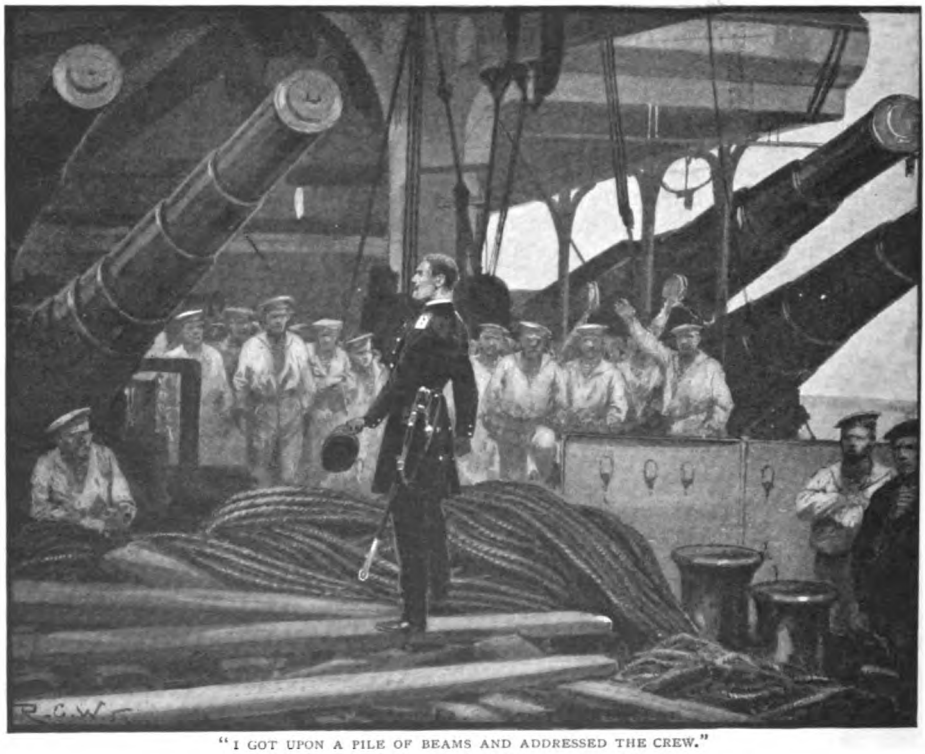
When we came up to the *Georgiy* almost the whole crew was assembled in the forecastle. The launch stopped beside a ladder,

and we went up. The second officer of the watch commanded "Order!" Just as we got up to the deck we were met by the commander, who, without moving from his place, as if to prevent us from advancing, said in a self-confident tone :—

"Our crew does not wish to stay with the *Potemkin*, and has decided to go at once to Sebastopol."

"In that case you will allow us to speak directly to the crew," I replied, putting out my arm to make him get out of the way. He looked at me angrily and walked off, and we stepped on deck. A commotion began in the crowd, and I got upon a pile of beams that lay there and addressed the crew.

When I had done speaking, the crew was already under way. We again raised the signal, "*Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* to return and anchor in its former position." It went on at full speed. Then, having ordered the coaler to move away, we beat the call to quarters and raised the signal for battle. At the sound of the drums and bugles the crew ran to their posts and the red battle-flag was hoisted. The *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* began to slow off, turned, and steamed towards us. Evidently the threat had produced its effect. Presently it got up to us and passed. Thinking that it was going to anchor astern of us, we lowered the battle-flag. Suddenly the *Georgiy* turned sharply round, and before any of us could collect our wits had entered the harbour and anchored beyond the break-



"I GOT UPON A PILE OF BEAMS AND ADDRESSED THE CREW."

cheered and voices cried that they would act in concert with the *Potemkin*.

Somewhat reassured, we returned to our man-of-war.

Suddenly a sailor came running up and told us that the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* was weighing anchor. We immediately hastened up on deck, which was already covered with groups of sailors. It was as the man had said. We signalled the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz* not to weigh anchor, but our treacherous ally water. Then all of us in a flash understood the meaning of the manœuvre, and a wild confusion began on board, in which one could distinguish nothing and which it was impossible to check.

This treachery produced a very depressing effect upon our crew. No one knew what to undertake. Some cried, "Sink the *Georgiy!*" Others observed that by firing at the man-of war we should do more damage to the town, as we could not sink it, since it

was in shallow water. Imprecations were hurled at the traitors.

Meanwhile launches and boats had set off to the *Georgiy* from shore.

It was clear that in this state of affairs it was useless not only to think of taking any strong measures in regard to Odessa or to the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz*, but even of getting what we required from the town. Someone suggested that we should go to one of the Roumanian ports to get coal and provisions. Everyone approved of the plan, and it was decided immediately to go to Constanza. We weighed anchor, took the torpedo boat in tow, ordered the *Veha* to follow us, and got under way.

"OUR TREACHEROUS ALLY WAS ALREADY UNDER WAY."

It was a bitter thing to us, this treachery of the *Georgiy Pobiedonosetz*. The cause of our rejoicing yesterday was now the cause of our retreat from Odessa. Had the man-of-war remained with the squadron our crew would have had no fear of it, as they had seen how the whole squadron was obliged to withdraw from us. But now, in the hands of the port authorities, it would become a formidable opponent, and could effectually prevent us from taking the city. It was the most critical day in the revolutionary campaign. The example, of course, demoralized our crew, and from that moment we had to struggle with the reactionary forces on board which had been effectually silenced before.

In the afternoon of the 19th of June we at length came in sight of Constanza. Presently we reached the harbour and anchored.

After some time we saw a steam launch approaching us from the shore, and could see through the telescope that it held two Roumanian naval officers. We decided to welcome them according to the usages of international naval etiquette. The watch was drawn up on deck, and when they stepped on to the ladder we hoisted the Roumanian flag and the small guns fired a salute. Matushehenko and I, with several other members of the council, met them on deck. Having exchanged greetings, we invited them to come into the ward-room.

The senior officer, who, it appeared afterwards, was the captain of the port, immediately entered into the question of our requirements. He asked for a list of what we wanted, which was immediately made out and given to him. On being asked whether we could hope to obtain permission to get what we needed, of course paying for everything at once, he replied that, to his regret, he could not give it us on his own authority, but would telegraph to the Prime Minister and would let us know immediately he received an answer.

One of the Roumanian sailors, who had come with the officers and who knew a little Ukrainian,* told us that there was a report in Constanza that a torpedo-destroyer, manned solely by officers, was trying to find the *Potemkin* to blow it up. We thought it was not improbable, and determined to be on our guard and to take precautionary measures.

After some further conversation the two officers took their leave and the crew again showed them the usual marks of respect.

The next morning brought us a great disappointment. The Prime Minister had telegraphed that it was impossible to accede to our request, as it was against the laws of international relations. At the same time a telegram came from the Minister in which he

* South or Little Russian.

proposed that we should give up the battleship to the Roumanian Government and land in Roumania, when he would guarantee us full safety, and even offered us passports. Our men, who had been sent to bring the answer from shore, told us that the authorities at Constanza strongly advised them to act on the Minister's suggestion.

"Of course, we replied that we would not give up the battleship," said Matushehenko, who had been one of the envoys, "and asked them to allow us to buy provisions, as we had been living on nothing but rye biscuits and water for nearly three days, but they refused even that."

The council was called immediately. It was decided that we should go to Theodosia, and if we were successful in obtaining provisions we would go on to the Caucasus.

In one hour the *Potemkin* and the torpedo-boat were once more cleaving the waters of the Black Sea, bearing their course towards Theodosia.

On the 22nd of June, about eight o'clock, the *Potemkin* anchored in the road off the port of Theodosia. But the attempt to obtain provisions and coal proved an utter failure. A newspaper brought from the town informed us that the penitent crew of the *Georgiy* had given up eighty-seven men as ringleaders. This had a most depressing effect on us. It was decided to return to Constanza.

In vain the more thinking and resolute of the men tried to persuade the crew to go to the Caucasus, or, at any rate, to wait till we could ascertain what had happened in the meantime. Speeches and persuasions were now of no avail.

The warrant-officer who was doing duty as commander immediately gave the order to weigh anchor, the crew dispersed to their places, and in half an hour we had once more put out to sea, heading for the Roumanian shore.

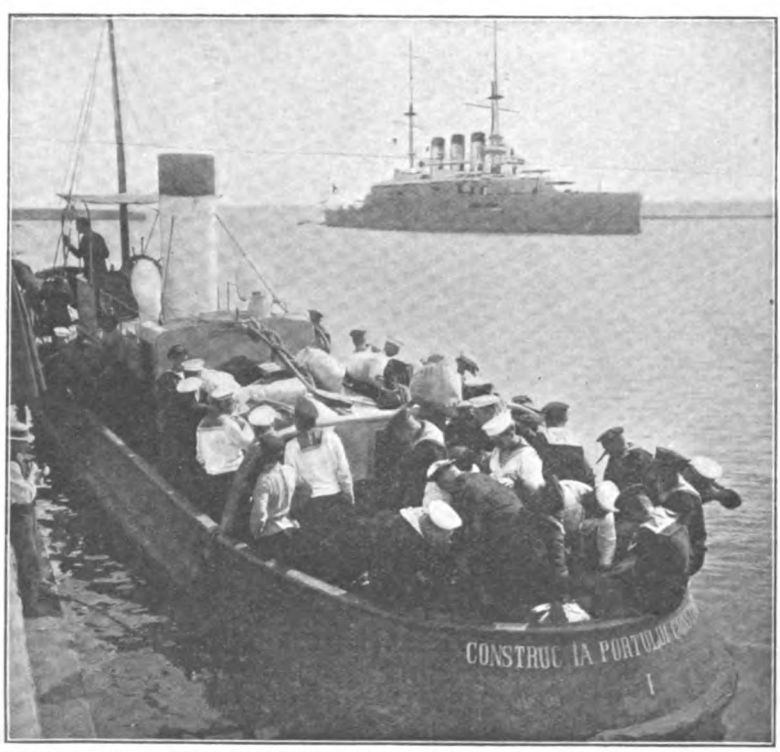
On the 24th of June, about eleven o'clock at night, we arrived at Constanza. As soon as we had anchored we heard a voice calling us from the shore. Several men set out immediately. They were met by a Roumanian officer, who asked them why we had come back. Hearing of the object of our arrival, he began assuring them of the perfect safety of the *Potemkin's* crew on Roumanian territory.

In the morning the captain of the port arrived and the *Potemkin* was given up and brought into port, where the crowd assembled on the shore greeted it with great acclamation.

After dinner we all left our battleship, having first sunk our flag in the sea, and at three o'clock the Roumanian flag was hoisted in its stead.

The torpedo-boat with almost all its crew went to Sebastopol, in spite of all our persuasions to the contrary.

In Constanza the two thousand four hundred pounds which were left on the *Potemkin* were



THE SURRENDER TO THE ROUMANIAN AUTHORITIES—SOME OF THE CREW OF THE "POTEMKIN" LANDING AT CONSTANZA.
From a Photo. by] [*F. Begançon.*

divided among the crew.

We were soon being welcomed by the Roumanian socialists, of whom Dr. Rakevsky was particularly helpful to us.

That evening Matushehenko and I were already in civilian dress. All the signs of my officer's rank, my sword, my epaulets, and the engineer's badge I gave away to my new friends.

The next day Matushehenko, Kirill, and I were at Bucharest.

In a few days we heard that the *Potemkin* was taken back by the Black Sea Squadron which had come to Constanza. Alexiev, Kalugnov, all the warrant-officers, and about sixty of the crew went on board to return to Russia.

THE MUTINEERS PROCEEDING TO THE TOWN AFTER LANDING AT CONSTANZA.
From a Photo. by F. Bezancon.

So ended the eleven days of revolution on the *Potemkin*.

Those who incline to value every enterprise according to its immediate material success, and according as it approximates to its concrete aims, regard the revolutionary campaign of the *Potemkin* as a total failure. But the more sagacious, and those who know Russia, will at once see the error of this view, as one thinks of the enormous moral value of the event to the revolutionary movement.

It is true that the *Potemkin* did not fight a single battle in the organized forces of government or take a single strategic position to give a point of support to a national revolt. It could not even get its coal or water, and finally the battleship, which formed a complete floating fortress, already in revolutionary hands, had to be once more surrendered to the Government.

But all these failures in the career of the *Potemkin* are quite insignificant in comparison with its success in another direction; for it gave the example, as it were—created the precedent of open revolt of the inferior ranks in the fighting forces against their superior officers, the servants of the oppressive autocracy. Only those who have an intimate knowledge of Russia can appreciate the full importance of a precedent of that kind. Almost the entire population is discontented with the existing order (or rather disorder) of things. A vast majority of this population, the workmen, the peasantry, a great part of the educated classes, and even some of the reserves and the fighting army, have already lost their patience. But having no experience in traditions of insurrection (such as, for example, the *Potemkin*) all these disaffected masses can only with the greatest difficulty and by the most strenuous efforts find the direct and only effectual plan of expressing that disaffection which is called turning their arms against the existing system of government—an open national revolt. It is much easier to follow an already created example, and such a precedent has been given to discontented Russia by the crew of the *Potemkin*. This example has opened the eyes of thousands, and will give courage to thousands who have hitherto been undecided. In short, it has forwarded the development of a national Russian revolt in a far greater degree than could have done any partial military success.

One Hundred Pounds for a Photograph!

THE RESULT OF COMPETITION No. II.—CHILDREN.

OUR readers will remember that in our July number we offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the photograph from life most nearly resembling one of three original paintings which were reproduced as copies. The exact conditions of the competition were

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING SET AS A COPY.

"NOW, DEN ALL TUM AND TEE ME DUMP." By J. HAYLLAR.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

stated as follows: "The prizes will be taken by the competitors who send us a real-life photograph in which the lighting of the picture, the pose of the sitter, the costume, and, as far as possible, the features and expression, most closely resemble one of these paintings. Competitors may select one picture, or may, if they prefer it, send in their imitations of all three. Their best attempt will be set aside for final judgment. The first prize, a hundred pounds, will be divided equally between the parents of the child and the taker of the photograph which, in the opinion of the judges, complies most closely

THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH WINS THE FIRST PRIZE OF £100.

Photographer: Mr. H. EVERARD, 80, Craven Park Road, Willesden Junction, London.
Sitter: Miss DORIS CROWFOOT, 65, Fortune Gate Road, Harlesden, London.

with the above conditions. The second-best photograph will obtain thirty pounds, and the third-best twenty pounds, divided in the same way between the photographer and the parents of the child."

The result of this competition is now before us, and on the whole is nearly, if not quite, as satisfactory as that of the previous competition, in which the paintings were portraits of beautiful women.

This subject, on the whole, produced the best results, and one of these, which was very nearly good enough to win a prize, had a special and curious interest of its own, inasmuch as the mother of the little girl therein depicted — Mrs. Henry Wells, of Wallingford—was, we are informed, herself the original little girl who posed as the model for Hayllar's painting!

The second and third prizes, of thirty and

THE ORIGINAL PAINTING SET AS A COPY.

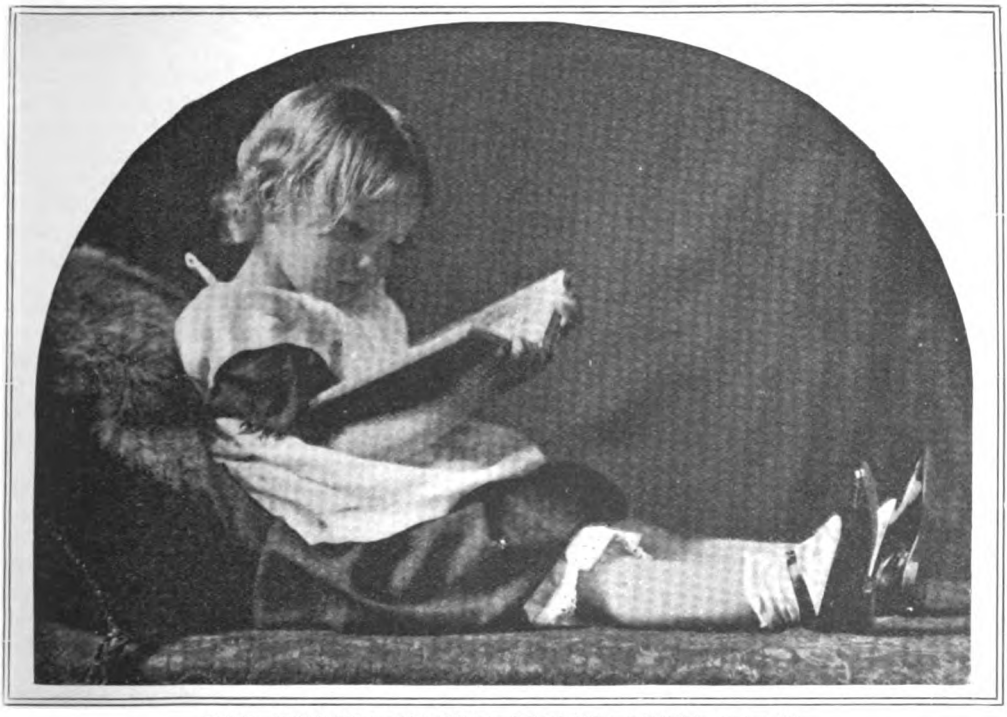
"FAIRY TALES." By W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

(By permission of Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.)

The imitations of two of the paintings out of the three were very numerous, and for the most part excellent; the "Head of a Boy," by Greuze, alone failing to produce a study worthy of obtaining a prize. The first prize goes to Mr. Everard, the photographer, and to the parents of Miss Doris Crowfoot, the charming child-sitter, for the copy of Hayllar's painting, "Now, Den, All Tum and Tee Me Dump"—a very faithful and admirable study.

twenty pounds respectively, are both won by copies of the painting "Fairy Tales," by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A. These studies, which are reproduced on the opposite page for the purpose of comparison, are both highly creditable to their producers.

With hearty congratulations to the prize-winners, who by the time these lines appear in print will have received the cheques to which they are entitled, we bring these most interesting competitions to a close.



THE WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE OF £30.

Photographer : Mr. FITZ-PATRICK, Montevideo, Uruguay, South America.
Sitter : Miss DEWHIRST HOGGE, Calle Zabala 83 and 85, Montevideo, Uruguay, South America.

THE WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE OF £20.

Photographer : Mr. HERBERT A. GAME, 17, Pembridge Place, Bayswater, London.
Sitter : Miss BARBARA M. GAME, 17, Pembridge Place, Bayswater, London.

The Stroke of the Hour.

By GILBERT PARKER.

"THEY won't come to-night—sure."

The girl looked again towards the west, where, here and there, bare poles, or branches of trees, or slips of underbrush marked a road made across the plains through the snow. The sun was going down golden red, folding up the sky, a wide soft curtain of pink and mauve and deep purple merging into the fathomless blue, where already the stars were beginning to quiver. The house stood on the edge of a little forest, which had boldly asserted itself in the wide flatness. At this point in the west the prairie was about to merge into an undulating territory where hill and wood rolled away from the banks of the Saskatchewan, making another England in beauty. This forest was a sort of advance-post of that land of beauty.

Yet there was beauty too on this prairie, though there was nothing to the east but snow and the forest as far as eye could see. Nobility and peace and power brooded over the white world.

As the girl looked, it seemed as though the bosom of the land rose and fell. She had felt this vibrating life beat beneath the frozen surface. Now, as she gazed, she smiled sadly to herself, with drooping eyelids looking out from beneath strong brows.

"I know you—I know you," she said aloud. "You've got to take your toll. And when you're lying asleep like that or pretending to, you reach up—and kill. And yet you can be kind—ah, but you can be kind and beautiful! But you must have your toll one way or t'other." She sighed and paused; then, after a moment, looking along the trail, "I don't expect they'll come to-night, and mebbe not to-morrow, if—if they stay for—*that!*"

Her eyes closed, she shivered a little. Her lips drew tight, and her face seemed suddenly to get thinner. "But dad wouldn't—no, he couldn't, not considerin'——" Again she shut her eyes as though distressed.

Her face was now turned from the western road by which she had expected her travellers, and towards the east, where already the snow was taking on a faint bluish tint, a reflection of the sky deepening towards night in that half-circle of the horizon. Distant and a little bleak and cheerless this half-circle was looking now.

"No one—not for two weeks," she said, in comment on the eastern trail, which was so little frequented in winter, and this year had been less travelled than ever. "It would be nice to have a neighbour," she added, as she faced the west and the sinking sun again. "I get so lonely—just minutes I get lonely. But it's them minutes that seem to count more than all the rest when they come. I expect that's it—we don't live in months and years, but just in minutes. It doesn't take long for an earthquake to do its work—it's seconds then. . . . P'r'aps dad won't even come to-morrow," she said, as she laid her hand on the latch. "It never seemed so long before—not even when he's been away a week." She laughed bitterly. "Even bad company's better than no company at all. Sure. And Mickey has been here always when dad's been away past times. Mickey was a fool, but he was company; and mebbe he'd have been better company if he'd been more of a scamp and less a fool. I dunno, but I really think he would. Bad company doesn't put you off so."

There was a scratching at the inside of the door. "My, if I didn't forget Shako," she said, "and he dying for a run."

She opened the door quickly, and out jumped a Russian dog of almost full breed, with big, soft eyes like those of his mistress, and with the air of the north in every motion—like his mistress also.

"Come, Shako, a run—a run!"

An instant after she was flying off on a path towards the woods, her short skirts flying and showing limbs as graceful and shapely as any woman of that world of social grace which she had never seen; for she was a prairie girl through and through, born on the plains and fed on its scanty fare—scanty as to variety, at least. Backwards and forwards they ran, the girl shouting like a child of ten—she was twenty-three—her eyes flashing, her fine, square, white teeth showing, her hands thrown up in sheer excess of animal life, her hair blowing

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about her face—brown strong hair, wavy and plentiful.

Fine creature as she was, her finest features were her eyes and her hands. The eyes might have been found in the most savage places; the hands, however, only could have come through breeding. She had got them honestly. For her mother was descended from an old family of the French province—that was why she had the name of Loisette—and had the same characteristics. It was the strain of the patrician in the full blood of the peasant; but it gave her something which made her what she was—what she had been since a child, noticeable and besought, sometimes beloved. It was too strong a nature to compel love often—it never failed to compel admiration. Not greatly a creature of words, she had become moody of late; and even now, alive with light and feeling and animal life, she suddenly stopped her romp and run and called the dog to her.

"Heel, Shako!" she said, and made for the door of the little house, which looked so snug and home-like. She paused before she came to the door, to watch the smoke curling up from the chimney straight as a column, for there was not a breath of air stirring. The sun was almost gone and the strong bluish light was settling on everything, giving even the green spruce trees a curious burnished tone.

Swish! Thud! She faced the woods quickly. It was only a sound that she had heard over and over again, how many hundreds of times! It was the snow slipping from some broad branch of the fir trees to the ground. Yet she started now. Something was on her mind, agitating her senses, affecting her self-control.

"I'll be jumping out of my boots when the fire snaps, or the frost cracks the ice, next," she said aloud, contemptuously. "I dunno what's the matter with me. I feel as if someone was hiding somewhere ready to pop out on me. I haven't never felt like that before."

She had formed the habit of talking to herself, for it had seemed at first, as she was left alone when her father went trapping or upon journeys for the Government, that by and by she would jump at the sound of her own voice, if she didn't think aloud. So she was given to soliloquy, defying the old belief that people who talked to themselves were going mad. She laughed at that. She said that birds sang to themselves and didn't go mad, and crickets chirruped, and frogs croaked, and owls hooted, and she would talk and not go crazy either. So she talked to herself and to Shako when she was alone.

How quiet it was inside when her light supper was eaten, bread and beans and pea-soup—she had got this from her French mother. Now she sat, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, looking into the fire. Shako was at her feet upon the great musk-ox rug which her father had got on one of his hunting trips in the Athabasca country years ago. It belonged as she belonged. It breathed of the life of the north-land, for the timbers of the hut were

"SHE SAT LOOKING INTO THE FIRE."

hewn cedar; the rough chimney, the seats, and the shelves on which a few books made a fair show beside the bright tins and the scanty crockery, were of pine; and the horned heads of deer and wapiti made pegs for coats and caps, and rests for guns and rifles. It was a place of comfort; it had an air of well-to-do thrift, even as the girl's dress, though plain, was made of good sound stuff, grey, with a touch of dark red to match the auburn of her hair.

A book lay open in her lap, but she had scarcely tried to read it. She had put it down after a few moments fixed upon it. It had sent her thoughts off into a world where her life had played a part too big for books, too deep for the plummet of any save those who had lived through the flame of life's trials—and life when it is bitter to the young is bitter with an agony the old never know. At last she spoke to herself.

"She knows now! Now she knows what it is, how it feels—your heart like red-hot coals, and something in your head that's like a turnscrew, and you want to die and can't—for you've got to live and suffer."

Again she was quiet, and only the dog's heavy breathing, the snap of the fire, or the crack of a timber in the deadly frost broke the silence. Inside it was warm and bright and home-like; outside it was twenty degrees below zero, and like some vast tomb where life itself was congealed and only the white stars, low, twinkling, and quizzical, lived—a life of sharp corrosion, not of fire.

Suddenly she raised her head and listened. The dog did the same. None but those whose lives are lived in lonely places can be so acute, so sensitive to sound. It was a feeling delicate and intense, the whole nature getting the vibration. You could have heard nothing had you been there—none but one who was of the wide spaces could. But the dog and the woman felt, and both strained towards the window. Again they heard and started to their feet. It was far, far away, and still you could not have heard; but now they heard clearly—a cry in the night, a cry of pain and despair. The girl ran to the window and pulled aside the bearskin curtain which had completely shut out the light. Then she stirred the fire, threw a log upon it, snuffed the candles, hastily put on her moccasins, a fur coat, wool cap, and gloves, and went to the door quickly, the dog at her heels. Opening it, she stepped out into the night.

"*Qui va là?* Who is it? Where?" she called, and strained towards the west. She thought it might be her father or Mickey, the hired man, or both.

The answer came from the east, out of the homeless, neighbourless, empty east—a cry, louder now. There were only stars, and the night was dark, though not deep dark. She sped along the prairie road as fast as she could, once or twice stopping to call aloud. In answer to her calls the voice sounded nearer and nearer. Now suddenly she left the trail and bore away northward. At last the voice was very near. Presently a figure appeared ahead, staggering towards her.

"HE SWAYED AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN, BUT SHE CAUGHT HIM."

"*Qui va là?* Who is it?" she asked.

"Ba'tiste Caron," was the reply in English, in a faint voice. She was beside him in an instant.

"What has happened? Why

are you off the trail?" she said, and supported him.

"My Indian stoled my dogs and run off," he said. "I run after. Then, when I am to come to the trail"—he paused to find the English word, and could not—"*encore* to this trail I no can. So. Ah, *bon Dieu*, it has so awful!" He swayed and would have fallen, but she caught him, bore him up. She was so strong, and he was as slight as a girl, though tall.

"When was that?" she asked.

"Two nights—ago," he answered, and swayed.

"Wait," she said, and pulled a flask from her pocket. "Drink this—quick!"

He raised it to his lips, but her hand was still on it, and she only let him take a little. Then she drew it away, though she had almost to use force, he was so eager for it. Now she took a biscuit from her pocket.

"Eat; then some more brandy after," she urged. "Come on; it's not far. See—there's the light," she added, cheerily, raising her head towards the hut.

"I saw it just when I have fall down—it safe me. I sit down to die—like that! But it safe me—that light—so. Ah, *bon Dieu*, it was so far, and I want eat so."

"HE SAT ON A BENCH BEFORE THE FIRE, HIS HANDS CLASPING AND UNCLASPING."

Already he had swallowed the biscuit.

"When did you eat last?" she asked, as she urged him on.

"Two nights—except for one leetla piece of bread—I fin' it in my pocket. *Grâce!* I have travel so far. *Jésu*, I think it ees ten thousan' miles I go. But I mus' go on, I mus' go—*certainement!*"

The light came nearer and nearer. His footsteps quickened, though he staggered now and then, and went like a horse that has run its race, but is driven upon its course again, going heavily with mouth open and head thrown forward and down.

"But I mus' to get there, an' you—you will to help me, eh?"

Again he swayed, but her strong arm held him up. As they ran on, in a kind of dog-trot, her hand firm upon his arm—he seemed not to notice it—she became conscious, though it was half dark, of what sort of man she had saved. He was about her own age, perhaps a year or two older, with little, if any, hair upon his face, save a slight moustache. His eyes, deep sunken as they were, she made out were black, and the face, though drawn and famished, had a handsome look, reminding her of someone she had once known. Presently she gave him another sip of brandy, and he quickened his steps, speaking to himself the while.

"I haf to do it—if I lif. It is to go, go, go, till I get."

Now they came to the hut where the firelight flickered on the window-pane; the door was flung open, and, as he stumbled on the threshold, she helped him into the warm room. She almost pushed him over to the fire.

Divested of his outer coat, muffler, cap, and leggings, he sat on a bench before the fire, his eyes wandering from the girl to the flames, and his hands clasping and unclasping between his knees. His eyes dilating with hunger, he watched her preparations for his supper; and when at last—and she had been but a moment—it was placed before him, his head swam, and he turned faint with the stress of his longing. He would have swallowed a basin of pea-soup at a draught, but she stopped him, holding the basin till she thought he might venture again. Then came cold beans, and some meat which she

toasted at the fire and laid upon his plate. They had not spoken since first entering the house, when tears had shone in his eyes, and he had said :—

"You have safe, ah, you have safe me, and so I will do it yet by help, *bon Dieu*—yes."

The meat was done at last, and he sat with a great dish of tea beside him, and his pipe alight.

"What time, if please?" he asked. "I think nine hour, but not sure."

"It is near nine," she said. She hastily tidied up the table after his meal, and then came and sat in her chair over against the wall of the rude fireplace.

"Nine — dat is good. The moon rise at 'leven; den I go. I go on," he said, "if you show me de quick way."

"You go on—how can you go on?" she answered, almost sharply.

"Will you not to show me?" he asked.

"Show you what?" she asked, abruptly.

"The quick way to Akatoon," he said, as though surprised that she should ask. "They say me if I get here you will tell me quick way to Akatoon. Time, he goes so fas', an' I have loose a day an' a night, an' I mus' get Akatoon if I lif—I mus' get dere in time. It is all safe to de stroke of de hour, *mais*, after, it is—*bon Dieu!*—it is like perdition to me. Who shall forgif me—no?"

"The stroke of the hour—the stroke of the hour!" It beat into her brain. Were they both thinking of the same thing now?

"You will show me quick way. I mus' be Akatoon in two days, or it is all over," he almost moaned. "Is no man here—I forget dat name, my head go round like a wheel; but I know this place, an' de good God he help me fin' my way to where I call out, *bien sûr*. Dat man's name I have forget."

"My father's name is John Alroyd," she answered, absently, for there were hammering at her brain the words, "*The stroke of the hour!*"

"Ah, now I get—yes. An' your name, it ees Loisette Alroy'—ah, I have it in my mind now—Loisette. I not forget dat name—I not forget you—no."

"Why do you want to go the 'quick' way to Akatoon?" she asked.

He puffed a moment at his pipe before he answered her. Presently he said, holding out his pipe, "You not like smoke, mebbe?"

"'WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO THE "QUICK" WAY TO AKATOON?' SHE ASKED."

She shook her head in negation, making an impatient gesture.

"I forget ask you," he said. "Dat journee make me forget. When Indian Jo, he leave me with the dogs, an' I wake up all alone, an' not know my way—not like Jo, I think I die, it ees so bad, so *terrible* in my head. Not'ing but snow, not'ing. But dere ees de sun; it shine. It say to me, 'Wake up, Ba'tiste; it will be all right bime-bye.' But all time I t'ink I go mad, for I mus' get Akatoon before—*dat*."

She started. Had she not used the same word in thinking of Akatoon. "*That*," she had said.

"Why do you want to go the 'quick' way to Akatoon?" she asked again, her face pale, her foot beating the floor impatiently.

"To save him before *dat!*" he answered, as though she knew of what he was speaking and thinking.

"What is *that?*" she asked. She knew now, surely, but she must ask it nevertheless.

"Dat hanging—of Haman," he answered. He nodded to himself. Then he took to

gazing into the fire. His lips moved as though talking to himself, and the hand that held the pipe lay forgotten on his knee.

"What have you to do with Haman?" she asked, slowly, her eyes burning.

"I want save him—I mus' give him free." He tapped his breast. "It is here to mak' him free." He still tapped his breast.

For a moment she stood frozen still, her face thin and drawn and white; then suddenly the blood rushed back into her face and a red storm raged in her eyes.

She thought of the sister, younger than herself, whom Joel Haman had married and driven to her grave within a year—the sweet Lucy, with the name of her father's mother. All English Lucy had been in face and tongue, a flower of the west, driven to darkness by this horse-dealing brute, who, before he was arrested and tried for murder, was about to marry Kate Wimper. Kate Wimper had stolen him from Lucy before Lucy's first and only child was born, the child that could not survive the warm mother-life withdrawn, and so had gone down the valley whither the broken-hearted mother had fled. Kate Wimper, who before that had waylaid the one man for whom she herself had ever cared, and drawn him from her side by such attractions as she herself would keep for an honest wife, if such she ever chanced to be. And an honest wife she would have been had Kate Wimper not crossed the straight path of her life. The man she had loved was gone to his end also, reckless and hopeless, after he had thrown away his chance of a lifetime with Loisette Alroyd. There had been left behind this girl, to whom tragedy had come too young, who drank humiliation with a heart as proud as ever straightly set its course through crooked ways.

It had hurt her, twisted her nature a little, given a fountain of bitterness to her soul, which welled up and flooded her life sometimes. It had given her face no sourness, but it put a shadow into her eyes.

She had been glad when Haman was condemned for murder, for she believed he had committed it, and ten times hanging could not compensate for that dear life gone from their sight—Lucy, the pride of her father's heart. She was glad when Haman was condemned, because of the woman who had stolen him from Lucy, because of that other man, her lover gone out of her own life. The new hardness in her rejoiced that now the woman, if she had any heart at all, must have it bowed down by this supreme humiliation and wrung by the ugly tragedy of the hempen rope.

And now this man before her, this man with a boy's face, with the dark luminous eyes, whom she had saved from the frozen plains, he had that in his breast which would free Haman, so he had said. A fury had its birth in her at that moment. Something seemed to seize her brain and master it, something so big that it held all her faculties in perfect control, and she felt herself in an atmosphere where all life moved round her mechanically, she herself the only sentient thing, so much greater than all she saw, or all that she realized by her subconscious self. Everything in the world seemed small. How calm it was even with the fury within.

"Tell me," she said, quietly—"tell me how you are able to save Haman?"

"He not kill Wakely. It is my brudder Fadette dat kill and get away. Haman he ees drunk, and everyt'ing seem to say Haman he did it, an' everyone know Haman ees not friend to Wakely. So the juree say he must be hanging. But my brudder he go to die with hawful bad cold quick, an' he send for the priest an' for me, an' tell all. I go to Governor with the priest, an' Governor gif me dat writing here." He tapped his breast, then took out a wallet and showed the paper to her. "It is life of dat Haman, *voici*. And so I safe him for my brudder. Dat was a bad boy, Fadette. He was bad all time since he was a baby, an' I t'ink him pretty lucky to die on his bed, an' get absolve, an' go to purgatore. If he not have luck like dat he go to perdition, an' stay there."

He sighed, and put the wallet back in his breast carefully, his eyes half shut with weariness, his handsome face drawn and thin, his limbs lax with heaviness.

"If I get Akatoon before de time for *dat*, I be happy in my heart, for dat brudder off mine he get out of purgatore bime-bye, I t'ink."

His eyes were almost shut, but he drew himself together with a great effort, and added desperately: "No sleep. If I sleep it ees all smash. Man say me I can get to Akatoon by dat time from here, if I go quick way across lak'—it is all frozen now, dat lak'—an' down dat Foxtail Hills. Ees it so, ma'm'selle?"

"By the 'quick' way if you can make it in time," she said; "but it is no way for the stranger to go. There are always bad spots on the ice—it is not safe. You could not find your way."

"I mus' get dere in time," he said, desperately.

"You can't do it—alone," she said. "Do you want to risk all and lose?"

He frowned in self-suppression. "Long way—I no can get dere in time?" he asked.

She thought a moment. "No; it can't be done by the long way. But there is another way—a third trail, the trail the Gover'ment men made a year ago when they came to survey. It is a good trail. It is blazed in the woods and staked on the plains. You cannot miss. But—but there is so little time." She looked at the clock on the wall. "You cannot leave here much before sunrise, and ——"

"I will leef when de moon rise, at eleven," he interjected.

"You have had no sleep for two nights, and no food. You can't last it out," she said, calmly.

The deliberate look on his face deepened to stubbornness.

"It ees my vow to my brudder- he ees in purgatore. I mus' do it," he rejoined, with an emphasis there was no mistaking. "You can show me dat way?"

She went to a drawer and took out a piece of paper. Then, with a point of blackened stick, as he watched her and listened, she swiftly drew his route for him.

"Yes, I get it in my head," he said. "I go dat way, but I wish—I wish it was dat quick way. I have no fear, not'ing. I go w'en dat moon rise—I go, *bien sûr*."

"You must sleep, then, while I get some food for you." She pointed to a couch in a corner. "I will wake you when the moon rises."

For the first time he seemed to realize her, for a moment to leave the thing which consumed him, and put his mind upon her.

"You not happy—you not like me here?" he asked, simply; then added, quickly, "I am not bad man like my brudder—no."

Her eyes rested on him for a moment as though realizing him, while some thought was working in her mind behind.

"No, you are not a bad man," she said. "Men and women are equal on the plains. You have no fear—I have no fear."

He glanced at the rifles on the walls, then back at her. "My mudder—she was good woman. I am glad she not lif to know what Fadette do." His eyes drank her in for a minute, then he said, "I go sleep now, t'ank you—till moontime."

In a moment his deep breathing filled the room—the only sound save for the fire within and the frost outside.

Time went on. The night deepened.

Loisette sat beside the fire, but her body was half-turned from it towards the man on the sofa. She was not agitated outwardly, but within there was that fire which burns up life and hope and all the things that come between us and great issues. It had burned up everything in her except one thought, one powerful motive. She had been deeply wronged, and justice had been about to give "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But the man lying there had come to sweep away the scaffolding of justice—he had come for that.

Perhaps he might arrive at Akatoon before the stroke of the hour, but still he would be too late, for in her pocket now was the Governor's reprieve. The man had slept soundly. His wallet was still in his breast; but the reprieve was with her!

If he left without discovering his loss, and got well on his way and even knew it then, it would be too late. If he returned—she only saw one step before her, she would wait for that, and deal with it when it came. She was thinking of Lucy, of her own lover ruined and gone. She was calm in her madness.

At the first light of the moon she roused him. She had put food into his fur-coat pocket, and after a bowl of hot pea-soup, while she told him his course again, she opened the door, and he passed out into the night. He started forward without a word, but came back again and caught her hand.

"*Pardon*," he said; "I go forget everything except *dat*. But I t'ink what you do for me, it ees better than all my life. *Bien sûr*, I will come again, when I get my mind to myself. Ah, but you are beautibul," he said, "an' you not happy. Well, I come again—yes, *à Dieu!*"

He was gone into the night, with the moon silvering the sky, and the steely frost eating into the sentient life of this northern world. Inside the house, with the bearskin blind dropped at the window again, and the fire blazing high, Loisette sat with the Governor's reprieve in her hand. Looking at it, she wondered why it had been given to Ba'tiste Caron, and not to a police-officer. Ah, yes, it was plain. Ba'tiste was a woodsman and plainsman, and could go far more safely than a policeman, and faster. Ba'tiste had reason for going fast, and he would travel night and day—he was travelling night and day indeed. And now Ba'tiste might get there, but the reprieve would not. He would not be able to stop the hanging of Joel Haman—the hanging of Joel Haman.

A change came over her. Her eyes

blazed, her breast heaved now. She had been so quiet, so cold and still. But life seemed moving in her once again. The he had sat hours before. Why did Ba'tiste haunt her so? What was it he had said in his broken English as he went away?—

"HIS WALLET WAS STILL IN HIS BREAST, BUT THE REPRIEVE WAS WITH HER!"

woman, Kate Wimper, who had helped to send two people to their graves, would now drink the dregs of shame, if she was capable of shame—would be robbed of her happiness, if so be she loved Joel Haman.

She stood up, as though to put the paper in the fire, but paused suddenly at one thought —*Joel Haman was innocent of murder.*

Even so, he was not innocent of Lucy's misery and death, of the death of the little one who only opened its eyes to the light for an instant, and then went into the dark again. But truly she was justified! When the man was gone things would go on just the same—and she had been so bitter, her heart had been pierced as with a knife these past three years. Again she held out her hand to the fire, but suddenly she gave a little cry and put her hand to her head. There was Ba'tiste!

What was Ba'tiste to her? Nothing—nothing at all. She had saved his life—even if she wronged Ba'tiste, her debt would be paid. No, she would not think of Ba'tiste. Yet she did not put the paper in the fire, but in the pocket of her dress. Then she went to her room, leaving the door open. The bed was opposite the fire, and as she lay there—she did not take off her clothes, she knew not why—she could see the flames. She closed her eyes, but could not sleep, and more than once when she opened them she thought she saw Ba'tiste sitting there as that he would come back; that she was "beautibul."

All at once as she lay still, her head throbbing, her feet and hands icy cold, she sat up listening.

"Ah—again!" she cried. She sprang from her bed, rushed to the door, and strained her eyes into the silver night. She called into the icy void: "*Qui va là?* Who goes?"

She leaned forward, her hand at her ear, but no sound came in reply. Once more she called, but nothing answered. The night was all light, and frost, and silence.

She had only heard, in her own brain, the iteration of Ba'tiste's calling. Would he reach Akatoon in time, she wondered, as she shut the door? Why had she not gone with him and attempted the shorter way—the "quick" way, he had called it? All at once the truth came back upon her, stirring her now. It would do no good for Ba'tiste to arrive in time. He might plead to them all and tell the truth about the reprieve, but it would not avail—Joel Haman would hang. That did not matter—even though he was innocent; but Ba'tiste's brother would be so long in purgatory. And that would not matter; but she would hurt Ba'tiste—Ba'tiste—Ba'tiste. And Ba'tiste, he would know that she—and he had called her "beautibul"—that she had——

With a cry she suddenly clothed herself for travel. She put some food and drink in

a leather bag and slung them over her shoulder. Then she dropped on a knee and wrote a note to her father, tears falling from her eyes. She heaped wood on the fire and moved towards the door. All at once she turned to the crucifix on the wall which had belonged to her mother, and, though she had followed her father's Protestant religion, she kissed the feet of the sacred figure.

"Oh, Christ, have mercy on me, and bring me safe to my journey's end—in time!" she said, breathlessly; then went softly to the door, leaving the dog behind.

It opened, closed, and the night swallowed her. Like a ghost she sped the "quick" way to Akatoon. She was six hours behind Ba'tiste, and, going hard all the time, it was doubtful if she could get there before the fatal hour.

On the trail Ba'tiste had taken there were two huts where he could rest and sleep, and he had carried his blanket slung on his shoulder. The way she went gave no shelter save the trees and caves which had been used to *caché* buffalo meat and hides in old days. But beyond this there was danger in travelling by night, for the springs beneath the ice of the three lakes she must cross made it weak and rotten even in the fiercest weather, and what would no doubt have been death to Ba'tiste would be peril at least to her. Why had she not gone with him?

"SHE ONLY SPRANG BACK IN TIME TO SAVE HERSELF."

"He had in his face what was in Lucy's," she said to herself, as she sped on. "She was fine like him—ready to break her heart for those she cared for. My, if she had seen him first instead of——"

She stopped short, for the ice gave way to her foot, and she only sprang back in time to save herself. But she trotted on, mile after mile, the dog-trot of the Indian, head bent forward, toeing in, breathing steadily but sharply.

The morning came, noon, then a fall of snow and a keen wind, and despair in her heart; but she had passed the danger-spots, and now, if the storm did not overwhelm her, she might get to Akatoon in time. In the midst of the storm she came to one of the caves of which she had known. Here was wood for a fire, and here she ate, and in weariness unspeakable fell asleep. When she waked it was near sun-down, the storm had ceased, and, as on the night before, the sky was stained with colour and drowned in splendour.

"I will do it—I will do it, Ba'tiste!" she called, and laughed aloud into the sunset. She had battled with herself all the way, and she had conquered. Right was right, and Joel Haman must not be hung for what he did not do. Her heart hardened whenever she thought of the woman, but softened again when she thought of Ba'tiste, who had to suffer for the deed of a brother in "purgatore." Once again the night and its silence and loneliness followed her, the only living thing near the trail till long after midnight. After that, as she knew, there were houses here and there where she might have rested, but she pushed on unceasing.

At daybreak she fell in with a settler going to Akatoon with his dogs. Seeing how exhausted she was, he made her ride a few miles upon his sledge; then she sped on ahead again till she came to the borders of Akatoon.

People were already in the streets, and all tending one way. She stopped and asked the time. It was within a quarter of an hour of the time when Joel Haman was to pay another's penalty. She spurred herself on, and came to the jail blind with fatigue. As she neared the jail she saw her father and Mickey. In amazement her father hailed her, but she would not stop. She was admitted on her explaining that she had a reprieve. Entering a room filled with excited people, she heard a cry.

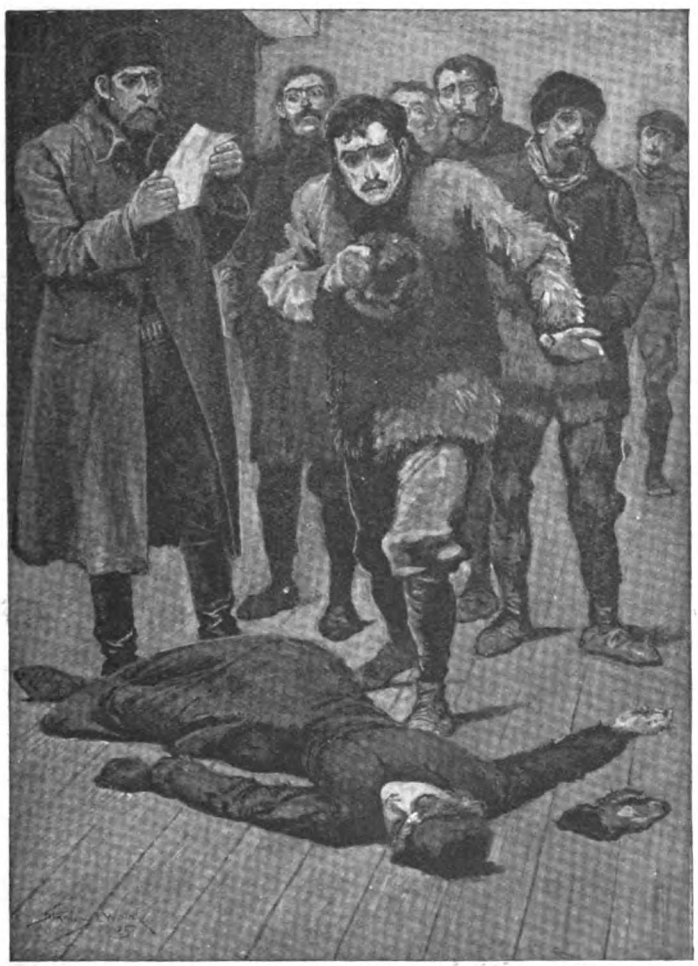
It came from Ba'tiste. He had arrived but ten minutes before, and, in the sheriff's presence, had discovered his loss. He had appealed in vain.

But now, as he saw the girl, he gave a shout of joy which pierced the hearts of all.

"Ah, you haf it! Say you haf it, or it ees no use—he mus' hang. Speak, speak! Ah, my brudder—it ees to do him right! Ah, Loisette—ah, *bon Dieu, merci!*"

For answer she placed the reprieve in the hands of the sheriff. Then she swayed and fell fainting at the feet of Ba'tiste without a word.

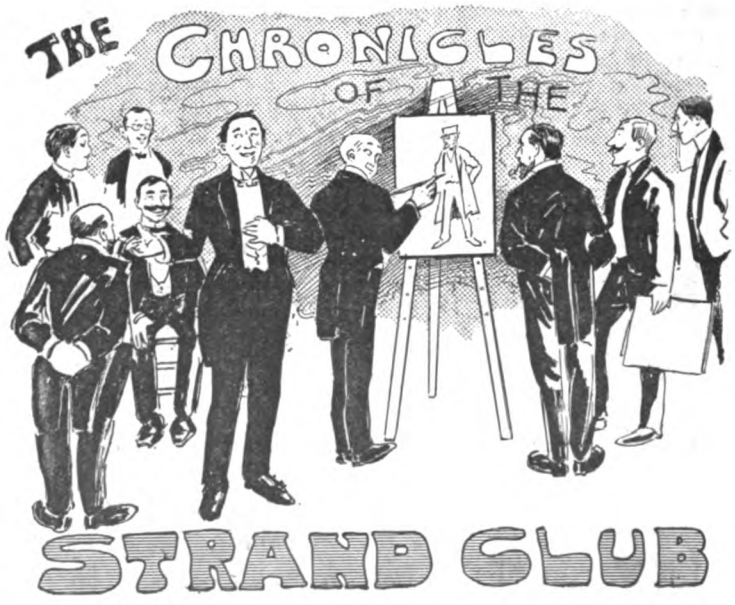
She had come at the stroke of the hour.



"THEN SHE SWAYED AND FELL FAINTING AT THE FEET OF BA'TISTE."

When she left for her home again the sheriff kissed her.

And that was not the only time he kissed her. He did it again six months later, at the beginning of the harvest, when she and Ba'tiste Caron started off on the long trail of life together. None but Ba'tiste knew the truth about the loss of the reprieve, and to him she was "beautibul" just the same, and greatly to be desired.



VII.

WHEN the members of the Strand Club assembled at their last meeting there was noticed a mysterious drawing on the easel, a caricature of two men. At once the suspicion leapt to the mind that the perpetrator was the inimitable "Max"—but that coruscating personage had not attended for several meetings; the waiters averred that he had not been near the premises. Besides, the drawing on closer inspection revealed other peculiarities. Who was the guilty party? It appeared to be a skit on Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but the mystery of its origin was not cleared up during the evening.

THE MYSTERIOUS DRAWING ATTRIBUTED TO THE INIMITABLE "MAX."

Acting upon a happy suggestion of Lorrison's, the Club had decided to elect a number of distinguished foreign artists as corresponding members. Lorrison, who seems to be *au courant* with the great names in international art, was permitted, somewhat disastrously as it turned out, to draw up a list of desirable members, who were unanimously elected by a sub-committee (consisting of Lorrison himself), and a card of election was forthwith dispatched in the following style:—

Know All Men by these Presents.

M. ..... Greeting.

Whereas the Noble and Excellent Company of the Strand Club desireth to encompass and embrace within its intellectual and artistic boundaries the World's most renowned wits, jokers, humorists, drolls, and wags, hereby elect you an HONORARY FOREIGN MEMBER of the aforesaid fellowship.

Will you, therefore, kindly favour us with a sample of your peculiar and scintillating wit and humour, in order that it may redound to the good of mankind in general and the delectation of the Strand Club in particular.

God Save The King!

Ab Uno Disce Omnes.

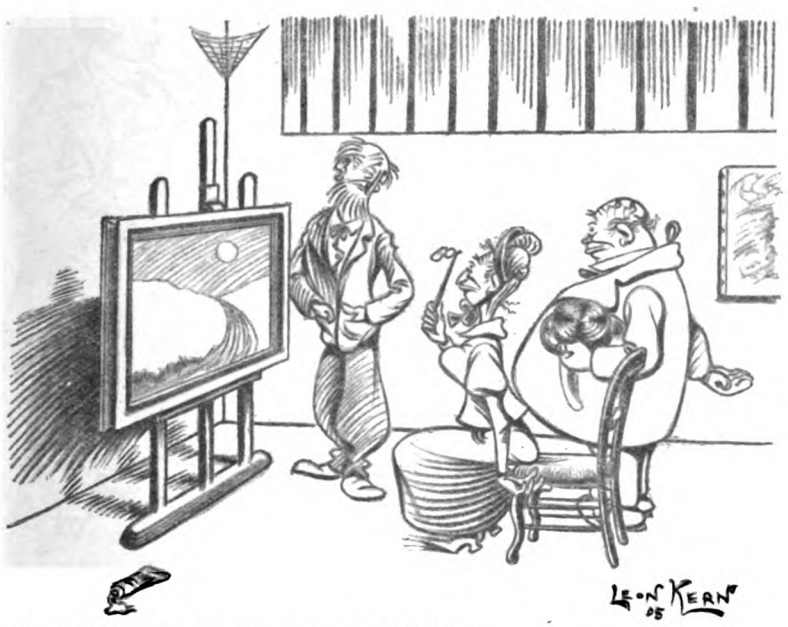
Lorrison began his list with the Emperor William and ended it with M. Carolus Duran.

The result was what might have been expected. There was a dry intimation, couched in official language, from the Chancellor's Office, Berlin, to the effect that His Majesty the German Emperor reserved all his jokes for his public speeches and the pages of *Fliegende Blätter;* while M. Carolus Duran's scene. 'Certainly,' she observed, critically, 'the snow effect is not bad, only we should have preferred something less easily soiled; and then the rose tints of your sky would be troublesome if we should have to go into mourning!'"

There was much laughter at the artist's delineation.

What there could have been in this story to have suggested an experience to Mr. Frank Reynolds is incomprehensible.

Reynolds: A young couple who had just taken a small flat were engaging the maid-of-all-work. "I can give you references," said the girl. "Oh, hang that!" replied the master, going over her with a two-foot rule; "the thing is—will you fit the kitchen?"



M. LÉON KERN'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN NARRATIVE OF THE LADY CRITIC.

indignant reply was that he never consciously made a joke in his life, nor otherwise wittingly had given pain to any living creature! Wherefore Lorrison's list had to be revised. Soaring to less exalted heights, the Club has now elected to honorary foreign membership MM. Steinlen, Gerbault, Rabier, Mars, Ardouin, Monnier, Robinet, and Léon Kern. These for France; while Germany is represented by Messrs. Bruno Paul, Schlittgen, Kirschner, Grätz, and Koch; and from America we expect to receive visits or sketches from Messrs. Zimmerman, Opper, Ehrhart, and others.

At this, the latest meeting of the Club, two foreign members were present. Hesketh, who was in the chair, called upon M. Léon Kern, who, his health having been drunk with acclamation, promptly obliged with the above lightning sketch.

"You know," he said, "something about the woman who thinks of everything, *n'est-ce pas?* A friend of mine had a visit from a lady patron once. She was contemplating the finest picture he had ever painted to order—a masterpiece—a beautiful Alpine

FRANK REYNOLDS'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE CORPULENT MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.

TOM BROWNE'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY OF THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE SWEET SHOP.

Bolman: I was passing a gorgeous sweet-stuff shop the other day, and overheard a very funny conversation between the proprietor and a ragged little street girl who had been loitering outside the gaily-decorated window rather longer than he thought good for the general appearance of the establishment. "Well, my girl," he inquired, "what do you want?" "Oh, please sir," was the somewhat disconcerting reply, "don't you want a very nice little girl to sit in the window and eat sweets?"

To accompany Bolman's anecdote our Chairman called upon the illustrious Tom Browne, with the above result.

MCCORMICK'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC FOOTBALLER.

Boyle, who has just come from Monte Carlo, told of how he had been robbed by the innkeepers on the Riviera.

Mullins: Talking of Continental hotels reminds me of a conversation I once over-

HARRY FURNISS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE SWISS HOTEL PROPRIETOR.

heard at a Swiss caravanserai between the proprietor and a porter.

"Wake the gentleman in No. 29."

"But he told me to wake him in two hours."

"Nonsense! Wake him now. He can't eat or drink when he's asleep."

To the foregoing reminiscence Harry Furniss supplied the above picture.

Somebody suggested the New Zealand footballers, and after we had discussed football for ten minutes Johns asked McCormick to delineate for the company an unhappy

ARMOUR'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE ANECDOTE OF THE SOFT-HEARTED MOTORIST.

individual who has just been run over by a steam-roller. The artist achieved this feat on the blackboard, and with white chalk produced a curious effect. We all waited to hear the story of the tragedy.

Johns: To show you how enthusiastic football players are in the North, a half-back amateur in Sheffield was run over and fearfully mangled by a runaway steam-roller. Returning to consciousness, the first words he uttered to the adjacent policeman were, "Hi, umpire, was that a touch down?"

It was probably McCormick's steam-roller that put Muttle in mind of motor-cars, for he went on to relate several of his recent touring experiences and at least one new story of an acquaintance of his —a person he called Lord Algy. The latter is extremely humane, and is nervous about accidents. "What was that we ran over just now?" he murmured, anxiously, to his chauffeur. "A cat, my lord." "A cat? Really? Dear me! Why on earth didn't the silly creature mew?"

To accompany this the dexterous Armour produced the sketch given above.

The talented Baumer was called upon to draw a pretty girl.

"If we haven't got Gibson, we have at least got Baumer," observed Wornung, sententiously.

After Baumer had rapidly sketched in outline his fair damsel, Wornung said she reminded him of a duke's daughter in his county who went about doing good amongst the tenantry.

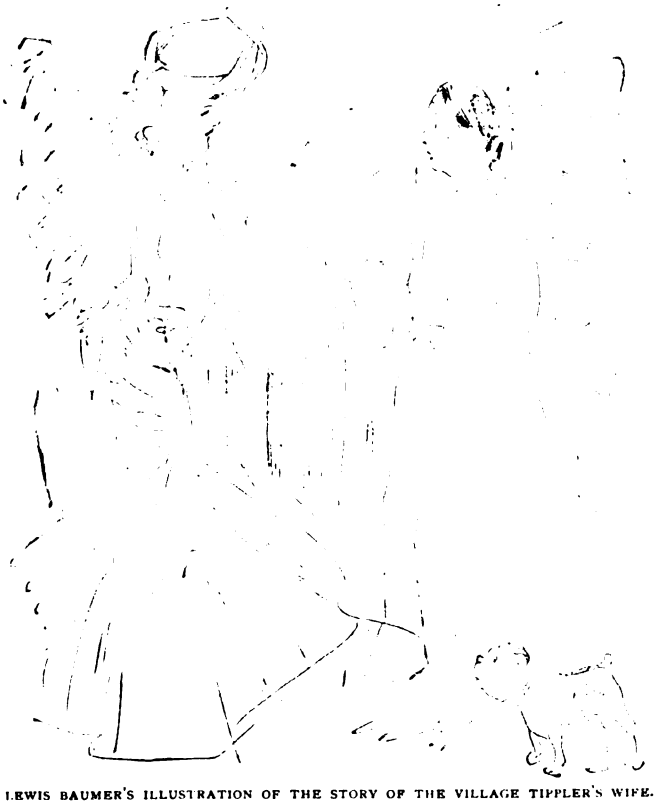
Wornung: Lady Margaret once had an interview with the village tippler's wife, who, in reply to a question, said:—

"No, my lady, I can't keep my husband at home, nohow."

"Why don't you make it attractive to him?"

"I have. I've taken up the parlour carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer-barrel in the room. But, somehow, it don't make any difference."

At Hesketh's instigation Baumer added to his sketch on the easel the figure of the perplexed spouse.



LEWIS BAUMER'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE VILLAGE TIPPLER'S WIFE.

M. ARDOUIN'S IDEA OF THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "STRAP-HANGER."

M. Ardouin on being introduced expressed his regret that he was not more proficient in the language. The thing which had struck him most during his stay in London was the spectacle of what "Mr. Punch" has christened the "Strap-Hanger" on the Underground Railway, and he ventured to depict on the board a little incident which might take place in the year 1925. Brichard translated the dialogue as follows:—

"Excuse me, but would you mind telling me, purely as a matter of science, how you manage to acquire such a magnificent muscular development at a comparatively advanced stage of life?"

"Not at all. I am in business in the City, and have been hanging on to a strap on the Underground Railway for twenty years."

Harrison: When returning from school one muddy day Tommy fell in the gutter, with the result that it was rather difficult to decide which was mud and which was Tommy. When he arrived home the following dialogue occurred: Tommy: "Bo-o-o-o! I've fallen down!" Ma: "You bad boy! In those new knickers, too!" Tommy (never at a loss for an excuse): "Bo-o-o-o! I hadn't time to take them off when I found myself going."

There was one regrettable incident in an otherwise pleasant evening. Muttle, who dislikes personal "sells,' asked Boyle, apropos of his travels, "Is land dear in Italy?"

HARRISON'S DELINEATION OF THE BOY AND THE MUDDY KNICKERBOCKERS.

"No," answered Boyle, deliberately. "But the ground rents are awful."

"Really! I wonder why?"

"Earthquakes," returned Boyle.

HASSALL'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE EXPRESSIVE COUNTENANCES OF MESSRS. BOYLE AND MUTTLE.

The expression of Boyle's face as he delivered himself of this brilliant jest was only to be compared with the expression of Muttle's countenance as he received it. Both were admirably depicted by the gifted Hassall on the adjacent easel. Wherewith wound up the latest meeting of the Strand Club.

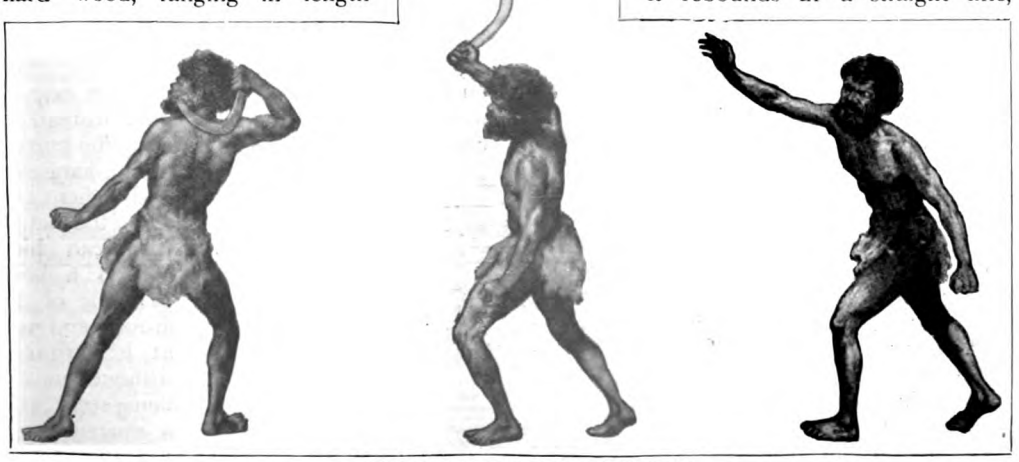
Boomerangs and Boomerang-Throwing.

By Charles Ray.

IT is pretty generally agreed that in the aborigines of Australia we have the very lowest and most degraded type of humanity to be found on the face of the earth at the present time. Yet some have thought that in a far distant past these people enjoyed a considerable civilization, a theory that is based principally upon the possession of a single ingenious weapon —the boomerang. This weapon, although generally associated with the native Australian, is by no means confined to him; it has been found in almost every part of the world, and can be traced back for thousands of years. In the British Museum is preserved an ancient Egyptian boomerang very much like the Australian variety in shape, and Colonel A. H. Lane-Fox, who made a facsimile of this, found that with a little practice he could throw it a distance of a hundred paces, which was much farther than he could place any ordinary stick of similar size and weight. He also succeeded in obtaining a return flight, so that the weapon, after flying seventy paces forward, returned to within seven paces of the position in which he was standing. The Egyptian boomerang, in fact, flew better than many Australian specimens. But of the universal distribution of this weapon, more later.

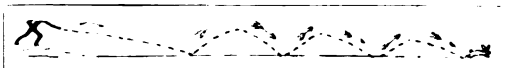
The boomerang is a more or less sickle-shaped stick of hard wood, ranging in length from fifteen inches to three and a half feet, two or three inches wide, and about three-eighths of an inch thick. The ends are usually rounded or pointed, and one of the sides is made convex, the other being flat. The edge is sharpened all round, and the surface, upon which its curious flight mainly depends, is slightly waving and broken by various angles which balance and counterbalance each other. Some of these, by causing differences in the pressure of the air on certain parts, give steadiness of flight, and others impart buoyancy. The angles really serve to counteract gravitation, so that even when the force imparted by the thrower is spent the boomerang still continues its flight.

The Australians in the manufacture of their weapons follow the natural grain of the wood, and this leads to every kind of curve, from the slightest bend to a right angle or the segment of a circle, with the result that no two boomerangs are ever exactly alike in shape. In throwing, the weapon is held by one end with the convex side downwards. The thrower bends his body back with the boomerang over his shoulder and then hurls it forward, when it whirls round and round like a wheel and makes a loud buzzing noise. After reaching a certain distance it stops in its flight and then commences to return, and falls at the feet of or behind the thrower. If the boomerang is thrown downwards to the ground it rebounds in a straight line,



METHOD OF THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

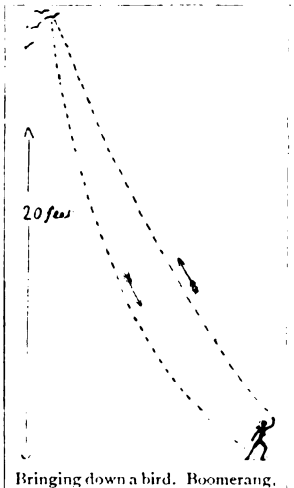
pursuing a ricochet motion, in that case, of course, not returning to the thrower. Very often a boomerang appears to be merely a common crooked stick, although in reality it is a



Killing a small animal with a boomerang thrown to the ground, along which it travels with a ricochet movement.

Boomerang thrown right round a building, circuit about 300ft.

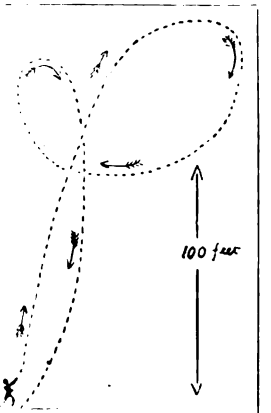
weapon upon which much time and care have been spent. Mr. Horace Baker, who has made a particular study of these objects, says he believes it is possible to make a boomerang by exact mathematical calculation, although he has not yet been able to do this. He has made two, apparently alike in every particular, yet while one rose buoyantly in the air, the other fell dead because of some untrue adjustment of the angles of its faces.



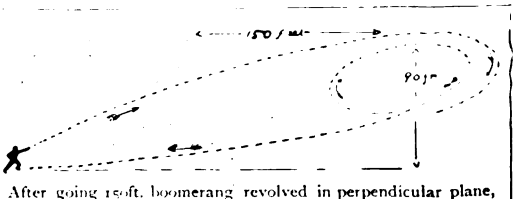
Bringing down a bird. Boomerang, after striking bird, turned sharply and returned in almost same direction as that from which it was thrown.

In the hands of a skilful Australian native a good boomerang will follow the most remarkable courses in its flights, so remarkable, indeed, that these almost need to be seen to be believed. As has often been said, the weapon is literally like the Irishman's gun — it will shoot round a corner. A boomerang can be thrown right round a building or tree, and come back to the thrower; it can be hurled at a bird on the wing, knock the creature down with its rotating arms, and return to its owner. Some diagrams are given showing a few typical boomerang flights which can easily be effected by any skilful Australian tribesman.

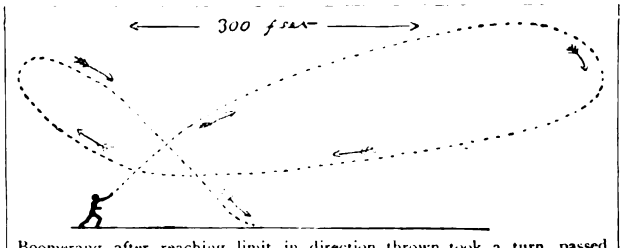
The boomerang is used for various purposes by the natives of New South Wales and Queensland. The children find it a fruitful source of amusement and spend a good deal of time in perfecting themselves in its use. Then it is used in hunting, when its curious flight renders it invaluable. For instance, it can be thrown at a flock of ducks or wild-fowl on a river or marsh, knocking down one or more and returning to its user, instead of being lost in the morass. Then in the pursuit of the kangaroo and other animals, the huntsman can hide behind a bush or rising of the ground and aim at his quarry without himself being seen. Such a weapon must naturally have



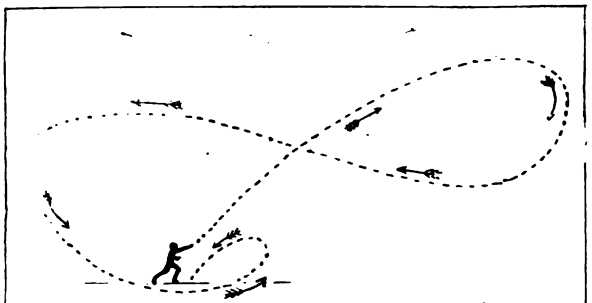
Boomerang rose 100ft., did double twist and fell at thrower's feet.



After going 150ft. boomerang revolved in perpendicular plane, then turned off, and finally fell at thrower's feet. Time 10sec.; greatest height 90ft.



Boomerang after reaching limit in direction thrown took a turn, passed behind thrower, rose to 80ft., turned to right, and fell in front of thrower.



Boomerang turned, passed over thrower's head, travelled in a reverse direction, forming figure eight, and then fell at thrower's feet with a third small turn to the left.

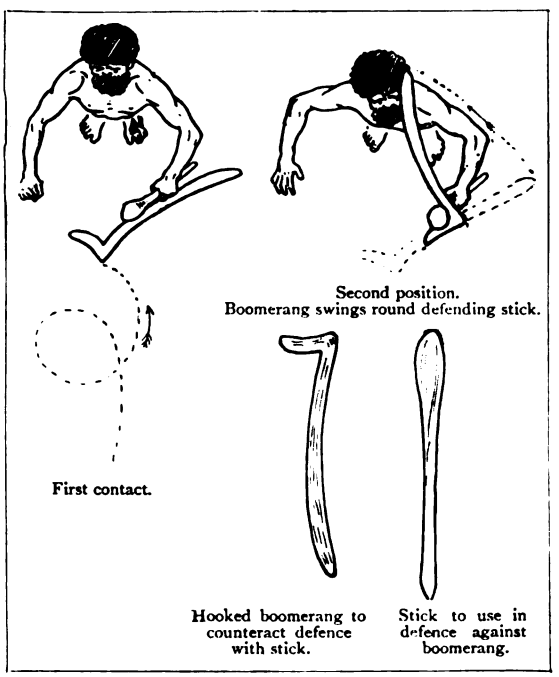
six feet in diameter on the sand, and the man threw the boomerang with great force a dozen times, out of which it fell within the circle five times.

The method of defence against the boomerang in warfare is to hold forward, vertically, a stick about two feet long, with a notched head and handle. This is moved right or left as the case may be, causing the boomerang to fly off at one side or the other. In order to overcome this defence the Queensland aborigines use a boomerang of peculiar shape. It has a hooked end, and when it strikes the defensive stick, the angle caused by the hook revolves round the stick, and the other end of the boomerang swings round and gives the victim a severe blow. To one not well initiated into the mysteries of boomerang-throwing, however, it is very difficult to defend one's self against the missile. Edward John Eyre, the explorer, tells how he once nearly had his arm broken by a boomerang while standing within a yard of the native who threw it, and looking out purposely for it.

Boomerang thrown by concealed hunter at a kangaroo 120ft. away. Boomerang turned, made two small circles, and struck animal's hind legs.

given a great advantage to its possessors in the struggle for life, over those who did not know its use.

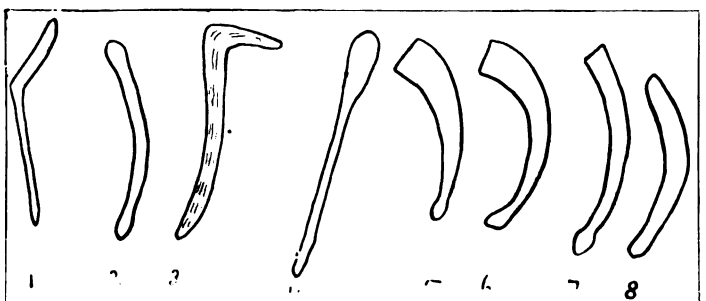
In warfare the boomerang has the quality of being a most formidable weapon among uncivilized tribes. It is capable of inflicting a wound several inches deep and will strike its victim without giving the slightest clue as to the position of the assailant, who may be behind a thicket to the right or left. Of course, the user of a boomerang must himself be skilful, or it will be as dangerous to him as to the object aimed at, for it may return and strike its owner. It is by constant practice for generations that the Australian aborigines have been able to excel in its use, although they are not all able to do the wonderful things with the boomerangs that are sometimes spoken of. A gentleman who resided for some time in Australia informed Lord Avebury that on one occasion, in order to test the skill with which the boomerang could be thrown, he offered to a native a reward of sixpence for every time the missile was made to return to the spot from which it was thrown. He drew a circle five or



DEFENCE AGAINST BOOMERANG, AND HOW IT IS OVERCOME BY USING HOOKED BOOMERANG.

principle on which the boomerang's flight depends has been explained by Colonel Lane-Fox, who made this weapon his particular study for years.

After describing the various forms of boomerang, he goes on to say: "As all these varieties continued to be employed, it would soon be perceived that peculiar advantages were derived from the use of the flatter class of weapons, especially such as are flat on the underside, for, by throwing these in such a manner as to catch the air on the flat side, instead of falling to the ground they would rise in the air precisely in the same manner that a kite, when the boy runs forward with the string, rises, and continues to rise as long as it is kept up by the action of the air beneath. In like manner the boomerang, as long as the forward movement imparted to it by the thrower continues, will continue to rise, and the plane of rotation, instead of continuing perfectly parallel to its original position, will be slightly raised by the action of the atmosphere on the forward side. When the movement of transition ceases the boomerang will begin to fall, and its course in falling will be by the line of least resistance, which is in the direction of the edge that lies obliquely towards the thrower. It will, therefore, fall back in the same manner that a kite, when the string is suddenly broken, is seen to fall back for a short distance, but, as the kite has received no movement of rotation to cause it to continue in the same plane of descent, it soon loses its parallelism and falls in a series of fantastic curves towards the ground. The boomerang will do the same thing if it loses its movement of rotation, but as long as this continues, which it usually does after the forward movement has ceased, it continues to fall back upon the same inclined plane by which it ascended, and finally reaches the ground at the feet of the thrower. There are various ways of throwing the boomerang, but the principle here enunciated will explain the course of its flight in whatever manner it may be thrown."



1. African boomerang; 2. Ancient Egyptian boomerang in the British Museum; 3. Curiously shaped Australian boomerang, made so as to overcome defence with knobbed stick; 4. Knobbed stick for warding off boomerang blows; 5, 6, 7, 8. Indian boomerangs.

SOME CURIOUS BOOMERANGS.

As to the geographical distribution of the boomerang, it is found in some form or other in nearly all uncivilized and semi-barbarous communities. In Abyssinia it is of hard wood, about two feet in length, with the end turned sharply at an angle of thirty degrees. The natives throw it with great dexterity, and it inflicts a severe wound. Unlike the Australian weapon, however, it does not return. The Moqui Indians of Arizona and Mexico use the boomerang to kill rabbits, throwing it along the ground with a motion similar to that by which a stone is made to skip along the surface of water. It has also been found among the Indian tribes of California. In the Indian peninsula the weapon is found among the Dravidian races, and it is significant that Professor Huxley traced these people to an Australoid stock. In Australia alone, however, does the boomerang return to the thrower, and on this account Lord Avebury took exception to Colonel Lane-Fox's classification of Indian, African, and Australian boomerangs in one group. But it has been shown by travellers that the return flight was probably arrived at by accident, and so the Australian boomerang is merely a variety of the instrument.

With regard to the use of the boomerang in Europe, Sir Samuel Ferguson has tried to prove that the *cateia* of the classical writers was the boomerang; and Isidore, Bishop of Seville, who wrote at the end of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century, seems to confirm this, for he described the *cateia* as "a species of bat which, when thrown, flies not far, by reason of its weight, but where it strikes it breaks through with extreme impetus, and if it be thrown with a skilful hand it returns back again to him who dismissed it."

The Cost of Kindness.

By Jerome K. Jerome.

"KINDNESS," argued little Mrs. Pennycoop, "costs nothing."

"And, speaking generally, my dear, is valued precisely at cost price," retorted Mr. Pennycoop, who, as an auctioneer of twenty years' experience, had enjoyed much opportunity of testing the attitude of the public towards sentiment.

"I don't care what you say, George," persisted his wife; "he may be a disagreeable, cantankerous old brute—I don't say he isn't. All the same, the man is going away, and we may never see him again."

"If I thought there was any fear of our doing so," observed Mr. Pennycoop, "I'd turn my back on the Church of England to-morrow and become a Methodist."

"Don't talk like that, George," his wife admonished him, reprovingly; "the Lord might be listening to you."

"If the Lord had to listen to old Cracklethorpe He'd sympathize with me," was the opinion of Mr. Pennycoop.

"The Lord sends us our trials, and they are meant for our good," explained his wife. "They are meant to teach us patience."

"You are not churchwarden," retorted her husband; "you can get away from him. You hear him when he is in the pulpit, where, to a certain extent, he is bound to keep his temper."

"You forget the rummage sale, George," Mrs. Pennycoop reminded him; "to say nothing of the church decorations."

"The rummage sale," Mr. Pennycoop pointed out to her, "occurs only once a year, and at that time your own temper, I have noticed——"

"I always try to remember I am a Christian," interrupted little Mrs. Pennycoop. "I do not pretend to be a saint, but whatever I say I am always sorry for it afterwards—you know I am, George."

"It's what I am saying," explained her husband. "A vicar who has contrived in three years to make every member of his congregation hate the very sight of a church—well, there's something wrong about it somewhere."

"'YOU ARE NOT CHURCHWARDEN,' RETORTED HER HUSBAND"

Mrs. Pennycoop, gentlest of little women, laid her plump and still pretty hands upon her husband's shoulders. "Don't think, dear, I haven't sympathized with you. You have borne it nobly. I have marvelled sometimes that you have been able to control yourself as you have done, most times; the things that he has said to you."

Mr. Pennycoop had slid unconsciously

into an attitude suggestive of petrified virtue, lately discovered.

"One's own poor self," observed Mr. Pennycoop, in accents of proud humility—"insults that are merely personal one can put up with. Though even there," added the senior churchwarden, with momentary descent towards the plane of human nature, "nobody cares to have it hinted publicly across the vestry table that one has chosen to collect from the left side for the express purpose of artfully passing over one's own family."

"The children have always had their threepenny-bits ready waiting in their hands," explained Mrs. Pennycoop, indignantly.

"It's the sort of thing he says merely for the sake of making a disturbance," continued the senior churchwarden. "It's the things he does I draw the line at."

"The things he has done, you mean, dear," laughed the little woman, with the accent on the "has." "It is all over now, and we are going to be rid of him. I expect, dear, if we only knew, we should find it was his liver. You know, George, I remarked to you the first day that he came how pasty he looked and what a singularly unpleasant mouth he had. People can't help these things, you know, dear. One should look upon them in the light of afflictions and be sorry for them."

"I could forgive him doing what he does if he didn't seem to enjoy it," said the senior churchwarden. "But, as you say, dear, he is going, and all I hope and pray is that we never see his like again."

"And you'll come with me to call upon him, George," urged kind little Mrs. Pennycoop. "After all, he has been our vicar for three years, and he must be feeling it, poor man—whatever he may pretend—going away like this, knowing that everybody is glad to see the back of him."

"Well, I sha'n't say anything I don't really feel," stipulated Mr. Pennycoop.

"That will be all right, dear," laughed his wife, "so long as you don't say what you do feel. And we'll both of us keep our temper," further suggested the little woman, "whatever happens. Remember, it will be for the last time."

Little Mrs. Pennycoop's intention was kind and Christianlike. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe would be quitting Wychwood-on-the-Heath the following Monday, never to set foot—so the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe himself and every single member of his congregation hoped sincerely—in the neighbourhood again. Hitherto no pains had been taken on either side to disguise the mutual joy with which the parting was looked forward to. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, M.A., might possibly have been of service to his Church in, say, some East-end parish of unsavoury reputation, some mission station far advanced amid the hordes of heathendom. There his inborn instinct of antagonism to everybody and everything surrounding him, his unconquerable disregard for other people's views and feelings, his inspired conviction that everybody but himself was bound to be always wrong about everything, combined with determination to act and speak fearlessly in such belief, might have found their uses. In picturesque little Wychwood-on-the-Heath, among the Kentish hills, retreat beloved of the retired tradesman, the spinster of moderate means, the reformed Bohemian developing latent instincts towards respectability, these qualities made only for scandal and disunion.

For the past two years the Rev. Cracklethorpe's parishioners, assisted by such other of the inhabitants of Wychwood-on-the-Heath as had happened to come into personal contact with the reverend gentleman, had sought to impress upon him, by hints and innuendoes difficult to misunderstand, their cordial and daily-increasing dislike of him, both as a parson and a man. Matters had come to a head by the determination officially announced to him that, failing other alternatives, a deputation of his leading parishioners would wait upon his bishop. This it was that had brought it home to the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe that, as the spiritual guide and comforter of Wychwood-on-the-Heath, he had proved a failure. The Rev. Augustus had sought and secured the care of other souls. The following Sunday morning he had arranged to preach his farewell sermon, and the occasion promised to be a success from every point of view. Churchgoers who had not visited St. Jude's for months had promised themselves the luxury of feeling they were listening to the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe for the last time. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe had prepared a sermon that for plain speaking and directness was likely to leave an impression. The parishioners of St. Jude's, Wychwood-on-the-Heath, had their failings, as we all have. The Rev. Augustus flattered himself that he had not missed out a single one, and was looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the sensation that his remarks, from his "firstly" to

his "sixthly and lastly," were likely to create.

What marred the entire business was the impulsiveness of little Mrs. Pennycoop. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, informed in his study on the Wednesday afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Pennycoop had called, entered the drawing-room a quarter of an hour later, cold and severe; and, without offering to shake hands, requested to be informed as shortly as possible for what purpose he had been disturbed. Mrs. Pennycoop had had her speech ready to her tongue. It was just what it should have been, and no more.

It referred casually, without insisting on the point, to the duty incumbent upon all of us to remember on occasion we were Christians; that our privilege it was to forgive and forget; that, generally speaking, there are faults on both sides; that partings should never take place in anger; in short, that little Mrs. Pennycoop and George, her husband, as he was waiting to say for himself, were sorry for everything and anything they may have said or done in the past to hurt the feelings of the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, and would like to shake hands with him and wish him every happiness for the future. The chilling attitude of the Rev. Augustus scattered that carefully-rehearsed speech to the winds. It left Mrs. Pennycoop nothing but to retire in choking silence, or to fling herself upon the inspiration of the moment and make up something new. She chose the latter alternative.

At first the words came halting. Her husband, man-like, had deserted her in her hour of utmost need and was fumbling with the door-knob. The steely stare with which the Rev. Cracklethorpe regarded her, instead of chilling her, acted upon her as a spur. It put her on her mettle. He should listen to her. She would make him understand her kindly feeling towards him if she had to take him by the shoulders and shake it into him. At the end of five minutes the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, without knowing it, was looking pleased. At the end of another five Mrs. Pennycoop stopped, not for want of words, but for want of breath. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe replied in a voice that, to his own surprise, was trembling with emotion. Mrs. Pennycoop had made his task harder for him. He had thought to leave Wychwood-on-the-Heath without a regret. The knowledge that he now possessed, that at all events one member of his congregation understood him, as Mrs. Pennycoop had proved to him she understood him, sympathized with him — the knowledge that at least one heart, and that heart Mrs. Pennycoop's, had warmed to him, would transform what he had looked forward to as a blessed relief into a lasting grief.

"HER HUSBAND, MAN-LIKE, HAD DESERTED HER, AND WAS FUMBLING WITH THE DOOR-KNOB."

Mr. Pennycoop, carried away by his wife's eloquence, added a few halting words of his own. It appeared from Mr. Pennycoop's remarks that he had always regarded the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe as the vicar of his dreams, but misunderstandings in some

unaccountable way will arise. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, it appeared, had always secretly respected Mr. Pennycoop. If at any time his spoken words might have conveyed the contrary impression, that must have arisen from the poverty of our language, which does not lend itself to subtle meanings.

Then followed the suggestion of tea. Miss Cracklethorpe, sister to the Rev. Augustus—a lady whose likeness to her brother in all respects was startling, the only difference between them being that while he was clean-shaven she wore a slight moustache—was called down to grace the board. The visit might be getting a swelled head over this matter. The Rev. Augustus, with pardonable pride, repeated some of the things that Mrs. Pennycoop had said to him. Mrs. Pennycoop was not to imagine herself the only person in Wychwood-on-the-Heath capable of generosity that cost nothing. Other ladies could say graceful nothings—could say them even better. Husbands dressed in their best clothes and carefully rehearsed were brought in to grace the almost endless procession of disconsolate parishioners hammering at the door of St. Jude's parsonage. Between Thursday morning and Saturday night the

"THE REV. AUGUSTUS REPEATED SOME OF THE THINGS THAT MRS. PENNYCOOP HAD SAID TO HIM."

was ended by Mrs. Pennycoop's remembrance that it was Wilhelmina's night for a hot bath.

"I said more than I intended to," admitted Mrs. Pennycoop to George, her husband, on the way home; "but he irritated me."

Rumour of the Pennycoops' visit flew through the parish. Other ladies felt it their duty to show to Mrs. Pennycoop that she was not the only Christian in Wychwood-on-the-Heath. Mrs. Pennycoop, it was feared, Rev. Augustus, much to his own astonishment, had been forced to the conclusion that five-sixths of his parishioners had loved him from the first without hitherto having had opportunity of expressing their real feelings.

The eventful Sunday arrived. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe had been kept so busy listening to regrets at his departure, assurances of an esteem hitherto disguised from him, explanations of seeming discourtesies that had been intended as tokens

of affectionate regard, that no time had been left to him to think of other matters. Not till he entered the vestry at five minutes to eleven did recollection of his farewell sermon come to him. It haunted him throughout the service. To deliver it after the revelations of the last three days would be impossible. It was the sermon that Moses might have preached to Pharaoh the Sunday prior to the exodus. To crush with it this congregation of broken-hearted adorers sorrowing for his departure would be inhuman. The Rev. Augustus tried to think of passages that might be selected, altered. There were none. From beginning to end it contained not a single sentence capable of being made to sound pleasant by any ingenuity whatsoever.

The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe climbed slowly up the pulpit steps without an idea in his head of what he was going to say. The sunlight fell upon the upturned faces of a crowd that filled every corner of the church. So happy, so buoyant a congregation the eyes of the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe had never till that day looked down upon. The feeling came to him that he did not want to leave them. That they did not wish him to go, could he doubt? Only by regarding them as a collection of the most shameless hypocrites ever gathered together under one roof. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe dismissed the passing suspicion as a suggestion of the Evil One, folded the neatly-written manuscript that lay before him on the desk, and put it aside. He had no need of a farewell sermon. The arrangements made could easily be altered. The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe spoke from his pulpit for the first time an impromptu.

The Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe wished to acknowledge himself in the wrong. Foolishly founding his judgment upon the evidence of a few men, whose names there would be no need to mention, members of the congregation who, he hoped, would one day be sorry for the misunderstandings they had caused, brethren whom it was his duty to forgive, he had assumed the parishioners of St. Jude's, Wychwood-on-the-Heath, to have taken a personal dislike to him. He wished to publicly apologize for the injustice he had unwittingly done to their heads and to their hearts. He now had it from their own lips that a libel had been put upon them. So far from their wishing his departure, it was self-evident that his going would inflict upon them a great sorrow. With the knowledge he now possessed of the respect—one might almost say the veneration—with which the majority of that congregation regarded him—knowledge, he admitted, acquired somewhat late—it was clear to him he could still be of help to them in their spiritual need. To leave a flock so devoted would stamp him as an unworthy shepherd. The ceaseless stream of regrets at his departure that had been poured into his ear during the last four days he had decided at the last moment to pay heed to. He would remain with them—on one condition.

There quivered across the sea of humanity below him a movement that might have suggested to a more observant watcher the convulsive clutchings of some drowning man at some chance straw. But the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe was thinking of himself.

The parish was large and he was no longer a young man. Let them provide him with a conscientious and energetic curate. He had such a one in his mind's eye, a near relation of his own, who, for a small stipend that was hardly worth mentioning, would, he knew it for a fact, accept the post. The pulpit was not the place in which to discuss these matters, but in the vestry afterwards he would be pleased to meet such members of the congregation as might choose to stay.

The question agitating the majority of the congregation during the singing of the hymn was the time it would take them to get outside the church. There still remained a faint hope that the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe, not obtaining his curate, might consider it due to his own dignity to shake from his feet the dust of a parish generous in sentiment, but obstinately close-fisted when it came to putting its hands into its pockets.

But for the parishioners of St. Jude's that Sunday was a day of misfortune. Before there could be any thought of moving, the Rev. Augustus raised his surpliced arm and begged leave to acquaint them with the contents of a short note that had just been handed up to him. It would send them all home, he felt sure, with joy and thankfulness in their hearts. An example of Christian benevolence was among them that did honour to the Church.

Here a retired wholesale clothier from the East-end of London—a short, tubby gentleman who had recently taken the Manor House—was observed to turn scarlet.

A gentleman hitherto unknown to them had signalled his advent among them by an act of munificence that should prove a shining example to all rich men. Mr. Horatio

Copper—the reverend gentleman found some difficulty, apparently, in deciphering the name.

"Cooper-Smith, sir, with an hyphen," came in a thin whisper, the voice of the still scarlet-faced gentleman.

Mr. Horatio Cooper-Smith, taking—the Rev. Augustus felt confident—a not unworthy means of grappling to himself thus early the hearts of his fellow-townsmen, had expressed his desire to pay for the expense of a curate entirely out of his own pocket. Under these circumstances, there would be no further talk of a farewell between the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe and his parishioners. It would be the hope of the Rev. Augustus Cracklethorpe to live and die the pastor of St. Jude's.

A more solemn-looking, sober congregation than the congregation that emerged that Sunday morning from St. Jude's in Wychwood-on-the-Heath had never, perhaps, passed out of a church door.

"He'll have more time upon his hands," said Mr. Biles, retired wholesale ironmonger and junior churchwarden, to Mrs. Biles, turning the corner of Acacia Avenue—"he'll have more time to make himself a curse and stumbling-block."

"A MORE SOLEMN-LOOKING, SOBER CONGREGATION HAD NEVER PASSED OUT OF A CHURCH DOOR."

"And if this 'near relation' of his is anything like him——"

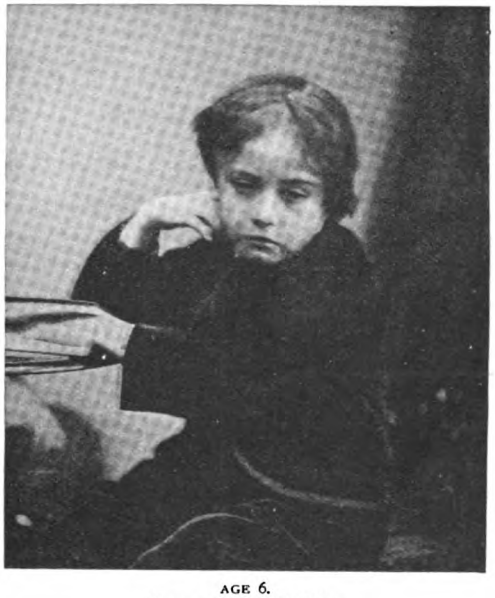
"Which you may depend upon it is the case, or he'd never have thought of him," was the opinion of Mr. Biles.

"I shall give that Mrs. Pennycoop," said Mrs. Biles, "a piece of my mind when I meet her."

But of what use was that?

MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

YOU may look upon "Anthony Hope" as a humorist or a serious man, and you get satisfaction from either point of view. He was intensely serious when he began life. He is the son of a clergyman, and came down from Balliol with many honours. The Oxford Union made him its President in 1886, and in the following year he was called to the Bar. In fact, from the year 1876, when, at the age of thirteen, he won a scholarship at Marlborough College, up to that uncertain date — say 1889 — when he began to find that law possessed fewer attractions than literature, Mr. Hawkins was one of the most earnest persons to be found within a mile of St. Paul's. He seemed to be marked out perfectly for a career of dull and learned respectability. Few knew him except his colleagues in the law.



AGE 6.
From a Photo. by Reiglahder.

Then "Dolly" burst on jaded London, and her serious creator became famous far beyond the portals of the Middle Temple. He had had just sufficient practice with "A Man of Mark" and a few other stories, short and long, to make the "Dialogues" models of craftsmanship, and when to this experience was added a delicious wit and understanding of the foibles of "the sex," the success of "The Dolly Dialogues" was assured. It came out serially in 1894 in the *Westminster Gazette*, and set everybody's tongue agog. No such cleverness had been known for many a long day. Who was "Anthony Hope"? asked the literary set, and the London publishers ran after the new light of humour.

AGE 10.
From a Photograph.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," written in the same year, met with like success amongst those who wanted a good story to read. As we recall the history of these two books we must admit the truth of the statement that "Anthony Hope" "has set two literary fashions" — has, in short, created two vogues. Both books set up a standard which other authors slavishly followed for several years, with more or less success. The most successful —he who first raised it—has remained the most successful to the present time. Each new book is watched for eagerly by the reading public, who seem to realize that "Anthony Hope" is one of the few authors who give them something new every time. He is no slave to his trade. Look over his books, from "Zenda" to "A Servant of the Public," and see, with surprise, how they differ in style, plot, and treatment each from the other. It is a sign of amazing versatility.

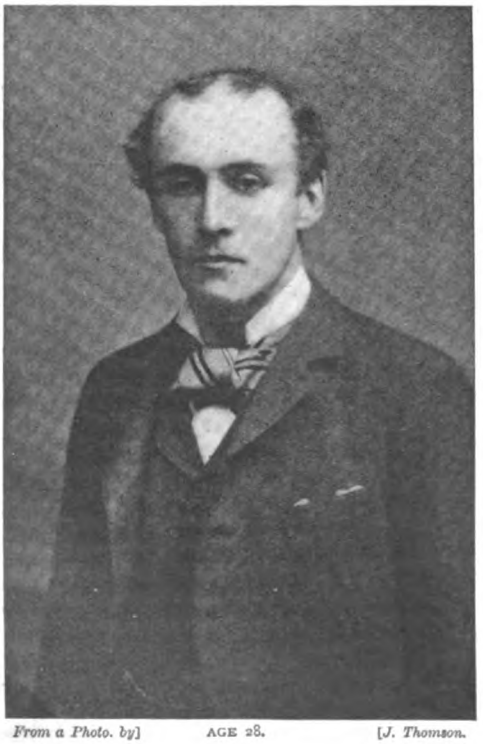
"Every author his own dramatist" should be the motto of all successful writers. This is proved by the following story—perhaps apocryphal—of how "Anthony Hope" became his own playwright. It is said that he was invited by a well-known London actor "to visit him at his country place, a newly-acquired mansion with grounds that filled Mr. Hope with delight and envy. When he was expressing his admiration of the place, Mr. Alexander, with a friendly pat upon the back, said, 'Made it all out of "The Prisoner of Zenda."' Then Mr. Hope visited New York and dined with Mr. Sothern, in his new house, purchased and furnished at large expense; and again he was struck with

admiration by the way actors live, and made some remark to show that he appreciated such luxuries. 'I made it all out of "The Prisoner of Zenda,"' said Mr. Sothern."

If, as is reported, the author "groaned" at the position of affairs, he rapidly put

From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

things to rights. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Pilkerton's Peerage," and "Rupert of Hentzau" showed considerable aptitude in a most difficult *métier*, and the proceeds from the first-named piece must have brought a feeling of delicious contentment to the energetic playwright. And, strange to say,



From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[J. Thomson.*

its popularity aroused little jealousy in the "profession." As a rule, they set their teeth and steel their eyes against the book-writer who treads upon their preserves, but they made an exception in the case of "Anthony Hope"—because they like him.

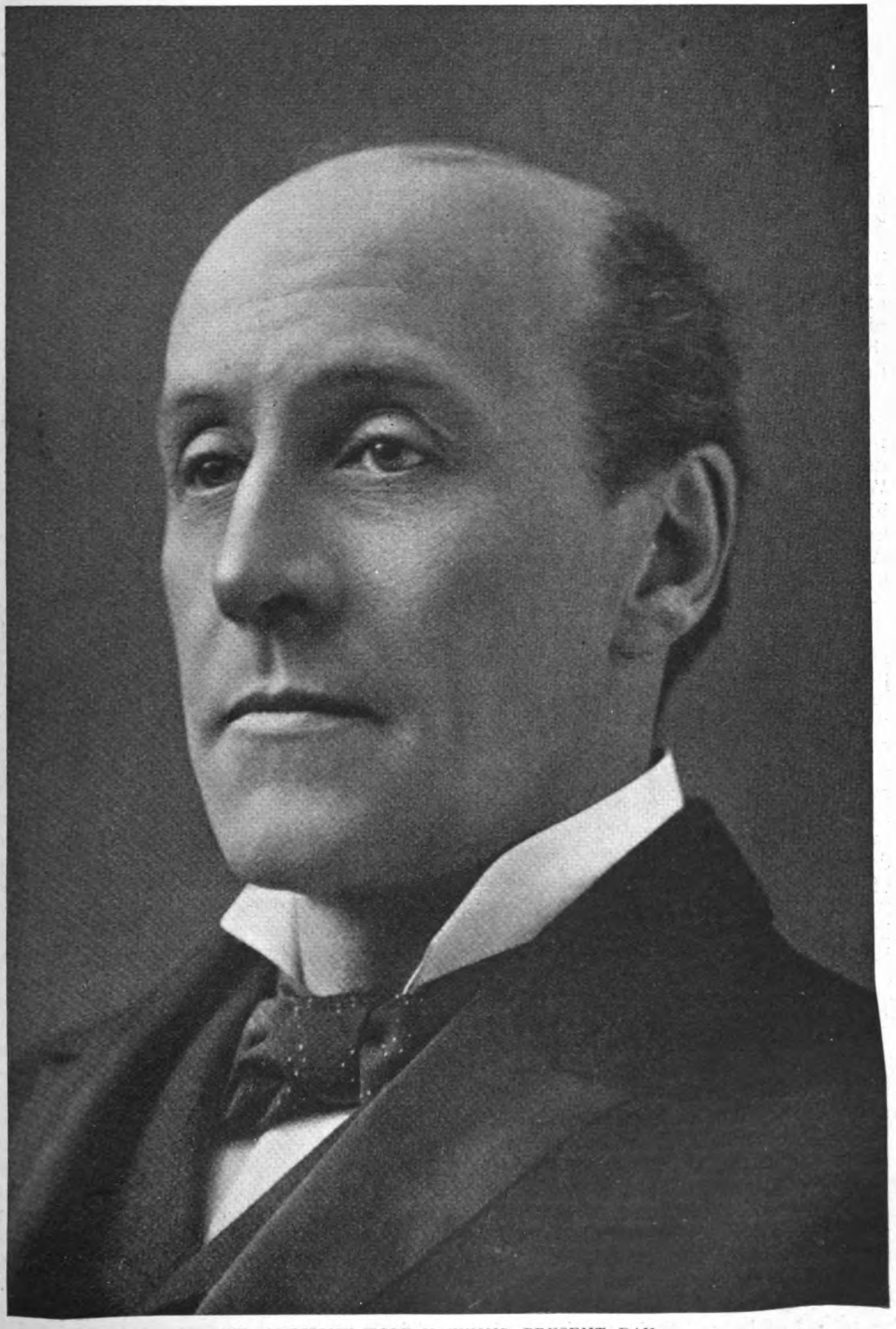
And who does not? He goes everywhere, is seen everywhere, speaks everywhere, and says kind things everywhere to everyone who needs them. As an after-dinner speaker he has few equals. "In America," as the little girl said in her examination paper, "people are put to death by elocution," but in England they love it dearly, especially when it is bright, appropriate, and to the point. This

From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[Ellis & Walery.*

is exactly where "Anthony Hope" excels, and what he says is always happily aided, for comic effect, by a somewhat drawling utterance and a very priest-like face.

No amount of elocution, however, has succeeded in getting him into Parliament, for which honour he has shown a true-born British desire. In 1892 he was defeated by Viscount Curzon, the principal reason being that Mr. "Hope" was not a Conservative, and at the last election he had hopes of trying again, but "scratched" before the great event.

Not the least of his claims upon the American public, with whom he is a great favourite, is the fact that he has taken an American girl to wife. The marriage, in 1903, was a considerable social event.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

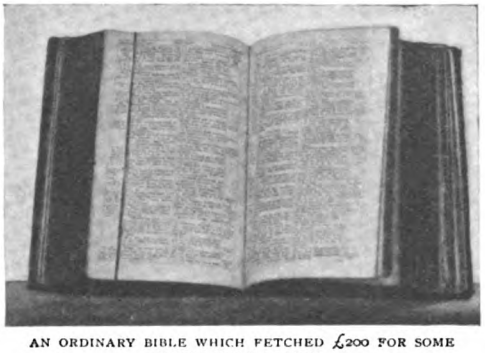
The Romance of Auctioneering.

By Percy Collins.

FEW will deny that a subtle atmosphere of romance surrounds the auctioneer and his calling. It is not easy to express in words exactly why we are fascinated, yet fascinated we unquestionably are. The dipsomaniac struggles vainly against the magnetism of the gin-palace, and there are men well-nigh as impotent to resist the tapping call of the hammer when it comes softly through the open doors of the auction-room.

Many of us who experience this attraction cannot afford to indulge in the delirious pleasure of bidding. Yet we feel a keen delight in watching the progress of the sale. We marvel at the auctioneer—his eagle eye, his tireless voice, the careless ease with which he taps vast sums of money into his coffers. We share the anxiety of the bidder whose heart is set upon some coveted "lot."

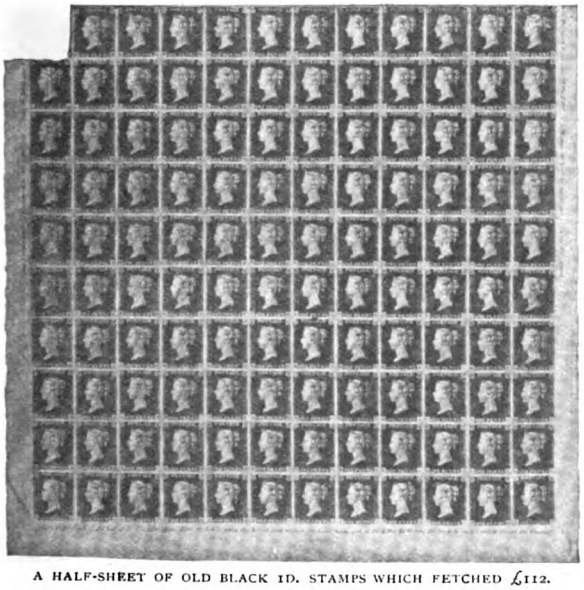
In the following pages the writer proposes to describe briefly a few unique "lots" which have come under his personal notice. They must be regarded merely as a selection made almost at random from thousands of possible instances. Still, they typify, in some measure at least, the romantic side of the auctioneer's calling, while they show how varied are the objects which come, year by year, "under the hammer."



AN ORDINARY BIBLE WHICH FETCHED £200 FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON.

It is seldom that many months pass without the high price realized at auction by some rare first edition forming subject for comment in the Press. But there is little doubt that the most remarkable book sale on record took place in the provinces not long ago—the lot being an old Bible, of no interest to collectors, and worth not a penny more than 10s. at the highest valuation. Yet there must have been some private history connected with it, for two ladies seemed to have entered the sale-room each with the object of becoming the purchaser of the volume. The bidding began at a few shillings and went up steadily to £10. Of course, the battle was entirely between the two ladies, and it became evident that neither was as yet prepared to own herself vanquished. Under the astute guidance of the auctioneer, the bidding mounted quickly until £100 was reached, and then continued to rise by slower and more reluctant bids until—to the amazement of all present—the Bible was at length knocked down to one of the ladies for £200.

The above is, of course, a clear case of caprice, stimulated, perhaps, by private jealousy. It often happens, however, that objects with little or no intrinsic value become vested, mainly on account of their rarity, with a fictitious worth in the eyes of a certain circle of the collecting fraternity. Old postage-stamps will at once occur to the reader as a case in point, for the huge prices often paid for these tiny scraps of coloured paper have become notorious. The record for a single stamp was established in 1904, when an immaculate specimen of the 2d. blue Mauritius (discovered by Mr. James Bonar, of Hampstead, in a little collection he made when a boy at school in 1864) was purchased at auction for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for £1,450. But by far the most interesting stamp sale for many years past was effected on November 10th, 1902, by Mr. William Hadlow, the well-known stamp auctioneer. The "lot" in question was discovered quite accidentally by Mrs. Fyffe, of Kirkwall, when looking over some old papers. It consisted in the lower half (only one stamp missing) of a sheet of Plate 1 of the 1d. black issue of English stamps. The 119 stamps cost their original purchaser 9s. 11d.; when put up to auction they realized no less than £112. To the ordinary mind the price seems a long one, but in philatelical circles it was not regarded as by any means a "fancy figure." The reader should be reminded that the first 1d. English postage-stamps were printed in black and cancelled with red ink. But the authorities were soon convinced, by the



A HALF-SHEET OF OLD BLACK 1D. STAMPS WHICH FETCHED £112.

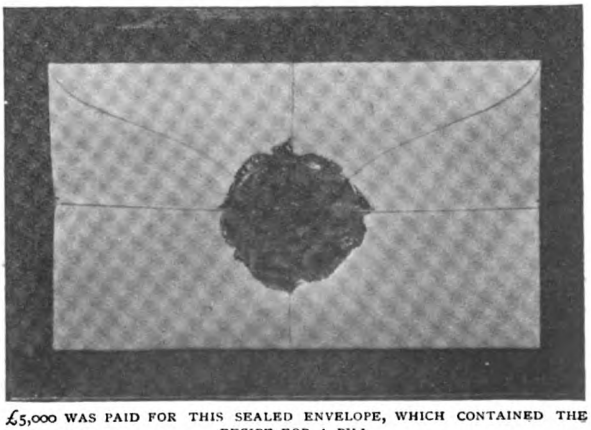
appearance of numerous successfully cleaned stamps, that the colour must be changed, and the black 1d. quickly gave way to the same design printed in red and cancelled in black ink. Hence the original black 1d. are scarce, and single specimens are catalogued at from 25s. to 40s. unused, while in a block the value is, of course, much enhanced. By the courtesy of Mr. T. F. Fyffe the writer is able to reproduce a photograph of the unique half-sheet discovered by his mother.

Perhaps the most curious, and certainly one of the most diminutive lots ever offered by auction, was the recipe of a patent pill, which found a purchaser at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, early in December, 1902.

One of the largest rooms in the Mart was filled with chemists, druggists, pill and patent medicine manufacturers, and others—all waiting to compete for the purchase of a "dandelion and quinine bilious and liver pill." The "lot," so far as external appearance was concerned, consisted in nothing more than a carefully-sealed envelope. It looked a very ordinary little packet. But the auctioneer informed his audience that the pill had been before the public for upwards of forty years at ordinary prices, while the average net profit returns to the proprietors for the past five years had been at the rate of over £900 per annum. Moreover, he hinted that judicious advertising would probably secure a much larger income for the lucky owner of the recipe. The first offer for this prize was £2,000; but the bidding did not cease until the round sum of £5,000 was reached, at which price the sealed envelope was knocked down.

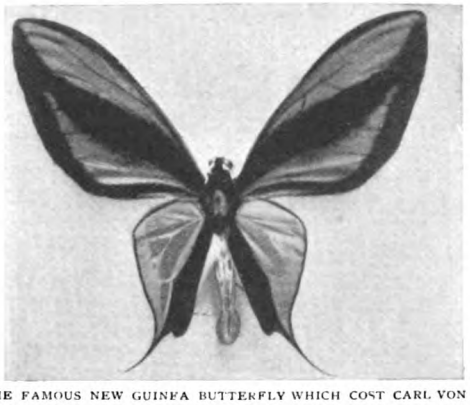
Perhaps the London sale-room to which, in popular esteem, at least, the most romantic associations attach is "Stevens's." Certain it is that the visitor who passes an hour in the auction-rooms at King Street, Covent Garden, seldom leaves without feeling that he has been lifted above the humdrum of everyday existence and wafted to far-off tropical islands, or carried backwards through the dim archives of antiquity. To speak of "Stevens's" is to speak of great auks' eggs; for it is here that almost all of these costly trifles have changed hands. Mr. Henry Stevens, the present representative of the firm, can recall selling examples at £30 apiece; but since that time a cracked specimen has fetched 300 guineas under his hammer, while in the case of a stuffed skin of the extinct bird and its egg, offered together, the winning bid was 600 guineas. At the present time some seventy-nine known examples of the bird and seventy-four eggs are recorded. Most of these specimens have been in collectors' hands for many years past, but in one or two instances extremely lucky "finds" have been made.

Mr. Henry Stevens relates that some years ago a young man attended a furniture sale in the South of England. He was attracted by a miscellaneous collection of shells and birds'



£5,000 WAS PAID FOR THIS SEALED ENVELOPE, WHICH CONTAINED THE RECIPE FOR A PILL.

eggs in a basket and determined to buy them. Save for the fact that a lady seemed equally desirous of obtaining the "lot" he would probably have gained his object with his first bid of 10s. However, in the end the young man had to pay 36s. for his purchase, and considered the price little short of exorbitant. But he changed his opinion subsequently when, on examination by an expert, two of the large eggs in the basket proved to be those of the great auk. Under Mr. Stevens's hammer, the first—with a tiny fracture, but exceptionally well marked—realized 280 guineas; while the other, which was in much worse condition, fetched 175 guineas at the same sale.



THE FAMOUS NEW GUINEA BUTTERFLY WHICH COST CARL VON HAGNER HIS LIFE. THE FIRST SPECIMEN SOLD IS SAID TO HAVE REALIZED £25.

But although in popular esteem the egg of the great auk is paramount, many other specimens of natural history, of equal or even greater interest, are from time to time offered at "Stevens's." There is, for example, the large copper butterfly. Many years ago this insect was common in certain parts of the Fen district. Then, without warning and for no obvious reason, it disappeared, became extinct, and has never since been seen. An authentic British specimen, offered at Stevens's, generally fetches as much as £5 or £6.

Of the many beautiful exotic insects which change hands at King Street, few awaken such romantic interest as the specimen generally called the "tailed Ornithoptera." It is a strange-looking creature, richly adorned with green and gold, while each hind wing terminates in a quaint tailed appendage. A German collector (Carl von Hagner) was the first white man to see this butterfly. He found it upon the densely-wooded slopes of the Finisterre Mountains in New Guinea, twelve hundred feet above sea-level, and after infinite patience and trouble managed to secure several perfect specimens. But the unfortunate man was denied the satisfaction of bringing home his unique captures. He fell into the hands of a Papuan tribe, and was not only done to death, but became a victim to their cannibal propensities.

By some means a portion of the dead man's baggage was recovered and sent home to Europe, and with it came the wonderful butterflies. It is said that the first specimen offered for sale realized £25.

THE VEST WORN BY CHARLES I. ON THE SCAFFOLD, WHICH FETCHED £200.

From a Photo. by [*H. Stevens.*

Besides natural history specimens and curios innumerable, Mr. Stevens has "knocked down" a large number of exceptionally interesting historical relics.

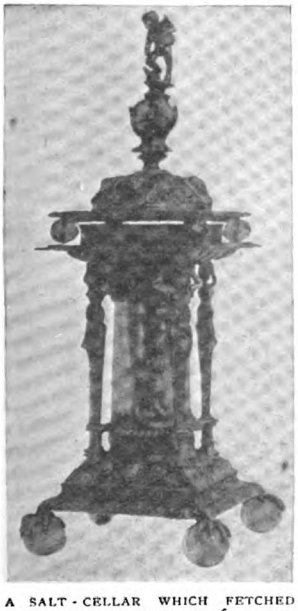
By far the most interesting "lot" of this class that has been put up at "Stevens's" was the perfectly authentic silken under-vest worn by King Charles I. at his execution. The garment was given to Dr. Hobbe, who was a friend

of the unfortunate monarch, and it remained in his family until it was sold at King Street for 200 guineas.

At the Dunn-Gardner sale at Christie's in April, 1902, the unique St. Nicholas spoon found a buyer at the phenomenal price of £690. Within the last sixty years the piece has changed hands three or four times—on the first occasion, it is said, for the comparatively insignificant sum of £10. The spoon is an extremely fine specimen of old English silver of the date 1528. The saint—who, it will be remembered, is the progenitor of the modern "Santa Claus"—is represented as raising the children from the dead.

THE ST. NICHOLAS SPOON WHICH WAS SOLD ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO FOR £10. WHEN OFFERED AT CHRISTIE'S RECENTLY, IT FETCHED £690, THE HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID FOR A SILVER SPOON.
From a Photo. by Crichton Brothers.

But more notable than either of the foregoing "lots" was the unrivalled Elizabethan salt-cellar which, under Messrs. Christie's hammer, realized the record price of £3,000.



A SALT-CELLAR WHICH FETCHED THE RECORD PRICE OF £3,000.
From a Photo. by Crichton Brothers.

The piece is almost certainly the finest and best-preserved Elizabethan salt-cellar in existence. It is difficult to convey in a word description an adequate idea of the masterly, controlled, yet sumptuous scheme of decoration. Briefly, the salt and cover, of silver-gilt and rock-crystal, stand seven and five-eighths inches high and weigh about nine ounces. The piece bears the London hall-mark for the year 1577, and that of the maker—probably Thomas Bampton, of the Falcon—a hooded falcon in an escalloped shield. The £3,000 paid for this wonderful silver-gilt and crystal piece is equal to nearly £324 per ounce.

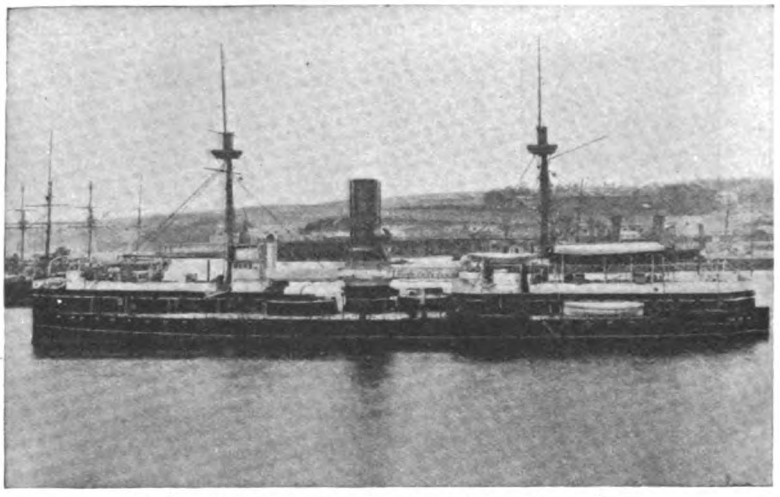
It should be added that this famous salt-cellar, as well as the St. Nicholas spoon, are now in the collection of Mr. J. A. Holms, of Paisley, but it is to Messrs. Crichton Brothers, who were the actual purchasers of these unique "lots" at Christie's, that the writer is indebted for the accompanying photographs.

Many strange stories have been told respecting orchids and the fabulous fortunes which have been made by the happy discoverers of new varieties. For this reason it may surprise the reader to be told that the record sum paid at auction for a single orchid plant stands at 650 guineas. This was realized at Messrs. Protheroe and Morris's rooms, when a plant of *Odontoglossum crispum Cooksoniæ* (of which only one other example is known to exist) was sold to Mr. Peters, a Brussels buyer, for the above-named sum. Baron Schröder had bid 610 guineas and another gentleman 630 guineas, but Mr. Peters was determined not to be beaten. The plant consisted of one old bulb and one fine new bulb with a leaf eight inches long.

A SINGLE ORCHID PLANT WHICH FETCHED 650 GUINEAS.

It may be noted in passing that at the same sale another *Odontoglossum crispum*, variety Franz Masereel, found a purchaser at 570 guineas; this and the 650 guineas paid by Mr. Peters representing the highest bids ever made at auction for single orchids. In all, this sale included seventy-two lots, the total sum realized being £5,287.

So far we have dealt chiefly with "lots" such as the purchasers, had they been so



THE "AGAMEMNON" BATTLESHIP, SOLD AT AUCTION FOR £20,000.
From a Photo. by Abrahams & Sons, Devonport.

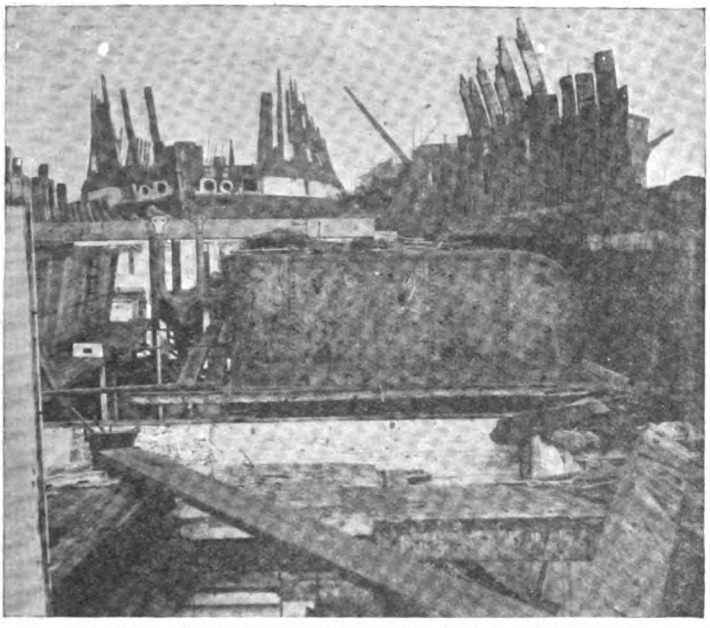
minded, might have carried away with them. We now turn to auctions of a quite different class. Two or three years ago, in the catalogue of its periodic "jumble" sales at Portsmouth, the Admiralty included a novelty—nothing less, in fact, than a fully-armed ironclad, the *Agamemnon*, which had for some years swung at her moorings off Devonport Dockyard. The vessel had long enjoyed the reputation of being about the worst battleship ever built for the British Navy; to this she now added the further distinction of being the first ironclad ever offered in one lot at a public auct' ... The conditions of sale stipulated that she must not be removed out of the United Kingdom, and that she must be broken up within two years. The winning bid of £20,000 was made by the representative of Messrs. Oppenheim, and it was considered a good price in expert circles.

The *Agamemnon* was built at Chatham more than twenty years ago, and cost a quarter of a million sterling. She was an armour-plated turret ship of 7,410 tons displacement. Her two turrets and the citadel accounted for 5,500 tons of armour-plating. It may interest the reader to know that, with the exception of the large armour-plates, which were bought back by the Government, and are now, it is said, incorporated in fortifications at Shoeburyness, the whole of this vast metal structure was eventually disposed of as "scrap."

Apart from the Government sales, the only important ship auctions take place at "Kellock's"—the familiar title bestowed upon the Water Street premises of the famous Liverpool firm. "Kellock's" is, in fact, the only private sale-room devoted exclusively to the sale of shipping properties, either in the old or new world. A visit to the establishment is an education in modern shipping, for the sale-room and corridors have been converted into a veritable museum of models and relics—souvenirs of the innumerable interesting and unique "lots" which have come under the hammer.

At "Kellock's" the famous *Great Eastern* has been disposed of in one lot on half-a-dozen separate occasions. A rare engraving of the vessel, together with certain documents relating to her sale, are preserved by the firm as mementoes. In three consecutive days "Kellock's" once disposed of seventy-eight vessels. Needless to say, this

THE "GREAT EASTERN," WHICH WAS SOLD AT AUCTION SEVERAL TIMES.
From a Print in the possession of Messrs. C. W. Kellock & Co.



OLD WOODEN BATTLESHIPS SOLD AT AUCTION TO MAKE GARDEN SEATS.

constitutes the firm's record achievement. Prominent in Messrs. Kellock's auction-room is a huge white-painted figure-head—that of the old wooden battleship *Hastings*. Upon its unoffending cranium the auctioneer brings down his hammer with a resounding whack as each lot is disposed of. An inscription informs the sightseer that "This figure-head represents the last of the wooden walls of old England, and was taken from H.M.S. *Hastings* by Henry Castle and Sons, ship-breakers, Millbank, London, who presented it to 'Kellock's' shipping sale-room as a memento of business connection extending over half a century. God save the Queen." And thereby hangs a tale. Messrs. Castle, it appears, are willing purchasers of old wooden battleships. What do they do with them? Chiefly they make them into seats for parks and gardens, while they sell the odd chips by the cartload for firewood. Recently, for example, they supplied to the London parks a number of benches made from oak which once formed part of the fabric of the famous old *Duke of Wellington*. From battleship to park bench is indeed a fall!

From ships, which are bulky "lots," we may turn to what is, perhaps, the largest object ever offered for sale at auction—nothing less, in fact, than Snowdon Mountain, or at least Snowdon Mountain so far as it appears in the annexed photograph, kindly lent to the writer by the auctioneers, Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield. The estate, which is freehold, comprises about two thousand acres of the southern and western slopes, with the original hotel on the summit of the mountain. It is said to possess a large element of profitable industry in a slate quarry and other sources of mineral wealth. The bidding began with one of £5,000. But subsequent offers were by no means encouraging, and ultimately the property was "bought in." This was in November, 1902. More recently the big "lot" was again offered, but still unsuccessfully. Speculators seemed to regard Snowdon as a white elephant—fortunately, perhaps, for those who love the great mountain for its own sake.

SNOWDON, A MOUNTAIN WHICH WAS OFFERED AT AUCTION, BUT BOUGHT IN.
From a Photograph, by permission of Messrs. Fox & Bousfield.

CHARLES DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE, SOLD AT AUCTION FOR £1,125.

The small house known as 393 (formerly 387), Commercial Road, Landport, is, in itself, a quite commonplace residence. But the fact that in its little front bedroom the great novelist, Charles Dickens, first saw the light invests it with unusual interest. In the early years of last century the house was tenanted by John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, who had married the sister of a fellow-clerk he had met at Somerset House. On February 7th, 1812, their second son, Charles John Haffham, was born.

This house had for long been the property of the Pearce family, of Portsea, and the grandfather of Mr. Pearce (a Portsmouth solicitor) was the landlord of John Dickens, and is spoken of as the original of "Mr. Micawber." Among other articles in the possession of the Pearce family is the rent-book which proves the Dickens family's occupation of the house in question.

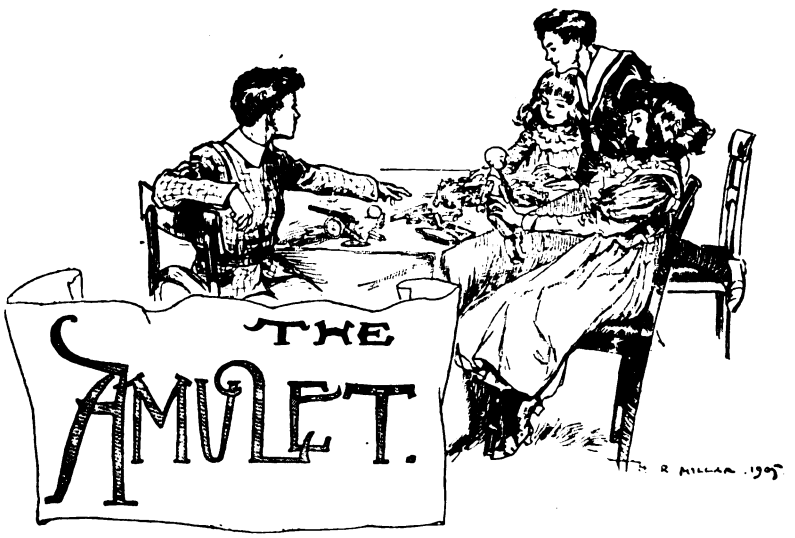
When, therefore, it became known that No. 393, Commercial Road, was about to be put up to auction, it was felt that the house should be acquired by Dickens's native town. Accordingly, the Mayor of Portsmouth and Alderman Power were appointed to effect its purchase, provided this could be done at a reasonable price. The first bid of £400 was made by the mayor, and offers, which followed quickly, ran the price up to £900. From this point onwards the mayor found an opponent in a local gentleman, who eventually offered £1,100. But a strong feeling of resentment was manifested by those present; and when the mayor advanced the bidding to £1,125 he was not further opposed. The house was knocked down to him amid loud applause.

In conclusion, the writer may be pardoned for mentioning what was surely the weirdest auction sale on record—that of the Newgate relics. The incident is still fresh in public memory, and those who were present on the occasion will never forget what they saw and heard. Considering that the present is an age of relic-hunting, the prices realized by the gruesome objects which came under the hammer were chiefly notable for their lowness. Thus the door of the condemned cell brought £13; the steps by which prisoners ascended the scaffold £1 12s.; the "very cupboard (according to the auctioneer) from which Dennis, the hangman in 'Barnaby Rudge,' used to fetch his keys," £12 10s.; and so on. The old bell fetched the record price. With the condemned cell fittings it was bought by Mme. Tussaud's for £100. Cast in 1775 by Pack and Chapman, of London, it bore the following inscription:—

THE OLD BELL OF NEWGATE PRISON, WHICH, WITH THE FITTINGS OF THE CONDEMNED CELL, FETCHED £100.

Ye people all who hear me ring,
Be faithful to your God and King.

Much more might be said respecting the memories which are wakened by the tap of the auctioneer's hammer. Enough has been written, however, to prove that the intelligent frequenter of auction-rooms is provided with liberal entertainment and an intimate knowledge of men and things.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN. BY E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER IX.

MAGIC IN EGYPT.

"YOU know missionaries?" said Cyril, suddenly.

"Yes," said Anthea, who did not know a single one.

"Well, they always take the savages beads and brandy, and stays and hats, and really useful things—things the savages haven't got, and never heard about. And the savages love them for their kind generousness, and give them pearls and shells and ivory and cassowaries. And that's what we've got to do. Next time we go into the past we'll regularly fit out the expedition. You remember how the Babylonian Queen froze on to that pocket-book? Well, we'll take things like that, and offer them in exchange for a sight of the amulet."

"A sight of it's not much good."

"No, silly. But don't you see—when we've seen it we shall know where it is, and we can go and take it in the night when everybody is asleep."

"It wouldn't be stealing, would it?" said Anthea, thoughtfully, "because it will be such an awfully long time ago when we do it."

The table was soon littered over with things which the children thought likely to interest the ancient Egyptians. Anthea brought dolls, puzzle blocks, a wooden tea-service, a green leather case with "*Nécessaire*" written on it in gold letters—Aunt Emma had once given it to Anthea, and it had then contained scissors, penknife, bodkin, stiletto, thimble, corkscrew, and glove-buttoner. The scissors, knife, and thimble and bodkin were, of course, lost, but the other things were there and as good as new. Cyril contributed lead soldiers, a cannon, a catapult, a tin-opener, a tie-clip, and a tennis-ball and a padlock—no key. Robert collected a candle ("I don't suppose they ever saw a self-fitting paraffin one," he said), a penny Japanese pin-tray, a rubber-stamp with his father's name and address on it, and a piece of putty.

Jane added a key-ring, the brass handle of a poker, a pot that had held cold cream, a smoked pearl button off her winter coat, and a key—no lock.

"We can't take all this rubbish," said Robert, with some scorn. "We must just each choose one thing."

"Look here, let's each be blindfolded and reach out, and the first thing you touch you stick to," said Cyril.

This was done.

Cyril touched the padlock.

Anthea got the *nécessaire*.

Robert clutched the candle.

Jane picked up the tie-clip.

"It's not much," she said. "I don't believe ancient Egyptians wore ties."

"Never mind," said Anthea. "I believe it's luckier not to really choose. In the stories it's always the thing the woodcutter's son picks up in the forest and almost throws away because he thinks it's no good that turns out to be the magic thing in the end—or else someone's lost it and he is rewarded with the hand of the King's daughter in marriage."

"I don't want any hands in marriage, thank you," said Cyril, firmly.

"Nor yet me," said Robert; "it's always the end of the adventures when it comes to the marriage hands."

"*Are* we ready?" said Anthea.

The psammead was coaxed into its bag.

"I say," said Cyril, suddenly, "the amulet's sure to be in a temple. Let's just go among the common people, and try to work ourselves up by degrees. We might get taken on as temple assistants."

"Like beadles," said Anthea, "or vergers."

"Righto!" was the general rejoinder. The charm was held up. It grew big once again, and once again the warm, golden Eastern light glowed softly beyond it.

As the children stepped through it loud and furious voices rang in their ears. They went suddenly from the quiet of Fitzroy Street dining-room into a very angry Eastern crowd, a crowd much too angry to notice them. The crowd was of men, women, and children. They were of all sorts of complexions, and pictures of them might have been coloured by any child with a shilling paint-box. The colours that child would have used for complexions would have been yellow ochre, red ochre, light red, sepia, and Indian ink. But their faces were painted already—black eyebrows and lashes, and red lips. The women wore a sort of pinafore with shoulder-straps, and loose draperies wound round their heads and shoulders. The men wore very little clothing, for they were the working people, and the Egyptian boys and girls wore nothing at all, unless you count the little ornaments hung on chains round their necks and waists.

A voice sounded above the other voices, and presently it was speaking in a silence.

"Comrades and fellow-workers," it said, and it was the voice of a tall, coppery-coloured man who had climbed into a chariot that had been stopped by the crowd. Its owner had bolted, muttering about calling the guards, and now the man spoke from it. "Comrades and fellow-workers, how long are we to endure the tyranny of our masters, who live in idleness and luxury on the fruits of our toil? They only give us a bare subsistence wage, and we labour all our lives to keep them in wanton luxury. Let us make an end of it. Let us take from them the

"'LET US STRIKE FOR MORE BREAD AND ONIONS AND BEER,' THE SPEAKER WENT ON."

land and the means of production, and run Egypt ourselves for ourselves. Egypt for the Egyptians!"

A roar of applause answered him.

"I heard almost every single word of that," whispered Robert, "in Hyde Park last Sunday!"

"Let us strike for more bread and onions and beer, and a longer midday rest," the speaker went on. "You are tired, you are hungry, you are thirsty. You are poor, your wives and children are pining for food. The

barns of the rich are full to bursting with the corn we want, the corn our labour has grown. To the granaries!"

"To the granaries!" cried half the crowd; but another voice shouted clear above the tumult, "To Pharaoh! To the King! Let's present a petition to the King!"

For a moment the crowd swayed one way and another—first towards the granaries and then towards the palace. Then, with a rush like that of an imprisoned torrent suddenly set free, it surged along the street towards the palace, and the children were carried with it. Anthea found it difficult to keep the psammead from being squeezed very uncomfortably.

The crowd swept through streets of dull-looking houses with few windows, very high up, across the market, where people were not buying but exchanging goods. In a momentary pause Robert saw a basket of onions exchanged for a hair-comb, and five fish for a string of beads. The people in the market seemed better off than those in the crowd; they had finer clothes and more of them. They were the kind of people who, here and now, would have lived at Brixton or Brockley.

"What's the trouble now?" a languid, large-eyed lady in a crimped, half-transparent linen dress, with her black hair very much braided and puffed out, asked of a date-seller.

"Oh, the working men — discontented as usual," the man answered. "Listen to them. Anyone would think it mattered whether they had a little more or less to eat. Dregs of society!" said the date-seller

"Scum!" said the lady.

"And I've heard *that* before, too," said Robert.

At that moment the voice of the crowd changed from anger to doubt, from doubt to fear. There were other voices shouting; they shouted defiance and menace, and they came nearer very quickly. There was the rattle of wheels, with the pounding of hoofs. A voice shouted, "Guards!"

"The guards! the guards!" shouted another voice, and the crowd of workmen took up the cry, "The guards! Pharaoh's guards!" And swaying a little once more the crowd hung for a moment as it were balanced. Then, as the trampling hoofs came nearer, the workmen fled, dispersed, up alleys and into the courts of houses, and the guards in their embossed leather chariots swept down the street at the gallop, their wheels clattering over the stones, and their dark-blue tunics blown open and back with the wind of their going.

"So *that* riot's over," said the crimped linen-dressed lady. "That's a blessing. And did you notice the captain? What a very handsome man he is, to be sure!"

"THE GUARDS IN THEIR EMBOSSED LEATHER CHARIOTS SWEPT DOWN THE STREET."

The four children had taken advantage of the moment's pause, before the crowd turned to fly, to edge themselves and drag each other into an arched doorway.

Now they each drew a long breath and looked at the others.

"We're well out of *that*," said Cyril.

"Yes," said Anthea; "but I do wish the poor men hadn't been driven back before they could get to the King. He might have done something for them."

"Not if he was the one in the Bible he wouldn't," said Jane. "He had a hard heart."

"Ah, that was the Moses one," Anthea explained. "The Joseph one was quite different. I should like to see Pharaoh's house — I wonder whether it's like the Egyptian Court in the Crystal Palace?"

"I thought we decided to try to get taken on in a temple?" said Cyril, in injured tones.

"Yes; but we've got to get to know someone first. Couldn't we make friends with a temple door-keeper? We might give him the padlock or something. I wonder which are temples and which are palaces," added Robert, glancing across the market-place to where an enormous gateway with huge side buildings towered towards the sky. To right and left of it were other buildings only a little less magnificent.

"Did you wish to find the temple of Amen-Rā?" asked a soft voice behind them, "or the temple of Mut? or the temple of Khonsu?"

They turned to find beside them a young man. He was shaved clean from head to foot, and on his feet were light papyrus sandals. He was clothed in a linen tunic of white, embroidered heavily. He was gay with anklets, bracelets, armlets of gold, richly inlaid. He wore a big ring on his finger and he had a short jacket of gold embroidery, something like the Zouave soldiers wear, and on his neck was a gold collar with many amulets hanging from it. But among the amulets the children could see none like theirs.

"It doesn't matter which temple," said Cyril, frankly.

"Tell me your mission," said the young man. "I am a divine father of the temple of Amen-Rā, and perhaps I can help you."

"Well," said Cyril, "we've come from the great empire on which the sun never sets."

"I thought somehow that you'd come from some odd, out-of-the-way spot," said the priest, with courtesy.

"And we've seen a good many palaces. We thought we should like to see a temple for a change," said Robert.

"Have you brought gifts to the temple?" asked the priest, cautiously.

"We *have* got some gifts," said Cyril, with equal caution. "You see, there's magic mixed up in it. So we can't tell you everything. But we don't want to give our gifts for nothing."

"Beware how you insult the god," said the priest, sternly. "I also can do magic. I can make a waxen image of you, and I can say words which, as the wax image melts before the fire, will make you dwindle away and at last perish miserably."

"Pooh!" said Cyril, stoutly, "that's nothing. *I* can make *fire* itself!"

"I should like to see you do it," said the priest, unbelievingly.

"Well, you shall," said Cyril; "nothing easier. Just stand close round me."

"Do you need no preparation—no fasting, no incantations?" The priest's tone was incredulous.

"The incantation's quite short," said Cyril, taking the hint, "and as for fasting, it's not needed in *my* sort of magic. Hey, presto—Union Jack, printing press, gunpowder, Rule Britannia, come, Fire, at the end of this little stick!"

He had pulled a match from his pocket, and as he ended the incantation, which contained no words that it seemed likely the Egyptian had ever heard, he stooped and struck the match on his boot. He stood up, shielding the flame with one hand.

"See?" he said, with modest pride. "Here, take it into your hand."

"No, thank you," said the priest, swiftly backing. "Can you do that again?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me to the great double house of Pharaoh. He loves good magic, and he will raise you to honour and glory. There's no need of secrets between initiates," he went on, confidentially. "The fact is, I am out of favour at present owing to a little matter of failure of prophecy. I told him a beautiful princess would be sent to him from Syria, and lo! a woman thirty years old arrived. But she *was* a beautiful woman not so long ago. Time is only a mode of thought, you know."

The children thrilled to the familiar words.

"So you know that too, do you?" said Cyril.

"It is part of the mystery of all magic, is it not?" said the priest. "Now, if I bring you to Pharaoh, the little unpleasantness I

"'NO, THANK YOU,' SAID THE PRIEST, SWIFTLY BACKING."

spoke of will be forgotten. And I will ask Pharaoh, the Great House, Son of the Sun and Lord of the South and North, to decree that you shall lodge in the temple. Then you can have a good look round and teach me your magic, and I will teach you mine."

This idea seemed good—at least it was better than any other which at that moment occurred to anybody, so they followed the priest through the city.

The streets were very narrow and dirty. The best houses, the priest explained, were built within walls twenty to twenty-five feet high, and such windows as showed in the walls were very high up. The tops of palm trees showed above the walls. The poor people's houses were little square huts with a door and two windows, and smoke coming out of a hole in the back.

The huts were roofed with palm branches, and everywhere there were chickens and goats and little naked children kicking about in the yellow dust. On one roof was a goat, which had climbed up and was eating the dry palm leaves with snorts and head-tossings of delight. Over every house door was some sort of figure or shape.

"Amulets," the priest explained, "to keep off the evil eye."

The palace was much more magnificent than anything they had yet seen that day, though it would have made but a poor show beside that of the Babylonian King. They came to it through a great square pillared doorway of sandstone that stood in a high brick wall. The shut doors were of massive cedar, with bronze hinges, and were studded with big bronze nails. At the side was a little door and a wicket-gate, and through this the priest led the children. He seemed to know a word that made the sentries make way for him.

Inside was a garden, planted with hundreds of different kinds of trees and flowering shrubs, a lake full of fish, with blue lotus flowers at the margin, and ducks swimming about cheerfully.

"The guard chamber, the store-houses, the Queen's house," said the priest, pointing them out.

They passed through open courtyards, paved with flat stones, and the priest whispered to a guard at a great inner gate.

"We are fortunate," he said to the children. "Pharaoh is even now in the Court of Honour. Now, don't forget to be overcome with respect and admiration. It won't do any harm if you fall flat on your faces. And whatever you do, don't speak till you're spoken to."

"There used to be that rule in our country," said Robert, "when my father was a little boy."

At the outer end of the great hall a crowd of people were arguing with, and even shoving, the guards, who seemed not to let anyone through unless they were bribed to do it. The children heard several promises of the utmost richness, and wondered whether they would ever be kept.

All round the hall were pillars of painted wood. The roof was of cedar, gorgeously inlaid. About half-way up the hall was a wide, shallow step that went right across the hall; then, a little farther on, another—and then a steep flight of narrower steps leading right up to the throne on which Pharaoh sat. He sat there very splendid, his red and white

crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand. The throne had a canopy of wood and wooden pillars painted in bright colours. On a low, broad bench that ran all round the hall sat the friends, relatives, and courtiers of the King, leaning on richly-covered cushions.

The priest led the children up the steps till they all stood before the throne; and then, suddenly, he fell on his face with hands outstretched. The children did the same.

"Raise them," said the voice of Pharaoh, "that they may speak to me."

The officers of the King's household raised them.

"Who are these extraordinary strangers?" Pharaoh asked, and added very crossly, "And what do *you* mean, Rekh-marā, by daring to come into my presence while your innocence is not established?"

"O great King," said the young priest, "you are the very image of Rā and the likeness of his son Horus in every respect. You know the thoughts of the hearts of the gods and of men, and you have divined that these strangers are the children of the country of the vile and conquered Kings of the empire where the sun never sets. They know a magic not known to the Egyptians. And they come with gifts in their hands as tribute to Pharaoh, in whose heart is the wisdom of the gods, and on his lips their truth."

"That is all very well," said Pharaoh, "but where are the gifts?"

"PHARAOH EXAMINED ALL THE THINGS WITH GREAT INTEREST."

The children, bowing as well as they could in their embarrassment at finding themselves the centre of interest in a circle more grand, more golden, and more highly coloured than they could have imagined possible, pulled out the padlock, the *nécessaire*, and the tie-clip. "But it's not tribute all the same," Cyril muttered. "England doesn't pay tribute!"

Pharaoh examined all the things with great interest when the chief of his household had taken them up to him. "Deliver them to the Keeper of the Treasury," he said to one near him. And to the children he said:—

"A small tribute, truly, but strange and not without worth. And the magic, O Rekh-marā?"

"These unworthy sons of a conquered nation——" began Rekh-marā.

"Nothing of the kind," Cyril whispered, angrily.

"—— of a vile and conquered nation can make fire to spring from dry wood — in the sight of all."

"I should like to see them do it," said Pharaoh, just as the priest had done.

So Cyril, without any more ado, did it.

"Do more magic," said the King, with simple appreciation.

"He cannot do any more magic," said Anthea, suddenly, and all eyes were turned

on her, "because of the voice of the free people who are shouting for bread and onions and beer and a long midday rest. If the people had what they wanted, he could do more."

"A rude-spoken girl," said Pharaoh. "Give the dogs what they want," he said, without turning his head. "Let them have their rest and their extra rations. There are plenty of slaves to work."

A richly-dressed official hurried out.

"You will be the idol of the people," Rekh-marā whispered, joyously; "the temple of Amen will not contain their offerings."

Cyril struck another match, and all the Court was overwhelmed with delight and wonder. And when Cyril took the candle from his pocket and lighted it with the match, and then held the burning candle up before the King, the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"O greatest of all, before whom sun and moon and stars bow down," said Rekh-marā, insinuatingly, "am I pardoned? Is my innocence made plain?"

"As plain as it ever will be, I dare say," said Pharaoh, shortly. "Get along with you. You are pardoned. Go in peace." The priest went, with lightning swiftness.

"And what," said the King, suddenly, "is it that moves in that sack? Show me, O strangers."

There was nothing for it but to show the psammead.

"Seize that monkey," said Pharaoh, carelessly; "it will be a nice little novelty for my wild beast collection."

And instantly, the entreaties of the children availing as little as the bites of the psammead, though both bites and entreaties were fervent, it was carried away from before their eyes.

"Oh, *do* be careful!" cried Anthea; "at least keep it dry! Keep it in its sacred house!"

She held up the embroidered bag.

"It's a magic creature," cried Robert; "it's simply priceless."

"You've no right to take it away," cried Jane, incautiously; "it's a shame—a barefaced robbery, that's what it is."

There was an awful silence. Then Pharaoh spoke.

"Take the sacred house of the beast from them," he said, "and imprison all. To-night after supper it may be our pleasure to see more magic. Guard them well, and do not torture them—yet!"

"Oh, dear," sobbed Jane, as they were led away, "I knew exactly what it would be! Oh, I wish you hadn't!"

"Shut up, silly," said Cyril. "You know you *would* come to Egypt. It was your own idea entirely. Shut up. It'll be all right."

"I thought we should play ball with Queens," sobbed Jane; "and now everything's going to be perfectly horrid."

The room they were shut up in *was* a room, and not a dungeon, as the elder ones had feared. That, as Anthea said, was one comfort. There were paintings on the wall that at any other time would have been most interesting. And a sort of low couch, and chairs.

When they were alone Jane breathed a sigh of relief.

"Now we can get home all right!" she said.

"And leave the psammead?" said Anthea, reproachfully.

"Wait a sec. I've got an idea," cried Cyril. He pondered for a few moments. Then he began hammering on the heavy cedar door. It opened, and a guard put in his head.

"Stop that row," he said, sternly, "or——"

"Look here," Cyril interrupted, "it's very dull for you just doing nothing but guard us. Wouldn't you like to see some magic? We're not too proud to do it for you—wouldn't you like to see it?"

"I don't mind if I do," said the guard.

"Well, then, you get us that monkey of ours that was taken away, and we'll show you."

"How do I know you're not making game of me?" asked the soldier. "Shouldn't wonder if you only wanted to get the creature so as to set it on to me. I dare say its teeth and claws are poisonous."

"Well, look here," said Robert. "You see we've got nothing with us? You just shut the door, and open it again in five minutes, and we'll have got a magic—oh, I don't know—a magic flower in a pot for you."

"If you can do that, you can do anything," said the soldier, and he went out and barred the door.

Then, of course, they held up the amulet, walked home through it, and came back with a scarlet geranium in full flower, from the staircase window of the Fitzroy Street house.

"Well," said the soldier, when he came in, "I really am surprised!"

"We can do much more wonderful things than that—oh, ever so much," said Anthea, persuasively, "if we only have our monkey. And here's two pence for yourself."

The soldier looked at the two pence.

"What's this?" he said.

Robert explained how much simpler it was to pay money for things than to exchange them, as the people were doing in the market. Later on the soldier gave the coins to his captain, who, later still, showed them to Pharaoh, who, of course, kept them, and was much struck with the idea. That was really how coins first came to be used in Egypt. You will not believe this, I dare say; but really, if you believe the rest of the story, I don't see why you shouldn't believe this as well.

"'WELL,' SAID THE SOLDIER, WHEN HE CAME IN, 'I REALLY AM SURPRISED!'"

"I say," said Anthea, worried by a sudden thought, "I suppose it'll be all right about those workmen? The King won't go back on what he said about them just because he's angry with us?"

"Oh, no," said the soldier; "you see, he's rather afraid of magic. He'll keep to his word right enough."

"Then *that's* all right," said Robert; and Anthea said, softly and coaxingly:—

"Ah, *do* get us the monkey, and then you'll see some lovely magic. Do—there's a nice, kind soldier."

"I don't know where they've put your precious monkey, but if I can get another chap to take on my duty here I'll see what I can do," he said, grudgingly, and went out.

"Do you mean," said Robert, "that we're going off without even *trying* for the amulet?"

"I really think we'd better," said Anthea, tremulously.

"Of course, the amulet's here somewhere, or our half wouldn't have brought us here. I do wish we could find it. It is a pity we don't know any *real* magic. Then we could find out. I do wonder where it is—exactly."

If they had only known it, the amulet was very near them. It hung round the neck of someone, and that someone was watching them through a chink high up in the wall, specially devised for watching people who were imprisoned. But they did *not* know.

There was nearly an hour of anxious waiting. They tried to take an interest in one picture on the wall, a picture of harpers playing very odd harps and women dancing at a feast. They examined the painted plaster floor, and the chairs, which were of white painted wood with coloured stripes at intervals.

But the time went slowly, and everyone had time to think of how Pharaoh had said: "Don't torture them—*yet*."

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Cyril, "we must just bunk and leave the psammead. I believe it can take care of itself well enough. They won't kill it or hurt it when they find it can speak and give wishes. They'll build it a temple, I shouldn't wonder."

"I couldn't bear to go without it," said Anthea, "and Pharaoh said 'after supper'; that won't be just yet. And the soldier *was* curious. I'm sure we're all right for the present."

All the same, the sound of the door being unbarred seemed one of the prettiest sounds possible.

"Suppose he hasn't got the psammead?" whispered Jane.

But that doubt was set at rest by the psammead itself, for almost before the door was open it sprang through the chink of it into Anthea's arms, shivering and hunching up its fur.

"Here's its fancy overcoat," said the soldier, holding out the bag, into which the psammead immediately crept.

"Now," said Cyril, "what would you like us to do? Anything you'd like us to get for you?"

"If you can get a strange flower blooming in an earthenware vase you can get anything, I suppose," he said. "Why not get me two men's loads of jewels from the King's treasury? That's what I've always wished for."

At the word "*wish*" the children knew that the psammead would attend to *that* bit of magic. It did; and the floor was littered with a spreading heap of gold and precious stones.

"Any other little trick?" asked Cyril, loftily. "Shall we become invisible? Vanish?"

"Yes, if you like," said the soldier, "but not through the door, you don't."

He closed it carefully and set his broad Egyptian back against it.

"No, no!" cried a voice high up among the tops of the tall wooden pillars that stood against the wall. There was a sound of someone moving above.

The soldier was as much surprised as anybody.

"*That's* magic, if you like," he said.

And then Jane held up the amulet, uttering the word of power. At the sound of it, and at the sight of the amulet growing into the great arch, the soldier fell flat on his face among the jewels with a cry of awe and terror.

The children went through the arch with a quickness born of long practice. But Jane stayed in the middle of the arch and looked back.

The others, standing on the dining-room carpet in Fitzroy Street, turned and saw her still in the arch. "Someone's holding her," cried Cyril; "we must go back."

But they pulled at Jane's hands just to see if she would come, and of course she did come.

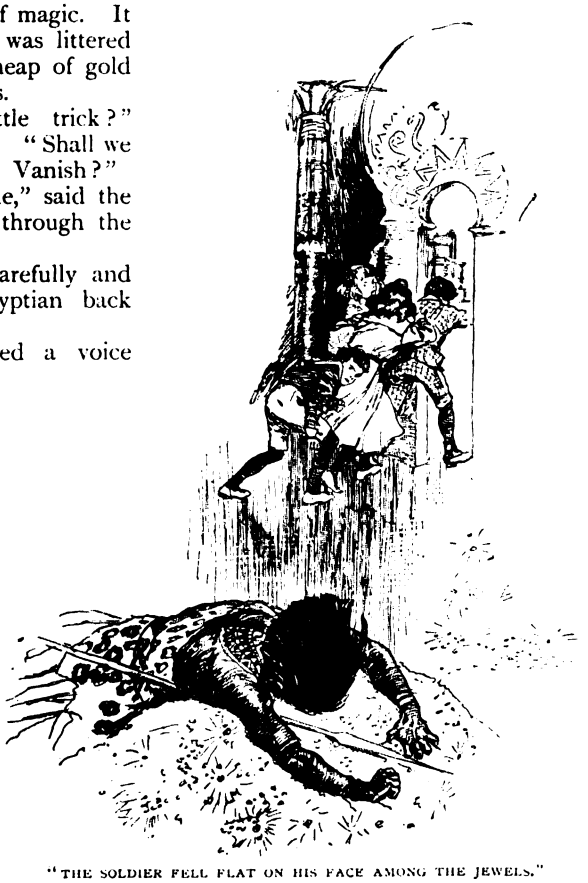
Then the arch was little again, and there they all were!

"Oh, I do wish you hadn't!" Jane said, crossly. "It *was* so interesting. The priest had come in and he was kicking the soldier, and telling him he'd done it now and they must take the jewels and flee for their lives."

"And did they?"

"I don't know. You interfered," said Jane, ungratefully "I *should* have liked to see the last of it."

As a matter of fact, none of them had seen the last of it—if by "it" Jane meant the adventure of the priest and the soldier and the magic the children had seen in Egypt.



"THE SOLDIER FELL FLAT ON HIS FACE AMONG THE JEWELS."

(*To be continued.*)

Curiosities.

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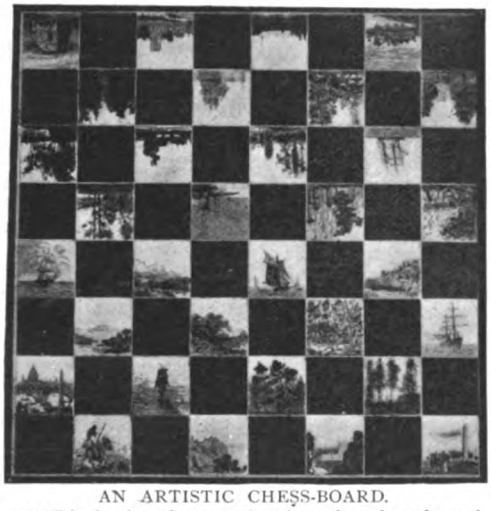


AN ARTISTIC CHESS-BOARD.

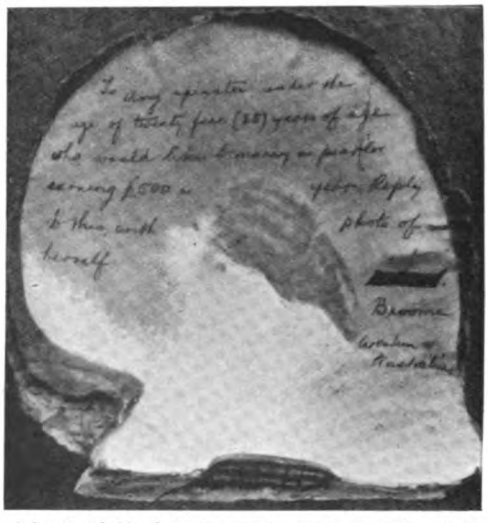
"This is the photograph of a chess-board, each white square of which is a water-colour drawing. The board is eighteen inches square, and covered by a piece of thick plate glass, bevelled at the edges. The work was executed by myself when I had more time and patience than I have now."—Mr. C. Dewett, 24, Chestnut Road, Plumstead, S.E.

A SOVEREIGN IN A POTATO.

"Some time ago the daughter of Mr. G. Clark, foreman fitter for Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, Ltd., contractors for the new dock at Seaham, who lives in Sophia Street, Seaham Harbour, was peeling a potato, when she came to what seemed to be a bad portion. Judge of her astonishment when, as she screwed round the knife, she turned a sovereign out of the innocent-looking tuber. The mystery is, how did it get there?"—Mr. F. A. Clark, 7, Sophia St., Seaham Harbour, near Sunderland.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

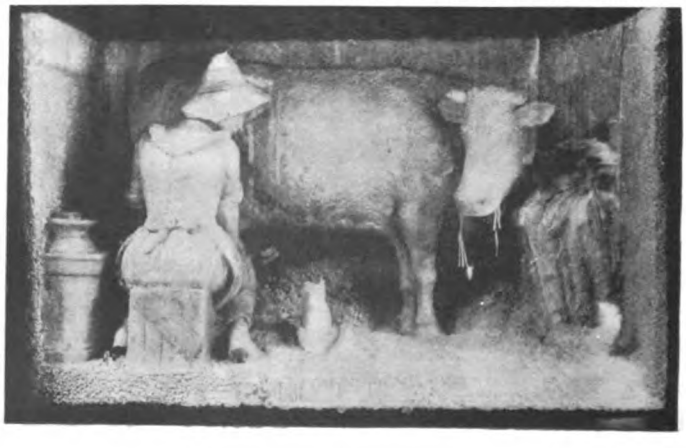
"I send you herewith a novel marriage proposal. The picture enclosed is taken off a mother-o'-pearl shell sent with some thousands of others, for sale in London, by the pearler, who wrote the inscription in far-away Broome, W.A. Wishing to spare the would-be Benedict from a deluge of letters, the initials are not shown in the picture sent you; but for the information of any lady answering the description on the shell, who would like to share his lot, I may add that Broome is a small place, and with a copy of the picture herewith it would not require the assistance



of Scotland Yard to locate the pearler. The rough impression of a woman's head can be noticed in the centre of the shell."—Mr. Harold C. White, 8, Wickham Road, Beckenham, Kent.

A BUTTER PICTURE.

"This is a picture, but one of the oddest ever made, for it is composed almost entirely of butter. The floor on which the girl sits is of butter, as well as the figures of the girl, the cow, and the cat. Only the milk-can and the grain in the mouth of the cow are made of other material. To preserve this picture it had to be enclosed in a case of thick glass through which passed cold-air pipes to keep the butter from melting, so it may be called a frozen picture."—Mr. D. A. Willey, 30, Porter Building, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.



WHAT SUGGESTED THE "WILLOW PATTERN."

"Here is a photograph which represents a Chinese tea-house in the city of Shanghai, and is called by the Chinese themselves 'Woo Sing Ding.' It is of special interest on account of its being the original tea-house which suggested the idea of the 'Willow

Pattern' crockery so much used and known all over the world."—Mr. Leonard B. Lawton, Hotel Metropole, Shanghai, China.

A NOVEL FANCY DRESS.

"I send you a photograph of a novelty in fancy dress costume, 'A Grandfather's Clock,' with Youth and Old Age in the grip of 'Time.' It will be noticed that 'Father Time' has taken up his position *pro tem.* inside the case of a complete 'Grandfather's Clock,' and chained to him are Youth and Old Age, represented by the two daughters of the inventor, aged twelve and thirteen years respectively. On the back of the clock case was 'Time changeth all things.' This novelty was awarded the first prizes at both the afternoon and evening parades of the Aldershot Carnival." —Mr. P. Roskilly, 120, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot. Photo. by Gale and Polden, Ltd.

A "FARMERS' FRIGHT'NER."

"The photograph I send you is of a peculiar notice-board which stands by the side of a footpath not very far from Cowden, Kent. I have passed this board several times since the photo. was taken, and as I have not yet seen this 'creeping' something (which *runs* wild) I presume it to be a 'farmers' fright'ner.'" — Mr. H. Wells, 53, London Road, West Croydon.

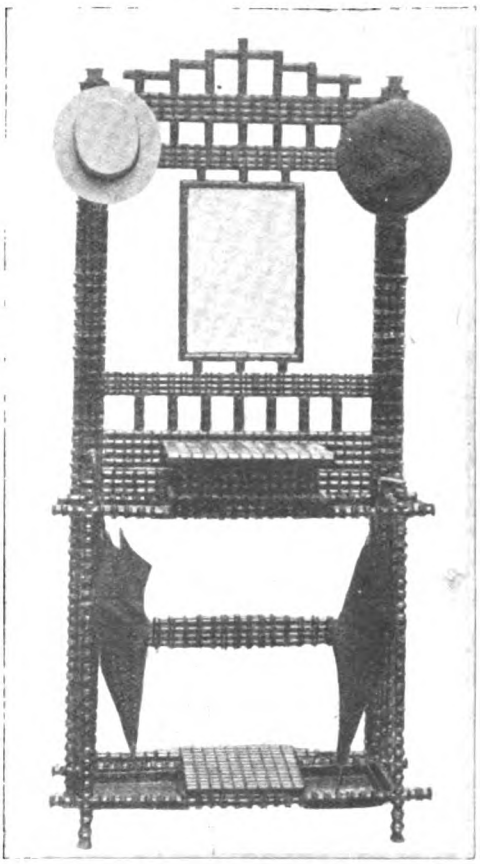
BOOTS FOR DOGS.

"It will be seen that the dog in the photograph is wearing boots, and a muzzle consisting of an old jam-tin with air-holes punched in it. It is no uncommon sight to see dogs belonging to drovers and to swagmen come into the 'back block' towns rigged

up in this way. Their boots are made of hide, and are quite necessary to protect the dogs' feet from 'bindiars' (a kind of prickly burr) and 'grass seed,' as they often have to travel long distances daily. The jam-tin muzzle is put on as they get near a town to prevent the dog taking the poisoned baits which are frequently laid about for dingoes and other pests. Many of the drovers and swagmen have really good dogs, and take every care of them. The dog in the photo. is the property of Mr. Max Sölling, of Moree." — Mr. Kenneth J. Young, Surveyor, Moree, N.S.W.

A HALL-STAND OF REELS.

"I send you a photograph of a hall-stand which I have made of empty cotton and silk reels. The stand measures seven feet high, three feet wide, and thirteen inches from back to front. It is composed of three thousand reels, which are of great variety,



the average measurement of each reel being an inch and an eighth in length. It took me about four thousand five hundred hours to complete the stand, which averages one and a half hours to each reel. I have stained and polished it 'Chippendale,' and can safely say that it looks a beautiful piece of furniture. The stand is not supported by any framework whatever, either iron or wood; it is made entirely of empty reels, and is as strong as any ordinary hall-stand, being quite as much as one man can move. The empty reels I collected from dressmakers in my district. I am a cabinet-maker by trade, and am at present busily engaged in making two hall chairs to match the stand."—Mr. Arthur Smith, 11, Eaton Road, Off Washway Road, Sale, Cheshire. Photo. by Mr. E. M. Smith.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

"A steady hand and a keen eye are essentials for a feat of this description, and the builder must be prepared for numerous exasperating failures, which are apt to occur even while the focusing for the projected picture is being arranged. At one attempt, just as the plate was being exposed, an inquisitive fly alighted on the apex of the sugary pyramid, and, whether it was the concussion of its numerous feet or a fault in the structure, the fact remains, the pile sank into a ruined heap. Thirteen lumps were employed in the erection, and the writer has satisfied himself that the addition of another lump is an impossibility. The sugar was not selected, and the pieces came haphazard from the bowl surrounding the pyramid. The photo. was taken by Mr. C. A. Landon, 17A, Radbourne Road, Clapham Park."

"JAPANNED" ENGLISH.

"The curious circular which I send you should amuse some of your readers. Our friends, the Japs, are very willing to learn our language, but their efforts are sometimes as unsuccessful as they are amusing. The wording of the circular speaks for itself."—Mr. A. S. Tuxford, 10, D'Aguilar Street, Hong-Kong.

CIRCULAR

"JAPANESE CONJURATION"

This is called "Wonderful Art of Tran Substantiation" which is famous in the World but this is the first time to play in Hongkong.

The play are such as A gentleman coming out and converting himself like a skeleton in a minute, a lantern into a cage of sparrows flying about, a dog into a rabbit and a cat, and a curious picture of man smoking cigar into the man's mouth and cigar having smoke to come out. There are still many curious arts which we can't write all in this paper.

Play at House No. 137, Des Vœux Road Central.

Day time 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. every day,
Night time 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. and 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. every night.

1st class	day	time	.....	70 cents
2nd	"	"	.....	50 "
3rd	"	"	.....	30 "
1st	"	night	.....	$1.00
2nd	"	"	.....	70 cents
3rd	"	"	.....	40 "

Small boy charge half price.

Comencing on the 26th September October 1905.

BUT HO SZE YEE WUI Co.

"LA RAGGIOLE."

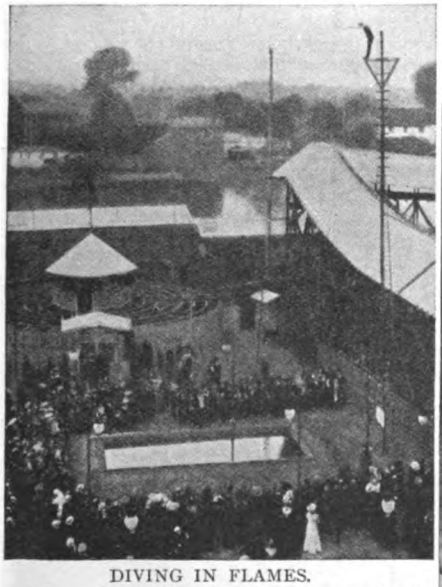
COMBING THE BLOOM.

WATERING.

"RATS!"

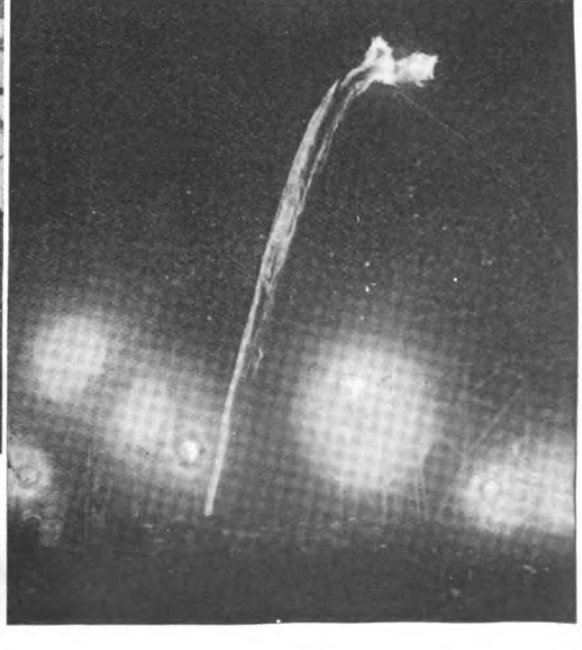
A YORKSHIRE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"This pretty series of photographs represents a Yorkshire terrier posing as a chrysanthemum, which gradually evinces unmistakable signs of animal life and spirits. In the first three the body of the dog is enveloped in the curtain which forms the background. The wording beneath was originally printed merely for the amusement of myself and friends, the name, 'La Raggiole,' being derived from 'Rags,' the dog's name. The first photo. was submitted as a specimen of a show chrysanthemum to the committee of a local Chrysanthemum Society, who, without exception, were completely deceived, pronouncing it an almost perfect bloom! It might also interest THE STRAND readers to know that, in arranging the four tableaux, my wife and I spent about three hours, and nearly exhausted our combined stock of patience."—Mr. E. Harrison, Langley Villa, Birby Street, Stapleford.

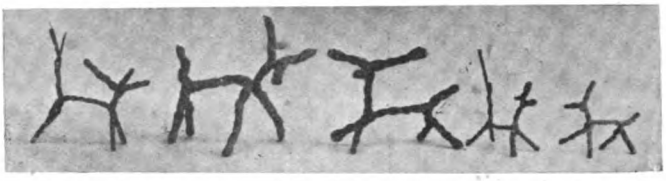


DIVING IN FLAMES.

"I send you photographs of a sensational dive accomplished by Frank Burley at the Nottingham Exhibition. The diver uses petrol for the purpose, and he is 'ignited' by one of his assistants just before taking the leap. The second photograph was, of course, taken at night, and the burning figure's downward course became well defined in a broad streak on the negative."—Mr. Robert Allsopp, Jun., 19A, Kingwood Road, Fulham. The photographs were taken by Mr. C. Zambra.



HOW TO MAKE DOGS OUT OF STRING OR PAPER.



"Some very amusing dogs can be made in the following way from pieces of string or tissue paper. Take a piece of thin string, about nine inches in length (that which the grocer ties round the packets of tea, and such like, is the best), and twist it up as tight as possible by holding one end between the teeth and the other end with the fingers. Now double the string, and it will be found that each half will twist round the other, but not so tight as it should be, so it should be twisted again as much as possible. The whole secret of the making of a string dog really lies in the twisting of the string before being doubled, as explained above. If you try and twist a piece of string when doubled without having previously twisted it up tightly you will find that it will come unwound again almost directly. When the string has been doubled and twisted round in the proper manner it appears as in Fig. 1. The next thing to be done is to pull the string out as indicated in

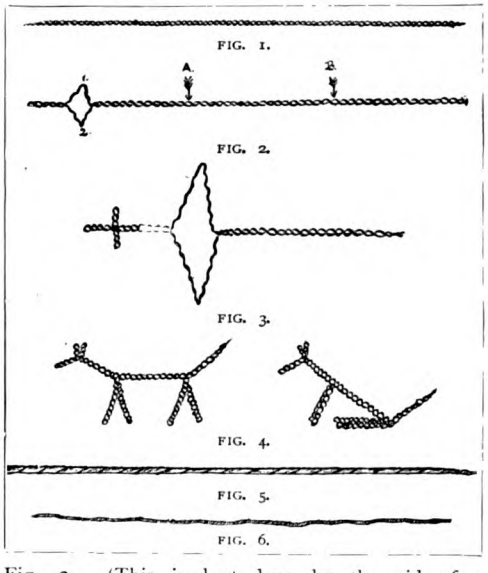
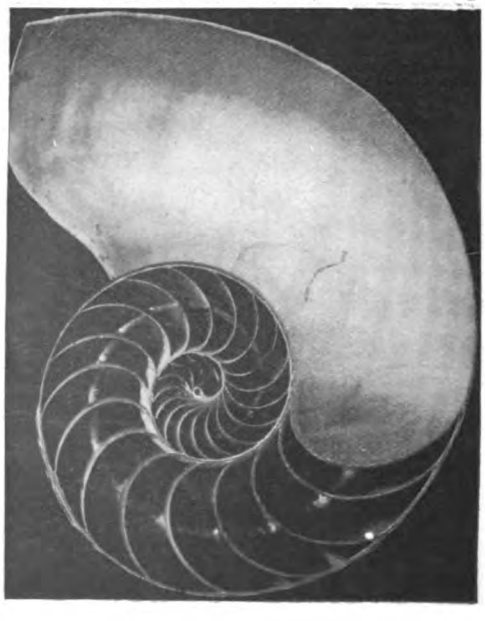
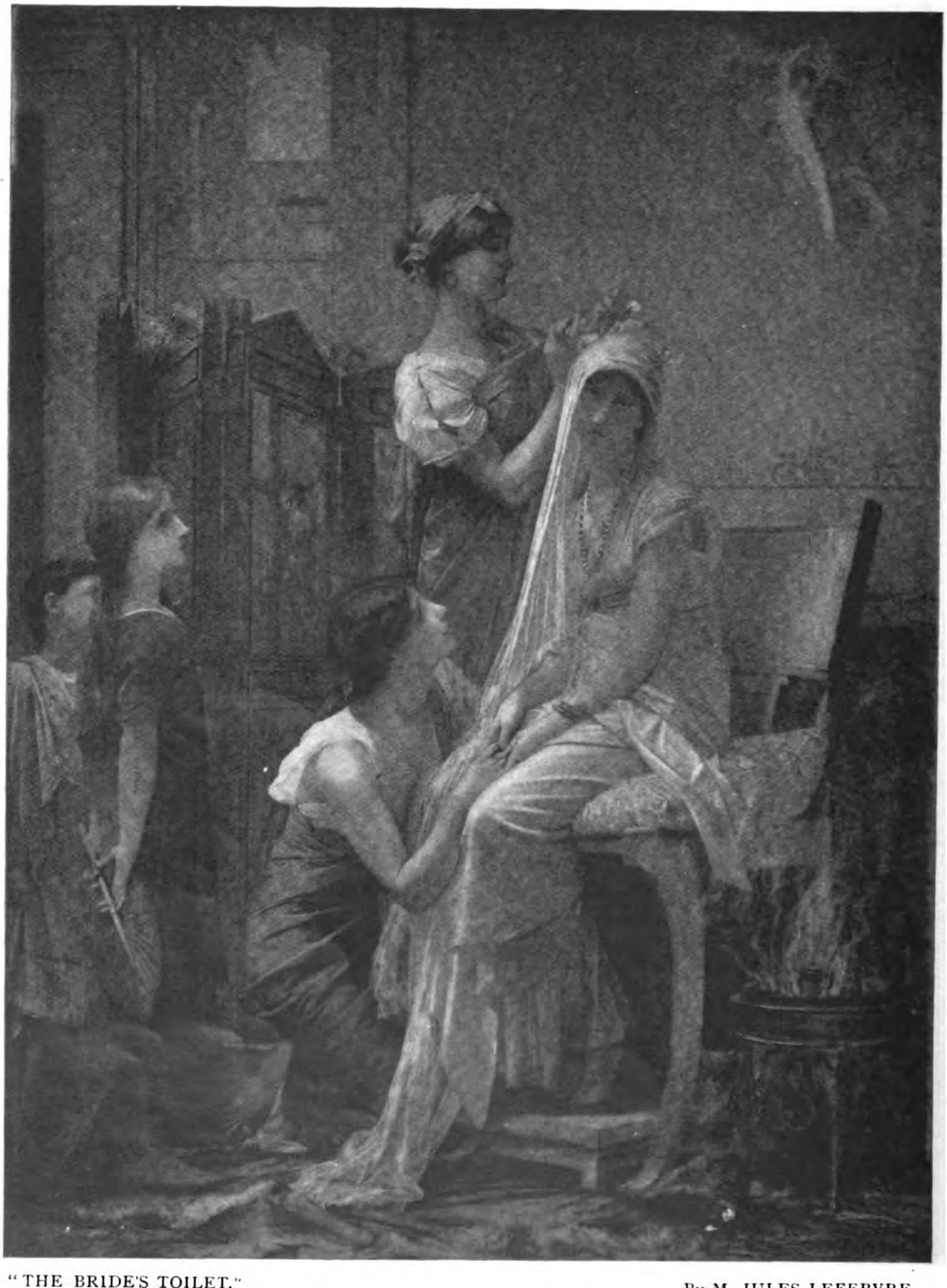


Fig. 2. (This is best done by the aid of a pin.) After having pulled the string apart, as shown in Fig. 2, the two pieces of string pulled out (and marked 1 and 2) should themselves be twisted round tightly. It will be found that they have an inclination to twist round without aid. The dog's head and ears have now been made. Now commence to pull out the string in a similar fashion as shown in Fig. 3, and twist round again as before, and the fore legs will be completed. For making the fore legs the string should be pulled out where marked A in Fig. 2. The hind legs and tail are now treated in exactly the same manner as the fore legs were made, only the string should be pulled out where marked B in Fig. 2. When the hind legs are completed the inch or so of string over represents the tail, and the dog is now completed, as shown in Fig. 4. If the tail is considered to be too long it may be shortened with a pair of scissors. The illustrations shown above (of the string dogs only) represent the dogs in the various stages and completed. Now, to make the dogs out of paper, only thin, strong tissue should be used. The paper required should be about nine inches in length and half an inch in width. Twist the paper fairly tightly, as shown in Fig. 5, and then twist it very tightly, as in Fig. 6. Now double it and twist again, and deal with in the same manner as with the string."—Mr. F. Maudling, 5, Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens, S.W.

THE MARVELS OF THE NAUTILUS SHELL.

"Below is a photograph of half a nautilus shell. These sections are very difficult to make, and five or six shells are spoilt ere one is satisfactorily cut. Hence, while a nautilus shell may be bought for three or four shillings, one cut into halves is worth from one pound to thirty shillings. The section shows well the curious arrangement of the shell, and how, as it grows, the mollusc keeps adding one watertight partition after another. The tube connecting these is filled with living matter, and its existence is thought to keep the unoccupied portions of the shell healthy and free from decay. The old notion was that this tube enabled the nautilus to fill or empty its many compartments at will, and thus rise or sink in the water like a submarine. Despite its attractions, this story must be discarded as a 'happy fiction' by those who wish to discover 'the truth and nothing but the truth' about Nature. The nautilus spends most of its life at the bottom of the sea, in deep water. It occasionally appears on the surface, and, when it does so, there can be no doubt that it feels its shell to be all the lighter for its many air chambers. But the said chambers are never filled with water, so when the creature desires to return to its native sea-bed it has to rely upon its own efforts and the law of gravitation—in other words, to swim down."—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.





"THE BRIDE'S TOILET." By M. JULES LEFEBVRE.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

(See page 128.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxi. FEBRUARY, 1906. No. 182.

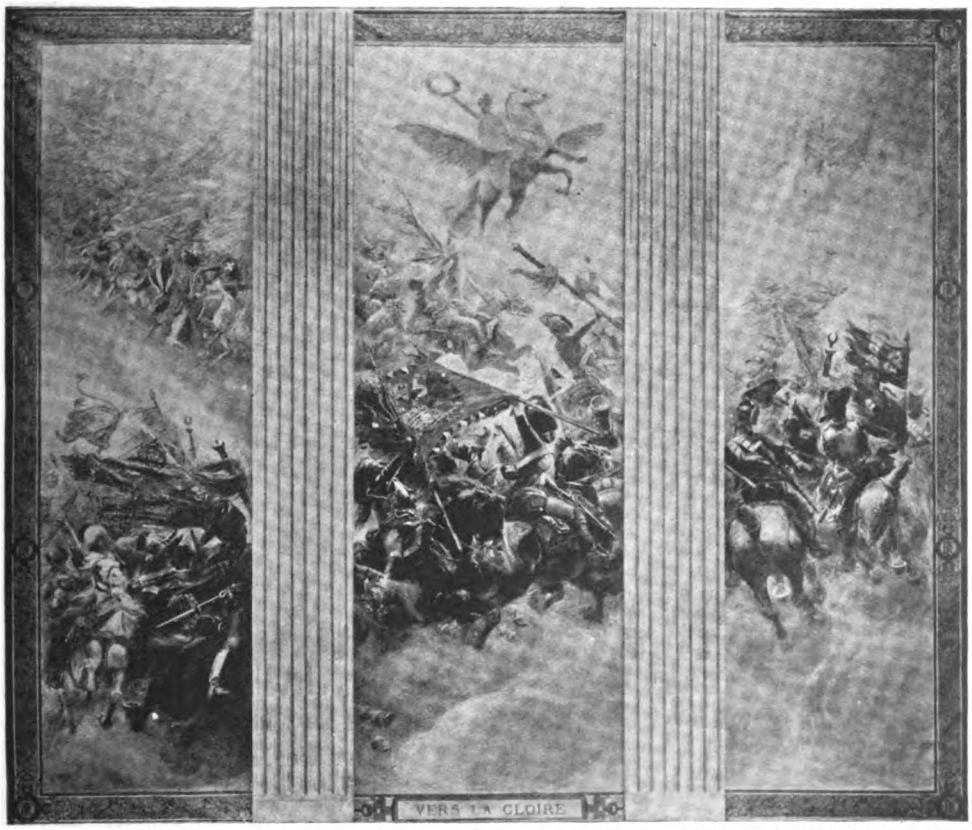
"My Best Picture."

BY THE MOST EMINENT FRENCH PAINTERS.

By Adrian Margaux.

PAINTING is cosmopolitan in a sense that literature and the drama are not, the language of form and colour being the same in every country. The pictorial art of foreign countries has thus a popular interest in itself, but this interest is greatly increased to the extent to which it illustrates national life, thought, and feeling. In a series of articles on this subject care will be taken that the painters whose work is introduced to the readers of The Strand Magazine are representative of the countries to which they belong, and that the pictures reproduced are characteristic of the powers which have won them this pre-eminence. As the best way of attaining this latter object, reliance has been placed on the choice of the painters themselves.

A foreigner in England wishing to become acquainted with its representative painters would naturally turn first to the list of members of the Royal Academy of Arts. France has no institution exactly corresponding to our Royal Academy, with its forty members and thirty associates, consisting of painters, sculptors, and architects. The body most nearly analogous is the "Académie



"TO GLORY." By M. EDOUARD DETAILLE.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

des Beaux-Arts," which is a branch of the great Institute of France, embracing all the liberal arts and sciences. The Academy of Fine Arts is limited to thirty members, thirteen seats being allotted to painters. Like our Royal Academy it conducts a school of art, but it does not hold exhibitions of work. For this latter purpose two important societies have come into independent existence—the Société des Artistes, or the Salon, and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, or the New Salon—and members of the Academy of Fine Arts have exhibited indifferently under the auspices of both. In this article eight members of the Academy, with the President of the Salon, the Vice-President of the New Salon, and a representative "outsider"—to use an English phrase—have made choice of one of their pictures for its illustration.

No living French artist is, probably, so well known on this side of the Channel as M. Edouard Detaille, and his "Sortie of the Garrison" and "Le Rêve" will doubtless be recalled by many readers. It is not to any of his familiar masterpieces that he refers, however, when inquiry is made as to his favourite picture, but to a work, "Vers la Gloire," which was exhibited at the Salon only last year. This work is destined, however, to adorn the Panthéon in Paris, the beautiful building which, since the death of Victor Hugo, has been set apart by the French Government as a temple of national heroes. M. Detaille mentioned this work at once in reply to my question, inasmuch as upon it he has concentrated all his strength, with the knowledge that it would always be on view in the national Valhalla, an enduring memorial of his art for posterity.

"During three years," the artist tells me, "I worked at this decoration, which has three panels, each ten metres high by three wide. A part of this time I was working at another composition which eventually did not satisfy me—it represented in allegory the *chant de départ* during the wars of the French Revolution. I found that the painting would not have sufficient height for the wall of the Panthéon, and that it would not be seen very well from a distance. I chose another theme, therefore, better adapted to the place allotted, and having more movement in the air—that is to say, the subject of 'To Glory.'

"The cavaliers of the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire are depicted, in

"MARQUISE DE BRETEUIL." By M. FERDINAND HUMBERT.

From a Photo. by J. E. Bulloz, Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

apotheosis, precipitating themselves towards the figure of Glory, which crowns the trophies of conquest. It is a kind of triumphant rise such as would present itself in a dream."

The famous painter of battles has nearly always taken military glory for his theme. A student of the great Meissonier, his first Salon picture in 1867 was of "A Corner of the Studio" of the master, but this was followed next year by "The Halt of the Drummers." In 1872 M. Detaille, who was then only twenty-four, became celebrated as the painter of "The Victors," a picture of German soldiers plundering after a French defeat in the war of 1870. The picture was not hung at the Salon by order of the Government, but it was, nevertheless, awarded a medal by the jury. M. Detaille has been a member of the Academy since 1892.

M. Ferdinand Humbert, who has been elected a member of the Academy within the last two years, is best known at the Salon for his subject-pictures, chiefly sacred and Oriental in character. But it was of his portraits that he thought when considering my inquiry. He was at first disposed to choose his portrait of Lady Stanley, exhibited in 1904. But on further reflection he gave the preference to that of his own countrywoman, the Marquise de Breteuil, which was not seen at the Salon, but was exhibited two years ago under the auspices of a well-known art club of Paris, the "Cercle de l'Union Artistique."

"I have endeavoured," said M. Humbert, in explaining the reason for his choice, "in this work to render the aristocratic grace and elegance of my model, who bears the name

"THE TRIUMPH OF ART." By M. LÉON JOSEPH BONNAT.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

of one of the most noble families of France. You will probably know that His Majesty the King of England is a personal friend of the Marquise, who had the honour of receiving him at luncheon during his last visit to Paris."

M. Humbert has been an exhibitor at the Salon for forty years, his first picture, "The Flight of Nero," being accepted in 1865, when he was in his twenty-third year. A Parisian by birth and temperament, it has been counted much to his artistic zeal that, for the sake of preparing some of his pictures, he should have made long sojourns in Algeria and the East. But although so good a Parisian, M. Humbert, I believe, has a sincere admiration for the art of England, and his portraiture, as may be seen from the example given, is not a little suggestive of one or two of the old English masters.

The decoration of the ceiling at the Paris Hôtel de Ville—a symbolical representation of "The Triumph of Art"—was chosen by M. Léon Joseph Bonnat, who is the doyen of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, as the greatest of his work, the work by which he would wish to go down to posterity. The picture, reproduced on the previous page, is a predominant feature in the lavish decorative scheme which the Municipality of Paris has had carried out by the leading French artists in its palatial head-quarters. M. Bonnat told me that his second choice would have been a picture on the walls of the same building—"St. Vincent de Paul"—so much has he striven to give his best art to the city of Paris. Among portraits—and M. Bonnat has enjoyed a great reputation for portraiture of men of intellectual eminence—he would give precedence to those of Thiers and Victor Hugo.

"THE FIRST COMMUNICANTS." By M. JULES BRETON.
From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

At the age of seventy-two M. Bonnat, as I have indicated, is the senior Academician. At the age of thirty-four he carried off the greatest prize in French art, the "Prix de Rome," and his career has been one of brilliant success ever since, the Salon awarding him its medal of honour in 1868. Most of his principal pictures have religious themes, and several adorn cathedrals and churches.

M. Jules Breton, who is a veteran of nearly eighty, and takes second place to M. Bonnat in Academic seniority, shares the popular preference for his picture, "The First Communicants." The pathetic episode of the first communion in the domestic life of Catholic families has always been a favourite subject with French painters, but none has rendered it so successfully as M. Breton. Exhibited in 1884, it was sold two years later

at an auction in New York for nine thousand five hundred pounds, the purchaser being a gentleman of Montreal, whose house it has since adorned. This sum then represented the highest price which had been paid for the work of a living artist.

The studies for the picture, M. Breton tells me, were made in the neighbourhood of Etaples, the well-known fishing village and artists' resort, in the Department of the Pas de Calais, which is not far from the painter's birthplace. The farm on the left of the picture is at the hamlet of Villers, which is endeared to him by many recollections of his childhood. M. Breton, who is a poet as well as a painter, composed a piece of verse on the completion of this picture, which is to be found in his book, "Le Peintre Paysan" ("The Peasant Painter").

The son of a land agent, spending the whole of his early life in the country, M. Jules Breton has obtained world-wide fame as the painter of rustic scenes and incidents. The cultivation of the soil in its varied aspects of reaping and sowing has been his constant theme, and, as women and girls in France work regularly side by side with the men, it has for the French artist greater picturesque possibilities. M. Breton's first picture, "St. Piat Preaching to the Gauls," was painted for the church of his native village. Two or three years later, at the age of twenty-two, he began to exhibit at Paris, where he studied with the intention of becoming an historical painter.

"My picture, 'The Descent from the Cross,'" said M. Jean Beraud, Vice-President of the New Salon, in describing the work by which—for its comparative originality—he wished to be represented in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "which I painted at Montmartre, was exhibited in 1902. It was a sequel to 'The Magdalene at the Pharisees' House,' exhibited in 1901, which was the first religious picture modernized. You know that this idea of representing the Apostles as

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS." By M. JEAN BERAUD.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

persons of our own epoch has since been imitated by many artists. My aim, when I began this series, was to impress the public and revive the taste for Christian art. This reversion to a practice of the Old Masters, after having been very warmly discussed, has ended, as I have just said, in being adopted by artists of all countries."

M. Beraud is, as this picture would suggest, one of the most realistic of Parisian painters. He made his name at the Salon a few years ago with a picture which was catalogued as "The Return from the Funeral," but was generally described as "The Burial of Mother-in-Law" on the boulevards and in the papers. It was an interior with two figures—the

husband, having removed his funeral hat and gloves, is complacently lighting a cigarette, whilst the wife, bending over a table, is weeping bitterly.

For the purpose of painting open-air scenes in Paris M. Beraud has hit upon an ingenious device. Instead of searching for models and posing them in his studio, the artist hires a closed cab, drives to the spot selected for his picture, and from the inside of the vehicle, with the canvas perched on the seat and with palette in his hands, works away for two or three hours, painting the figures in their natural movements against the real background. The unusual sight attracts a small crowd, but their inquisitiveness is kept within due bounds by the drawn blinds of the cab on its more accessible side, whilst the police, having true artistic sympathies, good-humouredly refrain from raising any complaint of obstruction. M. Beraud's reputation rests in the main upon these pictures of Paris street life, together with such studies in artificial lighting as "At the Café Concert" and "The Public Ball." M. Beraud, it is of interest to add, was a pupil of Bonnat about the time of the war with Germany, and took his part in the defence of Paris.

M. Jules Lefebvre, who has been a member of the Academy since 1891, has contributed important works to most of the public collections of France, from the Luxembourg downwards. But it is not one of these that he mentions in reply to my question. The choice of the famous figure-painter falls on "The Bride," because it best fulfils the purpose with which it was painted. This purpose, as M. Lefebvre explains, was one of exceptional interest:—

"This work was executed by me in 1882 for Mr. Vanderbilt, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, as a souvenir of this event. I composed it in the neo-Greek style in order that I might idealize the scene and render it more poetic. The group of young people—brothers and sisters—are admiring the young bride, and are without the charm of her virginal beauty."

"WARSAW, 1861." By M. TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clements & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS ONE OF HIS BEST PICTURES.

During the last twenty years M. Lefebvre, who is in his seventieth year, has had the reputation of a fashionable portrait-painter, but he is most widely known for his nude female figures, such as "La Vérité" (in the Luxembourg), "Psyche," "La Cigale," etc. He has in his time taken all the honours which French art has to bestow.

The President of the Salon, M. Robert-Fleury, found it impossible to decide between the rival claims of two pictures, "Warsaw,

"ANXIETY." By M. TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS ONE OF HIS BEST PICTURES.

1861" and "Anxiety." He desired that both should be reproduced, because together they well illustrated the development of his art, "Warsaw" being painted quite early in his career and "Anxiety" only a year or two ago. The former represents a tragic incident in the Polish insurrection—the massacre of four thousand inhabitants of Warsaw, men, women, and children, by the Czar's troops on April 8th, 1861. "Anxiety," which so clearly explains itself, makes a striking contrast, and it is significant of M. Robert-Fleury's catholic feeling as an artist that his affection should be equally divided between

"BRETONS AT PRAYER." By M. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

his presentment of historical drama and domestic pathos.

"Warsaw" is the better remembered by the artist because it secured for him in 1866, when he was in his thirtieth year, his first medal from the Salon. Only four years later M. Robert-Fleury won the medal of honour, and he was placed among the masters. Inherited talent partly accounted for this rapid rise to fame, his father having been a very distinguished painter in his time.

The choice of M. Dagnan-Bouveret likewise wavered between two subjects—"Bretons at Prayer," quite a hackneyed theme for French painters, but presented by him with successfully depicted the piety of the Bretons, their quaint, old-world costumes and simple demeanours, amidst the picturesque background of a typical village. The artist did not tell me the particular place in Brittany which he had in view when painting the picture. It is probably composed from a number of studies made during a summer jaunt.

A Parisian by birth, a pupil of Gérôme, the great classical painter, M. Dagnan-Bouveret in later life—he is fifty-three—has become the leader of a movement in French art which may be described as a return to the simplicity of Nature. In the painting of such

"CHARGE OF CUIRASSIERS." By M. AIMÉ MOROT.

From a Photo. by Braun, Clément & Co., Paris.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

considerable freshness, and "The Conscripts," a group of young men, peasant, farmer, student, leaving their native village to perform their military service. Both subjects are characteristic of M. Dagnan-Bouveret's present-day work, although in earlier years he made excursions into mythology, whilst one of the most notable of his Salon pictures was of a Shakespearean scene, "Hamlet and the Grave-Diggers."

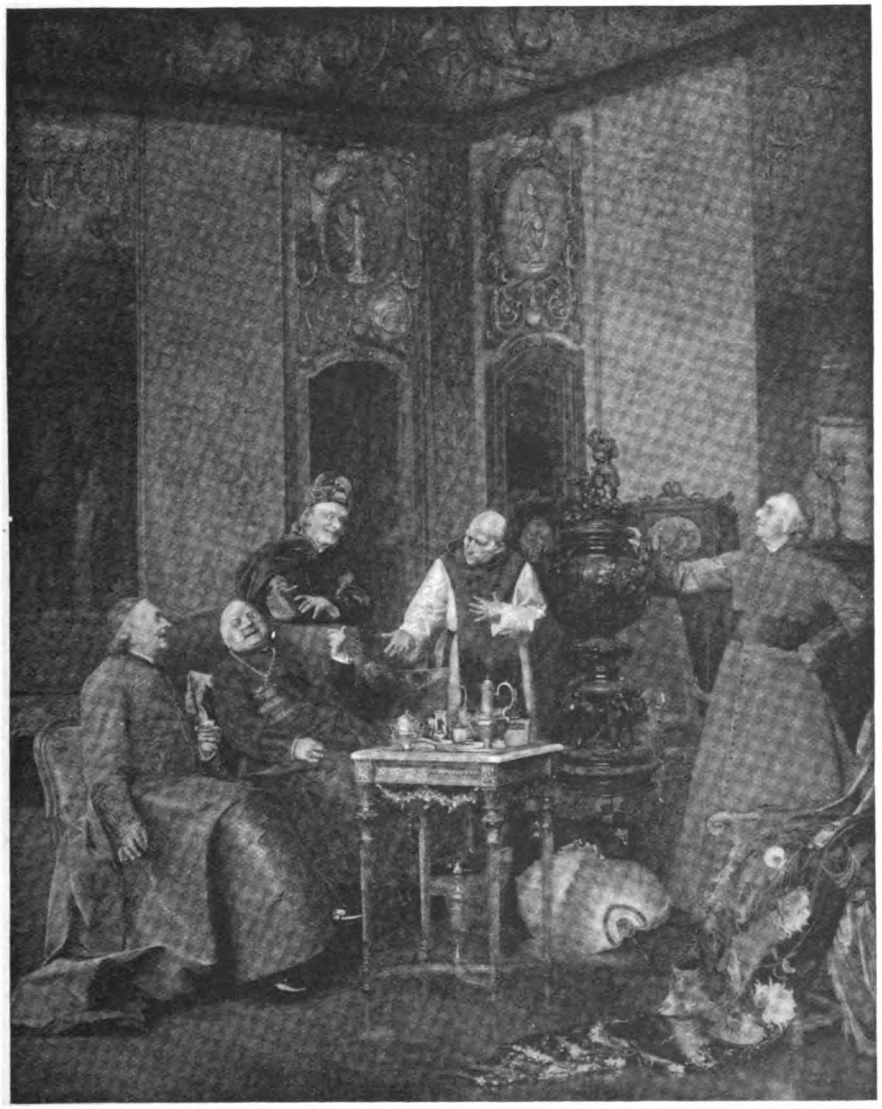
M. Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret has made Brittany and its people in recent years a happy working ground for his brush, and it is not surprising that his preference should be in favour of a picture in which has been most pictures as "Bretons at Prayer" he has cultivated a sincere love for the country and its life, and, like many another of his less distinguished *confrères*, it is to the country that he now goes when he wants fresh inspiration in his work.

M. Aimé Morot, who, with MM. Dagnan-Bouveret and Cormon, is one of the youngest of the painter-members of the Academy, gives his preference to a battle picture—"Charge of Cuirassiers"—although to the French public he is probably quite as much known by his representations of religious faith as by those of military glory. His reputation dates from the early age of

twenty-three, when he won the 1873 "Prix de Rome" with a large canvas depicting "The Captivity of the Jews in Babylon."

M. Morot's favourite picture is based upon an incident in the Battle of Reichshofen, on August 6th, 1870, when the French cavalry performed one of the many acts of gallantry which characterized it during the disastrous war with Germany. As an historical souvenir of the event the work was bought by the Government and placed in the Musée de Versailles.

Let me here introduce the favourite picture of a successful "outsider," as M. François Brunery would be called if he were an English artist. M. Brunery's success has been won in almost entirely one groove of work. He has taken as his special theme the bright, festive side of the life of monks, bishops, and cardinals—mediæval and modern—and the picture chosen for reproduction in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, "The Return of a Missionary," is one of a series conceived in much the same spirit. This spirit is



"THE RETURN OF A MISSIONARY." BY M. FRANÇOIS BRUNERY.
From a Photo. by Neurdein Frères, Paris.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

somewhat satirical, perhaps, at the expense of the ecclesiastics, but in "The Return of a Missionary," at any rate, the satire can hardly be considered offensive by anyone. It consists in the contrast between the spare figure and somewhat cadaverous features of the monk, who has returned from the hardship and peril of work among the heathen, and the well-fed and well-nourished stay-at-home ecclesiastics, who are listening with a keen sense of humour to his tale of woe.

This and similar pictures by M. Brunery have won recognition by their faithful accuracy of detail as well as by their piquant humour. The salons in which his Church dignitaries disport themselves have their exact counterparts in the old ecclesiastical palaces of Italy, where M. Brunery has made innumerable studies, whilst their historical "properties" are painted from a large collection of such articles gathered together in his studio. A native of Turin, M. Brunery settled in Paris in 1869, becoming a pupil of Gérôme and Bonnat, and it is as a French artist that he has long been regarded.

"It is my weakness," said M. Fernand Cormon, in replying to my request, "that as soon as I have finished a picture it ceases to have any interest for me."

Nevertheless, the artist was able to suggest two pictures as representing him—in his own opinion—at his best: "Cain" and "The Conquerors of Salamis." To "Cain"—which was purchased by the Government, on its exhibition in 1880, for the national collection at the Luxembourg—M. Cormon gave the first place, and it is accordingly reproduced in this article. Painted at the age of thirty-five, he has since produced nothing that pleases him so well, although several of his subsequent pictures, such as "The Funeral of a Chief of the Iron Age" and "The Arabian Nights," have received more popular applause.

By the best critics in French art, it may be added, M. Cormon is most esteemed for his pictures of prehistoric subjects, to which he has devoted not merely great artistic skill, but also a large amount of archæological knowledge.

"CAIN." By M. FERNAND CORMON.

By permission of Messrs Goupil & Co.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH LADY ERMYNTRUDE OPENS THE IRON COFFER.

AS in a dream Nigel heard these stupendous and incredible words. As in a dream also he had a vision of a smiling and conciliatory Abbot, of an obsequious sacrist, and of a band of archers who cleared a path for him and for the King's messenger through the motley crowd who had choked the entrance of the Abbey Court. A minute later he was walking by the side of Chandos through the peaceful cloister, and in front, in the open archway of the great gate, was the broad yellow road between its borders of green meadowland. The spring air was the sweeter and the more fragrant for that chill dread of dishonour and captivity which had so recently frozen his ardent heart. He had already passed the portal when a hand plucked at his sleeve, and he turned to find himself confronted by the brown, honest face and bold eyes of the archer who had interfered in his behalf.

"Well," said Aylward, "what have you to say to me, young sir?"

"What can I say, my good fellow, save that I thank you with all my heart? By St. Paul, if you had been my blood-brother you could not have stood by me more stoutly."

"Nay; but this is not enough."

Nigel coloured with vexation, and the more so as Chandos was listening with his critical smile to their conversation.

"If you had heard what was said in the court," said he, "you would understand that I am not blessed at this moment with much of this world's gear. The Black Death and the monks have between them been heavy upon our estate. Willingly would I give you a handful of gold for your assistance, since that is what you seem to crave, but indeed I have it not, and so, once more, I say that you must be satisfied with my thanks."

"Your gold is nothing to me," said Aylward, shortly, "nor would you buy my loyalty if you filled my hufken with rose-nobles so long as you were not a man after my own heart. But I have seen you back the yellow horse and I have seen you face the Abbot of Waverley, and you are such a master as I would very gladly serve if you have by chance a place for such a man. I have seen your following, and I doubt not that they were stout fellows in your grandfather's time, but which of them now could draw a bow-string to his ear? Through you I have left the service of the Abbey of Waverley, and where can I look now for a post? If I stay here I am all undone like a fretted bow-string."

"Nay, there can be no hindrance there," said Chandos. "Pardieu! a roystering, swaggering, dare-devil archer is worth his price on the French border. There are two hundred such who march behind my own person, and I would ask nothing better than to see you amongst them."

"I thank you, noble sir, for your offer," said Aylward, "and I had rather follow your banner than many another one, for it is well known that it goes ever forward, and I have heard enough of the wars to know that there are small pickings for the man who lags behind. Yet, if the squire will have me, I would choose to fight under the five roses of Loring, for though I was born in the hundred of Easebourne and the rape of Chichester, yet I have grown up and learned to use the long-bow in these parts, and as the free son of a free franklin I had rather serve my own neighbour than a stranger."

"My good fellow," said Nigel, "I have told you that I could in no wise reward you for such service."

"If you will but take me to the wars, I will see to my own reward," said Aylward. "Till then I ask for none, save a corner of your table and six feet of your floor, for it is certain that the only reward I would get from the Abbey for this day's work would be the scourge for my back and the stocks for my ankles. Samkin Aylward is your man, Squire Nigel, from this hour on, and by these ten finger-bones he trusts the devil will fly away with him if ever he gives you cause to regret it." So saying, he raised his hand to his steel cap in salute, slung his great yellow bow over his back, and followed on some paces in the rear of his new master.

"Pardieu! I have arrived à la bonne heure," said Chandos. "I rode from Windsor and came to your manor-house to find it empty save for a fine old dame, who told me of your troubles. From her I walked across to the Abbey, and none too soon, for what with clothyard shafts for your body, and bell, book, and candle for your soul, it was no very cheerful outlook. But

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"PARDIEU! I HAVE ARRIVED À LA BONNE HEURE,' SAID CHANDOS."

here is the very dame herself, if I mistake not."

It was indeed the formidable figure of the Lady Ermyntrude—gaunt, bowed, and leaning on her staff, which had emerged from the door of the manor-house and advanced to greet them. She croaked with laughter, and shook her stick at the great building as she heard of the discomfiture of the Abbey Court. Then she led the way into the hall, where the best which she could provide had been laid out for their illustrious guest. There was Chandos blood in her own veins, traceable back through the de Greys, de Multons, de Valences, de Montagues, and other high and noble strains, so that the meal had been eaten and cleared before she had done tracing the network of intermarriages and connections, with quarterings, impalements, lozenges, and augmentations by which the blazonry of the two families might be made to show a common origin. Back to the Conquest, and before it, there was not a noble family tree every twig and bud of which was not familiar to the Dame Ermyntrude.

And now, when the trestles were cleared and the three were left alone in the hall, Chandos broke his message to the lady.

"King Edward hath ever borne in mind that noble knight your son, Sir Eustace," said he. "He will journey to Southampton next week, and I am his harbinger. He bade me say, noble and honoured lady, that he would come from Guildford in an easy stage, so that he might spend one night under your roof."

The old dame flushed with pleasure, and then turned white with vexation at the words.

"It is in truth great honour to the house of Loring," said she, "yet our roof is now humble and, as you have seen, our fare is plain. The King knows not that we are so poor. I fear lest we seem churlish and niggard in his eyes."

But Chandos reasoned away her fears. The King's retinue would journey on to Farnham Castle. There were no ladies in his party. Though he was King, still he was a hardy soldier, and cared little for his ease. In any case, since he had declared his coming they must make the best of it. Finally, with all delicacy, Chandos offered his own purse if it would help in the matter. But already the Lady Ermyntrude had recovered her composure.

"Nay, fair kinsman, that may not be," said she. "I will make such preparation as I may for the King. He will bear in mind that, if the house of Loring can give nothing else, they have always held their blood and their lives at his disposal."

Chandos was to ride on to Farnham Castle and beyond, but he expressed his desire to have a warm bath ere he left Tilford; for, like most of his fellow-knights, he was much addicted to simmering in the hottest water that he could possibly endure. The bath, therefore, a high hooped arrangement like a broader but shorter churn, was carried into the privacy of the guest-chamber, and thither it was that Nigel was summoned to hold him company whilst he stewed and sweltered in his tub. Nigel perched himself upon the side of the high bed, swinging his legs over the edge, and gazing with wonder and amusement at the quaint face, the ruffled yellow hair, and the sinewy shoulders of the famous warrior, dimly seen amid a pillar of steam. He was in a mood for talk, so Nigel, with

eager eyes, plied him with a thousand questions about the wars, hanging upon every word which came back to him, like those of the ancient oracles, out of the mist and the cloud. To Chandos himself, the old soldier for whom war had lost its freshness, it was a renewal of his own ardent youth to hear Nigel's rapid questions and to mark the rapt attention with which he listened.

"Tell me of the Welsh, honoured sir," asked the squire. "What manner of soldiers are the Welsh?"

"They are very valiant men of war," said Chandos, splashing about in his tub. "There is good skirmishing to be had in their valleys if you ride with a small following. They flare up like a furze bush in the flames, but if for a short space you may abide the heat of it, then there is a chance that it may be cooler!"

"And the Scotch?" asked Nigel. "You have made war upon them also, as I understand."

"The Scotch knights have no masters in the world, and he who can hold his own with the best of them, be it a Douglas, a Murray, or a Seaton, has nothing more to learn. Though you be a hard man, you will always meet as hard a one if you ride northward. If the Welsh be like the furze fire, then, pardieu! the Scotch are the peat, for they will smoulder, and you will never come to the end of them. I have had many happy hours on the marches of Scotland, for even if there be no war the Percies of Alnwick or the Governor of Carlisle can still raise a little bickering with the Border clans."

"I bear in mind that my father was wont to say that they were very stout spearmen."

"No better in the world, for the spears are twelve foot long, and they hold them in very thick array; but their archers are weak, save only the men of Ettrick and Selkirk, who come from the forest. I pray you to open the lattice, Nigel, for the steam is over thick. Now, in Wales it is the spearmen who are weak, and there are no archers in these islands like the men of Gwent, with their bows of elm, which shoot with such power that I have known a cavalier to have his horse killed when the shaft had passed through his mail-breeches, his thigh, and his saddle. And yet, what is the most strongly-shot arrow to these new balls of iron driven by the fire-powder, which will crush a man's armour as an egg is crushed by a stone? Our fathers knew them not."

"Then the better for us," cried Nigel, "since there is at least one honourable venture which is all our own."

Chandos chuckled and turned upon the flushed youth a twinkling and sympathetic eye.

"You have a fashion of speech which carries me back to the old men whom I met in my boyhood," said he. "There were some of the real old knights-errant left in those days, and they spoke as you do. Young as you are, you belong to another age. Where got you that trick of thought and word?"

"'YOU HAVE A FASHION OF SPEECH WHICH CARRIES ME BACK TO THE OLD MEN WHOM I MET IN MY BOYHOOD,' SAID HE."

"I have only had one to teach me—the Lady Ermyntrude."

"Pardieu! she has trained a proper young hawk ready to stoop at a lordly quarry," said Chandos. "I would that I had the first unhooding of you. Will you not ride with me to the wars?"

The tears brimmed over from Nigel's eyes, and he wrung the gaunt hand

extended from the bath. "By St. Paul, what could I ask better in the world? I fear to leave her, for she has none other to care for her. But if it can in any way be arranged——"

"The King's hand may smooth it out. Say no more until he is here. But if you wish to ride with me——"

"What could man wish for more? Is there a squire in England who would not serve under the banner of Chandos? Whither do you go, fair sir? And when do you go? Is it to Scotland? Is it to Ireland? Is it to France? But alas, alas!"

The eager face had clouded. For the instant he had forgotten that a suit of armour was as much beyond his means as a service of gold plate Down in a twinkling came all his high hopes to the ground. Oh, these sordid material things, which come between our dreams and their fulfilment! The squire of such a knight must dress with the best. Yet all the fee simple of Tilford would scarce suffice for one suit of plate.

Chandos with his quick wit and knowledge of the world had guessed the cause of this sudden change.

"If you fight under my banner it is for me to find the weapons," said he. "Nay, I will not be denied."

But Nigel shook his head sadly.

"It may not be. The Lady Ermyntrude would sell this old house and every acre round it ere she would permit me to accept this gracious bounty which you offer. Yet I do not despair, for only last week I won for myself a noble war-horse, for which I paid not a penny, so perchance a suit of armour may also come my way."

"And how won you the horse?"

"It was given me by the monks of Waverley."

"This is wonderful. Pardieu! I should have expected, from what I have seen, that they would have given you little save their malediction."

"They had no use for the horse, and they gave it to me."

"Then we have only to find someone who has no use for a suit of armour and will give it to you. Yet I trust that you will think better of it and let me—since that good lady proves that I am your kinsman—fit you for the wars."

"I thank you, noble sir, and if I should turn to anyone it would indeed be to you, but there are other ways which I would try first. But I pray you, good Sir John, to tell me of some of your noble spear-runnings against the French, for the whole land rings with the tale of your deeds, and I have heard that in one morning three champions have fallen before your lance. Was it not so?"

"That it was indeed so these scars upon my body will prove; but these were the follies of my youth."

"How can you call them follies? Are they not the means by which honourable advancement may be gained and one's lady exalted?"

"It is right that you should think so, Nigel. At your age a man should have a hot head and a high heart. I also had both, and fought for my lady's glove or for my vow, or for the love of fighting. But as one grows older and commands men one has other things to care for. One thinks less of one's own honour and more of the safety of the army. It is not your own spear, your own sword, your own arm which will turn the tide of fight, but a cool head may save a stricken field. He who knows when his horsemen should charge and when they should fight on foot, he who can mix his archers with his men-at-arms in such a fashion that each can support the other, he who can hold up his reserve and pour it into the battle when it may turn the tide, he who has a quick eye for boggy land and broken ground, that is the man who is of more worth to an army than Roland, Oliver, and all the Paladins."

"Yet if his knights fail him, honoured sir, all his headwork will not prevail."

"True enough, Nigel; so may every squire ride to the wars with his soul on fire, as yours is now. But I must linger no longer, for the King's service must be done. I will dress, and when I have bid farewell to the noble Dame Ermyntrude I will on to Farnham, but you will see me here again on the day that the King comes."

So Chandos went his way that evening, walking his horse through the peaceful lanes and twanging his citole as he went, for he loved music and was famous for his merry songs. The cottagers came from their huts, and laughed and clapped as the rich, full voice swelled and sank to the cheery tinkling of the strings. There were few who saw him pass that would have guessed that the quaint, one-eyed man with the yellow hair was the toughest fighter and craftiest man of war in Europe. Once only, as he entered Farnham, an old broken man-at-arms ran out in his rags and clutched at his horse as a dog gambols round his master. Chandos threw him a kind word and a gold coin as he passed on to the Castle.

In the meanwhile young Nigel and the

Lady Ermyntrude, left alone with their difficulties, looked blankly in each other's faces.

"The cellar is well-nigh empty," said Nigel. "There are two firkins of small beer and a tun of canary. How can we set such drink before the King and his Court?"

"We must have some wine of Bordeaux. With that and the mottled cow's calf, and the fowls, and a goose, we can set forth a sufficient repast if he stays only for the one night. How many will be with him?"

"A dozen, at the least."

The old dame wrung her hands in despair.

"Nay, take it not to heart, dear lady," said Nigel. "We have but to say the word, and the King would stop at Waverley, where he and his Court would find all that they could wish."

"Never!" cried the Lady Ermyntrude. "It would be shame and disgrace to us for ever if the King were to pass our door when he has graciously said that he was fain to enter in. Nay, I will do it. Never did I think that I would be forced to this; but I know that he would wish it, and I will do it."

She went to the old iron coffer and, taking a small key from her girdle, she unlocked it. The rusty hinges, screaming shrilly as she threw back the lid, proclaimed how seldom it was that she had penetrated into the sacred recesses of her treasure-chest. At the top were some relics of old finery—a silken cloak spangled with golden stars, a coif of silver filigree, a roll of Venetian lace. Beneath were little packets tied in silk, which the old lady handled with tender care: a man's hunting glove, a child's shoe, a love-knot done in faded green ribbon, some letters in rude rough script, and a vernicle of St. Thomas. Then from the very bottom of the box she drew three objects, swathed in silken cloth, which she uncovered and laid upon the table. The one was a bracelet of rough gold studded with uncut rubies, the second was a gold salver, and the third was a high goblet of the same metal.

"You have heard me speak of these, Nigel, but never before have you seen them, for indeed I have not opened the hutch for fear that we might be tempted in our great need to turn them into money. I have kept them out of my sight and even out of my thoughts. But now it is the honour of the house which calls, and even these must go. This goblet was that which my husband, Sir Nele Loring, won after the intaking of Belgarde, when he and his comrades held the lists from matins to vespers against the flower of the French chivalry. The salver was given him by the Earl of Pembroke in memory of his valour upon the field of Falkirk."

"And the bracelet, dear lady?"

"You will not laugh, Nigel?"

"FROM THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE BOX SHE DREW THREE OBJECTS."

"Nay; why should I laugh?"

"The bracelet was the prize for the Queen of Beauty which was given to me before all the high-born ladies of England by Sir Nele Loring a month before our marriage. The Queen of Beauty, Nigel—I, old and twisted, as you see me. Five strong men went down before his lance before he won that trinket for me. And now, in my last years——"

"Nay, dear and honoured lady, we will not part with it."

"Yes, Nigel; he would have it so. I can hear his whisper in my ear. Honour to him was everything—the rest nothing. Take it from me, Nigel, ere my heart weakens. To-morrow you will ride with it to Guildford, you will see Thorold the goldsmith, and you will raise enough money to pay for all that we shall need for the King's coming." She turned her face away to hide the quivering of her wrinkled features, and the crash of the iron lid covered the sob which burst from her overwrought soul.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW NIGEL WENT MARKETING TO GUILDFORD.

It was on a bright June morning that young Nigel, with youth and springtime to make his heart light, rode upon his errand from Tilford to Guildford town. Beneath him was his great yellow war-horse, caracoling and curveting as he went, as blithe and free of spirit as his master. In all England one would scarce have found upon that morning so high-mettled and so debonair a pair. The sandy road wound through groves of fir, where the breeze came soft and fragrant with resinous gums, or over heathery downs, which rolled away to north and to south, vast and untenanted, for on the uplands the soil was poor and water scarce. Over Crooksbury Common he passed, and then across the great heath of Puttenham, following a sandy path which wound amid the bracken and the heather, for he meant to strike the Pilgrims' Way where it turns eastward from Farnham and from Seale. As he rode he continually felt his saddle-bag with his hand, for in it, securely strapped, he had placed the precious treasures of the Lady Ermyntrude. As he saw the grand tawny neck tossing before him and felt the easy heave of the great horse and heard the muffled drumming of his hoofs, he could have sung and shouted with the joy of living.

Behind him, upon the little brown pony which had been Nigel's former mount, rode Samkin Aylward, the bowman, who had taken upon himself the duties of personal attendant and bodyguard. His great shoulders and breadth of frame seemed dangerously top-heavy upon the tiny steed, but he ambled along, whistling a merry lilt, and as light-hearted as his master. There was no countryman who had not a nod, and no woman who had not a smile, for the jovial bowman, who rode for the most part with his face over his shoulder, staring at the last petticoat which had passed him. Once only he met with a harsher greeting. It was from a tall, white-headed, red-faced man whom they met upon the moor.

"Good morrow, dear father," cried Aylward. "How is it with you at Crooksbury? And how is the new black cow, and the ewes from Alton, and Mary the dairymaid, and all your gear?"

"It ill becomes you to ask, you ne'er-do-weel," said the old man. "You have angered the monks of Waverley, whose tenant I am, and they would drive me out of my farm. Yet there are three more years to run, and, do what they may, I will bide till then. But little did I think that I should lose my homestead through you, Samkin, and, big as you are, I would knock the dust out of that green jerkin with a good hazel switch if I had you at Crooksbury."

"Then you shall do it to-morrow morning, good father, for I will come and see you then. But indeed I did not do more at Waverley than you would have done yourself. Look me in the eye, old hot-head, and tell me if you would have stood by while the last Loring—look at him, as he rides, with his head in the air and his soul in the clouds—was shot down before my very eyes at the bidding of that fat monk! If you would, then I disown you as my father."

"Nay, Samkin, if it was like that, then perhaps what you did was not so far amiss. But it is hard to lose the old farm when my very heart is buried deep in the good brown soil."

"Tut, man, there are three years to run, and what may not happen in three years? Before that time I shall have gone to the wars, and when I have opened a French strong-box or two you can buy the good brown soil and snap your fingers at Abbot John and his bailiffs. Am I not as proper a man as Tom Withstaff of Churt? And yet he came back after six months with his pockets full of rose-nobles and a French wench on either arm."

"Heaven preserve us from the wenches, Samkin; but indeed I think that if there is money to be gathered you are as likely to get your fist full as any man who goes to the war. But hasten, lad, hasten! Already your young master is over the brow."

Thus admonished, the archer waved his gauntleted hand to his father and, digging his heels into the sides of his little pony, soon drew up with the squire. Nigel glanced over his shoulder and slackened speed until the pony's head was up to his saddle.

"Have I not heard, archer," said he, "that an outlaw has been loose in these parts?"

"It is true, fair sir. He was villein to Sir Peter Mandeville, but he broke his bonds and fled into the forests. Men call him the Wild Man of Puttenham."

"How comes it that he has not been hunted down? If the man be a drawlatch and a robber, it would be an honourable deed to clear the country of such an evil."

"Twice the sergeants-at-arms from Guildford have come out against him, but the fox has many earths, and it would puzzle you to get him out of them."

"By St. Paul, were my errand not a pressing one I would be tempted to turn aside and seek him. Where lives he, then?"

"There is a great morass beyond Puttenham, and across it there are caves in which he and his people lurk."

"His people! He hath a band?"

"There are several with him."

"It sounds a most honourable enterprise," said Nigel. "When the King hath come and gone we will spare a day for the outlaws of Puttenham. I fear there is little chance for us to see them on this journey."

"They prey upon the pilgrims who pass along the Winchester road, and they are well loved by the folk in these parts, for they rob none of them and have an open hand for all who will help them."

"It is right easy to have an open hand with the money that you have stolen," said Nigel, "but I fear that they will not try to rob two men with swords at their girdles like you and me, so we shall have no profit from them."

They had passed over the wild moors and had come down now into the main road by which the pilgrims from the West of England made their way to the national shrine at Canterbury. It passed from Winchester and up the beautiful valley of the Itchen until it reached Farnham, where it forked into two branches, one of which ran along the Hog's Back, while the second wound to the south and came out at St. Catherine's Hill, where stands the pilgrim shrine, a grey old ruin now, but once so august, so crowded, and so affluent. It was this second branch upon which Nigel and Aylward found themselves as they rode to Guildford. No one, as it chanced, was going the same way as themselves, but they met one large drove of pilgrims returning from their journey, with pictures of St. Thomas and snails' shells or little leaden ampullæ in their hats and bundles of purchases over their shoulders. They were a grimy, ragged, travel-stained crew, the men walking, the women borne on asses. Man and beast they limped along as if it would be a glad day when they saw their homes once more. These and a few beggars or minstrels, who crouched among the heather on either side of the track in the hope of receiving an occasional farthing from the passers-by, were the only folk they met until they had reached the village of Puttenham.

"THEY MET ONE LARGE DROVE OF PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM THEIR JOURNEY."

Already there was a hot sun, and just breeze enough to send the dust flying down the road, so they were glad to clear their throats with a glass of beer at the ale-stake in the village, where the fair ale-wife gave Nigel a cold farewell because he had no attentions for her, and Aylward a box on the ear because he had too many.

On the farther side of Puttenham the road runs through thick woods of oak and beech, with a tangled undergrowth of fern and bramble. Here they met a patrol of sergeants-of-arms, tall fellows, well-mounted, clad in studded-leather caps and tunics, with lances and swords.

They walked their horses slowly on the shady side of the road, and stopped as the travellers came up, to ask if they had been molested on the way.

"Have a care," they added, "for the Wild Man and his wife are out. Only yesterday they slew a merchant from the west and took a hundred crowns."

"His wife, you say?"

"Yes; she is ever at his side, and has saved him many a time, for if he has the strength it is she who has the wit. I hope to see their heads together upon the green grass one of these mornings."

The patrol passed downwards towards Farnham, and so, as it proved, away from the robbers, who had doubtless watched them closely from the dense brushwood which skirted the road. Coming round a curve Nigel and Aylward were aware of a tall and graceful woman who sat, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly, upon the bank by the side of the track. At such a sight of beauty in distress Nigel pricked Pommers with the spur, and in three bounds was at the side of the unhappy lady.

"What ails you, fair dame?" he asked. "Is there any small matter in which I may stand your friend, or is it possible that anyone hath had so hard a heart as to do you an injury?"

She rose and turned upon him a face full of hope and entreaty.

"Oh, save my poor, poor father!" she cried. "Have you, perchance, seen the way-wardens? They passed us, and I fear they are beyond reach."

"Yes; they have ridden onwards, but we may serve as well."

"Then hasten, hasten, I pray you! Even now they may be doing him to death. They have dragged him into yonder grove, and I have heard his voice growing ever weaker in the distance. Hasten, I implore you!"

Nigel sprang from his horse and tossed the rein to Aylward.

"Nay, let us go together. How many robbers were there, lady?"

"Two stout fellows."

"Then I come also."

"Nay, it is not possible," said Nigel. "The wood is too thick for horses, and we cannot leave them in the road."

"I will guard them," cried the lady.

"Pommers is not so easily held. Do you bide here, Aylward, until you hear from me. Stir not, I command you!" So saying, Nigel, with the light of adventure gleaming in his joyous eyes, drew his sword and plunged swiftly into the forest.

Far and fast he ran from glade to glade, breaking through the bushes, springing over the brambles, light as a young deer, peering this way and that, straining his ears for a sound, and catching only the cry of the wood-pigeons. Still on he went, with the constant thought of the weeping woman behind and of the captured man in front. It was not until he was footsore and out of breath that he stopped with his hand to his side, and considered that his own business had still to be done, and that it was time once more that he should seek the road to Guildford.

Meantime Aylward had found his own rough means of consoling the woman in the road, who stood sobbing with her face against the side of Pommers' saddle.

"Nay, weep not, my pretty one," said he. "It brings the tears to my own eyes to see them stream from thine."

"Alas! good archer, he was the best of fathers, so gentle and so kind. Had you but known him you must have loved him."

"Tut, tut; he will suffer no scathe. Squire Nigel will bring him back to you anon."

"No, no; I shall never see him more. Hold me, archer, or I fall!"

Aylward pressed his ready arm round the supple waist. The fainting woman leaned with her hand upon his shoulder. Her pale face looked past him, and it was some new light in her eyes—a flash of expectancy, of triumph, of wicked joy—which gave him sudden warning of his danger. He shook her off and sprang to one side, but only just in time to avoid a crashing blow from a great club in the hands of a man even taller and stronger than himself. He had one quick vision of great white teeth clenched in grim ferocity, a wild flying beard, and blazing wild-beast eyes. The next instant he had

"IT WAS SOME NEW LIGHT IN HER EYES—A FLASH OF EXPECTANCY, OF TRIUMPH, OF WICKED JOY—WHICH GAVE HIM SUDDEN WARNING OF HIS DANGER."

closed, ducking his head beneath another swing of that murderous cudgel. With his arms round the robber's burly body and his face buried in his bushy beard, Aylward gasped and strained and heaved. Back and forward in the dusty road the two men stamped and staggered, a grim wrestling-match with life for the prize. Twice the great strength of the outlaw had Aylward nearly down, and twice with his greater youth and skill the archer restored his grip and his balance. Then at last his turn came. He slipped his leg behind the other's knee and, giving a mighty wrench, tore him across it. With a hoarse shout the outlaw toppled backwards, and had hardly reached the ground before Aylward had his knee upon his chest and his short sword deep in his beard and pointed to his throat.

"By these ten finger-bones," he gasped, "one more struggle and it is your last!"

The man lay still enough, for he was half-stunned by the crashing fall. Aylward looked round him, but the woman had disappeared. At the first blow struck she had vanished into the forest. He began to have fears for his master, thinking that he, perhaps, had been lured into some death-trap, but his forebodings were soon set at rest, for Nigel himself came hastening down the road, which he had struck some distance from the spot where he left it.

"By St. Paul!" he cried, "who is this man on whom you are perched, and where is the lady who has honoured us so far as to crave our help? Alas, that I have been unable to find her father!"

"As well for you, fair sir," said Aylward, "for I am of opinion that her father was the devil. This woman is, as I believe, the wife of the Wild Man of Puttenham, and this is the Wild Man himself who set upon me and tried to brain me with his club."

The outlaw, who had opened his eyes, looked with a scowl from his captor to the new-comer.

"You are in luck, archer," said he, "for I have come to grips with many a man, but I cannot call to mind any who have had the better of me."

"You have indeed the grip of a bear," said Aylward, "but it was a coward deed that your wife should hold me while you dashed out my brains with a stick. It is also a most villainous thing to lay a snare for wayfarers by asking for their pity and assistance, so that it was our own soft hearts which brought us into such danger. The next who hath real need of our help may suffer for your sins."

"When the hand of the whole world is against you," said the outlaw, in a surly voice, "you must fight as you best can."

"You well deserve to be hanged, if only because you have brought this woman, who

is fair and gentle spoken, to such a life," said Nigel. "Let us tie him by the wrist to my stirrup-leather, Aylward, and we will lead him into Guildford."

The archer drew a spare bow-string from his case, and had bound the prisoner as directed when Nigel gave a sudden start and cry of alarm.

"Heaven help us!" he cried. "Where is the saddle-bag?"

It had been cut away by a sharp knife. Only the two ends of strap remained.

"HEAVEN HELP US!' HE CRIED, 'WHERE IS THE SADDLE-BAG?"

Aylward and Nigel stared at each other in blank dismay. Then the young squire shook his clenched hands and pulled at his yellow curls in his despair. "The Lady Ermyntrude's bracelet! My grandfather's cup!" he cried. "I would have died ere I lost them. What can I say to her? I dare not return until I have found them. Oh, Aylward, Aylward! how came you to let them be taken?"

The honest archer had pushed back his steel cap and was scratching his tangled head.

"Nay, I know nothing of it. You never said that there was aught of price in the bag, else had I kept a better eye upon it. Certes, it was not this fellow who took it, since I have never had my hands from him. It can only be the woman who fled with it while we fought."

Nigel stamped about the road in his perplexity.

"I would follow her to the world's end if I knew where I could find her, but to search these woods for her is to look for a mouse in a wheat-field. Good St. George! thou who didst overcome the dragon, I pray you, by that most honourable and knightly achievement, that you will be with me now; and you also, great St. Julian, patron of all wayfarers in distress! Two candles shall burn before your shrine at Godalming if you will but bring me back my saddle-bag. What would I not give to have it back?"

"Will you give me my life?" asked the outlaw. "Promise that I go free and you shall have it back, if it be indeed true that my wife has taken it."

"Nay; I cannot do that," said Nigel. "My honour would surely be concerned, since my loss is a private one, but it would be to the public scathe that you should go free. By St. Paul, it would be an ungentle deed if, in order to save my own, I let you loose upon the gear of a hundred others."

"I will not ask that you let me loose," said the Wild Man. "If you will promise that my life be spared I will restore your bag."

"I cannot give such a promise, for it will lie with the sheriff and reeves of Guildford."

"Shall I have your word in my favour?"

"That I could promise you, if you will give back the bag, though I know not how far my word may avail. But your words are vain, for you cannot think that we will be so fond as to let you go in the hope that you return?"

"I would not ask it," said the Wild Man, "for I can get your bag and yet never stir

from the spot where I stand. Have I your promise, upon your honour and all that you hold dear, that you will ask for grace?"

"You have."

"And that my wife shall be unharmed?"

"I promise it."

The outlaw laid back his head and uttered a long, shrill cry like the howl of a wolf. There was a silent pause, and then, clear and shrill, there rose the same cry no great distance away in the forest. Again the Wild Man called, and again his mate replied. A third time he summoned, as the deer bells to the doe in the green wood. Then with a rustle of brushwood and snapping of twigs the woman was before them once more—tall, pale, graceful, wonderful. She glanced neither at Aylward nor Nigel, but ran to the side of her husband.

"Dear and sweet lord," she cried, "I trust they have done you no hurt. I waited by the old ash, and my heart sank when you came not."

"I have been taken at last, wife."

"Oh, cursed, cursed day! Let him go, kind, gentle sirs; do not take him from me!"

"They will speak for me at Guildford," said the Wild Man. "They have sworn it. But hand them first the bag that you have taken."

She drew it out from under her loose cloak.

"Here it is, gentle sir! Indeed, it went to my heart to take it, for you had mercy upon me in my trouble. But now I am, as you see, in real and very sore distress. Will you not have mercy now? Take ruth on us, fair sir! On my knees I beg it of you, most gentle and kindly squire."

Nigel had clutched his bag, and right glad he was to feel that the treasures were all safe within it.

"My promise is given," said he. "I will say what I can, but the issue rests with others. I pray you to stand up, for indeed I cannot promise more."

"Then I must be content," said she, rising with a composed face. "I have prayed you to take ruth, and indeed I can do no more; but ere I go back to the forest I would rede you to be on your guard, lest you lose your bag once more. Wot you how I took it, archer? Nay, it was simple enough, and may happen again, so I make it clear to you. I had this knife in my sleeve, and though it is small it is very sharp. I slipped it down like this. Then when I seemed to weep with my face against the saddle, I cut down like this——"

In an instant she had shorn through the stirrup leather which bound her man, and he, diving under the belly of the horse, had slipped like a snake into the brushwood. In passing he had struck Pommers from beneath, and the great horse, enraged and insulted, was rearing high with two men hanging to his bridle. When at last he had calmed there was no sign left of the Wild Man or of his wife. In vain did Aylward, an arrow on his string, run here and there among the great trees and peer down the shadowy glades. When he returned he and his master cast a shamefaced glance at each other.

"I trust that we are better soldiers than jailers," said Aylward, as he climbed on to his pony.

But Nigel's frown relaxed into a smile.

"At least we have gained back what we lost," said he. "Here I place it on the pommel of my saddle, and I shall not take my eyes from it until we are safe in Guildford town."

So they jogged on together, until passing St. Catherine's shrine they crossed the winding Wey once more, and so found themselves in the steep High Street, with its heavy-eaved, gabled houses, its monkish hospitium upon the left, where good ale may still be quaffed, and its great square-keeped Castle upon the right, no grey and grim skeleton of ruin, but very quick and alert, with blazoned banner flying free and steel caps twinkling from the battlement. A row of booths extended from the Castle gate to the High Street, and two doors from the Church of the Trinity was that of Thorold the goldsmith, a rich burgess and mayor of the town. He looked long and lovingly at the rich rubies and at the fine work upon the goblet. Then he stroked his flowing grey beard as he pondered whether he should offer fifty nobles or sixty, for he knew well that he could sell them again for two hundred. If he offered too much his profit would be reduced. If he offered too little the youth might go as far as London with them, for they were rare and of great worth. The young man was ill-clad and his eyes were anxious. Perchance he was hard pressed and was ignorant of the value of what he bore. He would sound him.

"These things are old and out of fashion, fair sir," said he. "Of the stones I can scarce say if they are of good quality or not, but they are dull and rough. Yet, if your price be low, I may add them to my stock, though indeed this booth was made to sell and not to buy. What do you ask?"

"HE STROKED HIS FLOWING GREY BEARD AS HE PONDERED WHETHER HE SHOULD OFFER FIFTY NOBLES OR SIXTY."

Nigel bent his brows in perplexity. Here was a game in which neither his bold heart nor his active limbs could help him. It was the new force mastering the old—the man of commerce conquering the man of war—wearing him down and weakening him through the centuries until he had him as his bond-servant and his thrall.

"I know not what to ask, good sir," said Nigel. "It is not for me, nor for any man who bears my name, to chaffer and to haggle. You know the worth of these things, for it is your trade to do so. The Lady Ermyntrude lacks money, and we must have it against the King's coming, so give me that which is right and just, and we will say no more."

The goldsmith smiled. The business was growing more simple and more profitable. He had intended to offer fifty, but surely it would be sinful waste to give more than twenty-five?

"I shall scarce know what to do with them when I have them," said he. "Yet I should not grudge twenty nobles if it is a matter in which the King is concerned."

Nigel's heart turned to lead. This sum would not buy one-half what was needful. It was clear that the Lady Ermyntrude had over-valued her treasures. Yet he could not return empty-handed, so if twenty nobles was the real worth, as this good old man assured him, then he must be thankful and take it.

"I am concerned by what you say," said he. "You know more of these things than I can do. However, I will take——"

"A hundred and fifty," whispered Aylward's voice in his ear.

"A hundred and fifty," said Nigel, only too relieved to have found the humblest guide upon these unwonted paths.

The goldsmith started. This youth was not the simple soldier that he had seemed. That frank face, those grey eyes were traps for the unwary. Never had he been more taken aback in a bargain.

"This is fond talk and can lead to nothing, fair sir," said he, turning away and fiddling with the keys of his strong-boxes. "Yet I have no wish to be hard with you. Take my outside price, which is fifty nobles."

"And a hundred," whispered Aylward.

"And a hundred," said Nigel, blushing at his own greed.

"Well, well, take a hundred," cried the merchant. "Fleece me, skin me, leave me a loser, and take for your wares the full hundred."

"I should be shamed for ever if I were to treat you so badly," said Nigel. "You have spoken me fair and I would not grind you down. Therefore I will gladly take one hundred——"

"And fifty," whispered Aylward.

"And fifty," said Nigel.

"By St. John of Beverley!" cried the merchant. "I came hither from the north country, and they are said to be shrewd at a deal in those parts, but I had rather bargain with a synagogue full of Jews than with you, for all your gentle ways. Will you, indeed, take no less than a hundred and fifty? Alas! you pluck from me my profits of a month. It is a fell morning's work for me! I would I had never seen you." With groans and lamentations he paid the gold pieces across the counter, and Nigel, hardly able to credit his own good fortune, gathered them into the leather saddle-bag. A moment

later, with flushed face, he was in the street and pouring out his thanks to Aylward.

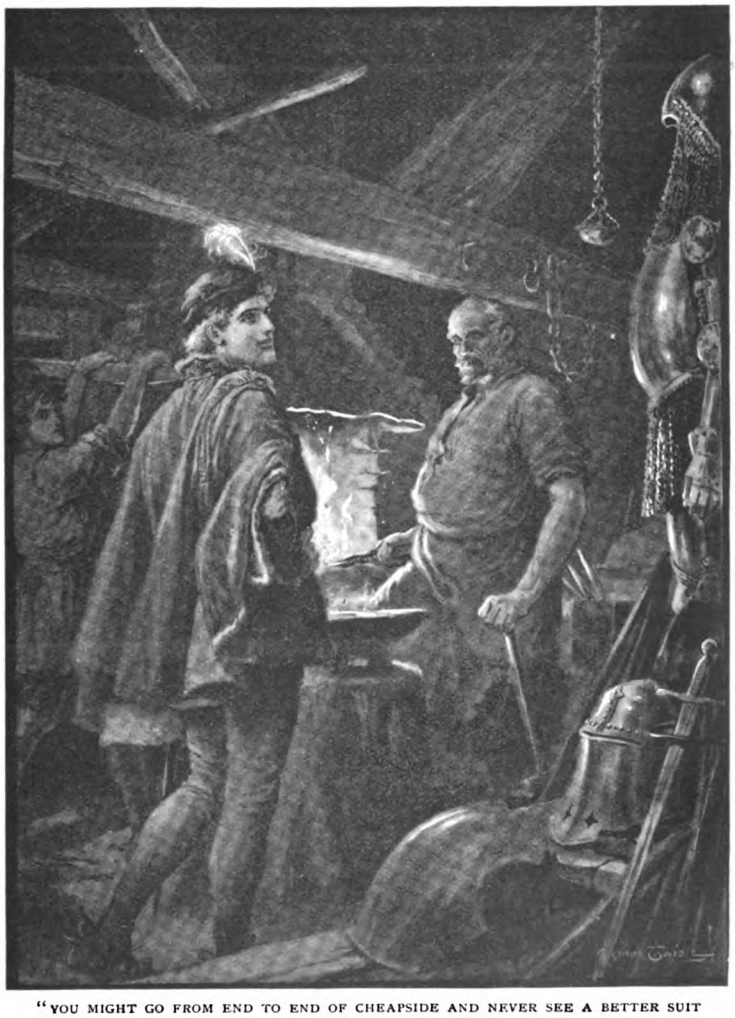
"Alas! my fair lord, the man has robbed us now," said the archer. "We could have had another twenty had we stood fast."

"How know you that, good Aylward?"

"By his eyes, Squire Loring. I wot I have little store of reading where the parchment of a book or the pricking of a blazoned coat is concerned, but I can read men's eyes, and I never doubted that he would give what he has given."

The two travellers had dinner at the monks' hospitium, Nigel at the high table and Aylward among the commonalty. Then again they roamed the High Street on business intent. Nigel bought taffeta for hangings, wine, preserves, fruit, damask table linen, and many other articles of need. At last he halted before the armourer's shop at the Castle Yard, staring at the fine suits of plate, the engraved pectorals, the plumed helmets, the cunningly-jointed gorgets, as a child at a sweet-shop.

"Well, Squire Loring," said Wat the armourer, looking sideways from the furnace where he was tempering a sword-blade, "what can I sell you this morning? I swear to you by Tubal Cain, the father of all workers in metal, that you might go from end to end of Cheapside and never see a better suit than that which hangs from yonder hook."



"YOU MIGHT GO FROM END TO END OF CHEAPSIDE AND NEVER SEE A BETTER SUIT THAN THAT WHICH HANGS FROM YONDER HOOK."

"And the price, armourer?" asked Nigel.

"To anyone else, two hundred and fifty rose-nobles. To you, two hundred."

"And why cheaper to me, good fellow?"

"Because I fitted your father also for the wars, and a finer suit never went out of my shop. I warrant that it turned many an edge before he laid it aside. We worked in mail in those days, and I had as soon have a well-made, thick-meshed mail as any plates; but a young knight will be in the fashion like any dame of the Court, and so it must be plate now, even though the price be trebled."

"Your rede is that the mail is as good?"

"I am well sure of it."

"Hearken, then, armourer. I cannot at this moment buy a suit of plate, and yet I sorely need steel harness on account of a small deed which it is in my mind to do. Now, I have, at my home at Tilford, that very suit of mail of which you speak, with which my father first rode to the wars. Could you not so alter it that it should guard my limbs also?"

The armourer looked at Nigel's small, upright figure and burst out laughing.

"You jest, Squire Loring! The suit was made for one who was far above the common stature of man."

"Nay, I jest not. If it will but carry me through one spear-running it will have served its purpose."

The armourer leaned back on his anvil and pondered, while Nigel stared anxiously at his sooty face.

"Right gladly would I lend you a suit of plate for this one venture, Squire Loring, but I know well that if you should be overthrown your harness becomes prize to the victor. I am a poor man with many children, and I dare not risk the loss of it. But as to what you say of the old suit of mail, is it, indeed, in good condition?"

"Most excellent, save only at the neck, which is much frayed."

"To shorten the limbs is easy. It is but to cut out a length of the mail and then loop up the links But to shorten the body—nay, that is beyond the armourer's art."

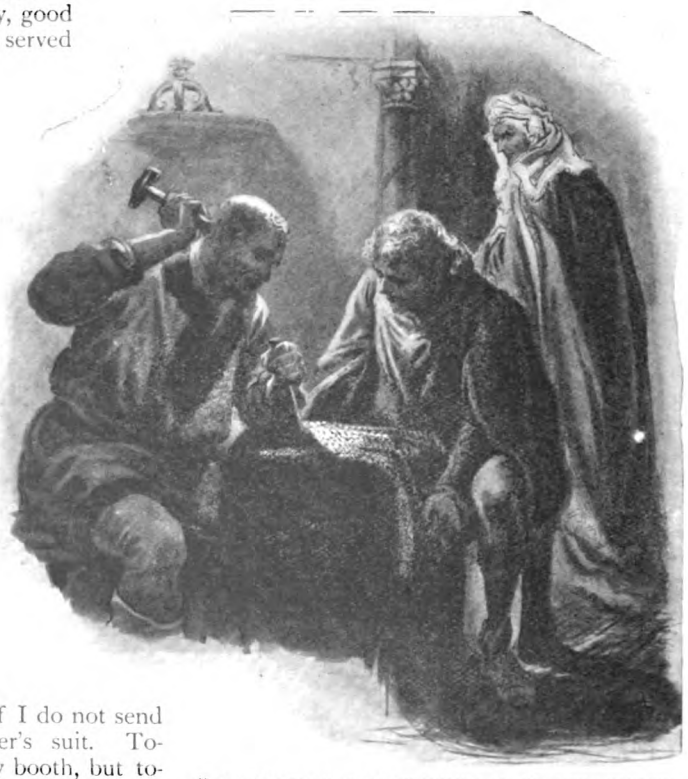
"It was my last hope. Nay, good armourer, if you have indeed served and loved my gallant father, then I beg you by his memory that you will help me now."

The armourer threw down his heavy hammer with a crash upon the floor. "It is not only that I loved your father, Squire Loring, but it is that I have seen you, half armed as you were, ride against the best of them at the Castle tilt-yard. Last Martinmas my heart bled for you when I saw how sorry was your harness, and yet you held your own against the stout Sir Oliver, with his Milan suit. When go you to Tilford?"

"Even now."

"Heh, Jenkin! Fetch out the cob!" cried the worthy Wat. "May my right hand lose its cunning if I do not send you into battle in your father's suit. To-morrow I must be back in my booth, but to-day I give to you without fee and for the sake of the goodwill which I bear to your house. I will ride with you to Tilford, and before night you shall see what Wat can do."

So it came about that there was a busy evening at the old Tilford manor-house, where the Lady Ermyntrude planned and cut and hung the curtains for the hall, and stocked her cupboards with the good things which Nigel had brought from Guildford. Meanwhile the squire and the armourer sat with their heads touching, and the old suit of mail, with its gorget of overlapping plates, laid out across their knees. Again and again old Wat shrugged his shoulders, as one who has been asked to do more than can be demanded from mortal man. At last, at a suggestion from the squire, he leaned back in his chair and laughed long and loudly in his bushy beard, while the Lady Ermyntrude glared her black displeasure at such plebeian merriment. Then, taking his fine chisel and his hammer from his pouch of tools, the armourer, still chuckling at his own thoughts, began to drive a hole through the centre of the steel tunic.



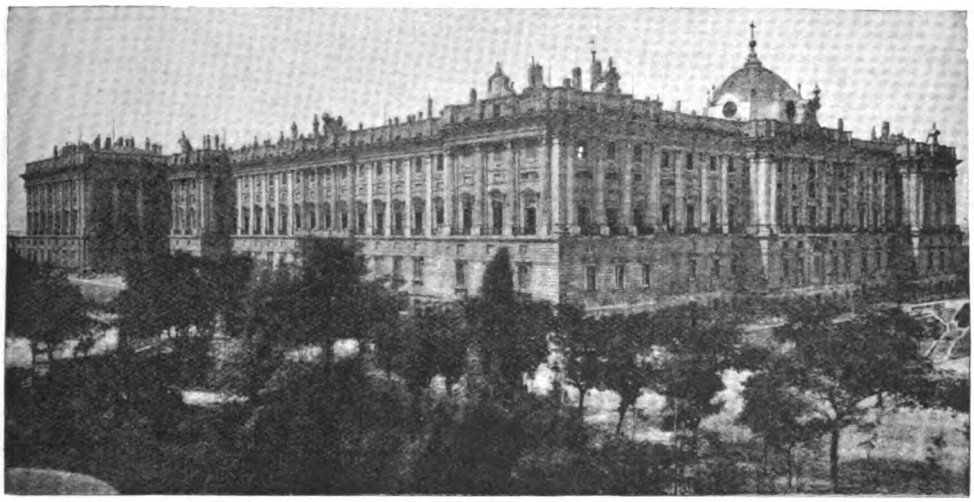
"THE ARMOURER, STILL CHUCKLING AT HIS OWN THOUGHTS, BEGAN TO DRIVE A HOLE THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE STEEL TUNIC."

(To be continued.)

The King of Spain and His Palaces.

By Mary Spencer Warren.

Illustrated by Photographs especially taken for "The Strand Magazine."



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

THE marriage of the King of Spain with one of our own Royal Princesses is an event which awakens a natural interest concerning the country and the capital in which she will pass her life. The palaces of Madrid, magnificent as they are, have for us at the present moment, as the home of the future Queen, an interest added to their own. The following article was written, and the photographs were taken by special permission, in order that our readers might be enabled to form the best possible idea of their impressive splendour.

The chief palaces appertaining to the Spanish Court are two—the Royal Palace at Madrid and the Summer Palace, twenty-six miles away, known as the Escurial.

The Royal Palace, in the west of the capital, is an enormous square pile, measuring four hundred and seventy feet each way, and attaining a height of one hundred feet, exclusive of the dome. It is built upon the site of the ancient Moorish Alcazar which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burned down, and Philip V. then determined to put up a building which should rival the famous palace at Versailles.

The principal outer materials used are granite and white stone of Colmenar, which, when lit up by the rays of the sun, present a very dazzling appearance. On the front side is an open plaza, planted with trees and decorated with statues; and on the garden side runs the River Manzanares, which is in reality an insignificant stream. Beyond are the woods of the Caso del Campo and the Steppes, bounded by the snowy tops of the Guadarrama.

The chief entrance to the palace is that on the south side, leading from a large square. From this entrance the grand staircase opens direct, a staircase particularly handsome in design, rich in appointments, and easy of ascent. The pure marble of the wide steps, with the crimson pile carpets, the sculptured marble statues, and glittering chandeliers all combined, make a wonderfully imposing approach to the State apartments at the summit. One of the principal statues is an equestrian one of Philip II. It is of gilded bronze.

The palace is enormous. The most important saloon of all, perhaps, is the Throne Room. This, as may be judged by the photo. on the next page, is of considerable magnitude, and superb in its decoration. The ceiling is by the celebrated artist Tiepolo. Some of the groups are mythological, and some are representative of the majesty of Spain in the different costumes of the provinces. The apartment is magnificently hung in crimson velvet and embellished with mirrors of enormous size, the plate-glass having been cast at San Ildefonso. These are encased in exquisitely-carved gold frames surmounted by antique figures. The pure crystal chandeliers are particularly fine, as is also the choice inlay of the flooring. Opposite the principal doorway stands the throne. This

THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

is surmounted by a rich canopy of gold carving, crimson velvet, and gold embroidery. The dais is covered with crimson velvet embellished with gold, and the chair is handsomely carved and covered to match the canopy. On the dais are four silver lions, two on the summit and one at either end of the steps. Pedestals on either side support life-sized statues of Moors, others occupying various positions in the room. Here the monarchs receive foreign Ambassadors and others on great occasions, and here they lie in state at their death.

A large number of reception-rooms, State drawing-rooms, and ball-rooms open from the throne-room, each of them fitted and decorated in the most princely style. Perhaps in no palace is there such a multiplicity of exquisitely painted ceilings. One which is particularly noticeable is that of "The Apotheosis of Trajan and Aurora." As one passes through suite after suite, each apartment seems to outvie its predecessor, until the eye becomes dazzled with splendour.

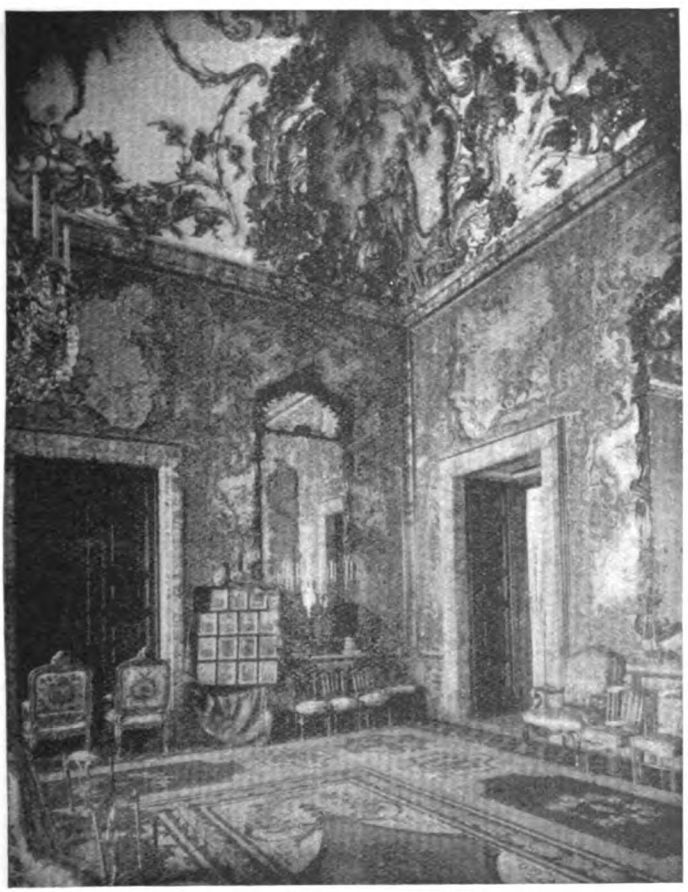
THE PORCELAIN CABINET.

An interesting room, though small, is the Porcelain Cabinet. Madrid boasts some fine porcelain works, the head-quarters of which were originally at Naples. Charles III. seems to have transferred them to this capital,

and this small cabinet in the palace contains some of the very finest specimens, which are known as the Capo di Monte ware; these being arranged with very fine effect on the white walls of the room.

The palace abounds with some of the very finest paintings extant, three of the most valuable, perhaps, being the following: "The Adoration of the Magi," by Rubens; "Christ Bearing the Cross," by Raphael; and "Venus Binding the Eyes of Cupid," by Titian. But the apartments are literally crowded with the rarest and most valuable of the productions of the great masters. The Princes' Saloon is comparatively plain, having what is almost an exception in the palace—a plain ceiling.

The drawing-room of Carlos III. is highly



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF CARLOS III.

picturesque and rich in detail. Its ceiling has the finest of frescoes, and the most delicate of ornamentation in gold relief. The walls are beautifully decorated in cream and gold; the carpet is of rich tapestry; the chairs have artistically-carved frames and upholstery to match the walls; the massive plate mirrors have a setting of finely-carved gold relief, and are faced by marble-topped tables which carry costly candelabra and priceless porcelain.

The "Sala de los Espejos" is one of a fine suite of reception-rooms, lavishly decorated. The mural reliefs are especially good, as are the frescoes of the ceiling. Mirrors and paintings have settings of gold beading, and are interspersed with a beautiful ornamentation, chiefly of birds and tree life. The hangings of the doors and windows are exceedingly rich in appearance, and depend from carved gold supports with semi-canopied centres. Some antique china may be seen on the side-tables, as well as in the form of immense corner vases. A very good view is here obtained right through a continuous suite of corresponding size and elegance.

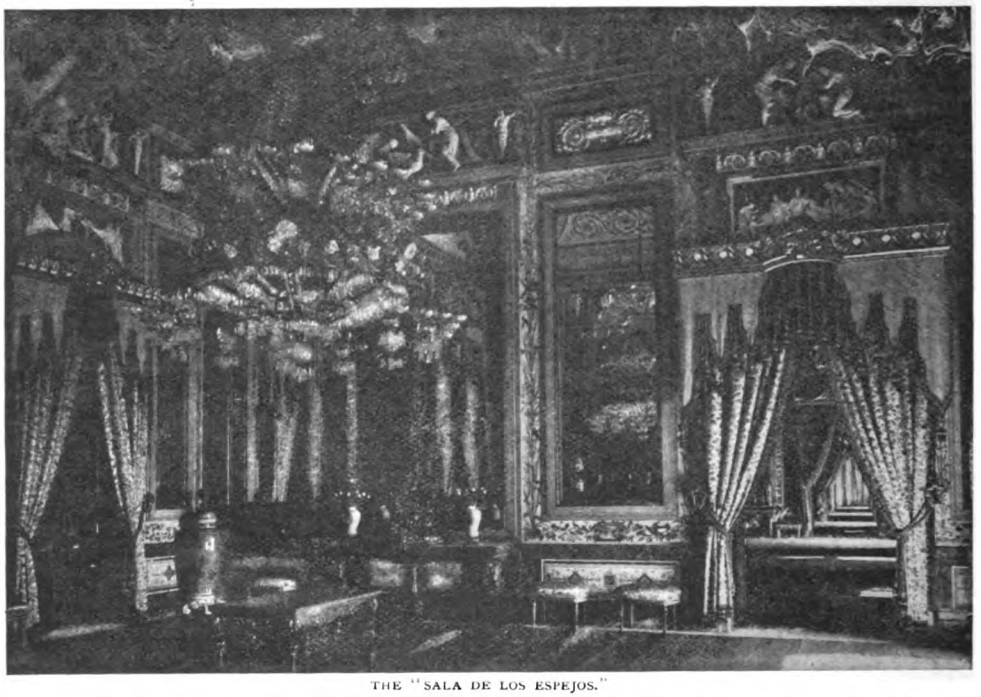
The private chapel is easily accessible from the State apartments. It is of the Corinthian order, and formerly contained some fine pictures specially painted for Philip II. by Michael Coxis, but in 1808 these were carried off by General Balliard and sent to Brussels to be sold. The ceiling was painted by Giaquinto.

The Royal library contains about one hundred thousand volumes, and in another part may be seen a large collection of coins and medals, the majority of which are very antique.

One curious custom at the palace must here be mentioned—the night watch of the Monteros de Espinosa. This is exclusively enjoyed by the inhabitants of the little village of Espinosa. Every night at the exact stroke of eleven the palace gates are closed by an official in brilliant livery, who carries a large bunch of keys and a lantern, and who is accompanied by officers, soldiers, and servants. The interior of the palace is then under the guardianship of the Monteros

de Espinosa, and remains so until six in the morning, when the gates are unclosed in the same ceremonious manner. The origin of this custom, which goes back many centuries, is lost in obscurity.

Taking train at Madrid to a station nearly thirty miles away, one alights in somewhat near proximity to the Sierra de Guadarrama, where is the Summer Palace of the Escurial, or, to give it its correct name, "El Real Sitio de San Lorenzo el Real del Escorial." This is a wonderfully imposing building, of enormous size and peculiar construction, and of a dark, gloomy, and formidable appearance. It owes its construction to Philip II.,



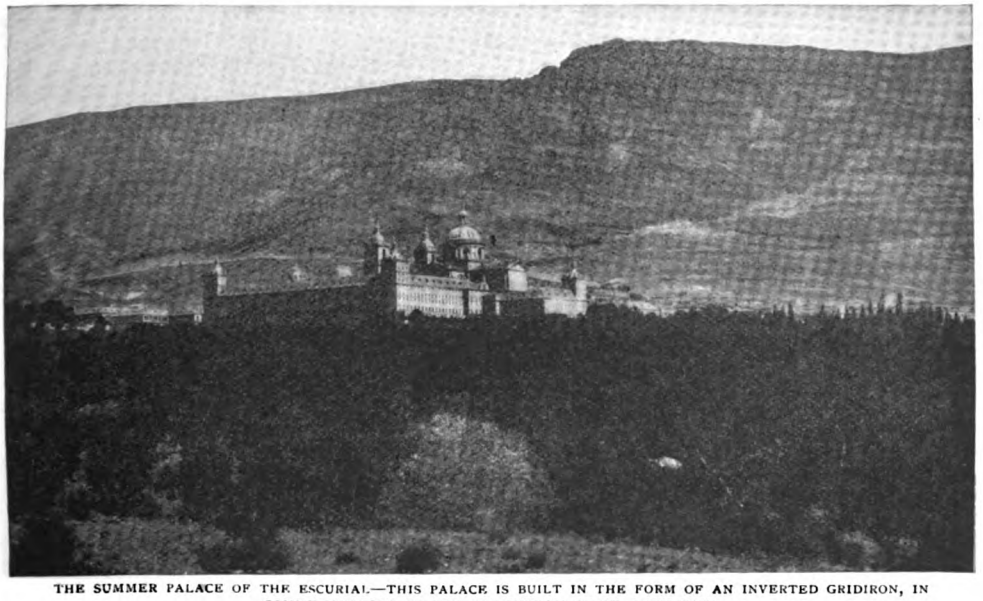
THE "SALA DE LOS ESPEJOS."

his ostensible object being to carry out the wishes of his father for the erection of a Royal tomb. The foundation-stone was laid in 1563; it stands as a lasting monument to its builder, who was without doubt the most persecuting bigot since the time of Nero.

The building was to serve as a palace, a treasury, a tomb-house, and a museum, and was dedicated to St. Lawrence, who had been a treasurer in the Church of Rome in the third century, and who had been martyred by roasting on a gridiron. Philip, in rearing this edifice, was desirous that it should take gridiron form, but, on account of the enormous size required, much difficulty was experienced, as so great a weight could not be supported on pillars. It was therefore presently given out, and by many believed, that St. Lawrence himself solved the difficulty by a direct message that, should the gridiron be inverted, it would not offend him. Accordingly this plan was carried out, and the four corner towers represent the feet in the air, and a long, out-stretching building in the centre of one side takes the form of the handle. It is composed chiefly of granite, blue-slate, and lead. It is of the Doric order, with its interior divided into courts, to represent the bars of the gridiron. I may say that the handle forms the Royal residence.

As the palace is situated two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, it is in anything but warm quarters. To give some idea of its enormous size, it may be stated that in it are no fewer than eleven thousand windows. There are some fine views to be obtained from its terraces, but the outside surroundings are very bare, for trees and verdure are scarce, the greater part of what one sees consisting of stone, rock, and barren sand. Philip planted some of the slopes with elms taken from England, and made an attempt to introduce gardens and fish-ponds, but he was only partly successful in relieving the pervading barrenness.

The grand central Ionic and Doric portal is never opened except to admit a Royal

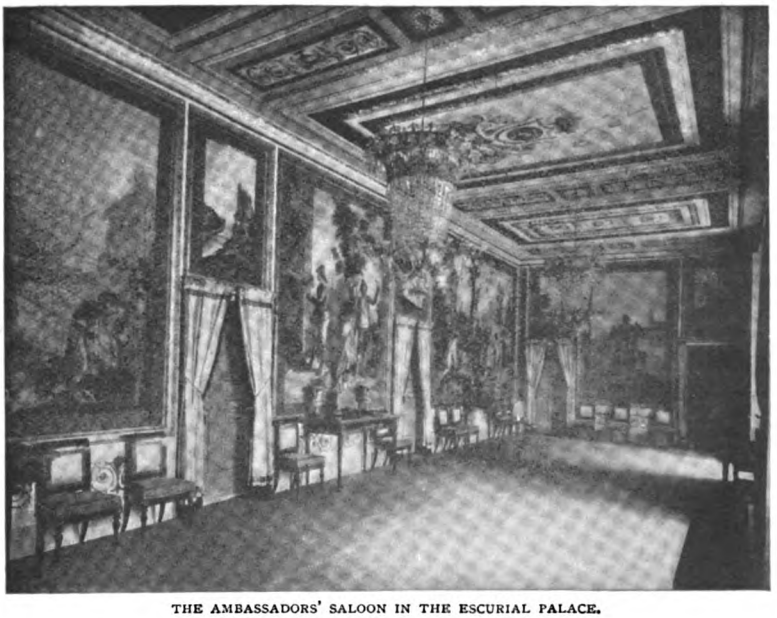


THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL.—THIS PALACE IS BUILT IN THE FORM OF AN INVERTED GRIDIRON, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE.

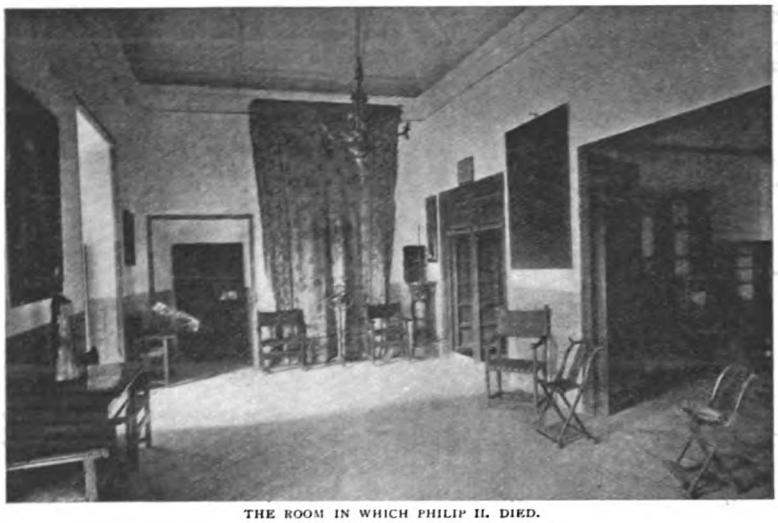
living personage, or his remains when carried thither for burial in the Pantheon below. Immediately on entering one's attention is called to some remarkable statues of the Kings of Judah; these are of the great height of seventeen feet, each one having been cut out of a single granite block.

The Royal apartments are not furnished in any very extraordinary manner, although some of them have some very fine Spanish tapestry, some good paintings, and valuable old china. The Ambassadors' Saloon—of which a photograph is here introduced—is a very good specimen of the whole. Here you will notice the great beauty of detail of the tapestry, much of it being descriptive of the hunt. The ceiling—as are the majority—is frescoed in panels; from the centre depend antique crystal candelabra. Included amongst some of the best works of the masters which are to be seen are examples of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, and Velazquez.

The chamber in which Philip II. died is interesting, but at the same time cannot fail to cause a certain amount of repulsion when one thinks of the bitter persecution which he waged during his lifetime and his horrible death on this spot. Very little is to be seen here with the exception of the plain chairs and tables necessary for use, and the rest



THE AMBASSADORS' SALOON IN THE ESCURIAL PALACE.

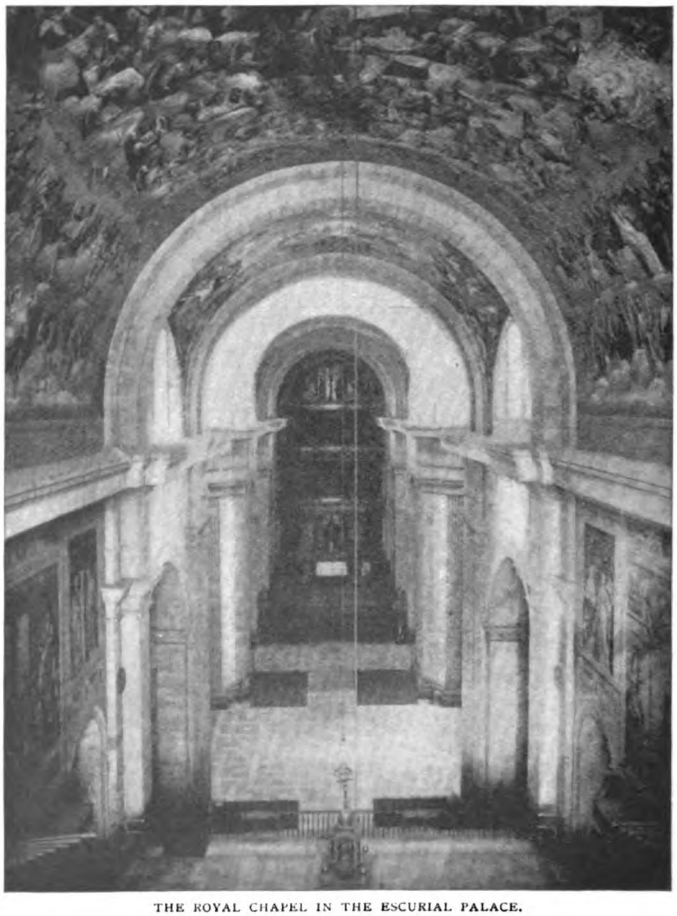


THE ROOM IN WHICH PHILIP II. DIED.

of Philip's apartments are just as severe in their simplicity, for it is well known that although from this spot he governed, yet he at the same time lived more as a monk than a monarch, the main purpose of his life seeming to be the extermination of Protestantism—the Spanish Armada which he sent against England, with evil result, being part and parcel of his plans. Here, in the Escurial, he erected over forty altars for the furtherance and protection of the dogma of the Roman Church.

As a monastery the Escurial has not been used for many years, for the revenues have disappeared, but as a burying-place custom still holds its own, for thither the departed monarchs are still conveyed for entombment in the Pantheon below the church. The bodies are taken thither in slow and solemn procession, certain resting-places being appointed on the journey, and it is a part of the ceremony observed that each morning, before resuming the route, an officer of State shall approach the coffin and inquire if His Majesty will be graciously pleased to move on.

Before descending into the Pantheon we will look round the wonderful church, which of its kind is second to none. It is three hundred and twenty feet in length and very lofty, with a width of two hundred and thirty feet, and it is beyond dispute that the secret of the grandeur is in the conception and proportion. The vaulted roof is divided into eight compartments, each one painted

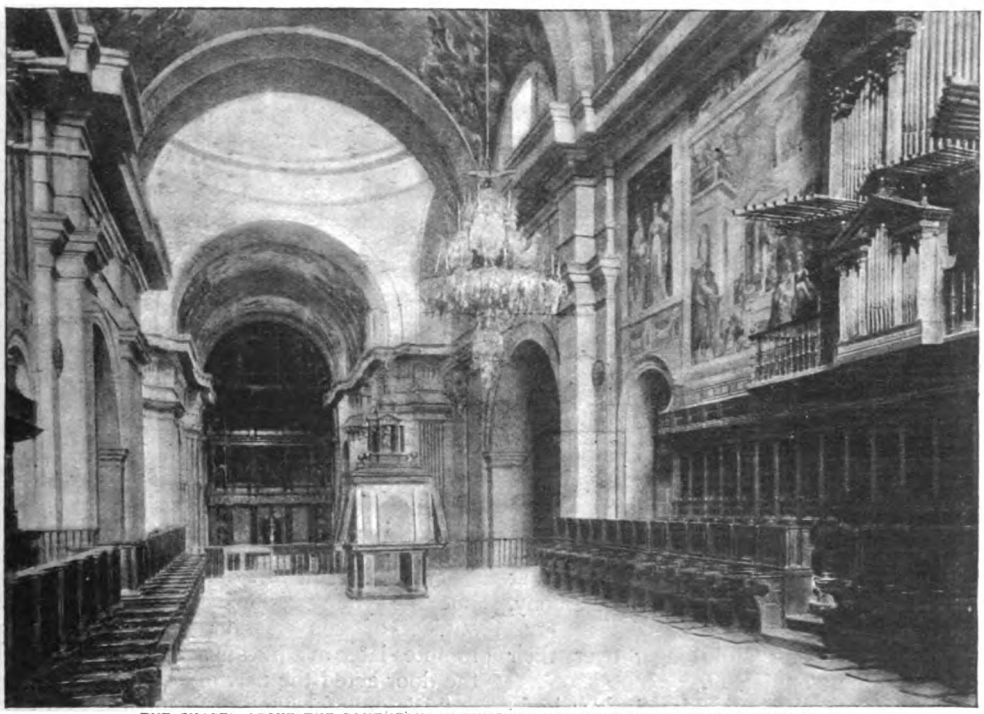


THE ROYAL CHAPEL IN THE ESCURIAL PALACE.

in frescoes; the choir shows some exquisite carving of walls and stalls, seven sorts of the choicest woods of the country being used.

In the choir may still be seen the seat formerly occupied by Philip II. This monkish King was a famous relic collector, many of which were kept in the transept. It is said that at one time he had no fewer than five hundred and fifteen shrines for these articles, but they seem to have been at a later period scattered right and left and the precious metals of the shrines stolen, together with over one hundred sacred vessels of silver and gold, many of which were also jewelled. A silver full-length statue of "San Lorenzo" of life-sized statues. No one on entering would imagine himself in a sepulchre. The glitter of the precious metals and the colours of the variegated marbles, the staircase lined with yellow and green jasper, all combine to produce an effect which is anything but funereal.

The Pantheon itself is octagonal in shape, with a measurement of thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight in height; the walls are entirely faced with dark polished marbles and gilded bronze. In the eight sides are twenty-six niches, within them being the black marble sarcophagi containing the illustrious dead. They lie in long, regular rows, shelved one above another.



THE CHAPEL ABOVE THE PANTHEON, IN WHICH THE SOVEREIGNS OF SPAIN ARE BURIED.

also vanished about the same time; this is said to have weighed no less than four and a half hundredweight. The pillage altogether filled no fewer than fourteen carts, which were sent away to Madrid.

The entrance to the Pantheon is from the south transept door; it is immediately under the chapel, with the Royal vault under the high altar, in order that when the Host is elevated it may be raised immediately above the Royal dead. The entrance is by means of a long flight of granite steps; then one passes through a series of corridors lined with jasper and choice marbles, and faced on either side with sculptured columns and a series The Kings and Queens are divided, the former lying on one side, the latter on the other, with the names of the deceased written on each urn. A grim feature is the series of empty sarcophagi awaiting future occupants. I may mention that none are buried here save Kings, reigning Queens, and the mothers of Kings. The Pantheon really seems to surpass any other part of the Escurial for display of gorgeous adornments and for actual intrinsic worth of material used in decorations; but it is a relief to come outside into the broad sunshine, and to turn one's back altogether on the Escurial, with its gloomy aspect and grim associations.

A DISTANT RELATIVE

BY W. W. JACOBS

MR. POTTER had just taken Ethel Spriggs into the kitchen to say good-bye; in the small front room Mr. Spriggs, with his fingers already fumbling at the linen collar of ceremony, waited impatiently.

"They get longer and longer over their good-byes," he complained.

"It's only natural," said Mrs. Spriggs, looking up from a piece of fine sewing. "Don't you remember——"

"No, I don't," said her husband, doggedly. "I know that your pore father never 'ad to put on a collar for me; and, mind you, I won't wear one after they're married, not if you all went on your bended knees and asked me to."

He composed his face as the door opened, and nodded good night to the rather overdressed young man who came through the room with his daughter. The latter opened the front-door and, passing out with Mr. Potter, held it slightly open. A penetrating draught played upon the exasperated Mr. Spriggs. He coughed loudly.

"Your father's got a cold," said Mr. Potter, in a concerned voice.

"No; it's only too much smoking," said the girl. "He's smoking all day long."

The indignant Mr. Spriggs coughed again; but the young people had found a new subject of conversation. It ended some minutes later in a playful scuffle, during which the door acted the part of a ventilating fan.

"It's only for another fortnight," said Mrs. Spriggs, hastily, as her husband rose.

"After they're spliced," said the vindictive Mr. Spriggs, resuming his seat, "I'll go round and I'll play about with their front-door till——"

He broke off abruptly as his daughter, darting into the room, closed the door with a bang that nearly extinguished the lamp, and turned the key. Before her flushed and laughing face Mr. Spriggs held his peace.

"What's the matter?" she asked, eyeing him. "What are you looking like that for?"

"Too much draught—for your mother," said Mr. Spriggs, feebly. "I'm afraid of her asthma agin."

He fell to work on the collar once more,

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and, escaping at last from the clutches of that enemy, laid it on the table and unlaced his boots. An attempt to remove his coat was promptly frustrated by his daughter.

"You'll get doing it when you come round to see us," she explained.

Mr. Spriggs sighed, and lighting a short clay pipe—forbidden in the presence of his future son-in-law—fell to watching mother and daughter as they gloated over dress materials and discussed double-widths.

"Anybody who can't be 'appy with her," he said, half an hour later, as his daughter slapped his head by way of bidding him good night, and retired, "don't deserve to be 'appy."

"I wish it was over," whispered his wife. "She'll break her heart if anything happens, and—and Gussie will be out now in a day or two."

"A gal can't 'elp what her uncle does," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely; "if Alfred throws her over for that, he's no man."

"Pride is his great fault," said his wife, mournfully.

"It's no good taking up troubles afore they come," observed Mr. Spriggs. "P'r'aps Gussie won't come 'ere."

"He'll come straight here," said his wife, with conviction; "he'll come straight here and try and make a fuss of me, same as he used to do when we was children and I'd got a ha'penny. I know him."

"Cheer up, old gal," said Mr. Spriggs; "if he does, we must try and get rid of 'im; and, if he won't go, we must tell Alfred that he's been to Australia, same as we did Ethel."

His wife smiled faintly.

"That's the ticket," continued Mr. Spriggs. "For one thing, I b'leeve he'll be ashamed to show his face here; but, if he does, he's come back from Australia. See? It'll make it nicer for 'im too. You don't suppose he wants to boast of where he's been?"

"And suppose he comes while Alfred is here?" said his wife.

"Then I say, 'How 'ave you left 'em all in Australia?' and wink at him," said the ready Mr. Spriggs.

"And, s'pose you're not here?" objected his wife.

"Then you say it and wink at him," was the reply. "No; I know you can't," he added, hastily, as Mrs. Spriggs raised another objection; "you've been too well brought up. Still, you can try."

It was a slight comfort to Mrs. Spriggs that Mr. Augustus Price did, after all, choose a convenient time for his reappearance. A faint knock sounded on the door two days afterwards as she sat at tea with her husband, and an anxious face with somewhat furtive eyes was thrust into the room.

"Emma!" said a mournful voice, as the upper part of the intruder's body followed the face.

"Gussie!" said Mrs. Spriggs, rising in disorder.

Mr. Price drew his legs into the room, and, closing the door with extraordinary care, passed the cuff of his coat across his eyes and surveyed them tenderly.

"I've come home to die," he said, slowly, and, tottering across the room, embraced his sister with much unction.

"What are you going to die of?" inquired Mr. Spriggs, reluctantly accepting the extended hand.

"Broken 'art, George," replied his brother-in-law, sinking into a chair.

"AN ANXIOUS FACE WAS THRUST INTO THE ROOM."

Mr. Spriggs grunted, and, moving his chair a little farther away, watched the intruder as his wife handed him a plate. A troubled glance from his wife reminded him of their arrangements for the occasion, and he cleared his throat several times in vain attempts to begin.

"I'm sorry that we can't ask you to stay with us, Gussie, 'specially as you're so ill," he said, at last; "but p'r'aps you'll be better after picking a bit."

Mr. Price, who was about to take a slice of bread and butter, refrained, and, closing his eyes, uttered a faint moan. "I sha'n't last the night," he muttered.

"That's just it," said Mr. Spriggs, eagerly. "You see, Ethel is going to be married in a fortnight, and if you died here that would put it off."

"I might last longer if I was took care of," said the other, opening his eyes.

"And, besides, Ethel don't know where you've been," continued Mr. Spriggs. "We told 'er that you had gone to Australia. She's going to marry a very partikler young chap—a grocer—and if he found it out it might be awk'ard."

Mr. Price closed his eyes again, but the lids quivered.

"It took 'im some time to get over me being a bricklayer," pursued Mr. Spriggs. "What he'd say to you——"

"Tell 'im I've come back from Australia, if you like," said Mr. Price, faintly. "I don't mind."

Mr. Spriggs cleared his throat again. "But, you see, we told Ethel as you was doing well out there," he said, with an embarrassed laugh, "and girl-like, and Alfred talking a good deal about his relations, she—she's made the most of it."

"It don't matter," said the complaisant Mr. Price; "you say what you like. I sha'n't interfere with you."

"But, you see, you don't look as though you've been making money," said his sister, impatiently. "Look at your clothes."

Mr. Price held up his hand. "That's easy got over," he remarked; "while I'm having a bit of tea George can go out and buy me some new ones. You get what you think I should look richest in, George—a black tail-coat would be best, I should think, but I leave it to you. A bit of a fancy waistcoat, p'r'aps, lightish trousers, and a pair o' nice boots, easy sevens."

He sat upright in his chair and, ignoring the look of consternation that passed between husband and wife, poured himself out a cup of tea and took a slice of cake.

"Have you got any money?" said Mr. Spriggs, after a long pause.

"I left it behind me—in Australia," said Mr. Price, with ill-timed facetiousness.

"Getting better, ain't you?" said his brother-in-law, sharply. "How's that broken 'art getting on?"

"It'll go all right under a fancy waistcoat," was the reply; "and while you're about it, George, you'd better get me a scarf-pin, and, if you *could* run to a gold watch and chain——"

He was interrupted by a frenzied outburst from Mr. Spriggs; a somewhat incoherent summary of Mr. Price's past, coupled with unlawful and heathenish hopes for his future.

"You're wasting time," said Mr. Price, calmly, as he paused for breath. "Don't get 'em if you don't want to. I'm trying to help you, that's all. I don't mind anybody knowing where I've been. I was innercent. If you will give way to sinful pride you must pay for it."

Mr. Spriggs, by a great effort, regained his self-control. "Will you go away if I give you a quid?" he asked, quietly.

"No," said Mr. Price, with a placid smile. "I've got a better idea of the value of money than that. Besides, I want to see my dear niece, and see whether that young man's good enough for her."

"Two quid?" suggested his brother-in-law.

Mr. Price shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he said, calmly. "In justice to myself I couldn't do it. You'll be feeling lonely when you lose Ethel, and I'll stay and keep you company."

The bricklayer nearly broke out again; but, obeying a glance from his wife, closed his lips and followed her obediently upstairs. Mr. Price, filling his pipe from a paper of tobacco on the mantelpiece, winked at himself encouragingly in the glass, and smiled gently as he heard the chinking of coins upstairs.

"Be careful about the size," he said, as Mr. Spriggs came down and took his hat from a nail; "about a couple of inches shorter than yourself and not near so much round the waist."

Mr. Spriggs regarded him sternly for a few seconds, and then, closing the door with a bang, went off down the street. Left alone, Mr. Price strolled about the room investigating, and then, drawing an easy-chair up

to the fire, put his feet on the fender and relapsed into thought.

Two hours later he sat in the same place, a changed and resplendent being. His thin legs were hidden in light check trousers, and the companion waistcoat to Joseph's coat graced the upper part of his body. A large chrysanthemum in the button-hole of his frock-coat completed the picture of an Australian millionaire, as understood by Mr. Spriggs.

"A nice watch and chain, and a little money in my pockets, and I shall be all right," murmured Mr. Price.

"You won't get any more out o' me," said Mr. Spriggs, fiercely. "I've spent every farthing I've got."

"Except what's in the bank," said his brother-in-law. "It'll take you a day or two to get at it, I know. S'pose we say Saturday for the watch and chain?"

Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly at his wife, but she avoided his gaze. He turned and gazed in a fascinated fashion at Mr. Price, and received a cheerful nod in return.

"I'll come with you and help choose it," said the latter. "It'll save you trouble if it don't save your pocket."

He thrust his hands in his trouser-pockets and, spreading his legs wide apart, tilted his head back and blew smoke to the ceiling. He was in the same easy position when Ethel arrived home accompanied by Mr. Potter.

"It's—it's your Uncle Gussie," said Mrs. Spriggs, as the girl stood eyeing the visitor.

"From Australia," said her husband, thickly.

Mr. Price smiled, and his niece, noticing that he removed his pipe and wiped his lips with the back of his hand, crossed over and kissed his eyebrow. Mr. Potter was then introduced and received a gracious reception, Mr. Price commenting on the extraordinary likeness he bore to a young friend of his who had just come in for forty thousand a year.

"MR. POTTER WAS THEN INTRODUCED AND RECEIVED A GRACIOUS RECEPTION."

"That's nearly as much as you're worth, uncle, isn't it?" inquired Miss Spriggs, daringly.

Mr. Price shook his head at her and pondered. "Rather more," he said, at last, "rather more."

Mr. Potter caught his breath sharply; Mr. Spriggs, who was stooping to get a light for his pipe, nearly fell into the fire. There was an impressive silence.

"Money isn't everything," said Mr. Price, looking round and shaking his head. "It's not much good, except to give away."

His eye roved round the room and came to a rest finally upon Mr. Potter. The young

man noticed with a thrill that it beamed with benevolence.

"Fancy coming over without saying a word to anybody, and taking us all by surprise like this!" said Ethel.

"I felt I must see you all once more before I died," said her uncle, simply. "Just a flying visit I meant it to be, but your father and mother won't hear of my going back just yet."

"Of course not," said Ethel, who was helping the silent Mrs. Spriggs to lay supper.

"When I talked of going your father 'eld me down in my chair," continued the veracious Mr. Price.

"Quite right, too," said the girl. "Now draw your chair up and have some supper, and tell us all about Australia."

Mr. Price drew his chair up, but, as to talking about Australia, he said ungratefully that he was sick of the name of the place, and preferred instead to discuss the past and future of Mr. Potter. He learned, among other things, that that gentleman was of a careful and thrifty disposition, and that his savings, augmented by a lucky legacy, amounted to a hundred and ten pounds.

"A GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN LENT AN AIR OF SUBSTANCE TO HIS WAISTCOAT."

"Alfred is going to stay with Palmer and Mays for another year, and then we shall take a business of our own," said Ethel.

"Quite right," said Mr. Price, meaningly. "I like to see young people make their own way. It's good for 'em."

It was plain to all that he had taken a great fancy to Mr. Potter. He discussed the grocery trade with the air of a rich man seeking a good investment, and threw out dark hints about returning to England after a final visit to Australia and settling down in the bosom of his family. He accepted a cigar from Mr. Potter after supper, and, when the young man left—at an unusually late hour—walked home with him.

It was the first of several pleasant evenings, and Mr. Price, who had bought a book dealing with Australia from a second-hand bookstall, no longer denied them an account of his adventures there. A gold watch and chain, which had made a serious hole in his brother-in-law's Savings Bank account, lent an air of substance to his waistcoat, and a pin of excellent paste sparkled in his neck-tie. Under the influence of good food and home comforts he improved every day, and the unfortunate Mr. Spriggs was at his wits' end to resist further encroachments. From the second day of their acquaintance he called Mr. Potter "Alf," and the young people listened with great attention to his discourse on "Money: How to Make It and How to Keep It."

His own dealings with Mr. Spriggs afforded an example which he did not quote. Beginning with shillings, he led up to half-crowns, and, encouraged by success, one afternoon boldly demanded a half-sovereign to buy a wedding-present with. Mrs. Spriggs drew her overwrought husband into the kitchen and argued with him in whispers.

"Give him what he wants till they're married," she entreated; "after that Alfred can't help himself, and it'll be as much to his interest to keep quiet as anybody else."

Mr. Spriggs, who had been a careful man all his life, found the half-sovereign and a few new names, which he bestowed upon Mr. Price at the same time. The latter listened unmoved. In fact, a bright eye and a pleasant smile seemed to indicate that he regarded them rather in the nature of compliments than otherwise.

"I telegraphed over to Australia this morning," he said, as they all sat at supper that evening.

"About my money?" said Mr. Potter, eagerly.

Mr. Price frowned at him swiftly. "No; telling my head clerk to send over a wedding-present for you," he said, his face softening under the eye of Mr. Spriggs. "I've got just the thing for you there. I can't see anything good enough over here."

The young couple were warm in their thanks.

"What did you mean, about your money?" inquired Mr. Spriggs, turning to his future son-in-law.

"Nothing," said the young man, evasively.

"It's a secret," said Mr. Price.

"What about?" persisted Mr. Spriggs, raising his voice.

"It's a little private business between me and Uncle Gussie," said Mr. Potter, somewhat stiffly.

"You — you haven't been lending him money?" stammered the bricklayer.

"Don't be silly, father," said Miss Spriggs, sharply. "What good would Alfred's little bit o' money be to Uncle Gussie? If you must know, Alfred is drawing it out for uncle to invest it for him."

The eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Spriggs and Mr. Price engaged in a triangular duel. The latter spoke first.

"I'm putting it into my business for him," he said, with a threatening glance, "in Australia."

"And he didn't want his generosity known," added Mr. Potter.

The bewildered Mr. Spriggs looked helplessly round the table. His wife's foot pressed his, and like a mechanical toy his lips snapped together.

"I didn't know you had got your money handy," said Mrs. Spriggs, in trembling tones.

"I made special application, and I'm to have it on Friday," said Mr. Potter, with a smile. "You don't get a chance like that every day."

He filled Uncle Gussie's glass for him, and that gentleman at once raised it and proposed the health of the young couple. "If anything was to 'appen to break it off now," he said, with a swift glance at his sister, "they'd be miserable for life, I can see that."

"Miserable for ever," assented Mr. Potter, in a sepulchral voice, as he squeezed the hand of Miss Spriggs under the table.

"It's the only thing worth 'aving—love," continued Mr. Price, watching his brother-in-law out of the corner of his eye. "Money is nothing."

Mr. Spriggs emptied his glass and, knitting his brows, drew patterns on the cloth with the back of his knife. His wife's foot was still pressing on his, and he waited for instructions.

For once, however, Mrs. Spriggs had none to give. Even when Mr. Potter had gone and Ethel had retired upstairs she was still voiceless. She sat for some time looking at the fire and stealing an occasional glance at Uncle Gussie as he smoked a cigar; then she arose and bent over her husband.

"Do what you think best," she said, in a weary voice. "Good night."

"What about that money of young Alfred's?" demanded Mr. Spriggs, as the door closed behind her.

"I'm going to put it in my business," said Uncle Gussie, blandly; "my business in Australia."

"Ho! You've got to talk to me about that first," said the other.

His brother-in-law leaned back and smoked with placid enjoyment. "You do what you like," he said, easily. "Of course, if you tell Alfred, I sha'n't get the money, and Ethel won't get 'im. Besides that, he'll find out what lies you've been telling."

"I wonder you can look me in the face," said the raging bricklayer.

"And I should give him to understand that you were going shares in the hundred and ten pounds and then thought better of it," said the unmoved Mr. Price. "He's the sort o' young chap as'll believe anything. Bless 'im!"

Mr. Spriggs bounced up from his chair and stood over him with his fists clenched. Mr. Price glared defiance.

"If you're so partikler you can make it up to him," he said, slowly. "You've been a saving man, I know, and Emma 'ad a bit left her that I ought to have 'ad. When you've done play-acting I'll go to bed. So long!"

He got up, yawning, and walked to the door, and Mr. Spriggs, after a momentary idea of breaking him in pieces and throwing him out into the street, blew out the lamp and went upstairs to discuss the matter with his wife until morning.

Mr. Spriggs left for his work next day with the question still undecided, but a pretty strong conviction that Mr. Price would have to have his way. The wedding was only five days off, and the house was in a bustle of preparation. A certain gloom which he could not shake off he attributed to a raging toothache, turning a deaf ear to the various remedies suggested by Uncle Gussie, and the name of an excellent dentist who had broken a tooth of Mr. Potter's three times before extracting it.

Uncle Gussie he treated with bare civility in public, and to blood-curdling threats in private. Mr. Price, ascribing the latter to the toothache, also varied his treatment to his company; prescribing whisky held in the mouth, and other agreeable remedies, when there were listeners, and recommending him to fill his mouth with cold water and sit on the fire till it boiled, when they were alone.

He was at his worst on Thursday morning; on Thursday afternoon he came home a bright and contented man. He hung his cap on the nail with a flourish, kissed his wife, and, in full view of the disapproving Mr. Price, executed a few clumsy steps on the hearthrug.

"Come in for a fortune?" inquired the latter, eyeing him sourly.

"No; I've saved one," replied Mr. Spriggs, gaily. "I wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"Think of what?" inquired Mr. Price.

"You'll soon know," said Mr. Spriggs, "and you've only got yourself to thank for it."

Uncle Gussie sniffed suspiciously; Mrs. Spriggs pressed for particulars.

"I've got out of the difficulty," said her husband, drawing his chair to the tea-table. "Nobody'll suffer but Gussie."

"Ho!" said that gentleman, sharply.

"I took the day off," said Mr. Spriggs, smiling contentedly at his wife, "and went to see a friend of mine, Bill White the policeman, and told him about Gussie."

Mr. Price stiffened in his chair.

"Acting—under—his—advice," said Mr. Spriggs, sipping his tea, "I wrote to Scotland Yard and told 'em that Augustus Price, ticket-of-leave man, was trying to obtain a hundred and ten pounds by false pretences."

Mr. Price, white and breathless, rose and confronted him.

"The beauty o' that is, as Bill says," continued Mr. Spriggs, with much enjoyment, "that Gussie'll 'ave to set out on his travels again. He'll have to go into hiding, because if they catch him he'll 'ave to finish his time. And Bill says if he writes letters to any of us it'll only make it easier to find him. You'd better take the first train to Australia, Gussie."

"What—what time did you post—the letter?" inquired Uncle Gussie, jerkily.

"'Bout two o'clock," said Mr. Spriggs, glaring at the clock. "I reckon you've just got time."

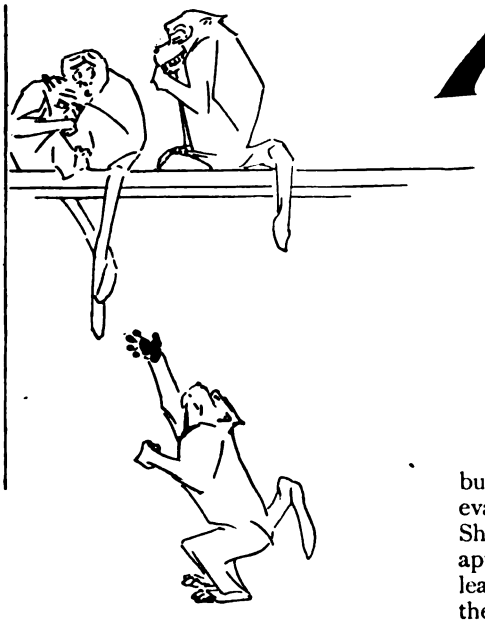
Mr. Price stepped swiftly to the small sideboard, and, taking up his hat, clapped it on. He paused a moment at the door to glance up and down the street, and then the door closed softly behind him. Mrs. Spriggs looked at her husband.

"Called away to Australia by special telegram," said the latter, winking. "Bill White is a trump; that's what he is."

"Oh, George!" said his wife. "Did you really write that letter?"

Mr. Spriggs winked again.

"HE PAUSED A MOMENT AT THE DOOR TO GLANCE UP AND DOWN THE STREET."



Animals that Joke.

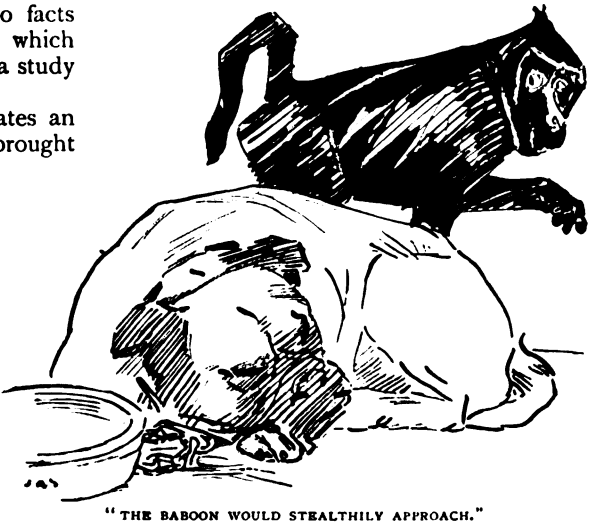
By Henri Coupin.

THE facetious turn of mind so frequently met with among human beings has something very analogous in certain animals, and often even assumes a character that the most inveterate jester would not disdain. Animals frequently have recourse to joking—generally rough, practical joking—either to be revenged or to obtain some definite advantage.

I propose to quote several characteristic examples which may call attention to facts hitherto deemed unimportant, yet which are full of interest to those who make a study of the intelligence of animals.

The German naturalist, Brehm, relates an instance of a female baboon which he brought to Europe, and which was never more delighted than when it could annoy a taciturn watch-dog. The latter had hardly settled himself comfortably for his daily siesta in the yard and closed his eyes before the baboon would stealthily approach. After ascertaining that the dog was asleep, she would lightly catch hold of his tail and give it a vicious tug, well calculated to give the slumbering animal a rude awakening. Barking furiously, the dog would be on his feet in an instant and make for the baboon, but his tormentor always coolly and adroitly evaded all his efforts to come near her. She would sit quietly as if inviting him to approach, and then, at the right moment, leap over his head, and from behind give the persecuted tail another tug.

A Siamese monkey, brought to Europe by Bennett, was still more facetious. On the same steamer with it were several other monkeys who, whatever their reason, would have nothing to do with the one in question. This ostracism clearly exasperated the Siamese monkey, and whenever it had a chance it would lay hold of one of the others, getting its tail in a vigorous grip, and in this manner drag it all about the deck, finally mounting the rigging with its victim and then dropping it down.



"THE BABOON WOULD STEALTHILY APPROACH."

In the instance just given the spirit of teasing is evidently merged into that of malice, and in the following example this is even more obvious, although there is still a humorous element present. A monkey was attached by a ring, sufficiently large to permit of its sliding up and down, to a bamboo pole fixed upright in the ground. The animal's favourite position was at the very top of the pole, and often when there crows from the surrounding neighbourhood flocked round the food, which was kept in a dish at the bottom, and frequently devoured a great portion of it. One morning the captive seemed particularly angry at the conduct of the crows, and, to be revenged, the following was the crafty scheme it resorted to. It pretended to be very unwell, kept its eyes half-closed, and drooped its head as if it had not sufficient strength to raise it. Thus the impostor remained until the fresh supply of food had been put in its usual place. The crows at once flew down and gobbled up every morsel. Very slowly the monkey now crawled down the pole, as if with the greatest difficulty, and, when it reached the bottom, it rolled over and over on the ground, uttering groans and apparently writhing in pain, but always, by degrees, coming nearer and nearer to the dish. When quite close it seemed to entirely collapse, and remained as rigid as if dead. Some time elapsed, and then a crow drew near to see if anything was left in the dish. No sooner had the bird come within reach of the monkey than the latter suddenly revived, pounced upon the feathered thief, and pinned it to the earth. Its next step was to deliberately pluck the feathers from its victim until the wretched bird was almost bare. Then it threw the body contemptuously aside. The other crows soon assembled and pecked their comrade to death, never afterwards reappearing.

"THIS OSTRACISM CLEARLY EXASPERATED THE SIAMESE MONKEY."

Of the spirit of facetiousness among monkeys, Darwin has spoken a great deal. Notably does he mention a female orang-outang which he had observed for a long time in the Zoological Gardens, and in which, he is confident, he noticed an appreciation of the comical. On one occasion he saw the monkey take hold of the dish in which her food was placed—of a somewhat unusual shape—and put it on her head in lieu of a hat. Thus arrayed she provoked roars of laughter, evidently to her great gratification, from the crowd assembled round the cage.

Another naturalist, all of whose statements bear the mark of scrupulous exactitude, Sir Andrew Smith, relates that one Sunday, at the Cape of Good Hope, he saw a baboon splash muddy water over an officer who was on his way to parade. The officer had often teased and annoyed the monkey, who paid him back with absolute hatred. Seeing him coming on this particular morning from a distance, it quickly poured some water into a hole in the ground, mixing it with earth so as to make mud, and had it ready for the enemy when he

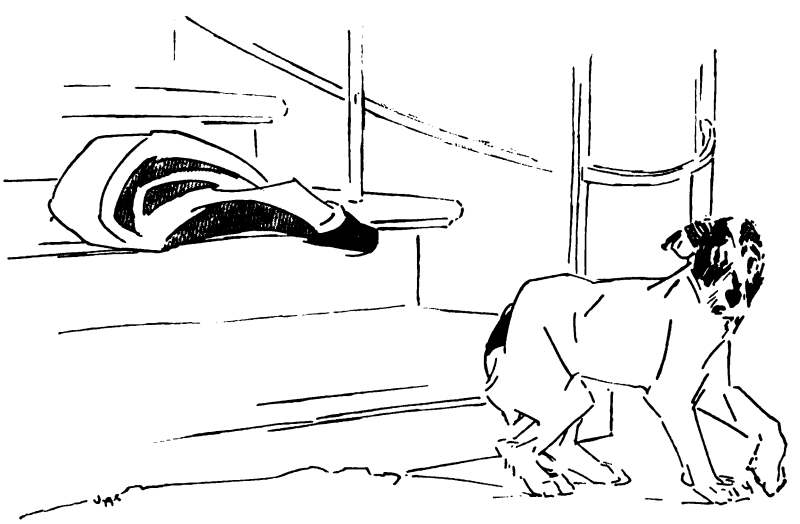
approached. For a long time after this, every time the animal caught sight of the officer it was provoked into what had all the appearance of laughter.

Levaillant tells another curious instance of dissembling on the part of a monkey which he suspected of stealing his eggs. One day, after watching a fowl lay an egg, he carefully observed the movements of "Kecs," as he called the monkey. Kecs was at the top of a wagon at the time, but no sooner did it hear the hen's clucking than it immediately leaped to the ground. Catching sight of its master, however, it abruptly stopped, and, assuming an air of the most perfect innocence, swung to and fro on its legs, with half-closed eyes, an attitude evidently, in its opinion, that would completely mask its intentions. It was really quite the behaviour one would expect of a very clever child caught just as it was about to commit some forbidden act.

Few animals, however, are so fond of a joke and a game as the dog. "While in Tunis," says Alix, "my dog Sfax, when quite young, was very fond of playing 'hide and seek' with the children of the neighbourhood, and especially liked to do so in the barn where the grain was stored. Squeezing himself in among the trusses he made the most tortuous zigzags, and, just as the boys who were looking for him thought they were on the point of catching him, he would suddenly reappear twenty yards away in the direction he was least expected, eyeing his playmates with a jovial air of mischief, as if encouraging them to catch him. When they were quite close to him he would wag his tail and again bounce off as before, and would sometimes keep up this game for more than an hour at a time."

The facetiousness of dogs has often, however, a most distinct object. I myself, for instance, once had a dog who, in order to avoid being punished when he was seen leaving the house, which he knew he had no right to enter, pretended to be lame. The greater the theft—and the object of his entering the house was usually to commit some sort of theft—the lamer he appeared, and thus his very excess of slyness enabled us to estimate the extent of his misdeeds.

Gross, the naturalist, relates several amusing instances of a similar nature about dogs. He had once a dog who, when given a piece of bread that he did not care to eat, dropped it, and then, lying upon it, pretended to look all round with the most innocent air, as if wondering where it had fallen. Another case he speaks of is that of a terrier whose greatest pleasure it was to catch flies on the window-panes. Nothing annoyed the animal more than to be laughed at when he missed his prey. "In order to discover what he would do," says Gross, "I purposely laughed immoderately each time he was unsuccessful, and the more I laughed the clumsier he grew. At last he was so unmistakably annoyed that in his despair he pretended to capture a fly, and made the appropriate movements of tongue and lips, finally rubbing his neck on the ground as if to crush his victim, after which he regarded me with a triumphant air. So well had he played his little comedy that, had I not seen the very fly still on the window, I certainly would have been taken in by this trick. When I called his attention to the fact that the fly he had chased was still at large and that there was no dead fly on the floor, he perfectly understood that his hypocrisy had been discovered



"THE GREATER THE THEFT THE LAMER HE APPEARED."

and was so ashamed of himself that he slunk away and hid under a couch. The same terrier was accustomed to display his good temper by performing certain tricks which he had learnt by himself, the object of which evidently was to provoke laughter. One of these tricks was to lie on his side making grimaces and putting his paw into his mouth. On such occasions nothing gave him greater pleasure than to notice that his comical exhibition was appreciated. If it passed unnoticed, however, he became quite sulky. On the other hand, nothing vexed him more than for anyone to laugh at him without cause."

The water-rat has the humorous faculty very much developed. Beckmann describes one which was kept on a farm in company with some domestic quadrupeds, and which apparently delighted to tease a basset allowed to roam at liberty within a small enclosure. Whenever it was very hot the dog left its kennel to take a nap in the shade of a lilac bush. On such occasions the rat was never long in putting in an appearance, but as it had a wholesome respect for the basset's sharp teeth it maintained a careful distance, contenting itself by touching at regular intervals with one of its paws the dog's hinder part. This was sufficient to keep the drowsy dog awake, and almost to drive it to distraction. It was in vain that it attempted to strike its tormentor. Each time it tried to do so the rat adroitly retired out of reach, but no sooner had the dog closed its eyes again than the same performance recommenced.

Foals will frequently tease human beings, especially by running towards them and then suddenly stopping. Scheitlen relates that in a certain long, narrow Alpine valley he saw a foal running after a group of travellers. It had allowed them to pass without paying any attention to them, and then rushed after them at full speed, pulling up quickly when within only a step or two of the party. It immediately became absorbed in eating grass when it saw that it had thoroughly alarmed them. But so soon as they were a few yards away it would repeat the performance, each time causing the people no little alarm. It was very clear that the foal was amusing itself in exactly the same way as would a child who knows himself to be stronger than his companions, and trades upon that knowledge.

Saville Kent declares that dolphins are also very fond of teasing other fish, some of which become absolute victims to such tyranny. The dolphins seize them by the tail and drag them through the water, shaking them in a manner that must rob their victims of all dignity. On one occasion, this observer states that he noticed two dolphins obviously acting according to some preconcerted plan, attacking a big skate swimming near the surface of the water, which tried to escape its pursuers by raising its caudal appendage above the surface. The dolphins, however, got hold of the tail, using it as a handle by which they drew the unfortunate skate in every direction.

The case of the bull which I am about to relate is still more interesting, and denotes a most remarkable amount of cunning. Mr. Bidie relates that when he was living in Mysore he had a house surrounded by several acres of pasturage that was a sore temptation to the cattle in the adjacent village, which never lost an opportunity of entering whenever the gates were left open. Mr. Bidie's servants did their utmost to keep the invaders away. One day they came to him and anxiously reported that a Brahmin bull, a trespasser, on being struck, had fallen dead on the spot. These bulls, it must be remembered, are sacred and privileged animals, being allowed to wander wherever the whim takes them, and even permitted to eat anything they like in the open native shops.

Learning that the marauder was dead, Mr. Bidie went to examine the matter for himself. There, sure enough, was the animal's body stretched out and apparently quite dead. Much annoyed by this circumstance, which, he feared, would provoke trouble among the natives, he did not stop to make a detailed examination, but quickly returned to his house in order to bring the matter before the authorities of the district. He had left for this purpose, when a man came running after him and with much joy in his face declared that the bull was once more on its legs, calmly eating away as fast as it could! To cut a long story short, the animal had found this means of rendering his expulsion from the field practically impossible, and whenever a place pleased him he resorted to a similar ruse so soon as an attempt was made to expel him.

Elephants also are fond of simulating death in this same facetious manner. Mr. Tennent relates how a recently-captured elephant was being taken to the corral between two tame beasts. It had already gone in some distance when it suddenly stopped and fell to the ground as if dead. The thongs were removed from its limbs, and

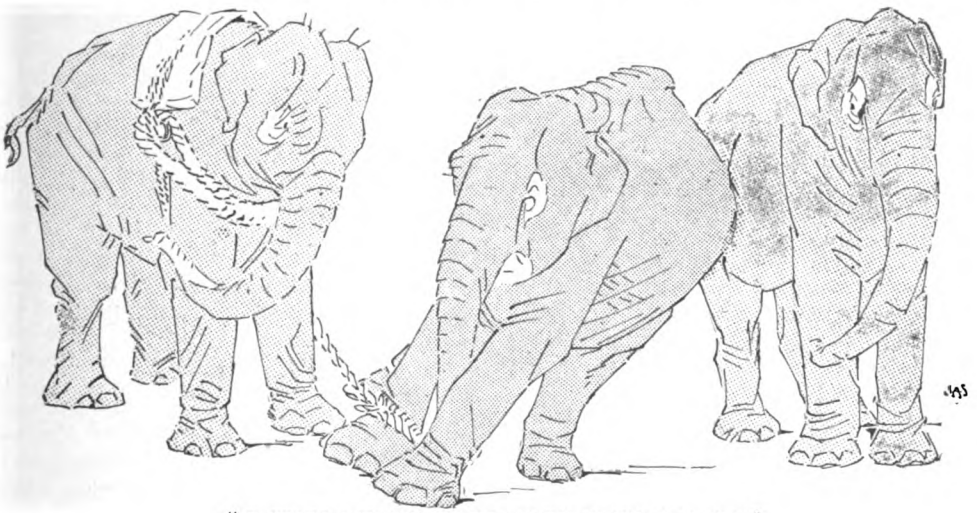
then efforts were vainly made to drag the carcass out of the corral. Finally, it was decided to leave it where it was, but hardly had the men retired a few yards before the brute leaped to its feet and rushed towards the jungle, trumpeting and bellowing with all its force, doubtless elephantine cries of joy.

At the siege of Bhurtpore, in 1805, Mr. Griffiths relates that the high temperature caused by the prevalence of hot and dry winds produced evaporation of the water in all the ponds and reservoirs. In one pond only did some water remain, and around this, naturally, competition was always very keen. On one occasion two elephants were there with their attendants, one of them of exceptional size and strength. The smaller of the two had been given by its master a bucket, which it carried at the end of its trunk. This bucket its big companion suddenly tore away from it. The whole attitude of the victim of the outrage denoted how bitterly it resented the act, but just as evidently was the beast conscious of its inability to avenge the insult at the moment. The propitious opportunity to be "quits" with its aggressor was not long, however, in presenting itself. By and by the larger animal turned so that it was broadside to the edge of the pond. This was what the other had been waiting for. Withdrawing a few yards, it suddenly charged straight for its enemy, against whose side it came at full tilt with its lowered head, capsizing the unwieldy carcass into the water. The accident, indeed, almost proved fatal, and but for its own intelligence the brute would have found a watery grave. After many ineffectual attempts to get it out it was decided to throw a number of hurdles used in the siege operations into the water. By means of these the sagacious creature arranged a sort of ascending plane and thus finally reached the level of the ground.

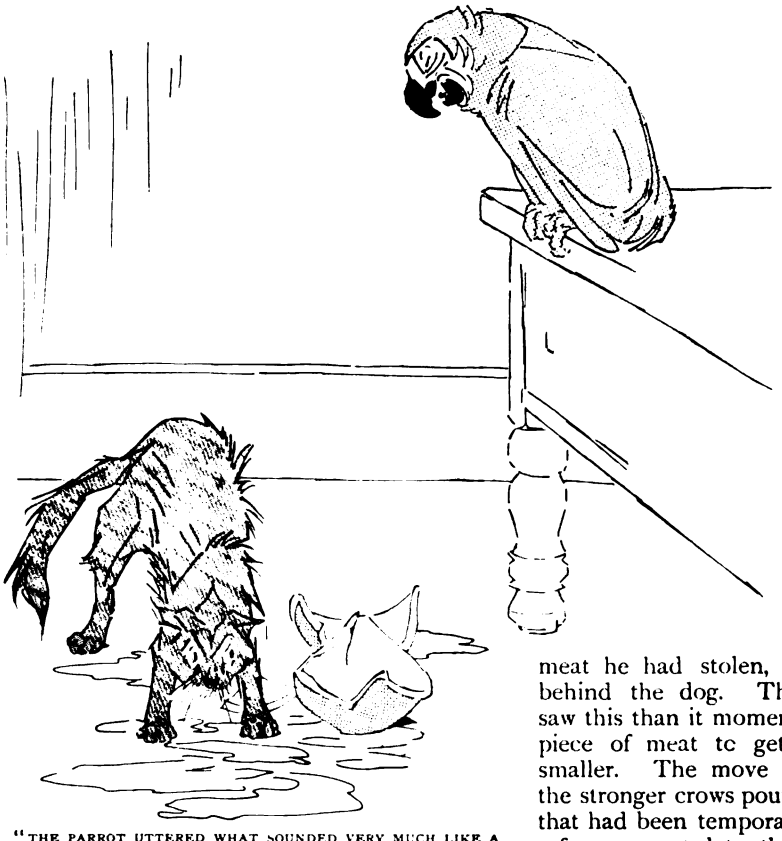
Numerous instances of facetiousness on the part of birds may also be cited. The great English naturalist, Romanes, relates an instance of a humorous parrot which quarrelled with the cat, usually its great friend, but which had on one occasion upset Poll's seed. After several demonstrations of mutual ill-will, the cat and parrot became, to all appearances, once more fast friends. An hour or so later the parrot, at the edge of the table close to a large basin of milk, was heard to call out in the most affectionate tones :—

"Puss, puss ! Come here, puss!" Without any suspicion of danger the cat approached, innocently lifting its head as it did so. No sooner was it just under the board than the parrot, with its beak, tilted over the basin of milk, drenching the cat entirely, and then uttered what sounded very much like a sardonic laugh at its victim's bedraggled appearance on the floor.

Braehm mentions an ibis which came under his notice, and which, as a rule, led a peaceful existence with other birds kept in the same enclosure. Towards some of the weaker of its feathered colleagues, however, it dearly liked to show its supremacy, its principal victims being the flamingoes. No sooner did it espy a flamingo asleep with



"IT SUDDENLY STOPPED AND FELL TO THE GROUND AS IF DEAD."



"THE PARROT UTTERED WHAT SOUNDED VERY MUCH LIKE A SARDONIC LAUGH."

head tucked under wing than it would stealthily approach and pluck gently at the slumbering bird's feathers. This no doubt caused the sleeper a disagreeable tickling sensation sufficient to waken it. Opening its eyes drowsily, it would glance timidly at its tormentor, then move away a few steps to woo sleep once more; but so soon as its eyes were again closed the same scene was re-enacted.

In conclusion, I would like to cite a case of crows which denotes a remarkable amount of sagacity combined with the humorous spirit. It is related by Miss Bird, who noticed a dog, in the garden of an inn where she was staying, munching a large piece of offal under the jealous eyes of a number of crows. The birds, it was evident from their chattering, had a great deal to say to one another about the matter, and from time to time one or two of their number, much to the annoyance of the dog, attempted to snatch away the dainty he was enjoying so much. In the end, one of the largest of the flock succeeded in tearing away a considerable portion of the meat, which it bore in triumph to its station aloft beside its comrades. Again there was a great deal of chattering. The discussion was a most animated one, and the result was evidently that the birds had decided upon a plan of campaign which they lost no time in carrying out. Their first move was to group themselves so as to completely surround the greedy quadruped. Their leader then dropped the piece of meat he had stolen, so that it fell just behind the dog. The latter no sooner saw this than it momentarily left the larger piece of meat to get possession of the smaller. The move was fatal. Two of the stronger crows pounced upon their prey that had been temporarily abandoned, and a few moments later the whole of the flock were merrily feasting in the branches of a neighbouring tree. Their dupe, his first moment of surprise ended, could but howl with rage below them.

On another similar occasion three crows, who had in vain tried to get possession of some meat which a dog was eating, held a consultation with the following result. Two of them approached the meat as near as they dared, while the third pecked vigorously at the dog's tail. With an angry yelp it turned to repel its aggressor. Thereupon the other two seized the meat, and the trio of thieves flew up to the top of a high wall, where they feasted at their ease.

Some of the facts I have related may seem to some, who have not studied the question, exaggerated. I can assure any such sceptics, however, that this is by no means the case. A number of perfectly independent and thoroughly reliable observers have described dozens of similar instances so circumstantially and with so much concordance in the main features that no possible doubt of the truth can remain in the minds of unprejudiced readers.

A Pair of Rogues.

By Florence Warden.

THE REV. THE HON. RALPH JOSSELYNE glanced up from his newspaper with a look of slight agitation on his handsome, kindly face, and, pointing to a paragraph in the police news, handed the paper over to his friend and guest, Peter Bassett, who was cracking walnuts and sipping his port in a leisurely way, with one of the heavy magazines open at the side of his dessert plate.

They were old friends, and in the cosy vicarage at Clayton Leas, thirty miles out of London, they had passed many an evening together during the past twenty odd years. Peter Bassett was a thin, swarthy-complexioned man, with plain, shrewd features and a straight mouth. He was a barrister by profession, and had chambers in town; but having come into an income which was enough for his needs he took life easily, and was little seen in the Law Courts.

"H'm!" was his curt comment when he had read the paragraph pointed out to him, which told how two men, convicted of an attempt at housebreaking, pleaded that they had found it impossible, by reason of their having been in prison before, to obtain honest work of any kind.

"I've often thought how hard it must be for a man to make a fresh start," said Mr. Josselyne, "with that awful prison taint upon his character."

"It isn't upon the *good* characters, only on the bad ones," said Peter Bassett, who was not a philanthropist, and whose dry manner was in strong contrast to the geniality and gentleness of his friend.

"But it's so hard for us to make due allowance for the position of these poor fellows. One of them, I see, was convicted of having stolen a piece of bacon. Now, how on earth can you and I understand the feelings of a man who steals bacon? I can quite believe, for my part, that such a man might yield to a sudden temptation who was by no means a bad character. Work is slack; the family at home are hungry. Dear me! dear me! the wonder is to me that the poor fellows, in bad times, ever remain honest."

"Well, your two friends didn't, you see, and I don't see why they should expect better treatment than others in their case."

"But did you see," went on Mr. Josselyne, growing warm over his subject, "that a policeman came forward to confirm all they had said about their having tried to get work and failed? Now, you may be sure he wouldn't have done so if they had been habitual thieves! But now think of it. The poor fellows will come out, at the end of their term, worse off than ever."

He arose, and walked up and down the warm, bright room, with his hands behind him and his head bent in thought.

Presently he stopped short.

"I've a good mind——" he began.

He was interrupted by his friend, who turned his chair round very suddenly to look at him with a stern frown.

"Good mind to what?"

Mr. Josselyne's kind face looked almost sheepish as he answered:—

"Well, to show them a little Christian charity, and to—give them both a fresh start in life."

Peter Bassett cracked another nut.

"In what capacity?" he asked, briefly, having extracted from his voice every trace of expression or sentiment.

Mr. Josselyne replied with ever-increasing determination:—

"Wilkins is so old that I've already arranged to pension him off. The poor old fellow is now so blind that he trips over everything, and breaks more plates and dishes than I can afford. And he's so deaf that when I ask for bread he brings me a 'Bradshaw.'"

"Well, if you can't afford Wilkins's breakages of plates, it seems odd that you should be ready to put up with your new friend's breakages of the Commandments," was Mr. Bassett's unsympathetic comment.

"Of course, if he steals again he'll have to go," admitted Mr. Josselyne, gently. "But he shall have his chance. As a minister of the Gospel of mercy and charity I feel somehow as if I were called upon specially to do this thing that I have in my mind."

"And what do you propose to do with the other one?" asked Peter Bassett.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've had to give Wright notice, for he gets no better; and what's the use of his taking the pledge one day when I find him the next day asleep with his head in the gutter? I really would put up with him for a little longer, but that

he neglects my poor old horse and frightens the servants."

"Perhaps, on the whole, it will be an advantage if you get someone to carry off the horse altogether," assented Peter Bassett, sardonically. "Then, when coachman and gee-gee have disappeared together—as they will do—you can set up a new turn-out and be comfortable."

The vicar shook his head and frowned slightly.

"I love the old animals, the old faces, the old ways," he said, with at last a touch of dignity.

"Well, you're going in for some new excitements, at any rate," retorted Bassett, unrepressed. "I only hope, for your own sake, Josselyne, if you do carry out your generous intentions, that you'll have telephonic communication established with the police-station."

To which the vicar made no reply.

It was a month later when Mr. Josselyne, having remained stanch to his resolve, made the acquaintance, outside the walls of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, of the two men in whom his interest had been excited.

It must be frankly confessed that his kind heart quailed a little at the introduction to one of his protégés.

Robert Martin and William (commonly called Bill) Shaw were not the mere lads he had supposed, in the first place. Martin was a man of about thirty, small, dapper, and sandy as to hair. His features were small, his complexion was pale and freckled, he had evidently had a fair education, and there was about him every indication that he might take kindly to the indoor service which the good vicar proposed to offer him.

But as for Bill Shaw, never were the attributes popularly ascribed to the burglar and cut-throat more plainly visible in a human being than they were in him. Tall, broad, ungainly, with heavy shoulders and a decided stoop, Bill looked every inch the criminal, and surveyed the kindly vicar with a stolid look of contempt and disgust which might well have dismayed the stoutest heart.

His face was dark, his features were coarse; his straight wide mouth, long upper lip, and heavy jaw, his beetling brows and deep-set, sly eyes, made up a whole so repellent that for a moment even the Rev. Ralph, philanthropist and amiable faddist as he was, hesitated, and would have liked to go back from his bargain.

For, through the good offices of the prison chaplain, he had already made known to the two criminals the offer he was about to make.

But before he could open conversation with either of the men Bob Martin broke out into such a voluble flow of gratitude and effusive thanks that Mr. Josselyne, unspeakably touched, had his whole attention absorbed by him.

Bill said never a word. While his companion poured out his feelings in the most touching manner, telling of his struggles, of his despair, of his fall, the hulking Bill stood like a statue, hands in pockets, and with a derisive grin on his ugly face, not moving a muscle except to cast at his companion in difficulties an occasional knowing wink, which the vicar suspected rather than detected, so artfully was it performed.

In vain did Mr. Josselyne turn from Martin to Shaw, anxious to elicit from the latter some word of kindly, or at least of human, feeling. Each time Bill at once turned up his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and left it to his companion to answer for him the questions which the kindly vicar put.

When forced to speak, Bill confined himself to monosyllables, which he uttered in a tone so gruff, not to say ferocious, and accompanied by a frown so threatening, that Mr. Josselyne wondered what good Mrs. Proctor, his cook, housekeeper, and tyrant, and poor Patty, the bright little parlourmaid, would say to this singularly ill-favoured retainer.

"Do you know anything about horses?" said the vicar to Bill, in his friendliest manner.

"Yus," was the laconic reply.

"And do you think you could manage the work of a garden, with necessary help in the busy season, of course?"

"Yus," answered Bill again.

"And do you think you would be comfortable in such a situation as that I offer?" went on Mr. Josselyne, with an ever-strengthening hope that his alarming protégé would refuse.

"P'r'aps," was the curt answer, and the vicar's heart grew resentful at last. For the man's tone implied that his acceptance of the proffered situation was a condescension of which he was almost ashamed.

"Of course, I don't wish to force the situation upon you," he said, with a wounded expression. "Perhaps you have something better in view?"

"No," said Bill.

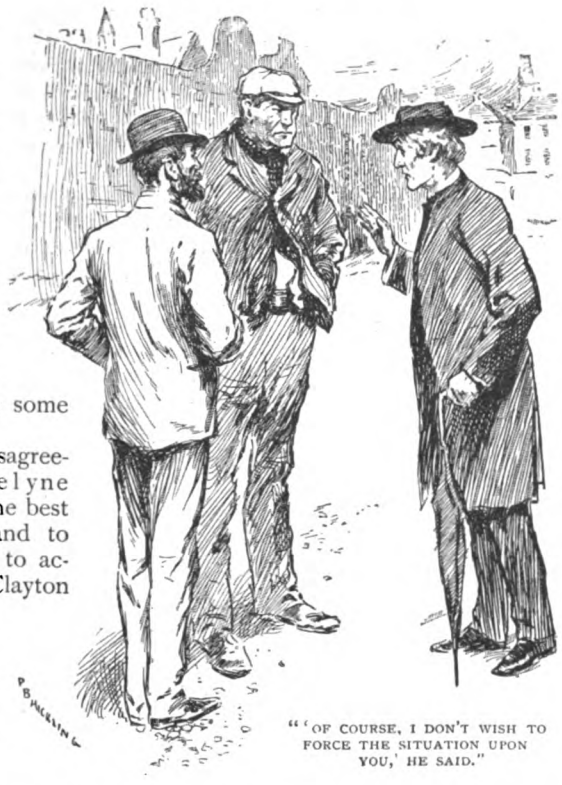
But here Bob Martin, disgusted by his companion's behaviour, struck in.

"Bill," said he, "if you don't thank the good gentleman this blessed minute, jest as

you ought for to thank him, on yer bended knees so to speak, you're the good-for-nothingest rascal as ever deserved what we both got, and a bit over!"

To which Bill, with a clumsy twitching of the shoulder, replied stiffly that he "wasn't no good at speechifying, like some folks."

And fearing a disagreement Mr. Josselyne hastened to make the best of the situation, and to engage them both to accompany him to Clayton Leas without delay.



"'OF COURSE, I DON'T WISH TO FORCE THE SITUATION UPON YOU,' HE SAID."

On the whole the introduction of the two new servants to the rest of the household passed off better than he had expected; for while Mrs. Proctor looked sourly at them both, as was her wont, and bright, red-cheeked Patty looked curious, Bob Martin was so tactful, flattered the housekeeper so artfully, and contrived so well to keep the forbidding Bill in the background, that all Mrs. Proctor said to her master by way of protest that evening was that "that there Martin didn't seem to know much about gentlemen's things," and that she "hoped the man Shaw would turn out better than his looks."

And this was just what the vicar was hoping himself.

Unhappily, his misgivings increased as time went by. Martin, indeed, did his very best to justify his master's belief in his fellowmen. He learned his duties quickly, was civil, grateful, and quiet, and, moreover, signed a temperance pledge of his own accord, kept it, and attended church with the greatest regularity.

He pleased the good vicar further by consulting him about certain small theological difficulties of his own; and Mr. Josselyne, while confessing that they were of a kind which had proved puzzling even to himself, gave them his energetic attention, and consulted the heavy tomes in his library, ransacking Hooker, Blair, and St. Augustine in the endeavour to satisfy his butler's rèligious doubts.

Bill Shaw, on the other hand, was slow, awkward, taciturn to the point of incivility, and was undoubtedly unsteady of gait one Saturday night, while he refused to go to church, with the sturdy remark that that "wasn't one of his dooties either to the oss or the garden."

Worse than this was the fact that little Patty, all unconscious of his antecedents, took compassion upon the surly brute, and not only carried his dinner out to him when he was busy, but even helped him to harness the horse to the vicar's phaeton, and stayed to chat with him when she was sent for a stick of celery or a beetroot.

The poor vicar did not know what to do. It was his duty to the maidens in his employment to guard them from possible harm, and it was his duty to the men he was trying to reform to keep silence as to their past. But the two duties seemed in this case to be sadly conflicting.

The two men had been in their respective situations for about a month, when it came to the vicar's knowledge that a couple of very suspicious-looking individuals had been seen lurking about the neighbourhood, peeping through the hedges, and lingering close to the stable, where Shaw had his two rooms.

It was impossible, hard as he tried to feel comfortable and easy in his mind, for the vicar to look upon this circumstance exactly as he would have done if he had known less of the past of his men-servants. But not even to Peter Bassett would he betray the anxiety he felt as to his retainers' good behaviour.

Bassett had a nasty way of greeting his

friend with some such inquiry as "Not murdered yet?" or "How goes it with the plate-chest?" jocularities which Mr. Josselyne thought uncalled for and in the worst of taste. He used to look at the satisfactory Martin with an amused expression which nettled the vicar, and at the unsatisfactory Bill Shaw with an almost boisterous delight which was exceedingly irritating to his host.

"I think, Bassett," the vicar went the length of observing one evening, "that, considering your knowledge of the circumstances under which I engaged my servants, it would be in better taste for you not to take so much notice of them as you do."

"My dear Josselyne," replied his friend, "my taste is not good at any time. But it is really necessary that I should take notice of your servants, as I should like to be able to identify them both when the inquest is held upon your murdered body."

Even the vicar's sweet temper was not proof against this insulting mockery, and, though his self-command and his sense of hospitality were too great to allow him openly to resent his friend's cruel speech, there was a perceptible shadow over their intercourse from that day, which lasted until the inevitable happened.

Mr. Josselyne was awakened from sleep one chilly November night by an uneasy sense that something was wrong, rather than by any loud noise.

He lay half dreaming, half conscious, for a few moments, and then sat up suddenly, with listening ears. For he could distinguish slight but unusual sounds from the lower floor of the house, and at the same time he was aware that a strong current of cold air was blowing steadily upon him from the door, now that his sitting position brought his head and shoulders outside the shelter of the bed-curtains.

Glancing that way he saw that the door was ajar, and he called out, sharply: "Who's that?"

There was no answer, but the creaking of one of the old boards of the passage told him that he had not been mistaken in supposing that an intruder of some sort was not far off.

Jumping out of bed and getting hastily into his dressing-gown and slippers, Mr. Josselyne discovered, by the tiny jet of gas that he always kept burning at night, that someone had been in his room. The signs were slight enough, indeed, but careful inspection showed them to be unmistakable. His clothes had been disturbed; the trifles which he used to arrange methodically upon his dressing-table had been tampered with.

Seizing the poker, Mr. Josselyne, full of ugly fears, hurried out of the room, and went with stealthy footsteps downstairs, having by this time ascertained beyond doubt that the sounds he had heard proceeded from his study, which was immediately under his bedroom.

"MR. JOSSELYNE WENT WITH STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS."

The door of the study was ajar, and he softly pushed it, having perceived already that a light was being carried about within the room.

The door creaked.

Just as he had ascertained, therefore, that the room contained three men, all of whom were muffled and disguised by little, roughly-made masks of black stuff, he found himself seized by a strong hand, while a thick stick, held high above his head in menacing fashion, warned him to be quiet and humble.

Though the man who held him captive was masked like the others, the disguise was useless. The hulking figure, unwieldy movements, and slouching gait betrayed the fact that he was in the tender hands of his coachman and gardener, Bill Shaw.

He had sufficient presence of mind, however, not to betray the fact that he recognised his valuable dependent.

The other two men were strangers, and he felt unutterably thankful, even at that moment, that Martin at least had remained faithful,

and that he was not among the marauders. He even fancied that he knew, by the description he had had of the two men who had been seen lurking near the stable, that they were the intruders now before him.

"Who are you? And what do you want?" asked Mr. Josselyne, firmly.

But as he spoke he perceived that both the men whom he did not know were armed with revolvers, which they carried in the right hand, half concealed, in a manner more suggestive than if it had been openly menacing.

One of the strangers spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"Well, we're hard up, guv'nor, and we've heard as how you're a kind-hearted gentleman. So we arst—just arst, mind—if you'll be ser good as to hand over to us the money and joolry what you keeps all 'oarded up and doing no good to nobody."

"I have very little money and very little jewellery that would be of any use to you," answered Mr. Josselyne, with an ever-increasing fear at his heart that these men were no ordinary thieves, but men of hardened and desperate character.

An instinctive movement made by both men at the same time as he uttered these words confirmed his ugly impression. As for the ruffianly Shaw, he still held his stick threateningly over his master's head, but was careful not to utter a word.

"Come," said one of the strangers, roughly, in the same whisper as his companion; "that won't do. We know you've got money and joolry—locked in a safe. And you'll hand it over, if you're wise. It's upstairs, behind your bed. So, now, don't make no more bones about it, but get up with you, and shell out."

Without any more ado the powerful Bill Shaw dragged the vicar backwards into the hall and forced him upstairs, while at the same time he wrenched the poker from his hand, and, dropping both that and his own stick, placed his huge left hand upon the vicar's mouth as a mute warning to him to be quiet.

Mr. Josselyne took the hint. If he were to call out he might indeed bring Martin from the little ground-floor bedroom where he slept, and the two women from their room at the top of the house, upon the scene. But what could they do against three armed men, except endanger their own lives?

So reasoned the unlucky victim of his own generosity, as he was dragged up the stairs by Bill Shaw's rough hands, and brought to the side of his own bed.

Once alone with the man whom he had befriended, however, the vicar took the opportunity to make a despairing appeal to his better nature.

"Shaw," said he, as the ruffian, seeing how quiet he was, removed the pressure from his captive's mouth, "I know you, and I'm surprised that you can turn against me like this. I've done my best for you, and I've put up with a good deal from you. I wonder you have the heart to treat me so."

Shaw, finding himself discovered, from sullen became ferocious.

"Hold yer jaw," said he. "Where's the key of the safe?"

"How did you know I had a safe?" asked Mr. Josselyne, who had never found the coachman in the upper rooms of the house.

But Shaw disdained to answer.

"Come on," said he, with a menacing gesture.

Mr. Josselyne hesitated.

"And supposing I refuse to be robbed? Supposing I won't find the key or let you find it—what then?"

Shaw responded simply by a chuckle, and by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the door.

And there, by the light of the gas, which Shaw had turned on full, the vicar saw, protruding between the door and the jamb, the little, shining muzzle of a revolver covering him as he stood.

With a shiver Mr. Josselyne resigned himself to necessity, and going straight to the dressing-table took a small key from an artfully-contrived little ledge underneath it, and turned in the direction of the bed, which Shaw had already drawn away from the wall, thus revealing to view a little keyhole, to which he pointed silently.

The vicar was amazed. This safe was a contrivance upon which he prided himself, the door of which was papered to correspond with the rest of the wall in such a fashion that only a person acquainted with its whereabouts would have perceived it.

With an exclamation of dismay the vicar obeyed the peremptory gesture of his treacherous servant, and, with another shuddering glance at that tiny ring of bright metal in the crack of the door, set about opening the safe with a trembling hand.

It contained a cash-box, which Shaw snatched out of his hand; the chink of gold announced that he had made a satisfactory capture.

Mr. Josselyne turned to him, trembling violently.

"You have nearly fifty pounds there," said he. "Won't that satisfy you?"

"Not likely," jeered Shaw. "What's that 'ere?"

And as he spoke he grabbed and drew forward a closed box or casket, the lid of which was unfastened. There tumbled out upon the floor an assortment of jewel-cases, a lady's gold watch and chain, a tiny ring set with diamonds, and other ornaments of considerable value.

"Leave me those," said the vicar, in a low voice. "They were my wife's. I prize them."

"So do I. I must have the lot," said Shaw, coolly, as he picked up the scattered treasures and replaced them in the casket, which he tucked under his arm with the cash-box.

The old vicar made one last appeal.

"Shaw," said he, in a voice so low that it could scarcely reach other ears than those of the ruffian beside him, "I don't want to press the point, but I've been a good friend to you."

Then Shaw made the longest speech he had ever made to his too indulgent master.

"More fool you," he said, in a gruff voice and almost boisterously. "It was your fad to take us in 'and, and we all have to pay for our fads. This 'ere," and he shook the cash-box and rattled the casket, "is what you're payin' for your'n."

And with that he strode quickly across the room to the door.

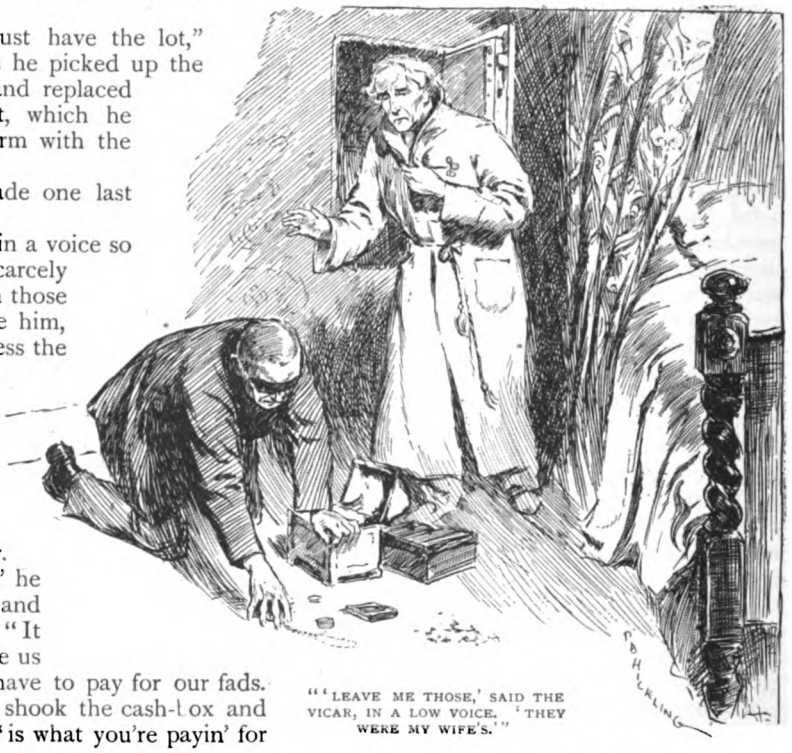
"You can get into bed again now," said he, "and nobody won't 'arm you if you keeps quiet. So long."

He nodded to his unhappy master, took the key out of the door, went out, pushing aside the man who was holding the revolver to the crack, and, inserting the key on the outer side, turned it and tramped away with heavy but rapid steps.

Mr. Josselyne sat down in a little cretonne-covered arm-chair near the fireplace, cut to the heart, bewildered and dismayed.

That he had not succeeded in making a friend of the redoubtable Bill Shaw he had been fully aware, but that Bill should turn out such an ungrateful ruffian, brutal, callous, and altogether without feeling, was a discovery which wounded the kind-hearted old philanthropist even more than did the actual loss he had sustained, great though that was.

For while the loss of a few pounds was nothing to him, he felt the pang of parting with his wife's trinkets very deeply. Even from a pecuniary point of view the loss was considerable, for his wife had been a woman of fortune, and her jewels were of value.



"'LEAVE ME THOSE,' SAID THE VICAR, IN A LOW VOICE. 'THEY WERE MY WIFE'S.'"

But the sentiment which he felt for them counted for far more than that, and the poor vicar felt, as he rose slowly, relocked the now empty safe, and put away the useless key, as if a part of his own life had been wrenched away.

He was not only wounded, disgusted, and dismayed, he was puzzled also by more than one aspect of this most strange attack and robbery. He had heard one or two faint screams from the upper floor, but these had ceased with surprising suddenness, within a few seconds of the departure of Bill Shaw from his room with the booty.

What had happened to the two women? Mrs. Proctor was stout and slow of move-

ment, but Patty was young and active, and her master would have expected her to show some spirit, and at least to do her best to raise an alarm. What had happened to them?

Then, again, what had become of Martin? Had he slept quietly through the whole disturbance? It was true that his room was a long way from the study, and if entrance had been forced through the study window, which Mr. Josselyne remembered to have seen with a broken pane, the butler might have failed to hear any sound.

He was considering these aspects of the affair as he stood helplessly between the bed and the locked door, when he became aware that the night's events were not yet over.

A faint murmur of rough voices in the room below him reached his ears. It grew louder, louder still; he could make out the fact that the speakers were angry, exasperated. There was a pause. For some seconds he heard nothing more; then a fearful crash, in which glass, furniture, and human bodies seemed all to be involved, made him rush to the window, fling up the sash, and look out into the darkness.

He heard the voice of Bill Shaw, using the most horrible language, threatening, bullying. Then two or three voices, one of which he recognised as that of Martin. And the vicar drew himself up, suddenly illumined.

Martin had evidently been disturbed at last and had burst in among the marauders, only to find himself assailed on all sides by Shaw and his accomplices.

The vicar drew a long breath and the tears came to his eyes. Just at the moment when he had thought himself forsaken by everybody, his hopes blighted, his kindness ignored, there came this one ray of comfort in the thought that one at least of his protégés was faithful to his master.

For one weak moment he had let himself imagine that even Martin, the docile, grateful Martin, had suffered himself to be seduced from his loyalty by the machinations of the villainous Shaw.

Strain his ears as he would, he could make out nothing distinctly until there came another crash, followed by a tumultuous flight of dark forms through the broken window of the study beneath, and the sound of three revolver-shots fired quickly one after another.

One, two, three figures, dark, indistinct, running at full tilt across the lawn towards the shrubbery a few yards away; that was all Mr. Josselyne could make out. A fourth and a fifth shot sounded sharp and clear, and then there was a yell of pain from the shrubbery.

Mr. Josselyne's blood ran cold. He shouted for help, he called Martin by name, then Mrs. Proctor, then Patty.

But nobody came, nobody took any notice of his cries. It was in vain that he rattled the handle of his door; at last it came off in his hand, and, the lock being stout and he nervous and not very strong of muscle, the door resisted all his efforts to burst it open.

He heard certain sounds below which made him think that Martin was engaged in putting the room straight after the scene which had just taken place there; he heard also faint groans and rustlings in the shrubbery.

But both sounds died away before long, and the vicar, more than ever amazed at the manner in which he and his cries and his knocks were ignored by everybody, at last went back to bed, chilled to the bone and in the lowest state of bewilderment and depression, and presently fell into an uneasy sleep.

When he awoke in the morning he heard whispering going on outside his door, and, distinguishing the voices of Mrs. Proctor and the village carpenter, he dressed hastily, calling to them to unlock his door, and then went out and downstairs.

On the way he caught sight of Patty, with bright eyes and cheeks flushed with excitement. But she avoided him and disappeared down the back staircase, so that the first person whom he exchanged any conversation with was Mrs. Proctor, whom he met inside the dining-room, where she was busy counting the contents of the plate-basket.

"We've got them all back, sir, or nearly all," she said, breathlessly. "They was all found in the shrubbery. But oh, sir, the mess they've made of the study; you wouldn't believe!"

"And where's Martin?" asked Mr. Josselyne, quickly.

"Oh, sir, they've took him to the infirmary. They say he's very bad. He was shot, you know."

"Dear, dear; I'm very sorry to hear that," said Mr. Josselyne. "Poor fellow, I must go and see him after breakfast."

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Proctor was nervous and more reticent than usual; she had evidently been utterly thrown off her balance by the events of the night, and Mr. Josselyne left her to her spoon-counting and went into the next room, which presented, as she had said, a fearful spectacle of wreckage, curtains having

been torn down, windows and mirror smashed, tables and chairs overturned, and a tablecloth stained with blood.

The carpenter was already at work on the window, one of the frames of which had been splintered by a bullet.

Mr. Josselyne, who was in a state of intense nervous excitement, avoided any talk with this worthy by returning to the dining-room, where he waited quietly for the breakfast to be brought in.

It was Mrs. Proctor who brought it, and who informed him that she had sent for the police from Great Clayton, the nearest town, and also wired to Mr. Bassett, "the first thing that morning."

This last piece of information did not please the vicar, who dreaded the triumphant "I told you so!" of his sardonic friend.

However, there was no help for it, and even Peter Bassett would be, the vicar felt, a more acceptable companion than Mrs. Proctor, who appeared to have guessed something, not unnaturally, as to the identity of the instigator of the outrage, for there was a strange look in her face which prepared her master for her giving "warning."

Mr. Josselyne, however, took care not to mention Shaw's name, but contented himself with asking if the thieves had been caught.

She looked at him hard, and said:—

"Here comes the p'lice, sir, I think. They'll tell you all about that."

And then she left the room to answer the door, but the person whom she ushered in a few minutes later was, not the police, but Peter Bassett.

The vicar turned all colours, but his visitor was merciful, and, instead of uttering the yell of triumph which his friend had feared, he contented himself by saying the proper thing and by asking for particulars.

"I can't tell you very much myself," said the poor vicar, humbly. "I only know that I have to admit you were right about Shaw; he made me clear out the contents of my safe, and carried them off before my eyes. On the other hand, my poor Martin showed great devotion, and was severely wounded by the two accomplices whom Shaw had brought to help him."

Mr. Bassett looked puzzled

"But, really," went on the vicar, "I can't tell you very much, for I was locked into my room; and this morning everybody runs away from me and seems indisposed to tell me anything."

"Well," said Peter Bassett, "we shall learn something from the police."

For voices in the hall had by this time announced the arrival of a couple of representatives of law and order, who were shown into the room a minute later by Patty, whose pretty little face was ablaze with excitement and obvious and inexplicable delight.

Even at that moment the vicar noticed the girl's radiant face, and was intensely puzzled by it.

The next moment, however, he was being questioned by a police-officer, to whom he gave a minute account of the events of the night so far as he had participated in them. His voice trembled when he confessed that, in the man who had taken the most active part in the robbery, he had recognised his own servant Shaw.

There was a moment's dramatic silence.

"He led me upstairs," went on the vicar, "and forced me to open my safe—how he knew I had one there I don't know—and to give up to him the money I had there and—and my wife's jewels. I'll show you the safe," he added, as, glad of an excuse for moving, he led the way up to his bedroom, which had by this time been put in order by the servants.

"Here," said Mr. Josselyne, as he took his key from its secret shelf, pulled out the bed, and found the tiny keyhole, "is where I kept them. And here——"

He stopped short, as if struck with paralysis. He had opened the safe, and was staring with wild eyes into its recesses.

"What's the matter?" asked Peter Bassett, who had accompanied the police officers upstairs.

There was an odd twinkle in his eye, and his friend, suddenly catching sight of his face, looked at him curiously and began to breathe very heavily.

"What's the matter?" repeated Peter Bassett.

For answer Mr. Josselyne, with a trembling finger, pointed to two articles which lay within the safe. The one was a cash-box and the other a casket.

"What—are those?" he said, hoarsely. "I—I don't understand." Then, after a moment's pause, he asked sharply, "Who's—who's been here?"

Even while he spoke the police-superintendent took out the casket from the safe, opened it, and showed, to the old vicar's bewildered gaze, the various articles of his wife's jewellery, on which he had never thought to set eyes again. The cash-box was next examined, with the same result. Not a coin was missing.

"HE HAD OPENED THE SAFE, AND WAS STARING WITH WILD EYES INTO ITS RECESSES."

Mr. Josselyne, more overwhelmed by this amazing discovery than he had been by the events of the night, staggered to the window, which Peter Bassett hastened to throw open.

The vicar rubbed his eyes, stared out, and stared again.

For there, wheeling his barrow over the grass, as if he had never had anything less innocent in his brawny hands, was the ruffian Bill Shaw, as cool as a cucumber and as surly-looking as ever, glancing up at his master with an ugly grin.

Mr. Josselyne could bear no more. He sank into a chair and gasped for breath.

"That—that—that," stammered he, faintly, "is—is the man who—who robbed me, who—who stood over me—with a stick, and—drove me upstairs! And there—there he is!" ended he, as, with a shaking finger, he pointed vaguely out.

"We'll have him up, Mr. Josselyne, and get him to explain," said the superintendent, as he beckoned to the grinning rascal on the lawn below.

Outside the door, when, after a few minutes of dead silence, the coachman-gardener tramped heavily up, was heard a bright girl's voice, saying in a whisper: "Oh, Bill! dear Bill!"

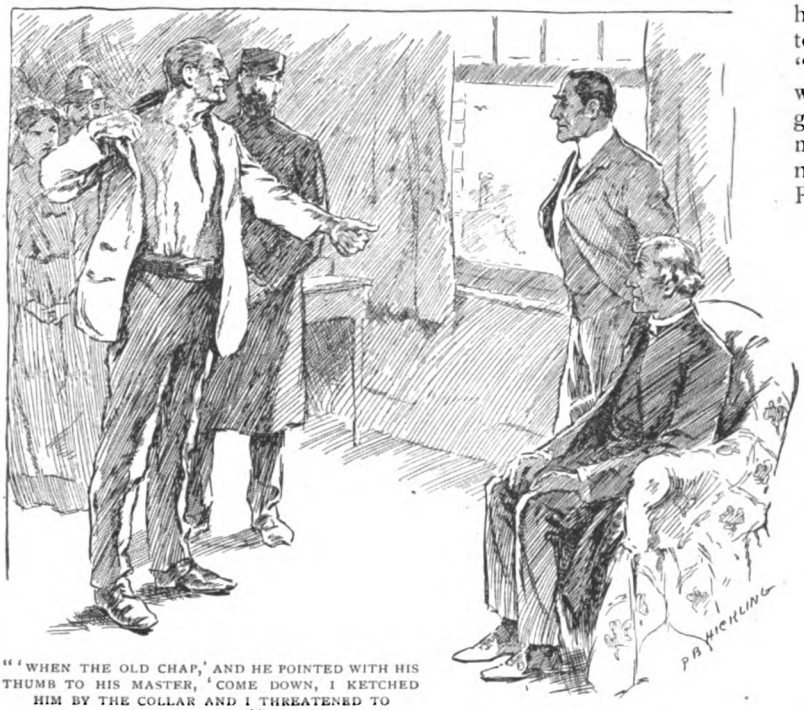
Again the vicar stared. And when Bill Shaw lurched heavily into the room, defiant, surly, impudent, and forbidding as ever, there crept in after him, keeping very close to his elbow and making herself very small, Patty the parlour-maid, flushed as ever, and with tears in her bright eyes.

"Now, then, young man, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the superintendent, who appeared, however, to have an inkling of what was coming.

"Say?" said Bill, gruffly. "Why, jest this 'ere. If it 'adn't 'a' been for me and my lass 'ere," and he jerked his head in the direction of the weeping, smiling Patty, "blest if that there parson 'ud 'a' been alive to-day—much less 'a' 'ad his bits o' things back. Patty she comes and she gives me the office last night, and she says as there was thieves in the 'ouse, and would I come and drive 'em out. So I come, and danged if there wasn't two chaps in the study, each with a revolver which they p'inted at me. 'Jine us,' says they, 'or you're a dead man.' 'Right,' says I, and I jined 'em. And when the old chap," and he pointed with his thumb to his master, "come down, I ketched him by the collar and I threatened to brain him, and then I did what they told me, took him upstairs, and made him give me all he'd got in his safe. And then I locked him in, safe out of 'arm's way, and I went downstairs, and they thought as how I was all right. And when I got the chanst, I jest collared them two revolvers, and I up and I told 'em to clear out. And they **did**! Run! You should jest 'a' seen em!"

"But who were they? And how did they get in?" asked Mr. Josselyne, in a tremulous voice.

"I ain't going for to give 'em away, 'cos I've worked with 'em myself once," said



"'WHEN THE OLD CHAP,' AND HE POINTED WITH HIS THUMB TO HIS MASTER, 'COME DOWN, I KETCHED HIM BY THE COLLAR AND I THREATENED TO BRAIN HIM.'"

Shaw, surlily. "But the p'lice'll find 'em," he went on, without so much as a glance at his master. "As for lettin' of 'em in, that's found out, that is. It was your precious Martin, what the old chap's so sweet on, as let 'em in and smashed the study winder for to look as if they'd got in. But I was even with 'im, I was. I put 'alf a hounce of lead into him and brought him down."

"You did!" cried Mr. Josselyne, faintly. "But—I thought—you wanted to shoot *me!*"

Shaw grinned, still without condescending to glance at his master.

"'Twould 'a' served the old fool right to have shot 'im, for taking up with a pair of blackguards like Bob Martin and me," he mumbled to the policeman.

"Oh, Bill, hush!" cried Patty, shocked.

Mr. Josselyne merely stared. Nothing could shock him or astonish him any more. He just waved his hand as a sign to the man to go on.

"I gave the stuff to Patty 'ere," went on Shaw, with a sudden surprising note of shame in his tone, "and told her as 'ow she was to get the key, and for to put the bits o' things back this morning as soon as the old chap was out of his room. And now, mister," and with a sudden access of courage he wheeled round to face his master, "don't you go a-worriting me for to go to church no more. Leastways, not till I goes with Patty 'ere."

The superintendent dismissed Shaw with a nod, and the man, with another shamefaced grin, shambled out of the room. The vicar detained Patty by a gesture, as she was following him.

"Patty," said he, in a tremulous voice, "are you going to marry him?"

"Yes, sir; please, sir," said Patty. "And if you only knew, sir, how grateful he is to you, you'd wish me joy. My Bill, sir, wouldn't hurt a fly. He's got a heart of gold, sir, and I thank you, sir, for giving me the chance of finding it out."

The vicar tried to smile, but the attempt was an attempt and nothing more.

"Try and get him," he said, in a low voice, "to use better language, Patty." And he signed to her to follow her lover out of the room.

Peter Bassett thought he deserved a little comfort.

"Well, you've fulfilled your heart's desire. You've certainly reformed one man," said he, gently.

The vicar nodded slowly.

"Yes, and I ought to be thankful for it," he said, huskily; "but I—I do wish it had been, as I thought it was, the—the—the *nice* one!"

"You'll have another chance with him, sir," here put in the superintendent, who was getting rather impatient, "for he'll be laid up at the infirmary for quite a month."

But the vicar gently shook his head. He had learnt his lesson and grown modest. For even Bill's conversion was, he felt, more Patty's doing than his!

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

IN 1886 was Alfonso XIII. born into the purple—and what a purple it was! The country was in the throes of revolt. The Queen-Mother, stricken with grief for her husband, who had died of consumption six months previously, was hated by the populace because of her Austrian birth, and the child was unfortunately a weakling. The Spaniards could discover little that was Spanish in the infant's face, and early detected the now famous "Hapsburg lip." Had he looked like a real Alfonso they might have welcomed this Royal babe with gladness. As it was, they could think of him only as his hated mother's child.

Born to an uneasy crown and uniting to his name the unluckiest of numbers, Alfonso XIII. has survived, despite the prophecies of those who said he would not live to rule his people. For sixteen years his mother devoted to his welfare twenty-four hours of every day, burying her own sorrows in the future of her son, watching his youthful mind quicken under the best instructors, and his body grow strong in an open-air life. He learned several modern languages — English under an English governess —and enough science, political economy, and civil government to fit him for his coming duties. But the main thing was his health, and his body developed even faster than his alert mind, thanks to his regularity in riding, fencing, military training, and gymnastic exercise.

It was long before the Spaniards got to like their King or to realize how much the Spain of to-day owes to a mother's love. The people began to speak of him as "El Pequeño" —

AGE 8 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Castellanos.

AGE 2
From a Photo. by Castellanos.

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Castellanos,

AGE 6
From a Photo. by Castellanos,

AGE 11.
From a Photo. by Valentin, Madrid.

"The Little One"—and so rarely saw him on the streets that his appearance as a real King, when he took the oath of allegiance in 1902—some six weeks before the interrupted Coronation ceremonies of King Edward VII.—came as a surprise. He had become a considerable man, his boyish curls were giving way to the sterner "thatch" of maturity, and his swarthy face showed signs of responsibility and strength. He was the youngest King in the world, yet seemed to understand the burden he had taken upon his shoulders. It is related that one of his instructors was one day explaining to him the mechanism of modern constitutions. "But," exclaimed the child, "what is left for me in all this Parliamentary business? Where is my place, my power, my authority?" The teacher was so embarrassed that he tried to turn the question off. "No, no!" replied the pupil; "I want to know what I have to do!" It was a question which only the years could answer.

A Spanish monarch has no Coronation in the strict sense of the word. He takes the "Oath of Fidelity." The ceremonies in connection with this were striking and picturesque when the boy King conformed to this custom, the attendant festivities lasting two weeks. The load of care and the amount of work which Alfonso then took upon himself were such as might daunt a strong man, but His Catholic Majesty has a striking personality, a will of his own, and a dauntless energy. He is not satisfied to be merely a figure-head; he insists on knowing and understanding facts, and means, as he recently said, to *rule* his kingdom with the help of his Ministers. The King is soldier, sailor, and statesman, well versed in the theory of government, political economy, history, science, and tactics. He is a fluent linguist, speaking and writing English, German, French, and Italian, in addition, of course, to his native language. He rides, drives, motors, fences, boxes, shoots, sketches, plays, and sings. In short, he is almost as versatile as the German Emperor, which is saying a great deal.

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by Franzen, Madrid.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.

IT is reported, with some show of fact, that the youngest marriageable King in Europe—Alfonso XIII. of Spain—is shortly to take as bride an English Princess, and that that Princess is the one who used to be the favourite grandchild of Queen Victoria. If, then, it be true that Princess Ena of Battenberg is the happy choice of the nineteen-year-old monarch, none but the best wishes of England will go to her in her new home and duties. It is one of the significant features of our Court life that our young Princes and Princesses are so admirably trained to the proper use of future power that an alliance by marriage with the English Royal Family is eagerly sought. There are other reasons for it, of course, but that is one of the more important.

AGE 1 YEAR.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Now, it has been known for some time that the King of Spain was searching for a bride, and it is interesting in this connection to recall a very sensible speech which he made not long since to one of his immediate friends.

"The cases of which I have read in history," he said, "and the sad

AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by J. Russell & Son.

examples of some of the reigning families inspire me with real terror towards matches made solely for State reasons. Although I do not like the idea of being impelled to join in marriage bonds with a girl whose true sentiments, character, and customs are unknown to me—because I am well aware that we live in practical times, and that it is an easy matter for a maiden to feign to love a youth of my age in order to become Queen—still I have sufficient knowledge of life not to ignore the fact that it is pretty difficult to find a young Princess, however austerely brought up, possessing that charming purity and candour which I desire my future wife to have."

AGE 7.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

No doubt this was said much more simply than it is writ, but it is curious how aptly this description of the future Queen of Spain fits the Princess Ena. It is the possession of these qualities that has made her popular. As one of the London papers remarked when the marriage was rumoured, "She has made friends everywhere since the days when, as a little child at Osborne, she used to spend her time reading fairy stories and retailing them to her island friends, or romping with her brothers and some English neighbours in the villa at Cimiez which Princess Henry took for her children while she was on the Riviera with the late Queen Victoria."

AGE 11.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

The Princess Victoria Eugénie Julia Ena of Battenberg is just one year younger than the King of Spain, and came out last season at a ball which her mother gave at Kensington Palace.

It has often been remarked that she was the first Royal child to be born in Scotland during a period of nearly three hundred years—the first, in fact, since the year 1600, when the unfortunate Charles I. was born. Hence the Scotch folk have had a natural fondness for Princess Ena, just as the Irish possess a special regard for the Princess Patricia, who was born on the 17th of March.

And, like Patricia, the Princess Ena is a pretty girl, albeit her features are a trifle sharper than her cousin's. Ena is a tall, fair girl, with much grace of figure, an admirable linguist, and very accomplished. She can sing as well as the King of Spain can play "tresillo," and she has the true English girl's love of sport. It is said that one of her names was given to her in honour of her godmother, the ex-Empress Eugénie, and it may surprise no one if part, at least, of the large fortune possessed by the ex-Empress finds its way back to Spain.

What is the Finest Dramatic Situation?

THE OPINIONS OF THE LEADING PLAYWRIGHTS.

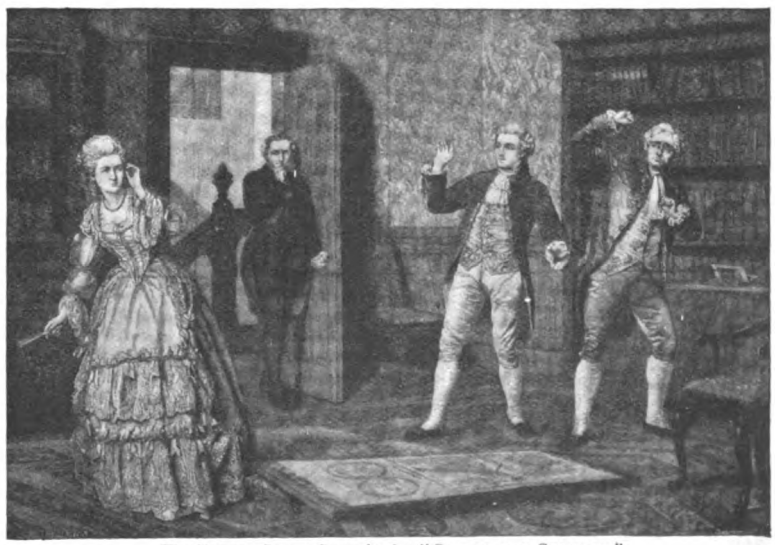
TO most playgoers the finest moment in a good play is that in which they experience the deepest thrill. This, as we learn from the critics, is the "moment" of the piece; sometimes its very excuse, the *clou* on which the playwright has strung his three, four, or five acts of dialogue and stage directions. A dramatic situation, ingenious, vivid, intense, is a highly important factor in the drama. Sometimes a mediocre play is saved by one good situation. Often a good play of character fails because it cannot boast of one. Dramatic situations are of many kinds and affect differently people of different temperaments. Recently THE STRAND MAGAZINE addressed the question: "What is the finest dramatic situation within your knowledge?" to a number of our leading British dramatists, with curious and varying results.

"Of tragedy," writes Mr. Sydney Grundy, author of "A Marriage of Convenience," "A Pair of Spectacles," and many other plays, "I do not presume to speak; of melodrama I know little. As regards comedy, it seems as though there were only one situation—some variant of the Screen Scene in the 'School for Scandal.' Sheridan was not the first to strike it, nor shall we be the last. In one shape or another, in a more simple or more complex form, obvious or occult, it is to be found in almost every comedy. And not in comedy alone. It may be treated in the comedy spirit, as in 'Lady Windermere's Fan'; in the didactic spirit, as in 'The Walls of Jericho'; in the melodramatic spirit, as in 'Lights Out'; whilst its tragic possibilities are obvious. A situation which has seen such service and is still unexhausted I cannot but consider the best. But what does it matter? Has not the fiat gone forth? There are to be no more situations; there is to be no more technique; there are to be no more 'curtains'; there is to be no more theatre."

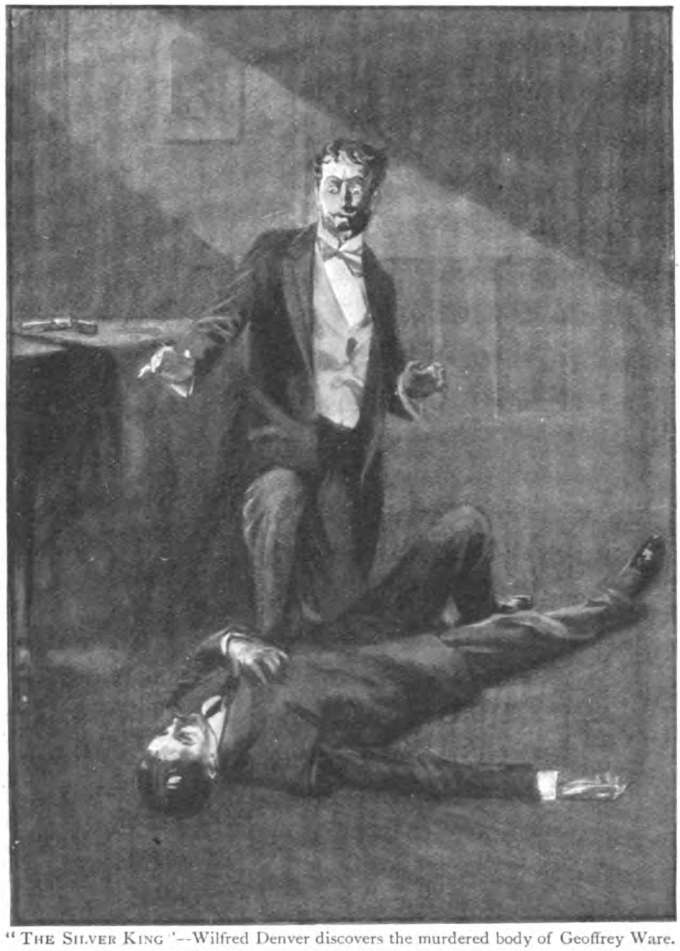
The screen incident in Sheridan's famous comedy is too well known to require any lengthy explanation. Charles Surface, by throwing down the screen behind which Lady Teazle has concealed herself, unwittingly discovers that lady to her husband's astonished gaze, and, at the same time, proves the ultra-virtuous Joseph to be no better than a canting hypocrite.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, a playwright famous in connection with the great autumn dramas at Drury Lane, in the course of his letter says: "The situation when the curtain falls on the prologue of 'The Silver King' is, to a melodramatist, extremely fine. I feel inclined to say the finest I have ever seen.

"I have only seen one that left a more vivid impression on my mind. It was realized on one night only during the run of 'The White Heather' at Drury Lane Theatre. One of the scenes represented the bottom of the sea, where a villainous aristocrat in full diving dress went rummaging about the wreck of a yacht to find the proof of a marriage that he desired to destroy. He was



The Famous Screen Scene in the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."
From a Painting by E. Gustave Giradot.
CHOSEN BY MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.



"THE SILVER KING"—Wilfred Denver discovers the murdered body of Geoffrey Ware.
CHOSEN BY MR. CECIL RALEIGH.

pursued by another diver, with whom he ultimately had a knife fight. This other diver came apparently from the surface of the water and slowly descended from above the proscenium to the stage. The diver was suspended by a rope round his waist, while from his large metal helmet an india-rubber tube rose to the supposed surface of the sea. On the night that I am thinking of the second diver had performed about one-third of his hazardous descent when this tube caught in something out of sight, and the helmet in consequence remained stationary and suspended; but the diver himself went on! In full diving dress, but completely bare-headed, he went steadily down to the ocean bed. He paused for one irresolute moment and looked upward. Then we saw the helmet all by itself come slowly down after him. He took it without a word, placed it securely upon his shoulders, and then solemnly resumed his pursuit of the villain.

"I was concerned in the authorship of the play myself, and when the act was over I was warmly congratulated in the foyer by a personal friend, who expressed his amazement at the extraordinary manner in which I had familiarized myself with the mechanical details of such a comparatively obscure business as that of deep-sea diving. When I tell you that the scene I have just described was witnessed breathlessly, was warmly applauded, and *did not provoke one single laugh*, you can understand why I regard it as quite the most remarkable in my experience."

Although "The Silver King" was the first of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's great dramatic successes, he has, perhaps, never given us a finer situation than that selected by Mr. Cecil Raleigh. None but the most callous can fail to be thrilled at the chain of circumstances which leads Wilfred Denver, not unreasonably, to believe himself the cause of Geoffrey Ware's death. Aroused from a debauch by the report of a pistol discharged by the real murderer, he is horrified to see the man whose death he had meditated lying by his side, together with the fatal weapon. Although he has no recollection of having wrought the deed, he is yet convinced of the bitter hopelessness of the situation.

"It is difficult," observed Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose latest play, "The Heroic Stubbs," will, by the time these lines appear in print, be before the footlights, "to answer the question, there is so much material to choose from. Some dramatists I could name seem to build their house for the sake of the scaffolding, not the scaffolding for the sake of the house. There are hundreds of fine situations—especially in Shakespeare—but so much depends on the acting. Take as an example, in my

play of 'The Silver King,' when the curtain falls on the prologue and the hero is supposed to mutter in his excitement, '*I* didn't do it.' I confess I always thought that was a great situation, but entirely spoiled by the actor, who, instead of uttering the words in a frenzied whisper, shouted them out lustily and emphatically, 'I didn't *do* it—I didn't *do* it!' I reproved the late Wilson Barrett for this fault, and he replied, and doubtless quite justly, that the public wouldn't appreciate the subtler method of delivery. All of which," continued Mr. Jones, "shows that much of a given situation may depend on the way it is presented, and not merely as it is written."

Mr. R. C. Carton, author of "Mr. Hopkinson," "Public Opinion," etc., writes: "As I understand, the subject under discussion is less a question of a striking and impressive situation in the abstract than of what constitutes an effective end to an act or 'curtain.' Well, in most recent plays it has been the custom to avoid the spasmodic climax of former times. Formerly, in drama and comedy alike, the characters fell into fixed attitudes indicative of either surprise or horror. The curtain then quickly descended, only to be raised again still more rapidly, to disclose the same characters in the same attitudes, engaged in what is technically known as 'holding the picture.'

"In these days we usually rely on obtaining our ultimate effect more quietly—I might almost say more insidiously—by means of descriptive business. Supposing a missing will had to be destroyed by the villain. He wouldn't burn it to slow music, with anxious glances over his shoulder. He would probably sit down in a comfortable armchair by the fire and light his cigarette with it. Mr. Pinero admirably illustrated what I mean at the close of the second act of 'The Princess and the Butterfly.'

"It was late in the evening; a society man and his wife had been entertaining their friends. They were a thoroughly disunited couple, largely owing to her fault. When at the finish they are alone together she casually says 'Good night' to him and goes to bed. He silently and sadly puts out the lights and goes off in the opposite direction. This seems to me excellent, because everything is outwardly ordinary and commonplace, but the underlying dramatic idea is subtly, but unmistakably, conveyed.

"I dare say I could find many as good, and possibly better, instances of the modern 'curtain,' but the above example is typical of the latter-day method, and is, in my opinion, truer to Nature, and therefore, in the better sense, more effective than the stalactite tableaux of the seventies and eighties."

"I much doubt," writes Mr. Hall Caine, whose play, "The Prodigal Son," recently met with such success, "if 'the most effective curtain' is at any time 'the finest dramatic situation' in a play. The 'curtain' is usually the point of rest, and therefore, in the sense intended by Lessing, it may be called the statuesque moment of the action. On the other hand, 'the finest dramatic situation' is, perhaps,

"THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY"—End of Act II.—"Good Night."
CHOSEN BY MR. R. C. CARTON.

the moment of the strongest dramatic tug, the instant at which conflicting passions come to grips. This instant is often the reverse of statuesque, and has nearly no picture that can be realized by the eye alone. Therefore, to choose 'the most dramatic moment' known to me and to label it 'the most effective curtain' would be to encourage a confusion of ideas that would not help but hinder an intelligent interest in the construction of drama. I think the moment when Hedda Gabler burns the manuscript of her former lover is one of the most thrilling and effective of curtains in a modern play, and I think the situation in Novelli's Italian drama, 'The New Drama,' in which the husband receives the real love-letter instead of the stage 'property' letter, is one of the most vivid dramatic moments I can at present recall.

"But I would say, in a general criticism, that great dramatic moments must necessarily be few in a modern play, and that this is due, not primarily to the lack of dramatic genius in modern authors, but to the unwillingness of the modern world to face the great realities of life and death and the sternest and starkest of the elemental emotions. Drama nowadays is not Greek enough for great passions, and that is because the spirit of the age is softer and demands more to be soothed by sweet emotions and comforted by spiritual compensations than to be purged by pity and purified by terror."

"I think," writes Mr. Alfred Sutro, who at a bound, with his "The Walls of Jericho," entered the first rank of native playwrights, "the most effective situation in modern drama is the curtain to the third act of 'Hedda Gabler,' when Hedda burns the manuscript of her lover's book."

"HEDDA GABLER"—Hedda Gabler burns the precious manuscript.
CHOSEN BY MR. HALL CAINE AND MR. ALFRED SUTRO.

Few plays, perhaps, have evoked so much controversy as has "Hedda Gabler." Of its intense dramatic interest there can be no doubt, and the situation selected by both Messrs. Hall Caine and Alfred Sutro is the most vivid and thrilling in the play. Hedda, jealous that another woman should have assisted her former lover to write the masterpiece which was to retrieve his name from the ignominy into which it had fallen, resolves to destroy the precious manuscript. Sheet after sheet she consigns deliberately to the flames, and, as she watches them burning, whispers with fierce exultation that she is destroying what to them had been their child.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, the famous author of "Candida," "Man and Superman," etc., writes: "I cannot answer the question, as my mind does not work in superlatives. Even if it did I should still have to point out that plays with detachable situations in them are comparatively cheap, simple, mechanical products—melodramas, in short. The most effective situations on the modern stage occur in my own play, 'The Devil's Disciple,' but 'The Devil's Disciple' is a melodrama. There is a very ingenious situation in Mr. Gillette's 'Secret Service' (another melodrama), in which the hero, having either to arrest his own brother as a spy or be himself arrested on the same fatal charge, is saved by the brother shooting himself. 'The Merchant of Venice' is the most famous English play written round a situation. It must have been tremendously effective at the first performance, when the audience did not know the solution of the pound of flesh difficulty, and did not begin to suspect that the young lawyer was Portia until they detected Nerissa in the disguise of his clerk.

The Trial Scene from "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," as played at the Garrick Theatre.
From a Photo. by Ellis & Walery.
CHOSEN BY MR. BERNARD SHAW.

"A first-rate play seems nowadays to have no situation, just as Wagner's music seemed to our grandfathers to have no melody, because it was all melody from beginning to end. The best plays consist of a single situation, lasting several hours. Mr. Granville Barker's play, 'The Voysey Inheritance,' which shows a mastery that threatens to put us all on the shelf, is a single situation in five acts, maintaining itself for three hours at the pitch that an ordinary 'constructed' play attains for about five minutes at the end of the last act but one. My own play, 'Candida,' is a single situation in three acts. The masterpieces of Greek tragedy were single situations in a single act. Mr. St. John Hankin's 'Return of the Prodigal,' an unpretentiously light-handed comedy, is essentially a single situation in four acts. This expansion of the old momentary claptraps, introduced by tedious explanations between servants, and followed by a final act which was seldom more than a more or less adroitly covered-up collapse into episodes of sufficient significance, richness, and variety to form whole plays, is the most hopeful sign about our modern drama. It is a pity it is not more generally understood. I am constantly praised—as all our leading playwrights are praised—for old professional tricks that we do no better than Robertson or Charles Reade, or Tom Taylor or Bulwer Lytton, or Plautus or Terence; whilst the real advances we make are either missed altogether or complained of as 'undramatic,' or some such nonsense."

Mr. Walter Frith writes: "In answer to the question you have addressed me, as to in what modern play (and by that I presume you mean modern *English* play) the finest dramatic situation is to be found, I should unhesitatingly point to the cross-examination

of Mrs. Dane in Mr. H. A. Jones's 'Mrs. Dane's Defence.' It was, at any rate as played by Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Lena Ashwell, the most interesting and moving situation in my experience, either as author or critic."

Mr. Arthur Law, author of "A Country Mouse," "The New Boy," etc., writes: "Living in the country, as I do now, I very seldom visit a London theatre, and consequently have seen but few of the more recent productions; but with regard to plays of an earlier date, one of the strongest situations I can for the moment recall is, in my opinion, the curtain in the third act of 'The Gay Lord Quex.'

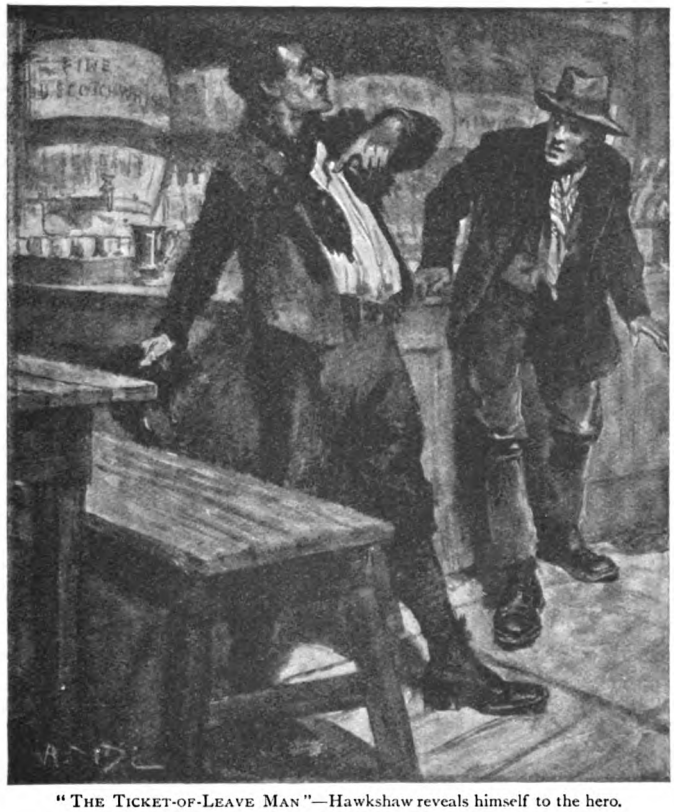
"THE GAY LORD QUEX"—Third Act—"Here's your letter; take it."
CHOSEN BY MR. ARTHUR LAW.

"The higher criticism of the present day sorrowfully defines the well-constructed play as the 'well-made' play, and tells us that plot and situation are theatrical and smell of the footlights; but I venture to think that when we forget we are writing for the theatre the public will forget to attend it."

The scene chosen by the last-named dramatist will be remembered as one of the most vivid and dramatic of the many conceived by Mr. Pinero's fertile brain. Sophy, a pretty though vulgar manicurist, overhears a midnight assignation between Quex, a reformed roué and, incidentally, the *fiancé* of Muriel Eden, Sophy's foster-sister, and the Duchess of Strood. Resolved to prevent the marriage if possible by obtaining proofs of Quex's infidelity, she decides to play the part of eavesdropper. The meeting—a perfectly innocent one, by the way—takes place, and Sophy is discovered listening at the keyhole. Threats, persuasion, and entreaties being of no avail, Quex locks himself in alone with her and dares her, by rousing the house, to sacrifice her reputation. Sophy at length agrees to silence, but is made to write a compromising letter as a guarantee of her good faith. Hardly has she done so when, suddenly remembering Muriel and realizing the part she is playing, she rushes to the bell-rope and tugs at it again and again. Quex, overcome with admiration at her heroism, gives her back the compromising letter, and bids her escape before the servants come.

"I do not know," writes the celebrated playwright and librettist, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, "that I am liable to be particularly impressed by stage 'situations.' Among the most effective that I remember is the situation at the end of the fourth act of 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' in which Hawkshaw, the detective, reveals himself to the hero."

Few, perhaps, of the present generation of playgoers have ever witnessed Tom Taylor's great drama, yet, nevertheless, it presents us with a striking picture of the difficulties and disadvantages under which the ex-convict must inevitably labour. The situation above-mentioned occurs when the hero, having been made the unwilling accomplice of a plot to rob his late employer, is wondering how he can send a warning in time to prevent the nefarious scheme from being successfully carried out. He is saved, however, by the sudden appearance of Hawkshaw, who,



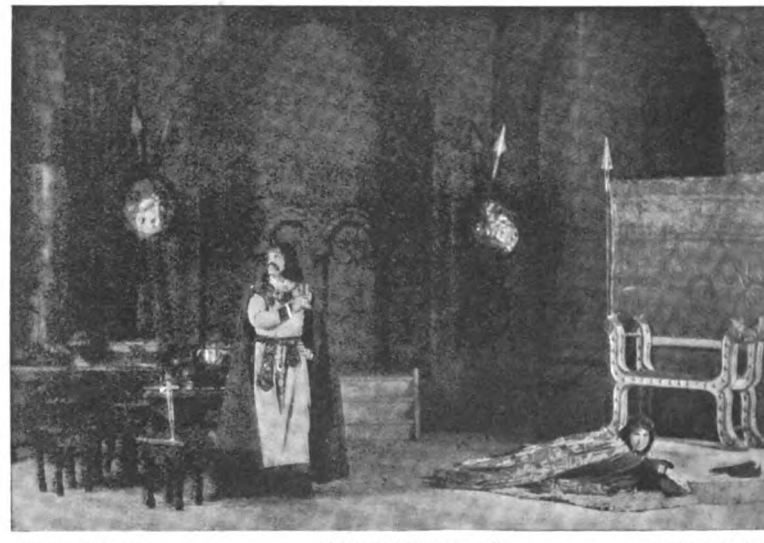
"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN"—Hawkshaw reveals himself to the hero.
CHOSEN BY MR. W. S. GILBERT.

adopting the rôle of a drunken navvy, has overheard the conspirators discussing the details of the proposed burglary.

Mr. Comyns Carr, author of "King Arthur" and adapter of the successful "Oliver Twist," thus writes: "You ask me what in my opinion is the finest situation in any play. Forgive me if I answer that the question to my mind has no artistic interest or significance. I know of no situation divorced from character or from the circumstances that express character which has any value whatever. To answer your question, therefore, I must think of the finest play that I know and of the finest moment of this finest play.

"'The finest play that I know is 'Macbeth,' and the most beautiful moment of that play is to me presented in the scene in the third act which follows the banquet, when Lady Macbeth and her husband are left alone. It is summed up in two lines: 'What is the night?' 'Almost at odds with morning which is which.'"

Mr. Comyns Carr has, indeed, chosen a great moment in Shakespeare's greatest drama. Macbeth has found his blood-bought honours turn to Dead Sea apples in his hands. Thrice during the feast has the phantom of the murdered Banquo risen to confront its slayer. The banquet is broken up, the guests have departed in confusion, and the conscience-stricken regicide is left alone with his evil genius, the instigator of all his crimes.



From a Photo. by] Scene in "MACBETH." *[Ellis & Walery.*
CHOSEN BY MR. COMYNS CARR.

The Opening Scene of "Arms and the Man."
From a Photo. by Bullingham.
CHOSEN BY MR. C. S. McLELLAN.

"The best dramatic situation that I recall," says Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna" and other plays, "occurs at the beginning of Bernard Shaw's play, 'Arms and the Man.' A cheerful and acrobatic young soldier, finding himself on the bayonet-points of the enemy, is running for his life. He climbs a waterspout and plunges through the open window of a house. We see him appear just as a lovely young lady, whose bedroom he has invaded, is about to retire for the night. The situation is enormously dramatic and irresistibly humorous. It resembles and equals the situation in Stevenson's story, 'At Sire Maletroit's Door,' in which a young man, flying down a narrow street at night in front of a pursuing crowd of soldiers, flattens himself into a doorway, feels the door give behind him, and then, as it shuts to with a clang, is a prisoner in a perfectly dark house, but with some mysterious person breathing near him. Shaw's situation was always a delight to me. Possibly a situation is best when it is led up to, but I have never seen a led-up-to situation on the stage that did not betray the labour of the dramatist, and that is always tedious. I love the idea of flinging the complete thing down on the stage when the curtain rises. Only a prodigal like Shaw would ever do it, but he can do it safely."

"The most poignant dramatic situation that I remember in plays of comparatively recent years," writes Captain Robert Marshall, author of "The Duke of Killicrankie," "is the scene in the third act of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' when Paula suddenly finds herself face to face with Captain Ardale, her stepdaughter's *fiancé*, and recognises in him one of her own former lovers."

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—Third Act—Paula face to face with Captain Ardale.
CHOSEN BY CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL.

"I think," also writes Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, "that the most effective dramatic situation in any play that I have seen was written by Arthur Wing Pinero in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' The whole play was one sustained dramatic situation from the rise to the fall of the curtain. It never once descended to mere technical effectiveness, but remained always a relentless picture of the game of life as played by human beings."

From a Photo. by] "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"—The Jew returns to his deserted house. *[Ellis & Walery.*
CHOSEN BY MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

"One of the finest 'modern' dramatic situations that I can remember," says Mr. Geo. R. Sims, author of "The Lights of London" and countless dramas, "I witnessed quite recently at Mr. Bourchier's version of 'The Merchant of Venice' at the Garrick. I have a right to consider it a modern situation, because it is not in Shakespeare's text, and is presumably of recent introduction. It occurs at the end of the scene outside Shylock's house. The Jew bids his daughter remain within the house and goes. During her father's absence she flies with Lorenzo. It is night, and the stage is in semi-darkness. No living soul is in the deserted street. Presently in the distance appears the glow of a lantern. The dim light passes along the piazza and comes over the bridge. It is the Jew returning to his home. Silently he approaches the house and with his staff strikes three times upon the door for admittance. And then the curtain falls.

"The tragic suggestions of the deserted home and the father henceforward to be daughterless are reached without a word. In the silence and darkness of the night a note of the deepest pathos, of intense dramatic force, is struck and not a word is spoken. I can recall no finer situation in drama, ancient or modern."

Mr. Austin Brereton writes: "I consider the Play Scene in 'Hamlet,' especially its termination, as one of the finest situations that I can recall. 'Situations' may have gone out of fashion for the moment, but they will revive, for they are the natural outcome of a good drama. For a playwright to argue that a stage-work should not be bound by a recognised formula of the theatre is as much as to admit that he is unable to construct his piece effectively.

Hamlet' holds its high place upon the stage by reason of the mystery which surrounds its principal character, and also because—from the point of view of the stage-producer—it is faultlessly constructed until the end of the third act—the famous Closet Scene between Hamlet and the Queen. The Play Scene is led up to in a most natural manner, its excitement is cumulative, its interest is intense, and he is a very poor actor indeed who cannot 'bring down the house' with Hamlet's frenzy and his fierce joy when the King is 'frightened with false fire'! It is a splendid scene and a magnificent situation."

"Little Eyolf"—Rita Allmers hears the news of her child's death.
CHOSEN BY MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

"So far as I can at present remember," says Mr. William Archer, "the most thrilling situation known to me in any modern play is that at the end of the first act of Ibsen's 'Little Eyolf,' culminating in the words, 'The crutch is floating.'"

No one who has seen "Little Eyolf" will readily forget the situation that Mr. Archer has here chosen. Husband and wife are alone together. He is a quiet, studious man, much wrapped up in their only child, a cripple of nine years old. He announces his intention of abandoning all other work, including the book that was to have made him famous, in order to devote himself entirely to the upbringing of the boy. His wife, jealous of his devotion to the child, reproaches him bitterly, asserting that it occupied the place in his affections that belonged by right to her. In her excitement she even goes so far as to declare that she wished the child were dead. Hardly are the words out of her mouth when through the open window comes the sound of confused cries and shrieks. An accident has happened. A child has fallen into the fiord and is drowned. In an agony of apprehension she rushes out on to the veranda. From out of the confused babel of sound one poignant sentence sinks like molten lead into her brain. Returning to the room she sinks down muttering: "The crutch is floating." The crutch—little Eyolf's crutch—the child, that but now she had been so bitterly upbraiding, is dead!

In conclusion, Mr. Pinero himself, not without a touch of sly humour, writes to say:—

"I am so thoroughly well satisfied with the opinions of those gentlemen who find the most moving dramatic 'situation' in plays of which I am the author, that I will not attempt to carry the discussion farther. I beg leave to add, however, that a still finer situation than any that have been mentioned is likely to be contained in a piece which I propose to write—after disposing of certain intervening tasks—somewhere about the year 1921."

Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

II.

YOUNG MEN AT THE MANOR.

THEY were fishing a few days later in the bed of the brook that for centuries had cut deep into the soft valley soil. The trees closing overhead made long tunnels through which the sunshine worked in shining blobs and patches. Down in the tunnels were bars of sand and gravel, old roots and trunks covered with moss or painted red by the irony water; foxgloves growing lean and pale towards the light; clumps of fern and thirsty shy flowers who could not live away from moisture and shade. In the pools you could see the wave thrown up by the trouts as they charged hither and yon, and the pools were joined to each other—except in flood time, when all was one brown rush—by sheets of thin broken water that poured themselves chuckling round the darkness of the next bend.

This was one of the children's most secret hunting-grounds, and old Hobden the hedger had shown them how to use it. Except for the click of a rod hitting a low willow, or a switch and tussle among the young ash-leaves as a line hung up for the minute, nobody in the hot pasture could have guessed what game was going on among the trout below the banks.

"We's got half-a-dozen," said Dan, after a warm, wet hour. "I vote we go up to Stone Bay and try Long Pool."

Una nodded—most of her talk was by nods—and they crept from the gloom of the tunnel towards the tiny weir that turns the brook into the mill-stream. Here the banks are low and bare, and the glare of the afternoon sun on the Long Pool below the weir makes your eyes ache.

When they were in the open they nearly sat down with astonishment. A huge grey horse, whose tail-hairs crinkled the glassy water, was drinking in the pool, and the ripples about his muzzle flashed like melted gold. On his back sat an old, white-haired man dressed in a loose glimmery gown of chain-mail. He was bare-headed, and a nut-shaped iron helmet hung at his saddle-bow. His reins were of red leather five or six inches deep, scalloped at the edges, and the high padded saddle with its red girths was held fore and aft by a red leather breastband and crupper.

"HE WAS BARE-HEADED, AND A NUT-SHAPED IRON HELMET HUNG AT HIS SADDLE-BOW."

"Look!" said Una, as though Dan were not staring his very eyes out. "It's like the picture in your room—'Sir Isumbras at the Ford.'"

The rider turned towards them, and his thin, long face was just as sweet and gentle as that of the knight who carries the children in that picture

"They should be here now, Sir

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Richard," said Puck's deep voice among the willow-herb.

"They are here," the knight said, and he smiled at Dan with the string of trout in his hand. "There seems no great change in boys since mine fished this water."

"We can be more at ease in the Ring if your horse has drunk," said Puck; and he nodded to the children as though he had never magicked away their memories a week before.

The great horse turned and hoisted himself into the pasture with a kick and a scramble that tore the clods down rattling.

"Your pardon!" said Sir Richard to Dan. "When these lands were mine, I never loved that mounted men should cross the brook except by the paved ford. But my Swallow here was thirsty, and I wished to meet you."

"We're very glad you've come, sir," said Dan. "It doesn't matter in the least about the banks."

He trotted across the pasture on the sword side of the mighty horse, and it was a mighty iron-handled sword that swung from Sir Richard's belt. Una walked behind with Puck. She remembered everything now.

"I'm sorry about the leaves," he said, "but it would never have done if you had gone home and told, would it?"

"I s'pose not," Una answered. "But you said that all the fair—People of the Hills have left England."

"So they have; but I told you that you should come and go and look and know, didn't I? The knight isn't a fairy. He's Sir Richard Dalyngridge, a very old friend of mine. He came over with William the Conqueror, and he wants to see you particularly."

"What for?" said Una.

"On account of your great wisdom and learning," Puck replied, without a twinkle.

"Us?" said Una. "Why, I don't know my Nine Times—not to say it dodging, and Dan makes the most *awful* mess of fractions. He can't mean *us*."

"Una!" Dan called back. "Sir Richard says he is going to tell what happened to Weland's sword. He's got it. Isn't it splendid?"

"Nay—nay," said Sir Richard, dismounting as they reached the Ring, in the bend of the mill-stream bank. "It is you that must tell me, for I hear the youngest child in our England to-day is as wise as our wisest clerk." He slipped the bit out of Swallow's mouth, dropped the ruby-red reins over his head, and the wise horse moved off to graze.

Sir Richard (they noticed he limped a little) unslung his great sword.

"That's it," Dan whispered to Una.

"This is the sword that Brother Hugh had from Wayland-Smith," Sir Richard said. "He gave it me, but I would not take it; but at the last it became mine after such a fight as never christened man fought. See!" He half drew it from its sheath and turned it before them. On either side just below the handle, where the Runic letters shivered as though they were alive, were two deep gouges in the dull, deadly steel. "Now, what thing made those?" said he. "I know not, but you, perhaps, can say."

"Tell them all the tale, Sir Richard," said Puck. "It concerns their land somewhat."

"Yes, from the very beginning," Una pleaded, for the knight's good face and the smile on it more than ever reminded her of "Sir Isumbras at the Ford."

They settled down to listen, Sir Richard bare-headed to the sunshine, dandling the sword in both hands, while the grey horse

"THEY SETTLED DOWN TO LISTEN."

cropped outside the Ring, and the helmet on the saddle-bow clinged softly each time he jerked his head.

"From the beginning, then," Sir Richard said, "since it concerns your land, I will tell the tale. When our Duke came out of Normandy to take his England, great knights (have ye heard?) came and strove hard to serve the Duke, because he promised them lands here and small knights followed the great ones. My folk in Normandy were poor; but a great knight, Engerrard of the Eagle—Engenulf De Aquila—who was kin to my father, followed the Earl of Mortain, who followed William the Duke, and I followed De Aquila. Yes, with thirty men-at-arms out of my father's house and a new sword, I set out to conquer England three days after I was made knight. I did not then know that England would conquer me. We went up to Senlac with the rest—a very great host of us."

"Does that mean the Battle of Hastings — Ten Sixty-Six?" Una whispered, and Puck nodded, so as not to interrupt.

"At Senlac, over the hill yonder"—he pointed south-eastward towards Battle—"we found Harold's men. We fought. At the day's end they ran. My men went with De Aquila's to chase and plunder, and in that chase Engerrard of the Eagle was slain, and his son Gilbert took his banner and his men forward. This I did not know till after, for Swallow here was cut in the flank, so I stayed to wash the wound at a brook by a thorn. There a single Saxon cried out to me in French, and we fought together. I should have known his voice, but we fought together. For a long time neither had any advantage, till by pure ill-fortune his foot slipped and his sword flew from his hand. Now I had but newly been made knight, and wished, above all, to be courteous and fameworthy, so I forebore to strike and bade him get his sword again. 'A plague on my sword,' said he. 'It has lost me my first fight. You have spared my life. Take my sword.' He held it out to me, but as I stretched my hand the sword groaned like a stricken man, and I leaped back crying, 'Sorcery!' [The children looked at the sword as though it might speak again.]

"'A PLAGUE ON MY SWORD,' SAID HE. 'IT HAS LOST ME MY FIRST FIGHT.'"

"Suddenly a clump of Saxons ran out upon me and, seeing a Norman alone, would have killed me, but my Saxon cried out that I was his prisoner, and beat them off. Thus, see you, he saved my life. He put me on my horse and led me through the woods ten long miles to this valley."

"To here, d'you mean?" said Una.

"To this very valley. We came in by the Lower ford under the King's Hill yonder"—he pointed eastward where the valley widens.

"And was that Saxon Hugh the novice?" Dan asked.

"Yes, and more than that. He had been for three years at the monastery at Bec by Rouen, where"—Sir Richard chuckled—"the Abbot Herluin would not suffer me to remain."

"Why wouldn't he?" said Dan.

"Because I rode my horse into the refectory, when the scholars were at meat, to show the Saxon boys we Normans were not

afraid of an abbot. It was that very Saxon Hugh tempted me to do it, and we had not met since that day. I thought I knew his voice even inside my helmet, and, for all that our Lords fought, we each rejoiced we had not slain the other. He walked by my side, and he told me how a Heathen God, as he believed, had given him his sword, but he said he had never heard it sing before. I remember I warned him to beware of sorcery and quick enchantment." Sir Richard smiled to himself. "I was very young—very young.

"When we came to his house we had almost forgotten that we had been at blows. It was near midnight, and the great hall was full of men and women waiting news. There I first saw his sister, the Lady Ælueva, of whom he had spoken in France. She cried out fiercely at me, and would have had me hanged in that hour, but her brother said that I had spared his life—he said not how he saved mine from the Saxons — and that our Duke had won the day; and even while they wrangled over my poor body, of a sudden he fell down in a swoon from his wounds.

"'This is *thy* fault,' said the Lady Ælueva to me, and she kneeled above him and called for wine and cloths.

"'If I had known,' I answered, 'he should have ridden and I walked. But he set me on my horse; he made no complaint; he walked beside me and spoke merrily throughout. I pray I have done him no harm.'

"'Thou hast need to pray,' she said, catching up her underlip. 'If he dies, thou shalt hang.'

"They bore off Hugh to his chamber; but three tall men of the house bound me and set me under the beam of the great hall with a rope round my neck. The end of the rope they flung over the beam, and they sat them down by the fire to wait word whether Hugh lived or died. They cracked nuts with their knife-hilts the while."

"And how did you feel?" said Dan.

"Very weary; but I did heartily pray for my schoolmate Hugh his health. About noon I heard horses in the valley, and the three men loosed my ropes and fled out, and De Aquila's men rode up. Gilbert De Aquila came with them, for it was his boast that, like his father, he forgot no man that served him. He was little, like his father, but terrible, with a nose like an eagle's nose and yellow eyes like an eagle. He rode tall war-horses—roans, which he bred himself—and he could never abide to be helped into the saddle. He saw the rope hanging from the beam and laughed, and his men laughed, for I was too stiff to rise.

"'This is poor entertainment for a Norman knight,' he said, 'but such as it is let us be grateful. Show me, boy, to whom thou owest most, and we will pay them.'"

"What did he mean? To kill 'em?" said Dan.

"Assuredly. But I looked at the Lady Ælueva where she stood among her maids, and her brother beside her. De Aquila's men had driven them all into the great hall."

"Was she pretty?" said Una.

"In all my long life I have never seen woman fit to strew rushes before my Lady Ælueva," the knight replied, quite simply and quietly. "As I looked at her I thought I might save her and her house by a jest.

"'Seeing that I came somewhat hastily and without warning,' I said to De Aquila, 'I have no fault to find with the courtesy that these Saxons have shown me.' But my voice shook. It is—it was not good to jest with that little man.

"All were silent for awhile, till De Aquila laughed. 'Look, men—a miracle,' said he. 'Hastings' fight is scarce sped, my father is not yet buried, and here we find our youngest knight already set down in his manor, while his Saxons—ye can see it in their fat faces—have paid him homage and service. By the Saints,' he said, rubbing his nose, 'I never thought England would be so easy won! Surely I can do no less than give the lad what he has taken. This manor shall be thine, boy,' he said, 'till I come again, or till thou art slain. Now, mount, men, and ride. We follow our Duke into Kent to make him King of England.'

"He drew me with him to the door while they brought his horse—a lean roan, taller than my Swallow here, but not so well girthed.

"'Hark to me,' he said, fretting with his great gloves. 'I have given thee this manor, which is a Saxon hornets' nest, and I think thou wilt be slain in a month—as my father was slain. Yet if thou canst keep the roof on the hall, the thatch on the barn, and the plough in the furrow till I come back, thou shalt hold the manor from me; for the Duke has promised our Earl Mortain all the lands by Pevensey, and Mortain will give me of them what he would have given my father God knows if thou or I shall live till England is won; but remember, boy, that here and now fighting is foolishness and'—he reached for the reins—'craft and cunning is all.'

"'Alack, I have no cunning,' said I.

"'Not yet,' said he, hopping abroad, foot in stirrup, and poking his horse in the belly with his toe. 'Not yet, but I think thou hast a good teacher. Farewell! Hold the manor and live. Lose the manor and hang,' he said, and spurred out, his shield-straps squeaking behind him.

"So, children, here was I, little more than a boy, and Hastings' fight not two days old, left alone with my thirty men-at-arms, in a land I knew not, among a people whose tongue I could not speak, to hold down the land which I had taken from them."

"And that was here at home?" said Una.

"Yes, here. See! From the upper ford, Weland's Ford, to the King's Hill Ford, west and east it ran half a league. From the Beacon of Brunanburgh behind us here, south and north it ran a full league—and all the woods were full of broken men from Senlac, Saxon thieves, Norman plunderers, robbers, and deer-stealers. A hornets' nest indeed!

"When De Aquila had gone, Hugh would have thanked me for saving their lives; but the Lady Ælueva said that I had done it only for the sake of receiving the manor.

"'Could I know that De Aquila would give it me?' I said. 'If I had told him how I had spent my night in a halter he would have burned the place twice over by now.'

"'If any man had put *my* neck in a rope,' she said, 'I would have seen that house burned thrice over before *I* would have made terms.'

"ON MY SWORD-HILT I SWORE IT."

"'But it was a woman,' I said; and I laughed, and she wept and said that I mocked her in her captivity.

"'Lady,' said I, 'there is no captive in this valley except one, and he is not a Saxon.'

"At this she cried that I was a Norman thief, who came with false, sweet words, having intended from the first to turn her out in the fields to beg her bread. Into the fields! She had never seen the face of war.

"I was angry, and answered, 'This much at least I can disprove, for I swear'—and on my sword-hilt I swore it in that place—'I swear I will never set foot in the Great Hall till the Lady Ælueva herself shall summon me.'

"She went away, saying nothing, and I walked out, and Hugh limped after me, whistling dolorously (that is a custom of the English), and we came upon the three Saxons that had bound me. They were now bound by my men-at-arms, and behind them stood some fifty stark and sullen churls of the house and the manor, waiting to see what should fall. We heard De Aquila's trumpets blow thin through the woods Kentward.

"'Shall we hang these?' said my men.

"'Then my churls will fight,' said Hugh, beneath his breath; but I bade him ask the three what mercy they hoped for.

"'None,' said they all. 'She bade us hang thee if our master died. And we would have hanged thee. There is no more to it.'

"As I stood doubting a woman ran down from the oak wood above the King's Hill yonder, and cried out that some Normans were driving off the swine there.

"'Norman or Saxon,' said I, 'we must beat them back, or they will rob us every day. Out at them with any arms ye have.' So I loosed those three carles and we ran together, my men-at-arms and the Saxons with bills and bows which they had hidden in the thatch of their huts, and Hugh led them. Half-way up the King's Hill we found a false fellow from Picardy—a sutler that sold wine in the Duke's camp—with a dead knight's shield on his arm, a stolen horse under him, and some ten or twelve wastrels at his tail, all cutting and slashing at the pigs. We beat them off, and saved our pork as well as the swineherd, whom they had tied to an oak. One hundred and seventy pigs we saved in that great battle." Sir Richard laughed.

"That, then, was our first work together, and I bade Hugh tell his folk that so would I deal with any man, knight or churl, Norman or Saxon, who stole as much as one egg from our valley. Said he to me, riding home: 'Thou hast gone far to conquer England this evening.' I answered: 'England must be thine and mine, then. Help me, Hugh, to deal aright with these people. Make them to know that if they slay me De Aquila will surely send to slay them, and he will put a worse man in my place.' 'That may well be true,' said he, and gave me his hand. 'Better the devil we know than the devil we know not, till we can pack you Normans home.' And so, too, said his Saxons; and they laughed as we drove the pigs downhill. But I think some of them, even then, began not to hate me."

"I like Brother Hugh," said Una, softly.

"Beyond question he was the most perfect, courteous, valiant, tender, and wise knight that ever drew breath," said Sir Richard, caressing the sword. "He hung up his sword—this sword—on the wall of the great hall, because he said it was fairly mine, and never he took it down till De Aquila returned, as I shall presently show. For three months his men and mine guarded the valley, till all robbers and nightwalkers learned there was nothing to get from us save hard tack and a hanging. Side by side we fought against all who came—thrice a week sometimes we fought—against thieves and landless knights looking for good manors. Then we were in some peace, and I made shift by Hugh's help to govern the valley—for all this valley of yours was my manor—as a knight should. I kept the roof on the hall and the thatch on the barn, but . . . The English are a bold people. His Saxons would laugh and jest with Hugh, and Hugh with them, and—this was marvellous to me—if even the meanest of them said that such and such a thing was the Custom of the Manor, then straightway would Hugh and such old men of the manor as might be near forsake everything else to debate the matter—I have seen them stop the mill with the corn half ground—and if the custom or usage were proven to be as it was said, why, that was the end of it, even though it were flat against Hugh, his wish and command. Wonderful!"

"Aye," said Puck, breaking in for the first time. "The Custom of Old England was here before your Norman knights came, and it outlasted them, though they fought against it cruelly."

"Not I," said Sir Richard. "I let the Saxons go their stubborn way, but when my own men-at-arms, Normans not six months in England, stood up and told me what was the custom of the country, *then* I was angry. Ah, good days! Ah, wonderful people! And I loved them all."

The knight lifted his arms as though he would hug the whole valley, and Swallow, hearing the chink of his chain-mail, looked up and whinnied softly.

"At last," he went on, "after a year of striving and contriving and some little driving, De Aquila came to the valley, alone and without warning. I saw him first at the Lower Ford, with a swineherd's brat on his saddle-bow.

"'There is no need for thee to give any account of thy stewardship,' said he. 'I have it all from the child here.' And he told me how the young thing had stopped his tall horse at the Ford, by waving of a branch, and crying that the way was barred. 'And if one bold, bare babe be enough to guard the Ford in these days, thou hast done well,' said he, and puffed and wiped his head.

"He pinched the child's cheek, and looked at our cattle in the marshes by the river.

"'Both fat,' said he, rubbing his nose. 'This is craft and cunning such as I love. What did I tell thee when I rode away, boy?'

"'Hold the manor or hang,' said I. I had never forgotten it.

"'True. And thou hast held.' He clambered from his saddle and with sword's point cut out a turf from the bank and gave it me where I kneeled."

Dan looked at Una, and Una looked at Dan.

"That's seizin," said Puck, in a whisper.

"'THERE IS NO NEED FOR THEE TO GIVE ANY ACCOUNT OF THY STEWARDSHIP,' SAID HE."

"'Now thou art lawfully seized of the manor, Sir Richard,' said he—'twas the first time he ever called me that—'thou and thy heirs for ever. This must serve till the King's clerks write out thy title on a parchment. England is all ours—if we can hold it.'

"'What service shall I pay?' I asked, and I remember I was proud beyond words.

"'Knight's fee, boy, knight's fee!' said he, hopping round his horse on one foot. (Have I said he was little, and could not endure to be helped to his saddle?) 'Six mounted men or twelve archers thou shalt send me whenever I call for them, and—where got you that corn?' said he, for it was near harvest, and our corn stood well. 'I have never seen such bright straw. Send me three bags of the same seed yearly, and furthermore, in memory of our last meeting—with the rope round thy neck—entertain me and my men for two days of each year in the Great Hall of thy manor.'

"'Alas!' said I, 'then my manor is already forfeit. I am under vow not to enter the Great Hall.' And I told him what I had sworn to the Lady Ælueva."

"And hadn't you ever been into the house since?" said Una.

"Never," Sir Richard answered. "I had made me a little hut of wood up the hill, and there I did justice and slept. . . . De Aquila wheeled aside, and his shield shook on his back. 'No matter, boy,' said he. 'I will remit the homage for a year.'"

"He meant Sir Richard needn't give him dinner there the first year," Puck explained.

"De Aquila stayed with me in the hut and Hugh, who could read and write and cast accounts, showed him the roll of the manor, in which were written all the names of our fields and men, and he asked a thousand questions touching the land, the timber, the grazing, the mill, and the fish-ponds, and the worth of every man in the valley. But he never named the Lady Ælueva's name, nor went he near the Great Hall. By night he drank with us in the hut. Yes, he sat on the straw like an eagle ruffled in her feathers, his yellow eyes rolling above the cup, and he pounced in his talk like an eagle, swooping from one thing to another, but always binding fast. Yes; he would lie still awhile, and then rustle in the straw, and speak sometimes as though he were King William himself, and anon he would speak in parables and tales, and if at once we saw not his meaning he would jerk us in the ribs with his scabbarded sword.

"'Look you, boys,' said he, 'I am born out of my due time. Five hundred years ago I would have made all England such an England as neither Dane, Saxon, nor Norman should have conquered. Five hundred years hence I should have been such a councillor to Kings as the world hath never dreamed of. 'Tis all here,' said he, tapping his big head, 'but it hath no play in this black age. Now Hugh here is a better man than thou art, Richard.' He had made his voice harsh and croaking, like a raven's.

"'Truth,' said I. 'But for Hugh, his

help and patience and long-suffering, I could never have kept the manor.'

"'Nor thy life either,' said De Aquila. 'Hugh has saved thee not once, but a hundred times. Be still, Hugh,' he said. 'Dost thou know, Richard, why Hugh slept, and why he still sleeps, among thy Norman men-at-arms?'

"'To be near me,' said I, for I thought this was truth.

"'Fool!' said De Aquila. 'It is because his Saxons have begged him to rise against thee, and to sweep every Norman out of the valley. No matter how I know. It is true. Therefore Hugh hath made himself an hostage for thy life, well knowing that if any harm befell thee from his Saxons thy Normans would slay him without remedy. And this his Saxons know. Is it true, Hugh?'

"'In some sort,' said Hugh, shamefacedly; 'at least, it was true half a year ago. My Saxons would not harm Richard now. I think they know him; but I judged it best to make sure.'

"Look, children, what that man had done—and I had never guessed it! Night after night had he lain down among my men-at-arms, knowing that if one Saxon had lifted knife against me his life would have answered for mine.

"'Yes,' said De Aquila. 'And he is a swordless man.' He pointed to Hugh's belt, for Hugh had put away his sword—did I tell you?—the day after it flew from his hand at Senlac. He carried only the short knife and the long-bow. 'Swordless and landless art thou, Hugh; and they call thee kin to Earl Godwin.' (Hugh was of Godwin's blood.) 'The manor that was thine is given to this boy and to his children for ever. Sit up and beg, for he can turn thee out like a dog, Hugh.'

"Hugh said nothing, but I heard his teeth grind, and I bade De Aquila, my own overlord, hold his peace, or I would stuff his words down his throat. Then he laughed till the tears ran down his face.

"'I warned the King,' said De Aquila, 'what would come of giving England to us Norman thieves. Here art thou, Richard, less than two days confirmed in thy manor, and already thou hast risen against thy overlord. What shall do to him, *Sir* Hugh?"

"'I am a swordless man,' said Hugh. 'Do not jest with me,' and he laid his head on his knees and groaned.

"'The greater fool thou,' said De Aquila, and all his voice changed; 'for I have given thee the Manor of Dallington up the hill this half-hour since,' and he yarked at Hugh with his scabbard across the straw.

"'To me?' said Hugh. 'I am a Saxon, and, except that I love Richard here, I have not sworn fealty to any Norman.'

"'In God's good time, which because of my sins I shall not live to see, there will be neither Saxon nor Norman in England,' said De Aquila. 'If I know men, thou art more faithful unsworn than a score of Normans I could name. Take Dallington, and join Sir Richard to fight me to-morrow, if it please thee!'

"'Nay,' said Hugh. 'I am no child. Where I take a gift, there will I render service'; and he put his hands between De Aquila's, and swore to be faithful, and, as I remember, I kissed him, and De Aquila kissed us both.

"We sat afterwards outside the hut while the sun rose, and De Aquila marked our churls going to their work in the fields, and talked of holy things, and how we should govern our manors in time to come, and of hunting and of horse-breeding, and of the King's wisdom and unwisdom, for he spoke to us as though we were in all sorts now his brothers. Anon a churl stole up to me—he was one of the three I had not hanged a year ago—and he bellowed—which is the Saxon for whispering—that the Lady Ælueva would speak to me at the Great House. She walked abroad daily in the manor, and it was her custom to send me word whither she went, that I might set an archer or two behind and in front to guard her. Very often I myself lay up in the woods and watched her also.

"I went swiftly, and as I passed the great door it opened from within, and there stood my Lady Ælueva and she said to me: 'Sir Richard, will it please you enter your Great Hall?' Then she wept, but we were alone."

The knight was silent for a long time, his face turned across the valley, smiling.

"Oh, well done!" said Una, and clapped her hands very softly. "She was sorry, and she said so."

"Aye, she was sorry, and she said so," said Sir Richard, coming back with a little start. "Very soon—but *he* said it was two full hours later—De Aquila rode to the door, with his shield new scoured (Hugh had cleansed it), and demanded entertainment, and called me a false knight, that would starve his overlord to death. Then Hugh cried out that no man should work in the valley that day, and our Saxons blew horns, and set about feasting

and drinking, and running of races, and dancing and singing; and De Aquila climbed upon a horse-block and spoke to them in what he swore was good Saxon, but no man understood it. At night we feasted in the Great Hall, and when the harpers and the singers were gone we four sat late at the high table. As I remember, it was a warm night with a full moon, and De Aquila bade Hugh take down his sword from the wall again, for the honour of the Manor of Dallington, and Hugh took it gladly enough. Dust lay on the hilt, for I saw him blow it off.

"She and I sat talking a little apart, and at first we thought the harpers had come back, for the Great Hall was filled with a rushing noise of music. De Aquila leaped up; but there was only the moonlight fretty on the floor.

"'Hearken!' said Hugh. 'It is my sword,' and as he belted it on the music ceased.

"'Over Gods, forbid that I should ever belt blade like that,' said De Aquila. 'What does it foretell?'

"'The Gods that made it may know. Last time it spoke was at Hastings, when I lost all my lands. Belike it sings now that I have new lands and am a man again,' said Hugh.

"He loosed the blade a little and drove it back happily into the sheath, and the sword answered him low and crooningly, as—as a woman would speak to a man, her head on his shoulder.

"Now that was the second time in all my life I heard this Sword sing."

"SHE SAID, 'SIR RICHARD, WILL IT PLEASE YOU ENTER YOUR GREAT HALL?'"

"Look!" said Una. "There's mother coming down the Long Slip. What will she say to Sir Richard? She can't help seeing him."

"And Puck can't magic us this time," said Dan.

"Are you sure?" said Puck; and he leaned forward and whispered to Sir Richard, who, smiling, bowed his head.

"But what befell the sword and my brother Hugh I will tell on another time," said he, rising. "Ohe, Swallow!"

The great horse cantered up from the far end of the meadow, close to mother.

They heard mother say: "Children, Gleeson's old horse has broken into the meadow again. Where did he get through?"

"Just below Stone Bay," said Dan. "He tore down simple flobs of the bank! We noticed it just now. And we've caught no end of fish. We've been at it all the afternoon."

And they honestly believed that they had. They never noticed the Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves that Puck had slyly thrown into their laps.

(*To be continued.*)

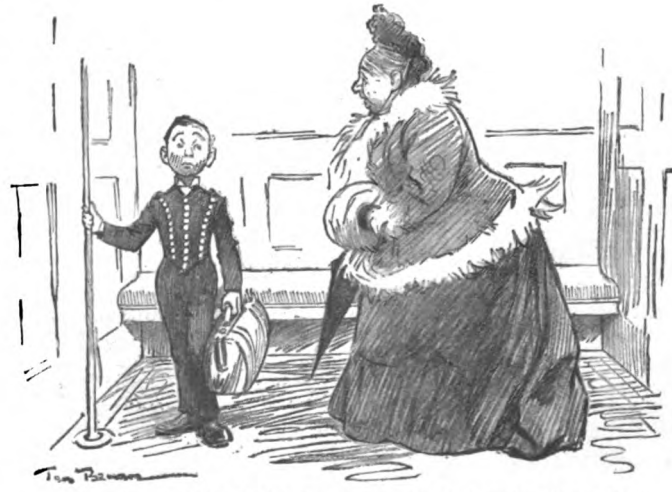
The Chronicles of the Strand Club.

In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

VIII.

AT the last meeting of the Strand Club the arrival of the members was witnessed from the pavement in front of the Strand Tavern by a large and nondescript multitude. Hitherto the exact evening upon which the Club meets has been kept secret, and it will perhaps never precisely be known who the imprudent or vainglorious person was who divulged it. On account of a slight but quite perceptible cheer which greeted Lorrison as he scuttled from his four-wheeler to the staircase, Johns declares it was Lorrison; the latter, however, avers it was not he but Emanuel who evoked the plaudits of the crowd, on account of a fancied resemblance to a member of the new Ministry. Emanuel in turn indignantly repudiated the charge and pointed to Waters, who, having on the evening in question imprudently attired himself in the picturesque garb of ancient Gaul and walked all the way from Regent's Park, was, not unreasonably, held to be the cause of the commotion. As a penalty this gifted artist was compelled, between the fish and the entrée, to set the ball rolling, which he did with the following true anecdote.

An old lady from the country engaged a room at a London hotel. Buttons took her travelling-bag. "I don't like this room," she said. The boy made no reply. "I tell you," she went on, angrily, "I do not like this room. Nothing will induce me to take it. It's too horribly small and stuffy, and as to sleeping in a folding bed, I'd die first." The boy, with a weary expression, pushed the old woman inside and pulled the



TOM BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATION TO WATERS'S ANECDOTE OF THE OLD LADY AND THE LIFT.

rope. "This ain't yer room," he said; "it's the lift."

Amidst much laughter the Chairman called upon Tom Browne to supply an illustration to Waters's story.

When the result was before us, one of our clever guests, Mr. A. S. Boyd, who sat by Bolman, volunteered to tell the following anecdote.

Boyd: You know how many remedies one hears of to prevent that distressing complaint, *mal de mer?* I heard of a brand-new one the other day. The steward on board one of the coasting steamers, opening the door of a state-room, found a passenger apparently struggling under the weight of a heavy portmanteau, which had fallen upon him. Taking hold of the handle, he exclaimed, "Hope you're not much hurt, sir. I'll take the bag off in a jiffy, sir." To which the passenger replied, in a pained, weary tone, "Oh, *do* let me alone! Don't you see this is my preventive against seasickness?"

BOYD'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN STORY OF THE SEA-SICK PASSENGER.

At this point the Chairman took occasion to read out to the members the following letter, received from a military officer in the Punjab:—

"I have been so entertained with the reports of your Strand Club meetings that I am tempted to send you a story which I have introduced into the Punjab with enormous success. If it is not original in England, it is in the Punjab."

Scene: A railway carriage.

Personæ: A young lady. A middle-class family of three, eating ham sandwiches.

Father: "Well, 'Arry, d'you like the sandwiches?"

Boy: "I like the 'am."

Father: "Don't say 'am; say 'am."

Boy: "I am saying 'am."

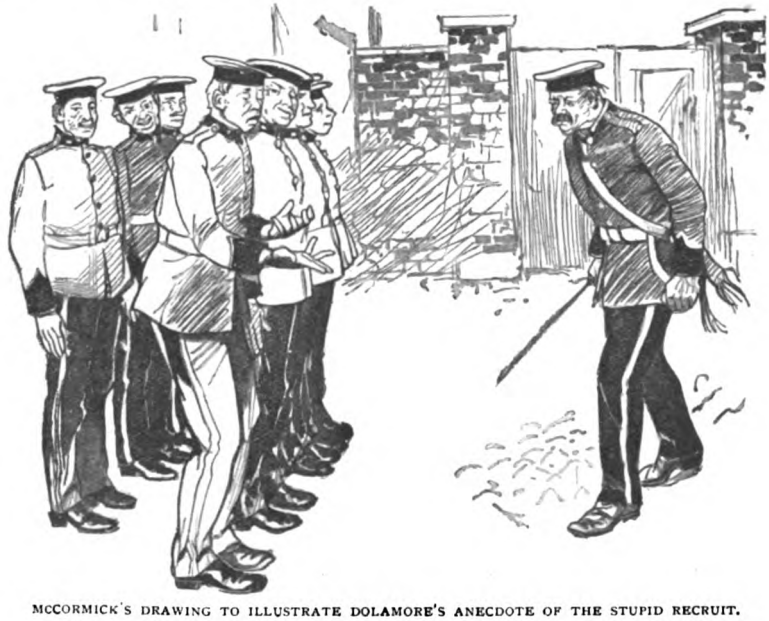
Mother (to young lady): "You know they both think they're saying 'am!"

Boyle: Will Mr. Frank Reynolds oblige me with a delineation of the Snake House at the Zoo? A spoony young couple of the middle class. Thank you. They are observing the movements of the anaconda. "Oh, George," murmurs the lady, "I wonder what that snake's tied himself up into such a knot for?" George deliberates for a few moments. "I dessay it's something he wants to remember," answers George.

FRANK REYNOLDS'S SKETCH OF THE YOUNG COUPLE AT THE ZOO.

Dolamore: Apropos of stupidity, a sergeant was once drilling a squad of recruits. They were incredibly ignorant. One country bumpkin actually did not know his right hand from his left. The sergeant proceeded to teach him, and at last attained some degree of success. "Now, yer blessed idiot," he said, "hold yer 'ands in front of yer and twist them

round quickly one over the other. Stop! Now, which is right and which is left?" The unhappy recruit stared at his members for a moment and then said, "I'm blowed if I know now. I've gone and mixed 'em."



MCCORMICK'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE DOLAMORE'S ANECDOTE OF THE STUPID RECRUIT.

The Chairman: Will Mr. McCormick kindly oblige with a representation of the military incident to which we have just listened?

Whereupon the artist courteously complied, with the above result.

We had several distinguished foreign members present at the last meeting, Robinet and Ehrhart amongst the number. Emberton had been telling of a thrilling experience of a friend of his who lost control of his motor-car in the country, and our French *confrère* laughingly volunteered to give a representation of the episode.

Emberton: My motoring friend smashed through a fence at right angles into a farm-yard, and then went crashing through into an outhouse. In the yard was a man sawing wood, who apparently had no love for motorists. He surveyed the scene with bucolic irritation. "Hi! hi! you blame fule!" he called out. "Coom owt o' tha-at! Doan't you see that that pigsty be full a'reddy?"

Then we had Ehrhart, the American artist whose fame is widely known to the many thousand readers of *Puck*. He drew a picture on the board and told the following

ROBINET'S BLACKBOARD SKETCH OF THE MOTORIST AND THE PIGSTY.

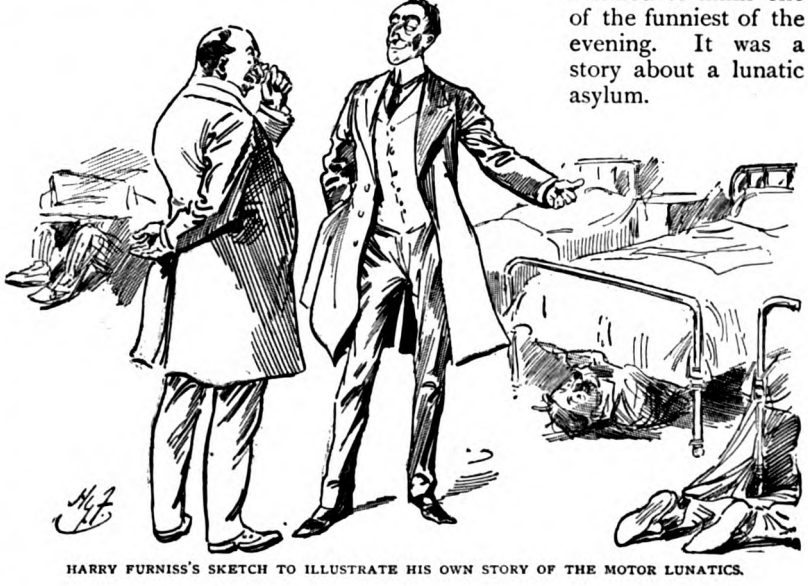
EHRHART'S IDEA OF THE VERY STOUT LADY AND THE POLITE PEDESTRIAN.

anecdote of a very stout lady and a polite pedestrian. The latter was trying to push past her in his haste, when she exclaimed, indignantly, "Really, you had better walk over me!" "Well, I guess, marm," he rejoined, in a peculiar Transatlantic drawl, "that would be easier than *to walk round you!*"

Garry introduced the latest member of the Strand Club, the talented Mr. Lawson Wood. There had evidently been collusion between Garry and himself, because Mr. Wood went straight for the blackboard and, handling dexterously a piece of chalk, produced the drawing next given. Garry thus explained: "The other day a particularly bottle-necked individual entered a West-end butcher's shop, and, after he had made his selection of meat and it had been done up in a parcel for him, was agonized to hear the butcher call out in stentorian tones, 'Seven and a 'arf pounds of shoulder at ninepence ha'penny for the gentleman.' The remark seemed so manifestly aimed at the customer's physical shortcomings that I wager he will never enter that shop again."

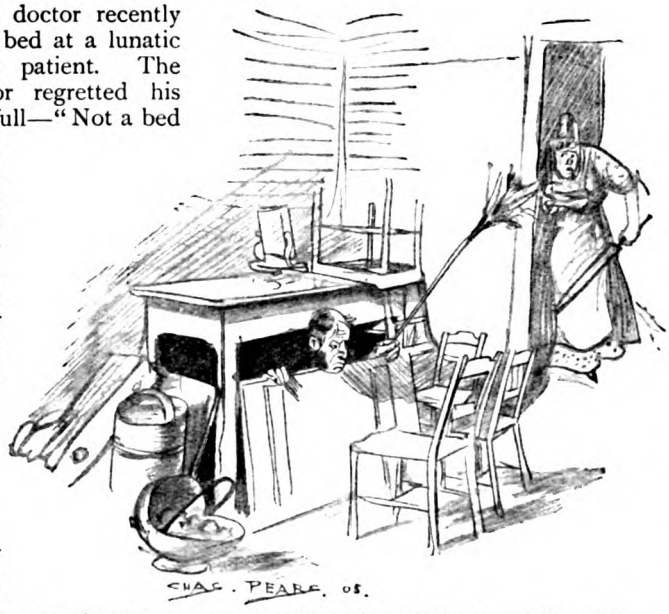
LAWSON WOOD'S ILLUSTRATION WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE STORY OF THE BOTTLE-NECKED HOUSEKEEPER.

It was now Harry Furniss's turn, and he related the following, which some of us were inclined to think one of the funniest of the evening. It was a story about a lunatic asylum.



HARRY FURNISS'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN STORY OF THE MOTOR LUNATICS.

Furniss: A doctor recently applied for a bed at a lunatic asylum for a patient. The resident doctor regretted his hospital was full—"Not a bed to spare"—and explained that this was caused by the great number of motor lunatics under his control. "If you do not credit my statement," added he, "come and look round the wards yourself."



PEARS'S SKETCH TO EXPLAIN BRITCHARD'S ANECDOTE OF THE OVER-FOND PATERFAMILIAS.

"Why, half the beds are empty!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Of course they are," replied the resident doctor. "I say they are motor lunatics. See, half of them are under their beds tinkering them up!"

A member mentioned something about fathers of families who were slaves to their children, which reminded Britchard of a story about a neighbour of his.

Britchard: It will save me a lengthy description of the appearance of the breakfast-room of my neighbour's house if Pears will kindly sketch it for me.

There was a brief colloquy between the artist and the author, with the following result.

Britchard: Gentleman beneath the table (*loquitur*): "Come on, slaves and caitiffs, I defy you! Who dares to touch a hair of the head of your anointed King dies like——Eh, what? Is that you, cook? I thought it was little Willy."

Hesketh: You know how little things can be mistaken for great ones?

Omnes (with emphasis): We do.

Hesketh: I dare say you also know that great things are occasionally taken for little ones. The best illustration of this I ever heard was told me yesterday. There was a terrific explosion at the gasworks. Three hundred tons of iron hurled themselves on the frail cottage inhabited by an aged widow who had been recently much annoyed by small boys. "Drat them kids," she piped out from the wreck; "I do believe they're a-throwing fire-crackers again."

WILL OWEN'S ILLUSTRATION TO HESKETH'S STORY OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE GASWORKS.

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE

(A FOOTBALL STORY)

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

MY brother Bob sometimes says that if he dies young or gets white hair at the age of thirty it will be all my fault. He says that I was bad at fifteen, worse at sixteen, while "present day," as they put it in the biographies of celebrities, I am simply awful. This is very ungrateful of him, because I have always done my best to make him a credit to the family. He is just beginning his second year at Oxford, so, naturally, he wants repressing. Ever since I put my hair up—and that is nearly a year ago now—I have seen that I was the only person to do this. Father doesn't notice things. Besides, Bob is always on his best behaviour with father.

Just at present, however, there was a sort of truce. I was very grateful to Bob because, you see, if it had not been for him I should not have thought of getting Saunders to make Mr. Simpson let father hit his bowling about in the match with the Cave men, and then father wouldn't have taken me to London for the winter, and if I had had to stay at Much Middlefold all the winter I should have pined away. So that I had a great deal to thank Bob for, and I was very kind to him till he went back to Oxford for the winter term; and I was still on the look-out for a chance of paying back one good turn with another.

We had taken a jolly house in Sloane Street from October, and I was having the most perfect time. I'm afraid father was hating it, though. He said to me at dinner one night, "One thousand five hundred and twenty-three vehicles passed the window of the club this morning, Joan."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I counted them."

"Father, what a waste of time!"

"Why, what else is there to do in London?" he said.

I could have told him millions of things, but I suppose if you don't like London it isn't any fun looking at the sort of sights I like to see.

The morning after this, when father had gone off to his club—to count cabs again, I suppose—I got a letter from Bob.

"DEAR KID" (he wrote),—"Just a line

Hope you're having a good time in London. I can't come down for Aunt Edith's ball on your birthday, as they won't let me. I tried it on, but the Dean was all against it. Look here, I want you to do something for me. The fact is, I've had a lot of expenses lately, with my twenty-firster and so on, and I've had rather to run up a few fairly warm bills here and there, so I shall probably have to touch the governor for a trifle over and above my allowance. What I want you to do is this: keep an eye on him, and if you notice that he's particularly bucked about anything one day, wire to me first thing. Then I'll run down and strike while the iron's hot. See? Don't forget.—Yours ever, BOB.

"P.S.—There's just a chance that it may not be necessary after all. If everything goes well I may scrape into the 'Varsity team, and if I can manage to get my Blue he will be so pleased that a rabbit could feed out of his hand."

I wrote back that afternoon, promising to do all I could. But I said that at present father was not feeling very happy, as London never agreed with him very well, and he might not like to be worried for money for a week or two. He does not mind what he gives us as a rule, but sometimes he seems to take a gloomy view of things, and talks about extravagance, and what a bad habit it is to develop in one's youth, when one ought to be learning the value of money.

Bob replied that he understood, and added that a friend of his, who had it from another man who had lunched with a cousin of the secretary of football, had told him that they were thinking of giving him a trial soon in the team.

It was on the evening this letter came that Aunt Edith gave her ball. She is the nicest of my aunts, and was taking me about to places. I had been looking forward to this dance for weeks.

I wore my white satin with a pink sash, and a special person came in from Truefitt's to do my hair. He was a restless little man, and talked to himself in French all the time. When he had finished he stepped back, and threw up his hands and said, "Ah, mademoiselle, c'est magnifique!"

I said, "Yes, isn't it?"

It was, too.

I suppose different people have their different happiest moments. I expect father's is when he makes a good stroke at cricket or shoots particularly well. And Bob has his, probably, when he kicks a football farther than anybody else. At least, I suppose so. I love cricket, but I don't understand football. At any rate, I know when I feel happiest. It is when I know I look nice, and when the floor is just right and I have a partner whose step suits mine.

On this particular night everything was absolutely perfect. I looked very nice. I know one isn't supposed to be aware of this, but father and Aunt Edith both told me, as well as at least half my partners, so there was a mass of corroborative evidence, as father says. Then the floor was lovely, and everybody seemed to dance well except one young man who had come from Cambridge for the ball. He danced very badly, but he did not seem to let it weigh upon his spirit at all. He was extremely cheerful.

"Would you prefer me," he asked, "to apologize every time I tread on your foot, or shall I let it mount up and apologize collectively at the end?"

I suggested that we might sit out. He had no objection.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "dancing's good enough in its way, but footer's my game."

I said, "Oh!"

"Yes. Best game on earth, *I* think. I should like to play it all the year round. Cricket? Oh, yes, cricket's good enough in its way, too. But it's not a patch on footer. I was playing last week——"

My attention wandered.

"So you see," he went on, "by half time neither side had scored. We had the wind with us in the second half, so——"

I could never understand football, so I am afraid I let my attention wander again. After some minutes I heard him say, "And so we won after all. Now, you can't get that sort of thing at cricket."

I said, "I suppose not."

"Best game on earth, footer. I say, see that man who just passed us with the girl in red?"

I looked round. The man he referred to was my partner for the next dance. He was tall and wiry, and waltzed beautifully. He seemed a shy man. I noticed that he appeared to find a difficulty in talking to the lady in red. He looked troubled.

"See him?' said my companion.

I said I did.

"That's Hook."

"Yes; I remember that was his name."

My companion seemed to miss something in my manner—surprise or admiration.

"*The* Hook, you know," he added. "Cap-

tain of footer at Oxford. You must have heard of T. B. Hook!"

I didn't like to say I had not; so I murmured, "Oh, *T. B.* Hook!"

This satisfied him. He went on to describe Mr. Hook.

"Best forward Oxford's had for seasons. See him dribble—my word! Halloa! there's the band starting again. May I take you——"

At this moment Mr. T. B. Hook detached himself—with relief, I thought—from the lady in red, and, after looking about him, caught sight of me and made his way in my direction. I admired the way he walked. He seemed to be on springs.

He danced splendidly, but in silence. After making one remark to him—about the floor—which caused him to look scared and crimson, I gave up the idea of conversation, saying he might play for Oxford. And then, quite in a flash, I realized that it was Mr. T. B. Hook, and no other, who had the power of letting him play or keeping him out, and I saw that here was my chance of doing Bob the good turn I owed him. I have since been told—by Bob—that an idea so awful (so absolutely fiendish, was his expression) could only have occurred to a girl. Ingratitude, as I have said before, is Bob's besetting sin.

One of my aunts is always talking about the tremendous influence of a good woman. My idea was to try it, for Bob's benefit, on Mr. T. B. Hook.

The music stopped, and we went into the conservatory. My partner's silence was more noticeable now that we had stopped dancing. His waltzing had disguised it.

We sat down. I could *feel* him trying to find something to say. The only easy remark, about the floor, I had already made.

So I began.

I said, "You are very fond of football, aren't you?"

He brightened up.

"WE SAT DOWN. I COULD FEEL HIM TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO SAY."

and began to think, in a dreamy sort of way, in time to the music. It was not till quite the end of the dance that my great idea came to me. It came in a very roundabout way. First I thought about father, then about Bob, then about Bob's letter, then about his

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes. Yes."

He paused for a moment, then added, as if he had had an inspiration, "Yes."

"Yes?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, brightly. "Yes."

Our conversation was getting quite brisk and sparkling.

"You're captain of Oxford, aren't you?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Yes."

"I'm very fond of cricket," I said, "but I don't understand football. I suppose it's a very good game?"

"Oh, yes. Yes."

"I have a brother who's a very good player," I went on.

"Yes?"

"Yes. He's at Oxford, too. At Magdalen."

"Yes?"

"Are you at Magdalen?"

"Trinity."

"Do you know my brother?"

I saw he hadn't heard my name when we had been introduced, so I added, "Romney."

"I don't think I know any Romney. But I don't know many Magdalen men."

"I thought you might, because he told me you were probably going to put him into the Oxford team. I do hope you will."

Mr. Hook, who had been getting almost at home and at his ease, I believe, suddenly looked pink and scared again. I heard him whisper, "Good Lord!"

"Please put him in," I went on, feeling like Bob's guardian angel. "I'm sure he's much better than anybody else, and we *should* be so pleased."

"You would be so pleased," he repeated, mechanically.

"*Awfully* pleased," I said. "I couldn't tell you how grateful. And it would make such a lot of difference to Bob. I can't tell you why, but it would."

"Oh, it *would?*" said he.

"A tremendous lot. You won't forget the name, will you? Romney. I'll write it down for you on your programme. R. Romney, Magdalen College. You *will* put him in, won't you? I shall be too grateful for anything. And father——"

"I think this is ours?" said a voice.

My partner for the next dance was standing before me. In the ball-room they were just beginning the Eton boating-song. I heard Mr. Hook give a great sigh. It may have been sorrow, or it may have been relief.

About a week after this father said "Halloa!" as he was reading the paper at breakfast. "They're playing Bob at half for Oxford, Joan," he said, "against Wolverhampton Wanderers."

"Oh, father!" I said; "are they really?"

The influence of the good woman had begun to work already.

"Instead of Welby-Smith, apparently. I suppose they had to make some changes after their poor show against the Casuals. Well, I hope Bob will stay in now he's got there."

"You'd be pleased if he got his Blue, wouldn't you, father?"

"Yes, my dear, I should."

I thought of writing to Mr. Hook to thank him, but decided not to. It was best to let well alone.

I got a letter from Bob a fortnight later saying that he was still in the team, though he had not been playing very well. He himself, he said, had rather fancied he would have been left out after the Old Malvernians' match, and he wouldn't have complained, because he had played badly; but for some reason they stuck to him, and if he didn't do anything particularly awful in the next few matches, he said, he was practically a certainty for Queen's Club.

"What's Queen's Club?" I asked father.

"It's where the 'Varsity match is played. We must go and see it if Bob gets his Blue. Or in any case."

Bob did get his Blue. I felt quite a thrill when I thought of what Mr. Hook had suffered for my sake. Because, you see, there were lots of people who thought Bob wasn't good enough to be in the team. Father read me a bit out of a sporting paper in which the man who wrote it compared the two teams and said that "the weak spot in the Oxford side is undoubtedly Romney," and a lot of horrid things about his not feeding his forwards properly. I said, "I'm sure that isn't true. Bob's always giving dinners to people. In fact, that's the very reason why——"

I stopped.

"Why what?" said father.

"Why he's so hard up, father, dear. He is, you know. It's because of his twenty-first birthday, he said."

"I shouldn't wonder, my dear. I remember my own twenty-first birthday celebrations, and I don't suppose things have altered much since my time. You must tell Bob to come to me if he is in difficulties. We mustn't be hard on a man who's playing in the 'Varsity match, eh, my dear?"

I said, "No; I'll tell him."

Bob stopped with us the night before the match. He hardly ate anything for dinner, and he wanted toast instead of bread. When I met him afterwards, though, he was looking very pleased with things and very friendly.

"It's all right about those bills," he said. "The governor has given me a cheque. He's awfully bucked about my Blue."

"And it was all me, Bob," I cried. "It was every bit me. If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't be playing to-morrow. Aren't you grateful, Bob? You ought to be."

"If you can spare a moment and aren't too busy talking rot," said Bob, "you might tell me what it's all about."

"Why, it was through me you've got your Blue."

"So I understand you to say. Mind explaining? Don't, if it would give you a headache."

"Why, I met the Oxford captain at Aunt Edith's dance, and I said how anxious you were to get your Blue, and I begged him to put you in the team. And the very next Saturday you were tried for the first time."

Bob positively reeled, and would have fallen had he not clutched a chair. I didn't know people ever did it out of novels. He looked horrible. His mouth was wide open and his face a sort of pale green. He bleated like a sheep.

"Bob, *don't!*" I said. "Whatever's the matter?"

He recovered himself and laughed feebly. "All right, Kid," he said, "that's one to you. You certainly drew me then. By gad! I really thought you meant it at first."

My eyes opened wide. "But, Bob," I said, "I did."

His jaw fell again.

"You mean to tell me," he said, slowly, "that you actually asked—— Oh, my aunt!"

He leaned his forehead on the mantelpiece.

"I shall have to go down," he moaned. "I can't stay up after this. Good Lord! the story may be all over the 'Varsity! Suppose somebody did get hold of it! I couldn't live it down."

He raised his head. "Look here, Joan," he said; "if a single soul gets to hear of this I'll never speak to you again." And he stalked out of the room.

I sat down and cried.

He would hardly speak a word to me next morning. Father insisted on his having breakfast in bed, so as not to let him get tired; so I did not see him till lunch. After lunch we all drove off to Queen's Club in Aunt Edith's motor. While Bob was upstairs packing his bag, father said to me, "Here's an honour for us, Joan. Bob is bringing the Oxford captain back to dinner to-night."

I gasped. I felt it would take all my womanly tact to see me through the interview. He wouldn't know how offended Bob was at being put in the team, and he might refer to our conversation at the dance.

"BOB POSITIVELY REELED, AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN HAD HE NOT CLUTCHED A CHAIR."

Bob was evidently still wrapped in gloomy despair when he joined us. He was so silent in the motor that father thought he must be dreadfully nervous about the match, and tried to cheer him up, which made him worse. We arrived at the ground at last, and Bob went to the pavilion to change.

We sat just behind two young men whose whole appearance literally shrieked the word "Fresher"! When I thought that Bob had been just like that a year before and that he was really quite different now, I felt so proud of my efforts to improve him that I was quite consoled for the moment. I was in a gentle reverie when father nudged me, and I woke up to find that the two young men were discussing Bob. "Yes, that's all very well," one of them was saying, the one in the brighter brown suit, "but my point is that he's too selfish. He doesn't feed his forwards enough."

I wondered whether this young man had been reading the sporting paper.

"He's pretty nippy, though," said the other.

"Personally, if I had been skipper," said the bright brown one, "I should have played Welby-Smith. Why they ever chucked him licks me."

"Well, I don't know," the other was beginning, when his words were drowned in a burst of applause, as the Cambridge team came on to the field. There was another shout a moment later, and Oxford appeared, Bob looking like a dog that's just going to be washed.

"Good," said the bright young man; "we've won the toss. The Tabs'll have to play with the sun in their eyes second half. Just when it's setting, too."

I was glad to hear this, because I know what a nuisance the sun in one's eyes is at cricket, and I suppose it must be just as bad at football.

There was a lot of running about and kicking at first. A little Cambridge man with light hair got the ball after a bit, and simply tore down the touch-line till he came to Bob, and Bob got in his way, and he kicked it to another man, only before he'd got it the other man who had been standing nearest to Bob at the beginning of the game took it away from him and sent it a long way up the field.

"Well played, Bob!" said father. "That little man with the light hair is Stevens, the international. He's the most dangerous man Cambridge have got. Bob will have his work cut out to stop him. Still, he did it that time all right."

The ball was being kicked about quite near the Cambridge goal now, so I thought Oxford must be getting the best of it. The little man was standing about by himself looking on, as if he were too important a person to mix himself up with the others. But suddenly one of the other Cambridge men sent the ball in his direction and he was off with it like a flash, and there seemed to be nobody there to stop him except Bob, who was jumping about half-way down the field.

All the Cambridge men raced down in the direction of the Oxford goal, and Bob met the little man as he had done before and made him pass to the other man. Then Bob rushed for this man, though there was another Oxford player rushing for him too, and the Cambridge man with the ball waited till they were both quite near him and then kicked it back to the international.

"Oh, Romney, you rotter!" said one of the young men in front of me, in a voice of agony; and then there was a perfect howl of joy from half the crowd, for the international, who hadn't anyone between him and the goal but the goalkeeper, who looked nervous, ran round and shot the ball through into the net. "Well, there's one of their goals," said the not quite so bright young man. "Chap writing in the *Chronicle* this morning said Oxford would be lucky if they only had three scored against them. What a rotter Romney was to leave Stevens like that! Why on earth can't he stick to his man?"

Father looked quite grey and haggard.

"If Bob's going to play the fool like that," he said, "he'd better have stayed at home."

"What didn't he do?" I asked.

"He didn't stick to his man. He gets up against an international forward, and the first thing he does is to leave him with a clear field. He must stick to Stevens."

The whole air seemed full of Bob's wrong doing. I suppose it was a sort of wireless telegraphy or something that made me do it. At any rate, I jumped up and shrieked in front of everybody, in a dead silence, too: "*You must stick to Stevens, Bob!*"

Then there was a roar of laughter. I suppose it must have sounded funny, though I didn't mean it; and everybody who wanted Oxford to win took up the cry. Only after shouting, "You must stick to Stevens, Bob!" once, they began to shout, "Buck up, Oxford!"

Bob turned scarlet—I was looking at him through father's field-glasses—and I believe he was swearing to himself. Then the game began again.

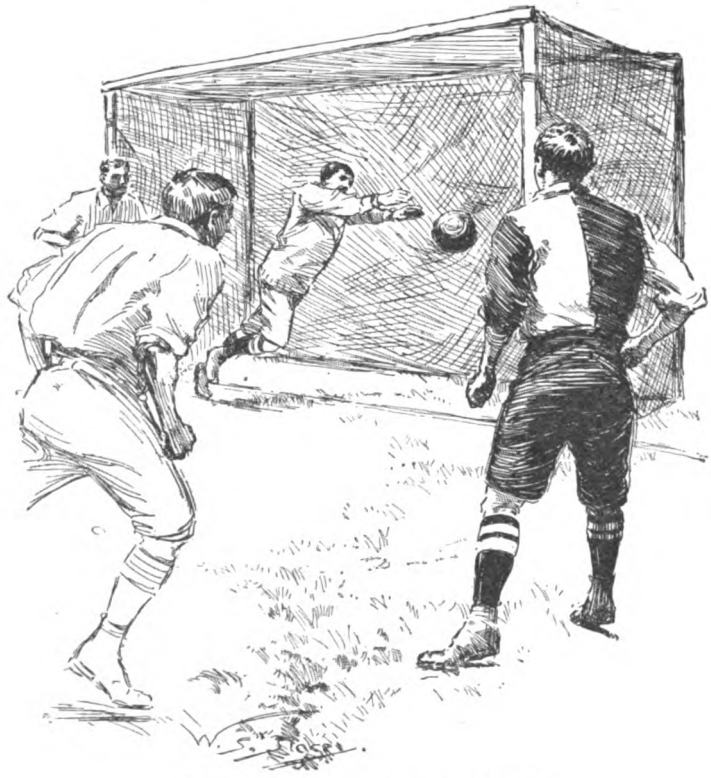
Bob told me afterwards, in a calmer moment, that my cry was the turning-point. Up to then he had been fearfully ashamed of himself for letting the Cambridge man kick the ball away from him, but that now he felt that he must look so foolish that it was not worth while trying to realize it. He said he was like the girl in Shakespeare who smiled at grief. He had passed the limits of human feeling. The result was that he found himself suddenly icy cool, without nerves or anxiety or anything. He isn't good at explaining his feelings, but I think I understand what he meant. I have felt it sometimes myself when, directly after I have had my best dress trodden on and torn at a dance, I have gone down to supper and found that all the meringues have been eaten. It is a sort of calm, divine despair. You know nothing else that can happen to you can be bad enough in comparison to be worth troubling about.

Anyhow, the result was that Bob began to play really splendidly. I can't judge football at all, of course, but even I could see how good he was. He slipped about as if he were made of indiarubber. He sprang at Stevens and took the ball away from him. He kept kicking the ball back to the Cambridge goal. In fact, he thoroughly redeemed himself, and if it hadn't been for the Cambridge goalkeeper Oxford would have scored any number of times. Just before half-time an Oxford man did score, so that made them level.

"Well, Romney's done all right lately," said one of the young men. "If he plays like that all the time we might win. What on earth he was doing at the start I can't think."

The sun was getting very low now, and Cambridge had to play facing it. It seemed to bother them a good deal, and Oxford kept on attacking, Bob coming up to help. At last, after they had been playing about twenty minutes, Stevens went off again, and Bob had to race back and stop him. He just managed to kick the ball over the touch-line. One of the Cambridge men picked it up and threw it in to another Cambridge man, but Bob suddenly darted between them, got the ball, and tore down the field. There were only two men in front of him besides the goalkeeper, and he wriggled past one of them, and father stood up and waved his hat and shouted instructions. Then the last Cambridge man bore down on him. It was thrilling. They were on the point of charging into one another when Bob kicked the ball to the left and ran to the right, and the Cambridge man shot past, and there was Bob in front of the goal just getting ready to shoot. Then the ball whizzed into the net, and all over the ground you could see hats flying into the air and sticks waving and a

"I JUMPED UP AND SHRIEKED, 'YOU MUST STICK TO STEVENS, BOB!'"



"THEN THE BALL WHIZZED INTO THE NET."

great roar went up from everywhere. It sounded like guns. "All the same," said the bright brown young man, "he ought to have passed."

Nothing more was scored, so Oxford just won.

The end was rather funny, because I know you are wondering what I said to Mr. Hook and what he said to me, and what Bob did. But it wasn't a bit like what I had expected. When I came down to the drawing-room after dressing for dinner Bob and the captain were standing talking by the fire.

"I think you have met my sister already," said Bob, dismally.

"I don't think I've had the pleasure," murmured the other man.

Bob turned to me.

"I thought you said you met Watson at Aunt Edith's ball. So you *were* pulling my leg after all?"

"I didn't. I wasn't. I said I met the captain of the Oxford football team."

"Well, that's Watson."

"Are you captain, really?" I asked.

"I've always been told so."

"Then," I said, "I think it's my duty to tell you that there is a man called Hook—T. B. Hook—who goes about pretending *he's* captain."

"Hook of Oriel? Rather shy man? Doesn't talk much?"

"Yes."

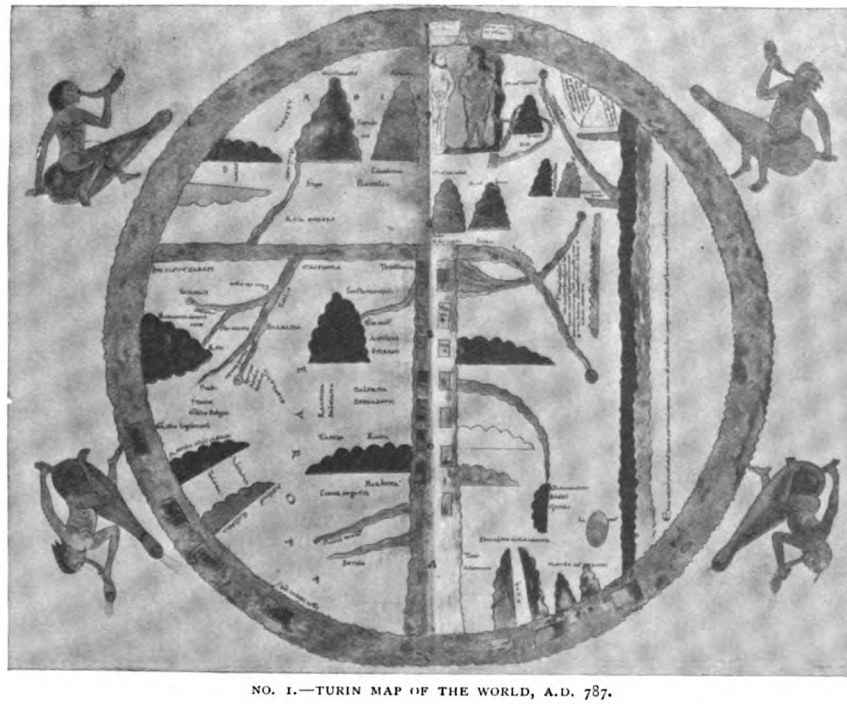
"Oh, he's captain of the Oxford Rugger team, you see. I'm captain of the Soccer," said Mr. Watson.

"So it was Hook you asked?" said Bob. "Thank Heaven. You haven't ruined my career, after all. Though I admit," he added, kindly, "you did what you could."

It is curious how everything seems to be all for the best. You would have thought that all my trouble had been wasted. But next day, to show his relief, Bob took me out and used some of father's cheque in buying me the loveliest white "feathery" on earth; showing that out of evil cometh good, as our curate at home says.

Some Ancient Maps.

MOST people think they know what a map is (though there may be some who do not know that the word means simply a "towel"), but few understand the thousand difficulties in the way of constructing such a thing. Any map of the world must of necessity present a view in some way distorted, for it is an attempt to represent a globe, or part of a globe, on a flat surface. Consequently, as will easily be seen, those parts of the world represented, as it were, in perspective at the edges are foreshortened and suffer in size by comparison with those nearer the centre of the map; and, of course, as everybody knows, in Mercator's rectangular map the parts about the two poles are enormously exaggerated. But the concern of this paper is not with the difficulties of constructing a map, but with a short consideration of some early attempts at the task.

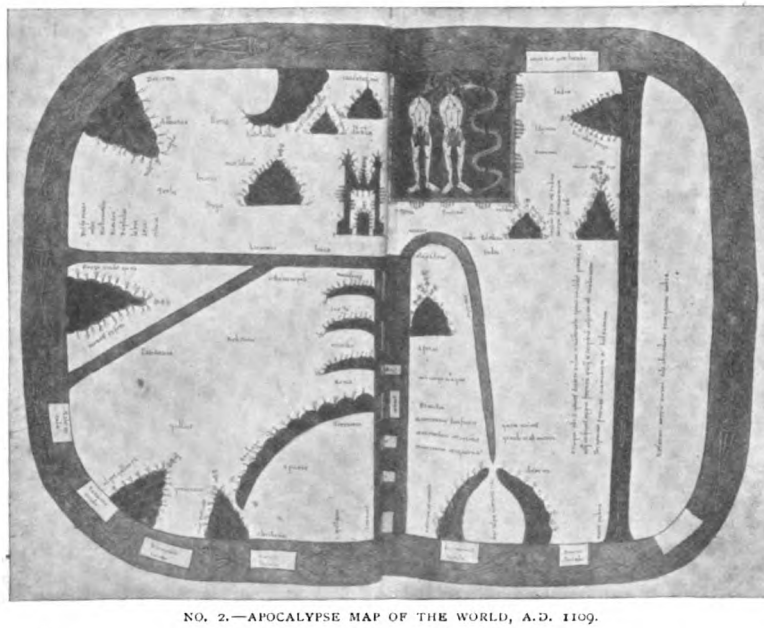


NO. I.—TURIN MAP OF THE WORLD, A.D. 787.

It was among the Greeks that the theory of the sphericity of the earth first found expression, though we are apt to forget anything earlier than the re-enunciation of the idea by Copernicus, and, after him, Galileo and Newton. The idea, too, of using lines of latitude and longitude on maps was Early Greek. But the theories of Pythagoras and his disciples were forgotten, and all geographical science stood still for many centuries. In the Middle Ages the Church authorities, possessed with a belief that they had discovered some discrepancy between certain scientific discoveries and the exact language of the Scriptures, came down very heavily on geography, and for a long time geography had the worse of the battle. It was quite impossible, said the Church fathers, that there could be another side to the world, because, since it was obvious that our own side was surrounded by a zone of such terrific heat as to be quite impassable, the inhabitants of any such supposed other side could not have come from this, and so could not have descended from Adam; consequently the belief in another side of the world was unscriptural. This argument was so conclusive, and was backed by such practical support in the shape of excellent prisons, that for hundreds of years such maps of the world as existed looked somewhat like the one a photograph of which we have first reproduced (No. 1).

The date of this map is about A.D. 787, and it represents the world as it was long believed to be—something of a pancake floating in a surrounding sea. The fashion of keeping the north at the top of the map had not then arisen and the east was commonly given that place of honour, because the Garden of Eden was there. It is to be observed marked very conspicuously in this map with Adam and Eve, and the serpent curling up a post, complete. This map, like others of the time, was divided to represent the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Asia is observed at the top, and Asia and Africa are divided from Europe (which appears to the left, below) by seas of regular width and rectangular joining. Another very regular sea cuts off a piece from the south of Africa, in case it might afterwards be found that there was something else in the world as well as Europe, Asia, and Africa. This portion is simply labelled with a Latin inscription, proclaiming that there is a fourth part of the world, the only part unknown, fabulously supposed to be inhabited. Two dark marks of an irregularly triangular shape are to be noticed close by Adam's side, and similar marks deface the world at other places. These are mountains. The two particular mountains mentioned are those of the Caucasus and of Armenia. The sea separating Europe and Africa is, of course, the Mediterranean, and it will be observed to be dotted with islands at regular intervals, each of a proper rectangular shape. This also is the shape of the islands shown on the outer ocean, past the edges of the world, including the island of Britain. Outside of the ocean and beyond everything the presiding genii of the four winds are to be observed, astride on articles resembling soda-water bottles, whereout the four winds themselves are busily escaping. The original of this map is in the library of Turin.

The map-makers were always anxious to conform with the letter of the Scriptures, and, although the map just considered agreed very well with the dictum that the waters be gathered into one place and the dry land appear, it caused doubts among those who remembered a Biblical reference to the "four corners of the earth." So that some of these latter persons began drawing a square world, and in the year 1109 one cartographer came out with the brilliant compromise next figured (No. 2). Though this is not exactly square, neither is it altogether round, and though the four corners are not particularly angular, still they may be said to be there, and so it was hoped that everybody would be satisfied. Adam and Eve are still to be perceived on the upper (or east) side, and the snake is even curlier than before. The surrounding ocean is well supplied with fishes of many miles in length, each decorated with a tail of extreme elegance. The outer islands are



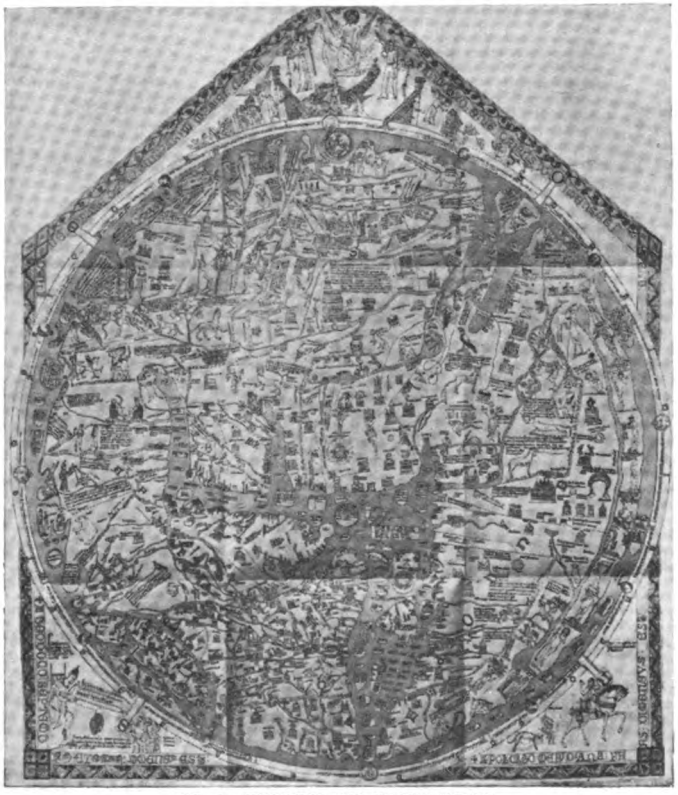
NO. 2.—APOCALYPSE MAP OF THE WORLD, A.D. 1109.

still severely rectangular, and it is interesting to see that Scotland is south of Britain, separated by many miles of sea and one fish. The map is brilliantly coloured, and it appears in a book containing a commentary on the Apocalypse. The manuscript was written in the monastery of Silvo, in the diocese of Burgos, in Old Castile.

Now, one very great object in making a map of the world circular was to get Jerusalem into the exact centre. It was a firm mediæval belief that Jerusalem occupied the centre of the world, and here again the mediæval geographers relied on the letter of Biblical text. "This is Jerusalem; I have set it in the midst of the nations round about her," was the text, and to the ordinary person the meaning seems simple and plain enough without straining it to an argument that Jerusalem must occupy the precise centre of the world. But the hair-splitters of mediæval scholasticism were not ordinary persons. In the map we have just been speaking of, Jerusalem, represented by something resembling a highly ornamented gateway, was placed somewhere within a few thousand miles, more or less, of the middle, as a sort of perfunctory acknowledgment of the rule.

This brings us to the famous Hereford map of the world (No. 3). This is in Hereford Cathedral, and geographers regard it as the most complete and the best executed of all the speculative maps which set forth the imaginative theories of our forefathers as to the world they lived in before the era of great geographical discovery set in. It is a large map—six feet four in height altogether and one foot less in width. It is drawn with a pen and illuminated in gold and colours on vellum, which vellum is mounted on wood. The whole thing is supposed once to have served as an altar-piece in old times, and it was executed within a year or two of 1200 A.D., the precise date being uncertain. Again we see the world represented as a circular island surrounded by the ocean, and again Jerusalem is in the exact centre, enclosed in a battlemented circle, above which is drawn a representation of the Crucifixion. The east is at the top, and all the upper or eastern half of the world is Asia, the western or lower half being divided by the Mediterranean, leaving the northern part for Europe and the southern for Africa. Here is to be observed a curious error on the part of the cartographer, doubtless a slip due to temporary absence of mind. After labouring minutely and carefully at the myriad tiny inscriptions and drawings of strange creatures, in the end he placed the names of continents in large letters across his work, and did it so abstractedly as to exchange two of the names, so that the continent of Africa was labelled "Europa" and the continent of Europe "Africa." Modern cynics may be disposed to suggest that this trifling circumstance makes little difference to the accuracy or to the intelligibility of the map as a whole, but even in the year 1200 they knew that Africa did not lie to the north of Europe.

In this map the representations of fabled monsters in different parts are very complete and very interesting. A perfect menagerie



NO. 3.—HEREFORD MAP OF THE WORLD.

of them is placed along the southern edge of the world, to the right of the map. Among these were the Blenyere, who had no heads, but carried their faces on their chests; the people who went on all fours; and the one-legged people whose feet (one foot to each person) were so big that they were habitually used by the lucky possessors as umbrellas. One of these people may be observed high up in the map, rather to the left, seated on the ground and sheltering himself in his accustomed manner. He is not far off from Paradise, a circle at the very top of the map, wherein Adam and Eve are eating the forbidden fruit, and the four rivers—Euphrates, Tigris, Phison, and Gion—are running in all directions. England, Ireland, and Scotland may be observed, though perhaps not recognised, on the lower part of the map to the left, on the extreme edge of the world. Each is a separate island—indeed, Ireland, which is extremely narrow and very long indeed, appears to consist of two; while there is nothing in the least like reality in the shape of any one of the three kingdoms.

NO. 4.—POLYCRONICON MAP OF THE WORLD, 14TH CENTURY.

This Hereford map, as we have said, was the high-water mark of cartography of the old school. For long there was no improvement on it—indeed, subsequent maps were for a long time altogether inferior to it. In the latter half of the fourteenth century Ranulph Higden achieved a manuscript book which he called the "Polycronicon." He prefaced it with two maps of the world, the larger and fuller of which we here reproduce (No. 4)—though the original is crudely coloured. The map goes across two pages, and probably the draughtsman intended it to be more or less round. But when your space is half as long again as broad, and you want to use as much of it as possible the world is apt to get squeezed in at the sides; consequently, for this occasion, the earth is oval. Jerusalem, also, has to be pushed a trifle out of the centre to make way for the join of the pages; but in most respects this particular map sticks to tradition. The east is at the top, with an oblong Eden, this time blank. At the extreme west, at the bottom, the Pillars of Hercules are shown as actual pillars, a trifle shaky. All the islands, whether in the Mediterranean or in the outer ocean, are nicely square or oblong, so as to avoid irregularity, except one or two which happen to have got into awkward corners of the sea and can't be square without interfering with the mainland or crowding out some of the inscription. The stolid and well-fed-looking persons whose portraits in medallions are set out at regular intervals all round the outer ocean represent various winds.

In the meantime, maps of particular parts of the world were apt to approximate a trifle nearer to accuracy. Perhaps this was because such maps were constructed, as a rule, by inhabitants of the particular parts represented.

The earliest *native* map of this country at present extant is that of Matthew Paris (No. 5), the monk-historian, drawn in his "History of England." Its date is 1259, and it has remained perfect except for some part cut away at the western edge, which carries off a piece of Cornwall. The map includes England, Scotland, and Wales, and it is presented with the north uppermost. It is

NO. 5.—MATTHEW PARIS'S MAP OF ENGLAND, 1259.

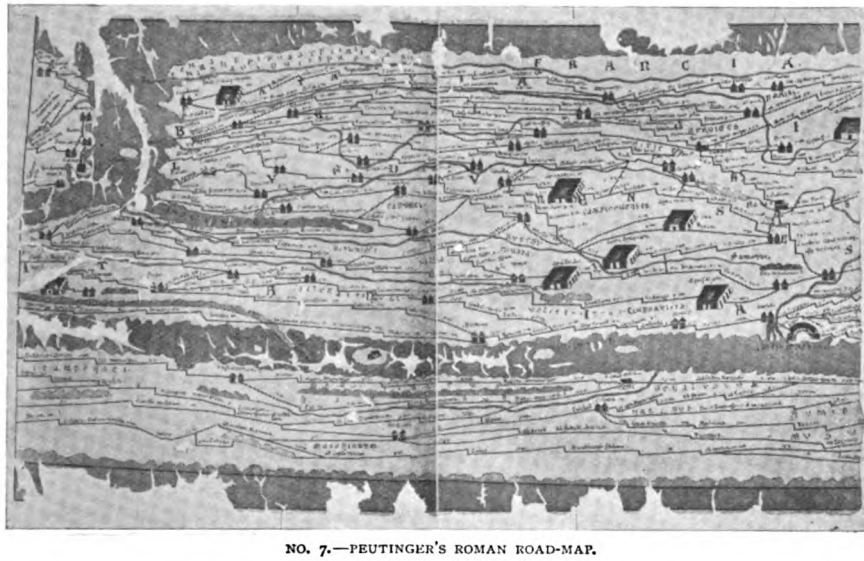
lettered, sometimes with the names of places in their pure English form, sometimes Latinized. There is a curious confusion as to the coast conformation of Essex and Kent, which brings Thanet round to the south coast and discharges the Thames into the English Channel. London is prominently represented, the label carrying the name being crowned with lordly battlements. Norfolk, Suffolk, Somerset (spelt "Sumset"), Dorset, and other counties are plain to the eye, while Windsor, Bristol, Dunstable, Cicester (Chichester), Dova (Dover), and many other towns only need a little search. Altogether the worthy and patriotic monk did very excellently indeed, seeing that he had no surveys or other maps to go upon, and so did it "all out of his own head," as the children say. And if his coast-line is a bit out, and if the Thames does lose itself now and then, Matthew at least made a good beginning for other men to work on.

Another early map of this country—though it is two hundred years later than that of Matthew Paris—is the one of which we place a photograph next (No. 6). It is a small map, on vellum, coloured, and with the sea painted a heavy green. Towns and rivers are shown and counties and mountains are altogether neglected. It may be that the cartographer was aided by an inspection of Matthew Paris's map, but if so he struck out on a line of his own by turning the map upside down, the south being at the top. The coast of Kent is somewhat made amends to in this map, though a large bite is taken out of the ancient county on the south for no particular reason. London is represented by a noble building, which seems to be a compound of the Tower and old St. Paul's. It is interesting to perceive that the Thames flows in at the back-door of this venerable pile and comes out at the front. Rochester is marked by another castle, and Beaulieu consists of a Noah's Ark

NO. 6.—MAP OF ENGLAND, 15TH CENTURY.

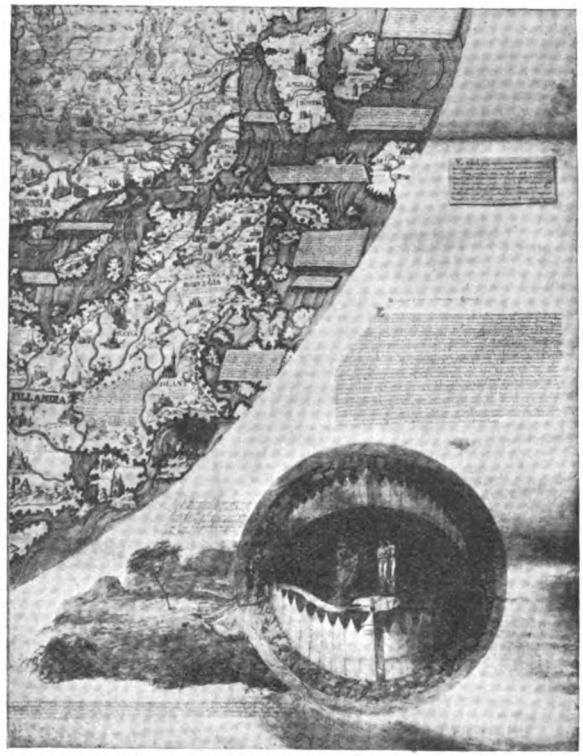
with the bottom off. Newcastle, Dover, Gloucester, Exeter, and a few other towns are represented by baronial castles in the familiar form of a toy zoetrope. But the most elaborate of all the towns is York (Eboracum), consisting of a confusion of roofs, spires, towers, and walls as large as a county, with a river wandering casually up and down the debris. True, the whole heap is nearer where Liverpool ought to be than York, but that is the sort of mistake that occurs in an upside-down map. The pious condition of the extreme north of Scotland is also noticeable, the district accommodating nothing but churches.

The maps we have hitherto considered have all been based upon some attempt, however unsuccessful, to present the outlines of the countries of the world as they were supposed to be. But there is another very ancient and very famous map (No. 7) in which no such attempt is made. This map consists of eleven sheets, each oblong, so that when all were put into their places the world was presented as an extremely long slip, measuring from east to west more than twenty-one times its width from north to south. Even in geography's darkest days nobody suggested that this was the shape of the earth, and all through this curious map (which is extremely well executed) no attempt was anywhere made to draw any place as it was. The whole thing, indeed, was a road map, pure and simple, partaking, indeed, of the character of a diagram rather than that of a map. An idea of the appearance of this map can be obtained from our reproduction of a photograph of the first of the sheets. The zigzag lines are the roads, and if it were not for the lettering scattered about the sheet anybody might safely be defied to guess what part of the world the map represented. The cartographer never bothered himself about the points of the compass or any other vain imaginings of the kind. He knew nothing of north, south, east, or west—his cardinal points were simply left and right. He drew a line for a road, and he turned it left and right as the road turned; and after the proper number of turnings he wrote the name of a town, or if it were a very large town he drew the bath it contained in the shape of a sort of square barrack. And he troubled about nothing else whatever. As a matter of fact, the small portion at the left-hand top corner represents the south coast of England, and the main part of the map is France and round about it. Few people would judge so, to look at it. The date of this map is considered to be no later than the fourth century of the Christian era. Its object was to set forth the roads throughout the Roman Empire, and it seems probable that its extraordinary shape was adopted for convenience of consultation. The whole affair was gaily coloured. The history of the map before the year 1507 is in some doubt. In that year it turned up in the possession of one Konrad Celtes, librarian to the Emperor Maximilian. Celtes, paying a visit to Konrad Peutinger, a scholar of



NO. 7.—PEUTINGER'S ROMAN ROAD-MAP.

Augsburg, brought the map with him, much to Peutinger's interest and delight. So that Celtes left the curiosity to Peutinger in his will, and it remained among Peutinger's family papers, hidden away and forgotten, till long after—till 1714, in fact, when somebody found it and sold it to the Austrian Emperor. It lies in the Imperial library at Vienna now.



NO. 8.—A PORTION OF FRA MAURO'S MAP OF THE WORLD, 1459.

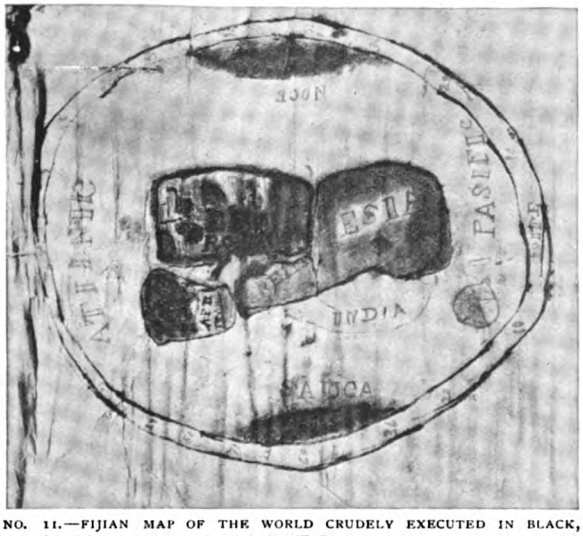
To return, however, to our mediæval maps. The finest of all the maps of this period was executed by Fra Mauro, a monk of the Camaldoli, in the year 1459 (No. 8). It is a large map, the planisphere occupying a space of six feet four inches in diameter, while each of the four corners is filled in by a smaller circle, each a little less than a foot in diameter. One of these represents the Ptolemaic system, another shows the moon's influence on the tides, a third the circles described on the terrestrial globe, and the fourth contains a representation of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden. In the year 1804 an exact facsimile of the original map (which is kept at the monastery of San Michele di Murano, near Venice) was made, the expense being defrayed by the East India Company and several English noblemen. It is from this facsimile that our photograph is taken. It shows but a quarter of the map, the clear reduction of the whole to so small a size being impossible. This portion contains the British Islands, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, and parts of France and Prussia; and the circle representing Paradise (in a ring fence, with the four rivers issuing from the gate) is in the corner. This map, it is necessary to remember, is made with the *south* uppermost, consequently it may be necessary to turn it upside down before it is observed that the outlines of our own country and those of the north coast of France are not far out from the outlines familiar to our eyes in the maps of to-day. Denmark is brought rather too close to us, and the outlines of Holland, Prussia, and Scandinavia might be improved, but the map as a whole is a most notable advance and a very admirable work. Large regular spaces may be observed, which are filled with lettering too small to be read on so reduced a scale. It is gratifying, nevertheless, to observe that London, although placed about where Birmingham should be, is,

nevertheless, represented by a stately building, rather like the Albert Memorial.

Thirty-three years after the Camaldolite monk finished his great map Christopher Columbus discovered America; and after that geographical discovery, and consequently map-making, moved apace. We reproduce part of a very carefully executed map of the world, completed by Diego Ribero for the King of Spain in 1529 (No. 9). Here much of the American coast is shown with fair accuracy, and the custom now adhered to was observed, of placing the north uppermost. The original map measures a yard from top to bottom, and is seven feet two inches from end to end. The whole surface of the globe was represented with such correctness as was possible at the time, somewhat in the way of our maps on Mercator's projection, and the Molucca Islands appeared twice, once at each end. The elaboration and finish of the map are apparent everywhere, as likewise are the galleons of Spain, sailing in all directions with a separate fair wind for every one. The men and the animals, too, indigenous to the various parts, are figured at large, many of the most remarkable description. Indeed, it was not till long after the date of this map that the belief in the curious creatures shown in the early maps died out. A really excellent map of South America, showing the whole coast, was prepared under the direction of Sir Walter Raleigh after his return from those parts, with representations of great wonders in the interior of the continent. We reproduce an enlarged facsimile of a group from one part of this map (No. 10); and we may add, for the benefit of any person anxious to make the acquaintance of the headless gentlemen with faces on their chests, that the exact spot of their residence is indicated as being at a place between the Rio Negro and the Amazon, at about sixty-five degrees of longitude and a degree or so south of the Equator. Particularly worthy of notice is the plump and contented expression visible on the chest of the warrior to the left. His companion, too, has a fine shoulder of hair, and calves that would keep him in a situation for ever as a footman. Sir Walter's map also shows a Patagonian (in Patagonia, as is proper) by the side of an ordinary man—much to the ordinary man's disadvantage, the Patagonian's height being twelve or fifteen feet.

NO. 9.—RIBERO'S MAP, 1529—THE FIRST TO SHOW NORTH AMERICA.

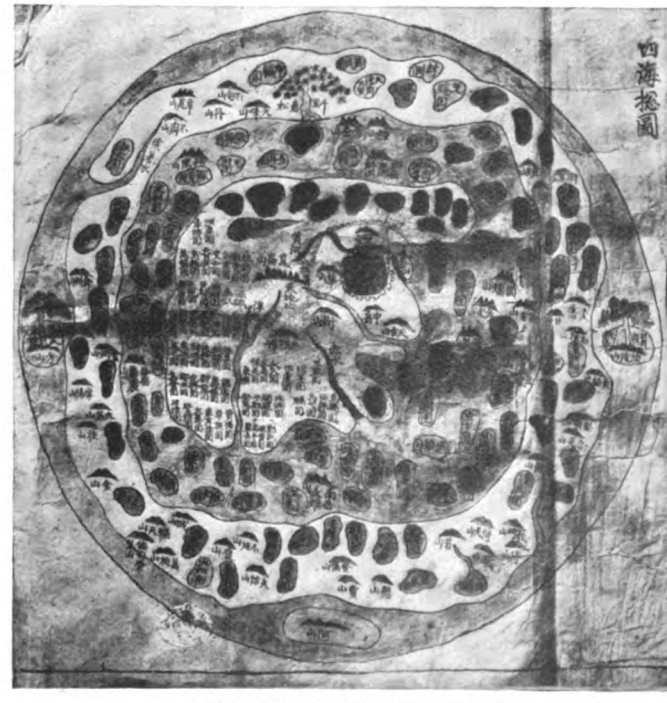
NO. 10.—MONSTROSITIES FIGURING IN SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S MAP.



NO. 11.—FIJIAN MAP OF THE WORLD CRUDELY EXECUTED IN BLACK, SMUDGY BROWN, AND RED ON WHITE TAPA, WITH ROLLERS OF WOOD.

With this the time of low comedy maps drew toward a close. The maps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries grew year by year more accurate and more like those familiar in our present atlases. Consequently, from the point of view of this article, they lose their interest. Curious maps, however, are not yet altogether things of the past. We give a photograph of a Fijian map (No. 11) of the world drawn in black, brown, and red on white tapa, and mounted on wooden rollers. The world is not so round as it might be, and the countries shown ("Esia," Europe, India, and Africa) are considerably simplified as to coast-line; but the Atlantic is there—perhaps a bit out in its spelling—and the "Pasific," and no doubt the Fijian was pleased with his performance. Still, the map cannot be conscientiously recommended as a guide for accurate sailing.

China, too, is a country where geography is still in a primitive state. In the Chinese view the world consists mainly of China, with a fringe of inconsiderable places round the edge. In the specimen we give (No. 12), China occupies the usual proud central position, and is something of the fantastic shape of a man's head, wearing a projecting cap. All down the left-hand or western side are dotted England, Goa, Holland, Portugal, Bokhara, Germany, India, and France; all islands, and all of about the same insignificant size. Russia is up in the north, as is proper; and in the east are Japan, Formosa, Siam, Java, and Burma. Africa and America are not invited. But the geographer has not forgotten the part where the inhabitants are all dwarfs, and tie themselves together in bundles to prevent eagles from carrying them away; nor the country where the people are providentially supplied each with a hole through his chest and back through which a pole may be poked in order that two servants, one at each end of the pole, may carry him about without the expense of a Sedan chair or a cab.



NO. 12.—A CHINESE MAP OF THE WORLD.

A STORY
FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. NESBIT.

CHAPTER X.

THE SORRY-PRESENT AND THE EXPELLED LITTLE BOY.

"LOOK here!" said Cyril, sitting on the dining-table and swinging his legs; "I really have got it."

"Got what?" was the not unnatural rejoinder of the others.

"Why, don't you see? It's really not any good our going into the past looking for that amulet. The past's as full of different times as—as—as the sea is of sand. We're simply bound to hit upon the wrong time. We might spend our lives looking for the amulet and never see a sight of it. Why, it's the end of September already. And—oh, bother!"

Old nurse had come in with the tray of knives, forks, and glasses, and was getting the tablecloth and table-napkins out of the chiffonier drawer.

"It's always meal-times when you come to anything interesting."

"And a nice interesting handful *you'd* be, Master Cyril," said old nurse, "if I wasn't to bring your meals up to time. Don't you begin grumbling now, fear you get something *to* grumble at."

"I wasn't grumbling," said Cyril, quite untruly, "but it does always happen like that."

"You deserve to *have* something happen," said old nurse; "slave, slave, slave for you day and night and never a word of thanks."

"Why, you do everything beautifully," said Anthea.

"It's the first time any of you's troubled to say so, anyhow," said nurse, shortly.

"What's the use of *saying?*" inquired Robert. "We *eat* our meals fast enough, and almost always two helps. *That* ought to show you!"

"Ah!" said old nurse, going round the table and putting the knives and forks in their places, "you're a man all over, Master Robert. There was my poor Green; all the years he lived with me I never could get more out of him than, 'It's all right!' when I asked him if he'd fancied his dinner. And yet, when he lay a-dying, his last words to me was, 'Maria, you was always a good cook,'" she ended, with a trembling voice.

"And so you are," cried Anthea, and she and Jane instantly hugged her.

When she had gone out of the room Anthea said:—

"I know exactly how she feels. Now, look here! Let's do a penance to show we're sorry we didn't think about telling her before what nice cooking she does and what a dear she is."

"Penances are silly," said Robert.

"Not if the penance is something to please someone else. I didn't mean old peas and hair shirts and sleeping on the stones. I mean we'll make her a sorry-present," explained Anthea. "Look here! I vote Cyril doesn't tell us his idea until we've done something for old nurse. It's worse for us than him," she added, hastily, "because he knows what it is and we don't. Do you all agree?"

The others would have been ashamed not to agree, so they did. It was not till quite near the end of dinner—mutton fritters and blackberry and apple pie—that out of the earnest talk of the four came an idea that pleased everybody and would, they hoped, please nurse.

Cyril and Robert went out with the taste of apple still in their mouths and the purple of blackberry on their lips, and, in the case of Robert, on the wristband as well, and bought a big sheet of cardboard at the stationer's. Then at the plumber's shop, that has tubes and pipes and taps and gas-fittings in the window, they bought a pane of glass the same size as the cardboard.

While they were out the girls had floated four photographs of the four children off their cards in hot water. These were stuck in a row along the top of the cardboard. Robert painted a wreath of poppies round the photographs. He painted rather well and very quickly, and poppies are easy to do if you've once been shown how. Then Anthea drew some printed letters and Jane coloured them. And when the painting was dry they all signed their names at the bottom and put the glass on, and glued brown paper round the edge and over the back, and put two loops of tape to hang it up by.

"There!" said Anthea, placing it carefully, face up, under the sofa. "It'll be hours before the glue's dry. Now, Squirrel, fire ahead!"

"Well, then," said Cyril, rubbing at his gluey hands with his pocket-handkerchief. "What I mean to say is this. We can remember now what we did when we went to look for the amulet. And if we'd found it we should remember that, too."

"Rather!" said Robert. "Only, you see, we haven't."

"But in the future we shall have."

"Shall we, though?" said Jane.

"Yes—unless we've been made fools of by the psammead. So, then, where we want to go to is where we shall remember about where we did find it."

"I see," said Robert, but he didn't.

"I don't," said Anthea, who did, very nearly. "Say it again, Squirrel, and very slowly."

"If," said Cyril, very slowly indeed, "we go into the future—after we've found the amulet——"

"But we've got to find it first," said Jane.

"Hush!" said Anthea.

"There will be a future," said Cyril, driven to greater clearness by the blank faces of the other three; "there will be a time after we've found it. Let's go into *that* time, and then we shall remember *how* we found it. And then we can go back and do the finding, really."

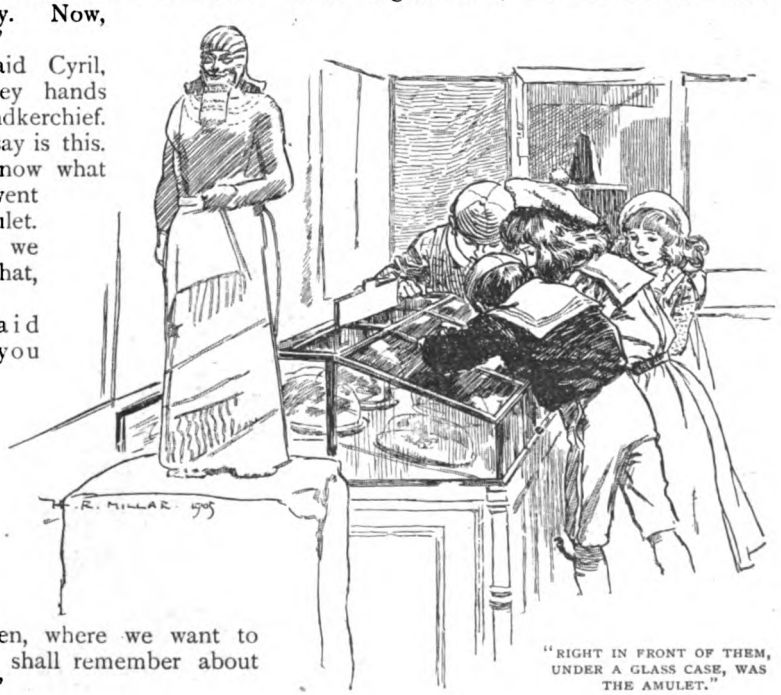
"I see," said Robert, and this time he did, and I hope *you* do.

"But will the amulet work both ways?" inquired Robert.

"It ought to," said Cyril, "if time's only a thingummy of whatsitsname. Anyway, we might try."

When everyone was clean and dressed the charm was held up.

"We want to go into the future and see the amulet after we've found it," said Cyril, and Jane said the word of power. They walked through the big arch of the charm straight into the British Museum—they knew it at once—and there, right in front of them, under a glass case, was the amulet—their



"RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM, UNDER A GLASS CASE, WAS THE AMULET."

own half of it, as well as the other half they had never been able to find—and the two were joined by a pin of red stone that formed a hinge.

"Oh, glorious!" cried Robert. "Here it is."

"Yes," said Cyril, very gloomily, "here it is; but we can't get it out."

"No," said Robert, remembering how impossible the Queen of Babylon had found it to get anything out of the glass cases in the Museum; "no; but we remember where we got it, and we can——"

"Oh, *do* we?" interrupted Cyril, bitterly. "Do *you* remember where we got it?"

"No," said Robert, "I don't exactly, now I come to think of it."

Nor did any of the others.

"But *why* can't we?" said Jane.

"Oh, *I* don't know." Cyril's tone was impatient. "Some silly old enchanted rule, I suppose."

"Perhaps the Museum people could tell us how we got it," said Anthea, with sudden hope. There was no one in the room, but in the next gallery, where the Assyrian things are and still were, they found a kind stout man in a loose blue gown and stockinged legs.

"Oh, they've got a new uniform; how pretty!" said Jane.

When they asked him their question he showed them a label on the case. It said, "From the collection of ——." A name followed, and it was the name of the learned gentleman.

"That's not much good," said Cyril; "thank you."

"How is it you're not at school?" asked the kind man in blue. "Not expelled for long, I hope?"

"We're not expelled at all," said Cyril, rather warmly.

"Well, I shouldn't do it again, if I were you," said the man, and they could see he did not believe them. There is no company so little pleasing as that of people who do not believe you.

"Thank you for showing us the label," said Cyril. And they came away.

As they came through the doors of the Museum they blinked at the sudden glory of sunlight and blue sky. The houses opposite the Museum were gone. Instead there was a big garden, with trees and flowers and smooth green lawns, and not a single notice to tell you not to walk on the grass and not to destroy the trees and shrubs and not to pick the flowers. There were comfortable seats all about and arbours covered with roses, and long trellised walks, also rose-covered. Whispering, plashing fountains fell into full white marble basins, white statues gleamed among the leaves, and the pigeons that swept about among the branches or

"THERE WAS A BIG GARDEN, WITH TREES AND FLOWERS AND SMOOTH GREEN LAWNS."

pecked on the smooth, soft gravel were not black and tumbled like the Museum pigeons are now, but bright and clean as birds of new silver. A good many people were sitting on the seats, and on the grass babies were rolling and kicking and playing—with very little on indeed.

"It's like a lovely picture," said Anthea, and it was. For the people's clothes were of bright, soft colours, and all beautifully and very simply made. No one seemed to have any hats or bonnets, but there were a great many Japanese-looking sunshades. And among the trees were hung lamps of coloured glass.

"I expect they light those in the evening," said Jane. "I *do* wish we lived in the future!"

They walked down the path, and as they went the people on the benches looked at the four children very curiously, but not rudely or unkindly. The children, in their turn, looked—I hope they did not stare—at the faces of these people in the beautiful, soft clothes. Those faces were worth looking at. Not that they were all handsome, though even in the matter of handsomeness they had the advantage of any set of people the children had ever seen. But it was the expression of their faces that made them worth looking at. The children could not tell at first what it was.

"I know," said Anthea, suddenly. "They're not worried; that's what it is."

And it was. Everybody looked calm, no one seemed to be in a hurry, no one seemed to be anxious or fretted; and, though some did seem to be sad, not a single one looked worried.

But though the people looked kind, everyone looked so interested in the children that they began to feel a little shy, and turned out of the big main path into a narrow little one that wound among trees and shrubs and mossy, dripping springs.

It was here, in a deep shadowed cleft between tall cypresses, that they found the expelled little boy. He was lying face downward on the mossy turf, and the peculiar shaking of his shoulders was a thing they had seen more than once in each other. So Anthea kneeled down by him and said:—

"What's the matter?"

"I'm expelled from school," said the boy between his sobs.

"Do you mind telling us what you'd done?"

"I—I tore up a sheet of paper and threw it about in the playground," said the child, in the tone of one confessing an unutterable baseness. "You won't talk to me any more now you know that," he added, without looking up.

"Was that all?" asked Anthea.

"It's about enough," said the child, "and I'm expelled for the whole day!"

"I don't quite understand," said Anthea, gently. The boy lifted his face, rolled over, and sat up.

"Why, whoever on earth are you?" he said.

"We're strangers from a far country," said Anthea. "In our country it's not a crime to leave a bit of paper about."

"It is here," said the child. "If grown-ups do it they're fined. When we do it we're expelled for the whole day."

"Well, but," said Robert, "that just means a day's holiday."

"You *must* come from a long way off," said the little boy. "A holiday's when you all have play and treats and jolliness, all of you together. On your expelled days no one'll speak to you. Everyone sees you're an expelleder or you'd be in school."

"Suppose you were ill?"

"Nobody is—hardly. If they are, of course they wear the badge, and everyone is kind to you. I know a boy that stole his sister's illness badge and wore it when he was expelled for a day. *He* got expelled for a week for that. It must be awful not to go to school for a week."

"Do you *like* school, then?" asked Robert, incredulously.

"Of course I do. It's the loveliest place there is. I chose railways for my special subject this year. There are such splendid models and things, and now I shall be all behind because of that torn-up paper."

"You choose your own subject?" asked Cyril.

"Yes, of course. Where *did* you come from? Don't you know *anything?*"

"No," said Jane, definitely; "so you'd better tell us."

"Well, on Midsummer Day school breaks up and everything's decorated with flowers, and you choose your special subject for next year. Of course, you have to stick to it for a year at least. Then there are all your other subjects, of course, reading and painting, and the rules of citizenship."

"Good gracious!" said Anthea.

"Look here!" said the child, jumping up; "it's nearly four. The expelledness only lasts till then. Come home with me. Mother will tell you all about everything."

"Will your mother like you taking home strange children?" asked Anthea.

"I don't understand," said the child, settling his leather belt over his honey-coloured smock and stepping on with hard, little, bare feet. "Come on."

So they went.

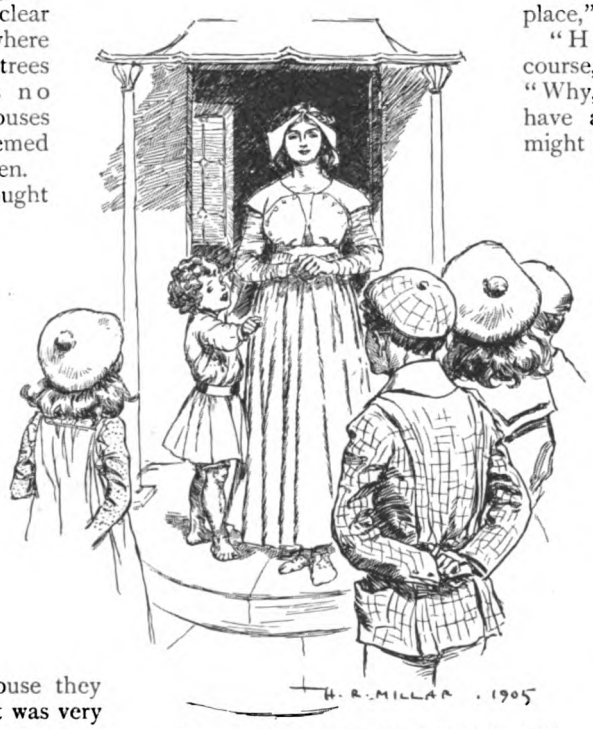
The streets were wide and hard and very clean. There were no horses, but a sort of motor carriage that made no noise. The Thames flowed between green banks and there were trees at the edge, and people sat under them fishing, for the stream was as clear as crystal. Everywhere there were green trees and there was no smoke. The houses were set in what seemed like one green garden.

The little boy brought them to a house, and at the window was a good, bright mother-face. The little boy rushed in, and they could see him hugging his mother, then his eager lips moving and his quick hands pointing.

A lady in soft green clothes came out, spoke kindly to them, and took them into the oddest house they had ever seen. It was very bare, there were no ornaments, and yet every single thing was beautiful, from the dresser, with its rows of bright china, to the thick squares of Eastern-looking carpet on the floors. I can't describe that house; I haven't the time. And I haven't heart either, when I think how different it was from our houses. The lady took them all over it. The oddest thing of all was the big room in the middle. It had padded walls and a soft, thick carpet, and all the chairs and tables were padded. There wasn't a single thing in it that anyone could hurt itself with.

"Whatever's this for — lunatics?" asked Cyril.

The lady looked very shocked.



"A LADY IN SOFT GREEN CLOTHES CAME OUT."

"No; it's for the children, of course," she said. "Don't tell me that in your country there are no children's rooms."

"There are nurseries," said Anthea, doubtfully; "but the furniture's all cornery and hard, like other rooms."

"How shocking!" said the lady; "you must be *very* much behind the times in your country. Why, the children are more than half of the people; it's not much to have one room where they can have a good time and not hurt themselves."

"But there's no fireplace," said Anthea.

"Hot-air pipes, of course," said the lady. "Why, how could you have a fire? A child might get burned."

"In our country," said Robert, suddenly, "more than three thousand children are burned to death every year. Father told me," he added, as if apologizing for this piece of information, "once, when I'd been playing with fire."

The lady turned quite pale.

"What a frightful place you must live in!" she said.

"What's all the furniture padded for?" Anthea asked, hastily turning the subject.

"Why, you couldn't have little tots of two or three running about in rooms where the things were hard and sharp! They might hurt themselves."

Robert fingered the scar on his forehead where he had hit it against the nursery fender when he was little.

"But does everyone have rooms like this, poor people and all?" asked Anthea.

"There's a room like this wherever there's a child, of course," said the lady. "How refreshingly ignorant you are—no, I don't mean ignorant, my dear. Of course, you're awfully well up in ancient history. But I

see you haven't done your Duties of Citizenship Course yet."

"But beggars, and people like that," persisted Anthea, "and tramps and people who haven't any homes."

"People who haven't any homes?" repeated the lady. "I really *don't* understand what you're talking about."

"It's all different in our country," said Cyril, carefully, "and I have read that it used to be different in London. Usedn't people to have no homes and beg because they were hungry? And wasn't London very black and dirty once upon a time? And the Thames all muddy and filthy? And narrow streets, and——"

"You *must* have been reading old-fashioned books," said the lady. "Why, all that was in the dark ages! My husband can tell you more about it than I can. He took Ancient History as one of his special subjects."

"I haven't seen any working people," said Anthea.

"Why, I'm a working person," said the lady; "at least, my husband's a carpenter."

"Good gracious!" said Anthea; "but you're a lady!"

"Ah!" said the lady, "that quaint old word! Well, my husband *will* enjoy a talk with you. In the dark ages everyone was allowed to have a smoky chimney, and those nasty horses all over the streets, and all sorts of rubbish thrown into the Thames. And, of course, the sufferings of the people will hardly bear thinking of. It's very learned of you to know about it all. Did *you* make Ancient History your special subject?"

"Not exactly," said Cyril, rather uneasily. "What is the Duties of Citizenship Course about?"

"Don't you *really* know? Aren't you pretending—just for fun? Really not? Well, that course teaches you how to be a good citizen, what you must do and what you mayn't do, so as to do your full share of the work of making your town a beautiful and happy place for people to live in. There's a quite simple little thing they teach the tiny children. How does it go?

I must not steal and I must learn,
Nothing is mine that I do not earn.
I must try in work and play
To make things beautiful every day.
I must be kind to everyone
And never let cruel things be done.
I must be brave and I must try
When I am hurt never to cry,
And always laugh as much as I can
And be glad that I'm going to be a man,
To work for my living and help the rest,
And never do less than my very best."

"That's very easy," said Jane. "*I* could remember that."

"That's only the very beginning, of course," said the lady; "there are heaps more rhymes. There's the one beginning:—

I must not litter the beautiful street
With bits of paper or things to eat;
I must not pick the public flowers,
They are not *mine*, but they are *ours*.

And 'things to eat' reminds me—are you hungry? Wells, run and get a tray of nice things."

"Why do you call him 'Wells'?" asked Robert, as the boy ran off.

"It's after the great reformer—surely you've heard of *him*? He lived in the dark ages, and he saw that what you ought to do is to find out what you want and then try to get it. Up to then people had always tried to tinker up what they'd got. We've got a great many of the things he thought of. Then 'Wells' means springs of clear water. It's a nice name, don't you think?"

Here Wells returned with strawberries and cakes and lemonade on a tray, and everybody ate and enjoyed.

"Now, Wells," said the lady, "run off or you'll be late and not meet your daddy."

Wells kissed her, waved to the others, and went.

"Look here!" said Anthea, suddenly; "would you like to come to *our* country and see what it's like? It wouldn't take you a minute."

The lady laughed. But Jane held up the charm and said the word.

"What a splendid conjuring trick!" cried the lady, enchanted with the beautiful growing arch.

"Go through," said Anthea.

The lady went, laughing. But she did not laugh when she found herself, suddenly, in the dining-room at Fitzroy Street.

"Oh, what a *horrible* trick!" she cried; "what a hateful, dark, ugly place!"

She ran to the window and looked out. The sky was grey, the street was foggy, a dismal organ-grinder was standing opposite the door, a beggar and a man who sold matches were quarrelling at the edge of the pavement, on whose greasy, black surface people hurried along, hastening to get to the shelter of their houses.

"Oh, look at their faces, their horrible faces!" she cried. "What's the matter with them all?"

"They're poor people, that's all," said Robert.

"But it's *not* all; they're ill, they're un-

happy, they're wicked! Oh, do stop it, there's dear children! It's very, very clever. Some sort of magic-lantern trick, I suppose, like I've read of. But *do* stop it. Oh, their poor, tired, miserable, wicked faces!"

"'OH, LOOK AT THEIR FACES, THEIR HORRIBLE FACES!' SHE CRIED."

The tears were in her eyes. Anthea signed to Jane. The arch grew, they spoke the words, and pushed the lady through it into her own time and place, where London is clean and beautiful, and the Thames runs clear and bright and the green trees grow and no one is afraid, or anxious, or in a hurry.

There was a silence. Then—

"I'm glad we went," said Anthea, with a deep breath.

"I'll never throw paper about again as long as I live," said Robert.

"Mother always told us not to," said Jane.

"I would like to take up the Duties of Citizenship for a special subject," said Cyril. "I wonder if father could put me through it? I shall ask him when he comes home."

"If we'd found the amulet father could be home *now*," said Anthea, "and mother and the Lamb."

"Let's go into the future *again*," suggested Jane, brightly. "Perhaps we could remember if it wasn't such an awful way off."

So they did. This time they said, "The future, where the amulet is, not so far away."

And they went through the familiar arch into a large, light room with three windows. Facing them was the familiar mummy-case, and at a table by a window sat the learned gentleman. They knew him at once, though his hair was white. His was one of the faces that do not change with age. In his hand was the amulet — complete and perfect.

He rubbed his other hand across his forehead in the way they were so used to.

"Dreams, dreams!" he said; "old age is full of them!"

"You've been in dreams with us before now," said Robert; "don't you remember?"

"I do, indeed," said he. The room had many more books than the Fitzroy Street room, and far more curious and wonderful Assyrian and Egyptian objects. "The most wonderful dreams I ever had, had you in them."

"Where," asked Cyril, "did you get that thing in your hand?"

"If you weren't just a dream," he answered, smiling, "you'd remember that you gave it to me."

"But where did we get it?" Cyril asked, eagerly.

"Ah! you never would tell me that," he said; "you always had your little mysteries. You dear children! What a difference you made to that old Bloomsbury house! I wish I could dream you oftener. Now you're grown up you're not like you used to be."

"Grown up?" said Anthea.

The learned gentleman pointed to a frame with four photographs in it.

"There you are," he said.

The children saw four grown-up people's portraits—two ladies, two gentlemen—and looked on them with loathing.

"Shall we grow up like *that?*" whispered Jane. "How perfectly horrid!"

"If we're ever like that we sha'n't know it's horrid, I expect," Anthea, with some insight, whispered back. "You see, you get

"AT A TABLE BY A WINDOW SAT THE LEARNED GENTLEMAN."

used to yourself while you're changing. It's—it's being so sudden makes it seem so frightful now."

The learned gentleman was looking at them with wistful kindness. "Don't let me undream you just yet," he said. There was a pause.

"Do you remember *when* we gave you that amulet?" Cyril asked, suddenly.

"You know, or you would if you weren't a dream, that it was on the third of December, 1904. I shall never forget *that* day."

"Thank you," said Cyril, earnestly; "oh, thank you very much."

"You've got a new room," said Anthea, looking out of the window; "and what a lovely garden!"

"Yes," said he; "I'm too old now to care even about being near the Museum. This is a beautiful place. Do you know, I can hardly believe you're just a dream, you do look so exactly real. Do you know"—his voice dropped—"I can say it to *you*, though, of course, if I said it to anyone that wasn't a dream they'd call me mad—there was something about that amulet you gave me—something very mysterious."

"There was that," said Robert.

"Ah! I don't mean your pretty little childish mysteries about where you got it, but about the thing itself. First, the wonderful dreams I used to have after you'd shown me the first half of it. Why, my book on 'Atlantis' was the beginning of my fame and my fortune too. And I got it all out of a dream. And then, 'Britain at the Time of the Roman Invasion,' that was only a pamphlet, but it explained a lot of things people hadn't understood."

"Yes," said Anthea, "it would."

"That was the beginning; but after you'd given me the whole of the amulet—ah! it was generous of you—then, somehow, I didn't need to theorize. I seemed to *know* about the old Egyptian civilization. And they can't upset my theories"—he rubbed his thin hands and laughed triumphantly—"they can't, though they've tried. Theories, they call them, but they're more like—I don't know—more like memories. I *know* I'm right about the secret rites of the priests of Amen."

"I'm so glad you're rich," said Anthea; "you weren't, you know, at Fitzroy Street."

"Indeed I wasn't," said he, "but I am now. This beautiful house and this lovely garden — I work in it sometimes. You remember you used to tell me to take more exercise? Well, I feel I owe it all to you—and the amulet."

"I'm so glad," said Anthea, and kissed him. He started.

"*That* didn't feel like a dream," he said, and his voice trembled.

"It isn't exactly a dream," said Anthea, softly; "it's all part of the amulet—it's a sort of extra-special, real dream, dear Jimmy."

"Ah!" said he, "when you call me that, I know I'm dreaming. My little sister—I dream of her sometimes. But it's not real like this. Do you remember the day I dreamed you brought me the Babylonish ring?"

"We remember it all," said Robert. "Did you leave Fitzroy Street because you were too rich for it?"

"Oh, no," he said, reproachfully. "You know I should never have done such a thing as that. Of course, I left when your old nurse died, and——what's the matter?"

"Old nurse *dead?*" said Anthea; "oh, *no!*"

"Yes, yes; it's the common lot. It's a long time ago now."

Jane held up the amulet in a hand that twittered.

"Come!" she cried; "oh, come home! She may be dead before we get there, and then we can't give it to her. Oh, come!"

"Ah! don't let the dream end now!" pleaded the learned gentleman.

"It must," said Anthea, firmly, and kissed him again.

"When it comes to people dying," said Robert. "Good-bye! I'm so glad you're rich and famous and happy."

"*Do* come!" cried Jane, stamping in an agony of impatience.

And they went. Old nurse brought in tea almost as soon as they were back in Fitzroy Street. As she came in with the tray the girls rushed at her and nearly upset her and it.

"Don't die!" cried Jane; "oh, don't!" And Anthea cried, "Dear, ducky, darling old nurse, don't die!"

"Lord love you!" said nurse, "I'm not a-going to die yet awhile, please Heaven. Whatever on earth's the matter with the chicks?"

"Nothing. Only don't!"

She put the tray down and hugged the girls in turn. The boys thumped her on the back with heartfelt affection.

"I'm as well as ever I was in my life," she said. "What nonsense about dying! You've been a-setting too long in the dusk, that's what it is. Regular blind man's holiday. Leave go of me while I light the gas."

The yellow light illuminated four pale faces.

"We do love you so," Anthea went on, "and we've made you a picture to show you how we love you. Get it out, Squirrel."

"AS SHE CAME IN WITH THE TRAY THE GIRLS RUSHED AT HER."

The glazed testimonial was dragged out from under the sofa and displayed.

"The glue's not dry yet," said Cyril; "look out!"

"What a beauty!" cried old nurse. "Well, I never! And your pictures and the beautiful writing and all. Well, I always did say your hearts was in the right place, if a bit careless at times. Well, I never did! I don't know as I was ever better pleased in my life."

She hugged them all one after the other, and the boys did not mind it, somehow, that day.

"How is it we can remember all about the future *now?*" Anthea woke the psammead with laborious gentleness to put the question. "How is it we can remember what we saw in the future, and yet, when we *were* in the future, we couldn't remember the bit of the future that was past then, the time of finding the amulet?"

"Why, what a silly question!" said the psammead. "Of course you cannot remember what hasn't happened yet."

"But the *future* hasn't happened yet," Anthea persisted, "and we remember that all right."

"Oh, that isn't what's happened, my good child," said the psammead, crossly; "that's prophetic vision. And you remember dreams, don't you? So why not visions? You never do seem to understand the simplest thing."

It went to sand again at once.

Anthea crept down in her nightgown to give one last kiss to old nurse and one last look at the beautiful testimonial hanging by its tapes, its glue now firmly set, in glazed glory on the wall of the kitchen.

"Good night, bless your loving heart," said old nurse. "If only you don't catch your deathercold!"

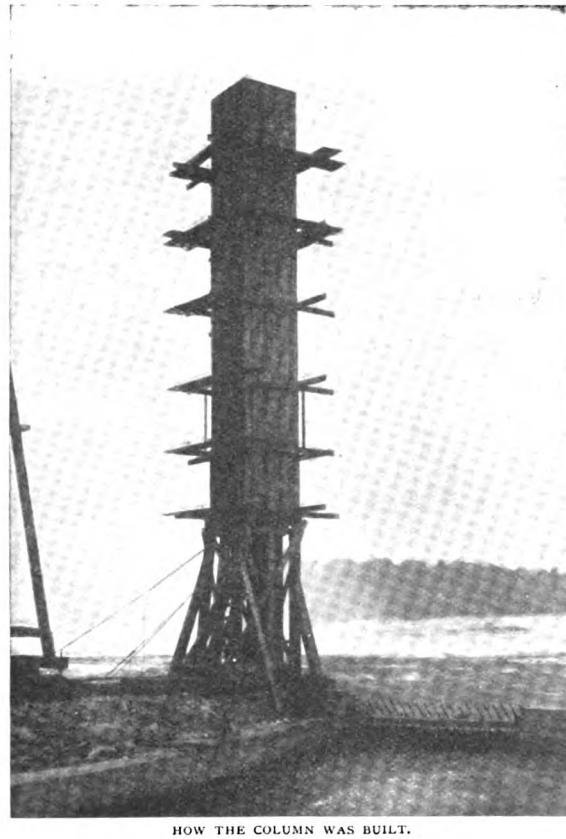
(To be continued)

The Most Wonderful Dam in the World

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

MANY great and wonderful dams have been built in the world, but none of them is more remarkable than a dam that has place near the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, on the Canadian side of the river, at Niagara Falls. Not only is this dam remarkable for its location, but the manner in which it was built is all the more strange, and it is the first dam of the kind ever built.

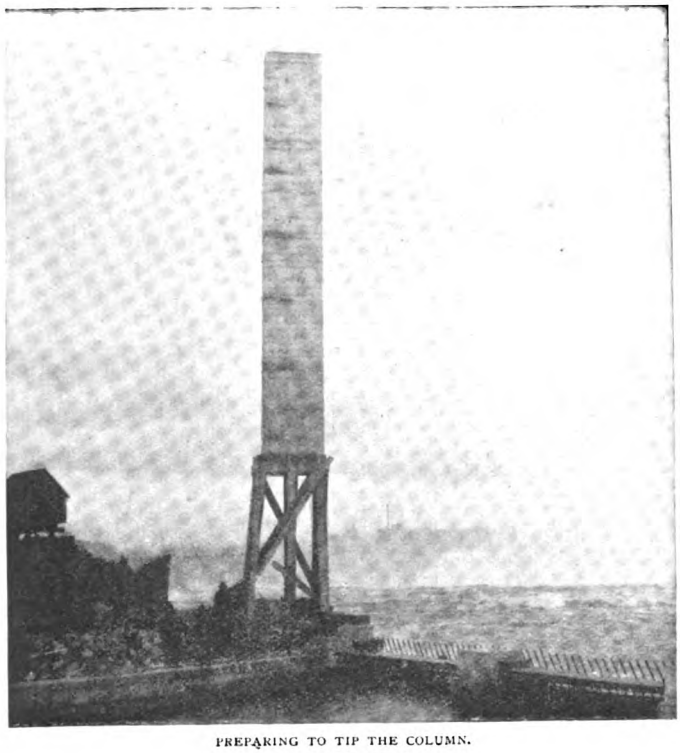
The object of the dam is to increase the depth of water in the joint intake of the City of Niagara Falls, Ont., and the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway. The former obtains its municipal water supply from the intake, and on occasions of low water has been forced to have the City of Niagara Falls, N.Y., furnish it with water for fire and domestic purposes by lines of fire hose stretched over the lower steel arch bridge. When low water prevailed the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway Company could not operate its turbines for the development of power, and was forced to get a supply of electricity from other sources. These conditions led to complaints being made to the commissioners of Victoria Park, who control the river frontage on the Canadian side at Niagara, that the construction works for the big power development had resulted in lowering the water in the joint intake.



HOW THE COLUMN WAS BUILT.
From a Photograph.

In search of a measure of relief, the commissioners of Victoria Park called Engineer Isham Randolph, of Chicago, Ill., into consultation, and he recommended the construction of a dam. The site, however, was so very close to the brink of the Horseshoe Fall that Engineer Randolph recognised that the usual methods of dam construction were not advisable to adopt. The intake is less than six hundred feet from the brink of death. The rapids toss and the current rushes swiftly by in wild tumult and hurry over the precipice. It was impossible to even ascertain the exact depth of water where it was deemed advisable to locate the dam in order that it might stop a portion of the Niagara flood and back it up into the intake.

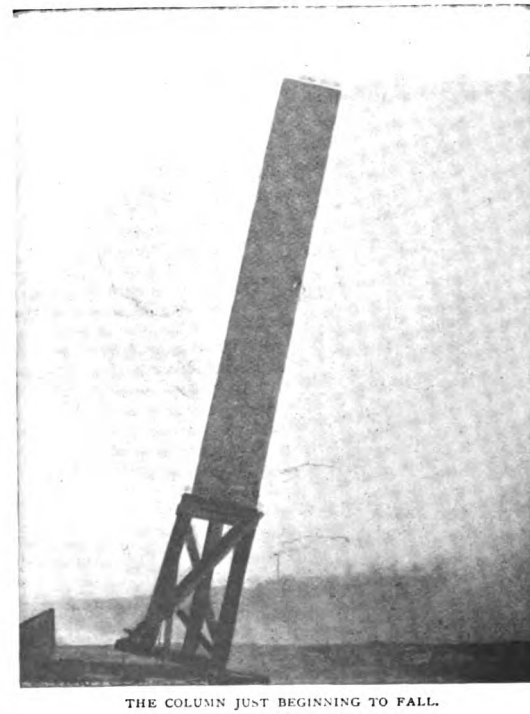
Under these circumstances Engineer Randolph, who is consulting engineer of the Chicago Drainage Canal, advocated the erection of a column of concrete on the river bank, to be tipped over into the stream to form the desired dam. The park commissioners acted upon his advice, and built a concrete column fifty feet high and seven feet



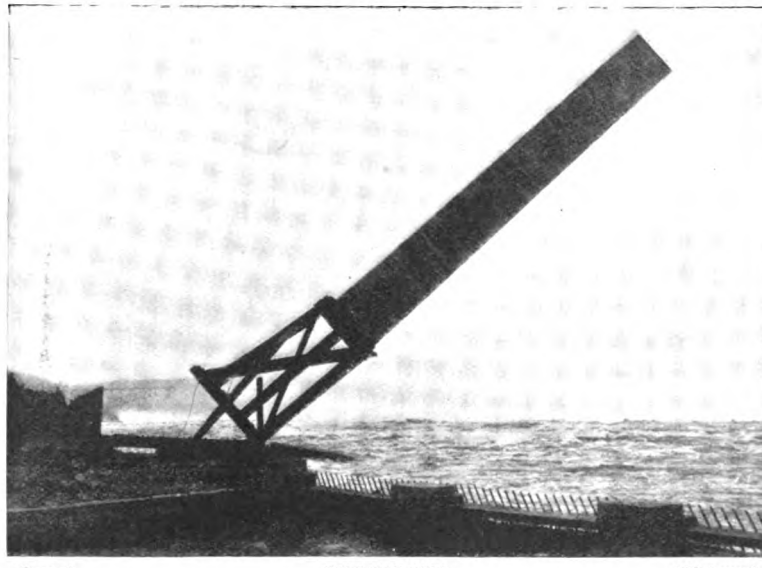
PREPARING TO TIP THE COLUMN.
From a Photograph.

four inches square. It was erected on top of a wooden trestle twenty feet above the ground level, so that when it should fall the trestle would toss it out from shore to leave an ice run between the inner end of the dam and the river bank. The column was built within wooden frames, which were removed after all the material was in place, so as to allow the column to dry good and hard in the sun and wind previous to being tipped over. The concrete mixture of this giant column was made of one part cement, three parts sand, and five parts stone. Every eight feet in the height of the column a wooden wedge was inserted in one side and extended to the centre, these wedges being twelve inches thick on the outside and tapering to six inches at the inner end. Their purpose was to break the column into six sections when it fell, but no chance was taken of the river currents sweeping the broken sections over the Horseshoe, for up through the centre of the column a great strong chain was run, and this was designed to hold the broken sections close together.

By Thursday, November 9th, the column was pronounced quite dry, and that afternoon it was tipped into the river. More than one thousand persons gathered to witness the event. Many of them were engineers, who desired to see the workings of the novel method in dam construction. All kinds of bets were made as to how the column would fall, some thinking it would buckle at the centre. Three hydraulic jacks were placed under timbers at the base of the trestle, the timbers being about eighteen feet long. Inch by inch the jacks were elevated, but for the first few inches the column showed no signs of changing position, no doubt owing to the

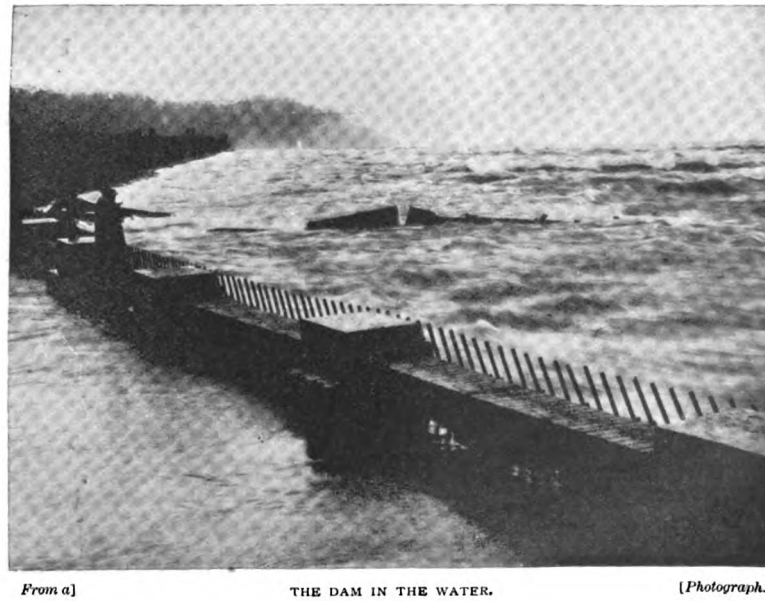


THE COLUMN JUST BEGINNING TO FALL.
From a Photograph.



From a] HALF-WAY OVER. *[Photograph.*

spring in the timber work. Finally, however, as the jacks were elevated, the great column was seen to leave the perpendicular, and then the crowd became anxious and excited. Higher, higher went the jacks; over, over went the column. When the jacks had been raised about fifteen inches the column toppled over and went down with a mighty rush. There was a big splash. The crowd cheered. As the river attained its normal condition the dam was seen well out from shore, but it was not level. The centre sections had struck a boulder or uneven portion of the river bed and were tossed up higher than expected. The flood of water that came down-stream struck the dam and was held back. It rushed into the intake, where the depth was increased ten and a half inches, nearly all that was expected, and which depth it is believed will be sufficient to meet the demands made on the intake, for the present at least.



From a] THE DAM IN THE WATER. *[Photograph.*

Curiosities.

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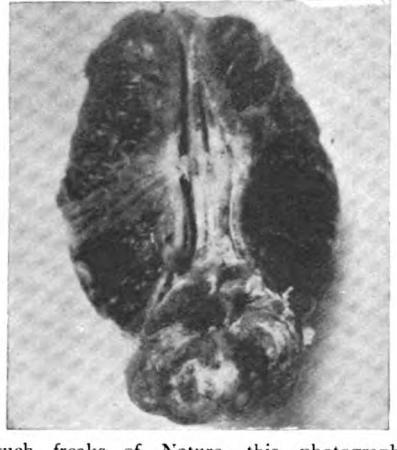
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

WHAT IS IT?

"Perhaps some STRAND reader might state the origin of the strange figure of which I send a photograph. It was bought at a sale of old household furniture some five years ago, and came into my possession three years since. One curio-collector offered me a tempting price for it. What it is I don't know; but most people seem to think it is an Indian god. It is carved in wood and covered with some kind of composition, and every detail is most realistic and uncanny. The original stands about two feet in height. The photograph was taken by Mr. J. Bontoft, Ilkley." — Mr. Fred. S. Hillman, Lymeholme, Addingham, Yorks.

TWO ORANGES IN ONE SKIN.

"In some museums an egg within an egg is a novelty exhibited, and, as a parallel to such freaks of Nature, this photograph shows an example from the vegetable world—an orange within an orange. The fruit, before the rind was removed, was apparently an ordinary Jaffa orange, excepting that it was slightly more lemon-shaped than the average type. On removing the peel, however, a small but perfect orange was found nestling at one end where the divisions of the fruit separate. The photograph shows the fruit with two-thirds of the rind removed to reveal the complete small orange at the base."—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

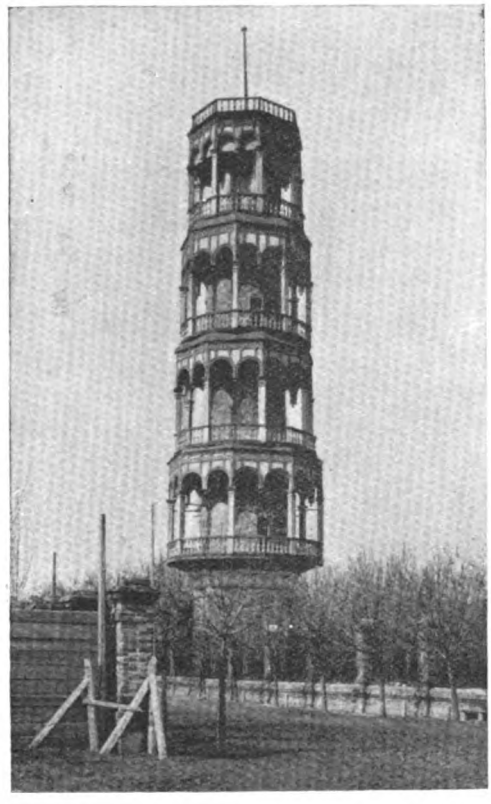


THE WORK OF AN ANARCHIST.

"This ebony cabinet, beautifully carved, of which only the top half is seen, as it is too high for the low cottage roof, was the unwitting cause of a bomb outrage in Mayfair about seven years ago. The gentleman who owns it saw a similar one sold in an auction-room one day, but was too late to secure it. The auctioneer told him there was another at an address in Bloomsbury. He at once went there, and the door was opened by a shabby old woman. On stating his errand he was taken in, and she locked the door behind him. A long passage was traversed, and the old woman knocked three times on another locked door. A foreign-looking man opened it, and in the room was this cabinet, with a smaller one. He had made them entirely himself, but did not do so for a living—only when he wanted money. A price was agreed on, and that night the cabinet was brought round by the man. The money was on the table waiting for him, but before he left the new owner asked if he would find him at that address in case he wanted another. 'No,' the man said, 'I shall not be there again. I make these when I want money for a particular purpose, and by this time to-morrow you will know what that purpose is.' 'Why, you must be an Anarchist,' said the gentleman; whereupon the man seized the money and bolted. Next day the public was startled by the news of a bomb outrage; but little damage was done. The money was to enable the Anarchists to get clear away to the Continent."—Mrs. H. E. Adam, 20, Carden Place, Aberdeen.

FROM CHIMNEY TO SUMMER-HOUSE.

"A large subsidence of cliffs at Odessa, Russia, necessitated the removal of a factory, and in its place a villa residence was built, half only of the chimney-



shaft being demolished. The remainder was transformed into a five-storey summer-house, the stairway of which is in the original shaft. The beauty of workmanship is quite exceptional for Russia, it even being fitted with a telephone. Placed as it is within a few yards of the high cliffs, it commands a magnificent outlook over the town and the Black Sea."—Mr. Oscar Steffen, 55, Wellington Road, Wanstead, Essex.

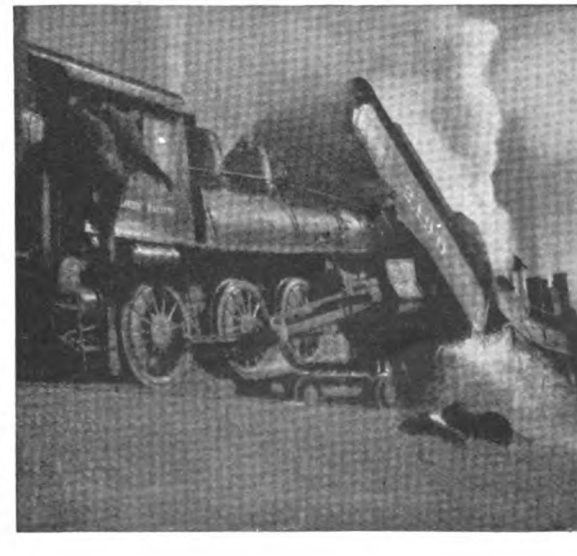
CANINE ECCENTRICITY.

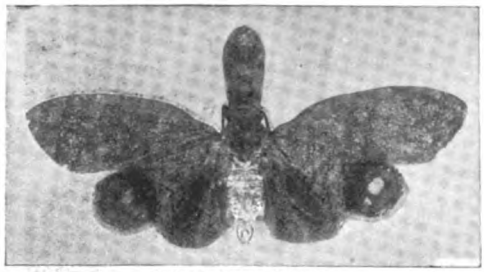
Our readers will remember that in the issue of this Magazine for November, 1905, a photograph of a dog appeared. The sender of the photograph wanted to know whether any dog expert could give a satisfactory explanation for the dog's strange habit of placing his head within any conveniently handy receptacle. The following ingenious explanation is sent by a correspondent who prefers to remain anonymous: "Having owned several dogs of the kind pictured in your issue of November last, I beg to submit an explanation of his peculiar 'craze.' They are all strange 'beasties,' but very lovable, very faithful, and their eyesight is almost always defective. One

I owned had one eye much larger than the other, and stumbled over every article of furniture; one was a superb ratter, a valuable ally in the stables, but not a mouser. She could not see the mice in time to act, but showed wonderful strategy in cutting a rat off at an angle, afterwards guarding the ghastly thing with her sharp teeth from the other dogs (and humans) till she could lay it at my feet! I have known several dogs to go blind from having the hair cut from before their eyes—'banged,' so to speak. When our eyes ache we darken our rooms for relief. Is it not possible that this doggie's eyes ache, and he seeks a place where he can find relief in almost total darkness, whilst getting enough air to breathe through the spout of the pitcher?"

SNAP-SHOTTING A RAILWAY COLLISION.

"I send you a snap-shot of a head-on collision between a passenger train hauled by two engines and a goods train. This picture was taken a few seconds after the impact, and shows the fireman and engine-driver escaping from the cab window. One of the engine-drivers was killed."—Mr. B. W. Stevens, Pinole, California.



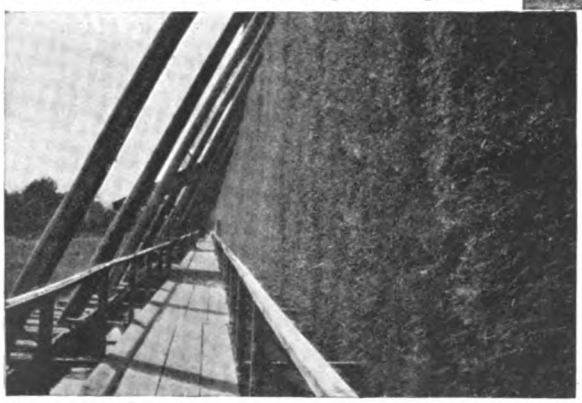


A "LANTERN-FLY."

"I send you a photograph of the Brazilian lantern-fly, a very mysterious creature. It will be seen that the head is projected forward in a great bladder-like lobe as long as the insect's body. It used to be thought that this strange projection was luminous at night, and hence the name 'lantern-fly.' I believe, however, that the observations of naturalists in recent years have entirely disproved this idea. And what purpose the extraordinary prolongation of the head may serve is most mysterious."—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

ARTIFICIAL SEA BREEZES.

"What does this picture represent? A curious German contrivance, combining pleasure with business. The strange-looking wall on the right, buttressed by the slants of timber on the left, is an enormous hedge, several yards in thickness, thirty feet high, and many hundred yards in length, composed of faggots of twigs. It is to be found beside the salt springs on the outskirts of Bad Nauheim, in Germany. The water from this spring is carried to the top of the hedge, whence it dribbles through the twigs into

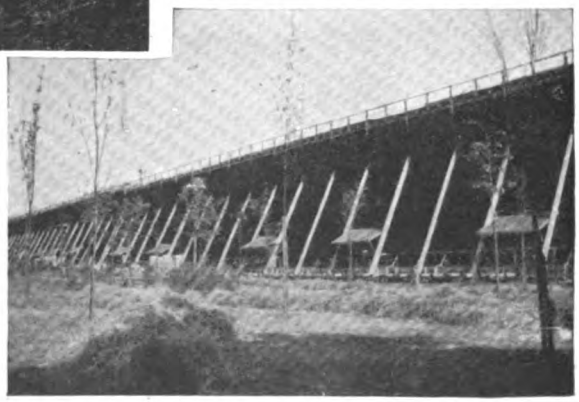


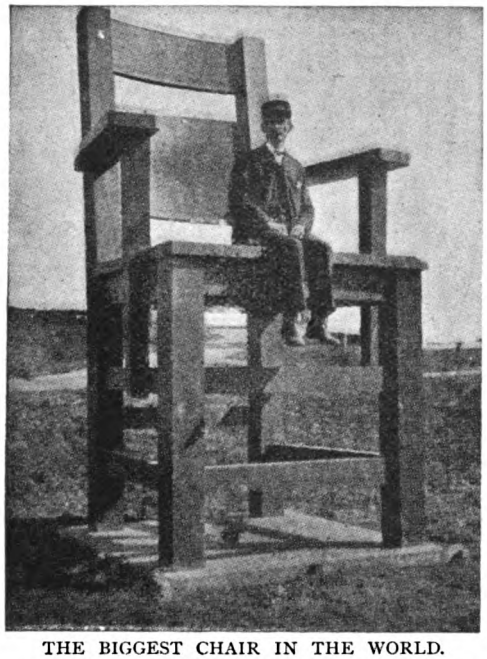
the reservoir beneath—evaporating as it falls, and thus increasing the percentage of salt in the water that remains—the operation forming one step in the process of extracting the salt from the water. The air which circulates through this dripping erection becomes extraordinarily chilled, and during the heat of the summer many of Nauheim's visitors are to be found about the seats and gangways erected for their benefit along the whole length of the reservoir, enjoying this remarkable substitute for a cool and fresh sea breeze. The second photograph shows a section of the construction from another point of view."—Mr. J. H. Willis, Southwell Lodge, Norwich.

NATURE'S BAND-STAND.

"But few people have probably heard of a band-stand made of the stump of a single tree, but such a curiosity exists at Chehalis, Washington, and the village band on summer evenings plays on this unique stump, which has an added historic interest from the fact that Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt have each delivered speeches from it. It stands near the village station, and when on his Western tour, President McKinley was induced to make his address

standing on this huge block of wood. When President Roosevelt reached the coast on his trip across the continent, he also was asked to mount this stump and address the citizens of the town while his train stopped at Chehalis. This he obligingly did, and the townspeople erected a band-stand over it, the stump serving as the floor. This unique band-stand will seat twelve people, has a diameter of eight and one-third feet at the top, and of twelve and a half feet at the base. By counting the rings in the tree, it was calculated that the stump must have been at least three hundred and sixty years old."—Mr. C. A. Williams, Milwaukie, R.F.D. No. 1, Oregon.





THE BIGGEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

"I send you a photo. of one of the most striking features of Gardner's recent Labour Day parade, representing the Derby chair factory, by whom it was presented to the town, and now stands on the lawn of the railway station here, an object of much interest and a fitting advertisement of what is said to be the largest chair-manufacturing town in the world. The chair weighs twelve hundred pounds, is five and a half feet square at the base, twelve feet high, and six hundred feet of lumber were used in its construction."—Mr. Chas. Stansfield, Gardner, Mass.

A CURIOUS TOMBSTONE.

"The inscription on the stone shown in the photograph is as follows: 'Here lies the body of Lewis Galdye, who departed this life at Port Royal the 22nd of December, 1739, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier, in France, but left that country for his religion and came to settle in this island, where he was swallowed up in the great earthquake in the year 1692, and by the providence of God was by another shock thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all that knew him and much lamented at his death.'"—Sergeant Gilbert, Sergeants' Mess, Royal Garrison Artillery, Weymouth.

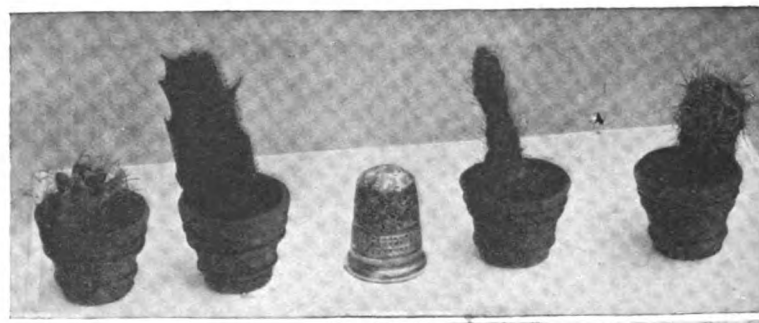
NOVEL CARNIVAL COSTUME.

"This is a photograph of our gardener as he

appeared at the Mentone Battle of Flowers. He constructed the entire costume himself out of leaves and flowers, which he carefully sewed on to an old suit. The foundation for the elegant parasol, which he carried in the procession, was borrowed from his wife's wardrobe, and the 'hat' was a flower-pot with the bottom cut out. I am pleased to say that his patience and ingenuity were rewarded with a first prize."—Miss G. R. Prince-Stevenson, 45, Norton Road, Hove, Sussex.

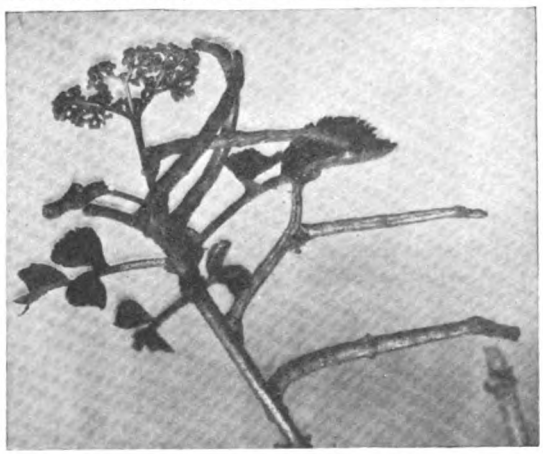
THE SMALLEST POTTED PLANTS.

"The photograph I send you shows what must be the smallest potted plants in the world. They are miniature cacti, well rooted and growing plants. A good idea of their actual size may be obtained from comparison with the thimble. These tiny plants are collected by German ladies."—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Ivy House, New Road, Reading.



A BRANCH OF LIVING ANIMALS.

"A superficial glance at the photo. below might reveal nothing extraordinary with regard to the branch of elder tree depicted upon it. If it is looked at closely, though, it will be seen that there is only one strong twig of the branch, and that the other seeming twigs are six caterpillars resting in stick-like attitudes. The central larva, it should be observed, bears one of its fellows standing on its back. These are the caterpillars of the swallow-tail moth, which



is a common insect in the British Isles, and during the day-time they assume these rigid and stick-like attitudes as a means of disguise from their enemies. As night comes on, and their foes become less numerous, they regain their activity and commence to feed."—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

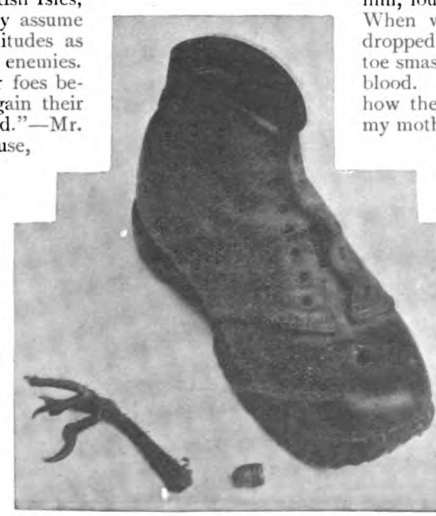
A NEW WAY TO EARN A LIVING.

"The photograph I send you depicts a curious mode of earning one's living. It is a view of a cottage in Two Dales, Derbyshire, inhabited by two old men, who colour-wash the outside and draw these queer figures with an inscription, 'Please leave a copper.' Inside there is no furniture whatever; for they are truly 'squatters,' taking their meals in the lowly but

uncomfortable position of sitting on the floor."—Mr. R. E. Crofts, 3, Eggington Street, St. Peter's Road, Leicester.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

"When my brother Harry was about ten years of age he was playing in the garden at my home in Towcester, Northamptonshire, when suddenly my mother heard him scream out and, running to him, found blood oozing out of his boot. When we removed his boot a bullet dropped out, and my mother found his toe smashed and the boot covered with blood. On looking around to find out how the mysterious accident occurred, my mother found a rook's claw. It appears a party of gentlemen were out shooting in a wood about two or three hundred yards away from our home, on the borders of the estate of Sir T. Hesketh, Easton Neston, Towcester, and it must have been a shot fired by one of the sportsmen which carried the bullet and the rook's claw attached to it by one of the sinews. When the bullet struck the boot it must have forced the claw off. The most extraordinary thing is how the bullet carried such a distance and with such force."—Mr. Snedker, The Rowans, Woodhey, Rock Ferry.



"HAD WIDDICOMBE BEEN STRUCK BY A THUNDERBOLT HE COULD NOT HAVE FLOWN FASTER OR FARTHER FROM HIS SADDLE."

(*See page* 251.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxi. MARCH, 1906. No. 183

SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE KING HAWKED ON CROOKSBURY HEATH.

THE KING and his attendants had shaken off the crowd who had followed them from Guildford along the Pilgrims' Way, and now, the mounted archers having beaten off the more persistent of the spectators, they rode at their ease in a long, straggling, glittering train over the dark, undulating plain of heather.

In the van was the King himself, for his hawks were with him, and he had some hope of sport. Edward, at that time, was a well-grown, vigorous man in the very prime of his years, a keen sportsman, an ardent, gallant, and a chivalrous soldier. He was a scholar too, speaking Latin, French, German, Spanish, and even a little English. So much had long been patent to the world, but only of recent years had he shown other and more formidable characteristics—a restless ambition which coveted his neighbour's throne, and a wise foresight in matters of commerce, which engaged him now in transplanting Flemish weavers, and sowing the seeds of what for many years was the staple trade of England. Each of these varied qualities might have been read upon his face. The brow, shaded by a crimson cap of maintenance, was broad and lofty. The large brown eyes were ardent and bold. His chin was clean-shaven, and the close-cropped dark moustache did not conceal the strong mouth, firm, proud, and kindly, but capable of setting tight in merciless ferocity. His complexion was tanned to copper by a life spent in field sports or in war, and he rode his magnificent black horse carelessly and easily, as one who has grown up in the saddle. His own colour was black also, for his active, sinewy figure was set off by close-fitting velvet of that hue, broken only by a belt of gold and by a golden border of open pods of the broom plant. With his high and noble bearing, his simple yet rich attire, and his splendid mount, he looked every inch a king. The picture of gallant man on gallant horse was completed by the noble Falcon of the Isles, which fluttered along

"HE LOOKED EVERY INCH A KING."

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some twelve feet above his head, "waiting on," as it was termed, for any quarry which might arise. The second bird of the cast was borne upon the gauntleted wrist of Raoul, the chief falconer, in the rear.

At the right side of the monarch and a little behind him rode a youth some twenty years of age, tall, slim, and dark, with noble aquiline features and keen, penetrating eyes, which sparkled with vivacity and affection as he answered the remarks of the King. He was clad in deep crimson diapered with gold, and the trappings of his white palfrey were of a magnificence which proclaimed the rank of its rider. On his face, still free from moustache or beard, there sat a certain gravity and majesty of expression which showed that, young as he was, great affairs had been in his keeping, and that his thoughts and interests were those of the statesman and the warrior. That great day when, little more than a schoolboy, he had led the van of the victorious army which had crushed the power of France at Crécy had left this stamp upon his features; but stern as they were they had not assumed that tinge of fierceness which in after years was to make "The Black Prince" a name of terror on the marches of France. Not yet had the first shadow of fell disease come to poison his nature ere it struck at his life as he rode that spring day, light and debonair, upon the Heath of Crooksbury.

"A DOZEN OTHER KNIGHTS IN STEEL FOLLOWED IN THE ESCORT."

On the left of the King, and so near to him that great intimacy was implied, rode a man about his own age, with the broad face, the projecting jaw, and the flattish nose which are often the outward indications of a pugnacious nature. His complexion was crimson, his large blue eyes somewhat prominent, and his whole appearance full-blooded and choleric. He was short, but very massively built, and evidently possessed of immense strength. His voice, however, when he spoke was very gentle and lisping, while his manner was quiet and courteous. Unlike the King or the Prince, he was clad in light armour, and carried a sword by his side and a mace at his saddle-bow, for he was acting as captain of the King's Guard, and a dozen other knights in steel followed in the escort. No hardier soldier could Edward have at his side if, as was always possible in those lawless times, sudden danger were to threaten; for this was the famous Knight of Hainault, now naturalized as an Englishman, Sir Walter Manny, who bore as high a reputation for chivalrous valour and for gallant temerity as Chandos himself. Behind the knights, who were forbidden to scatter and must always follow the King's person, there was a body of twenty or thirty hobelers, or mounted bowmen, together with several squires, unarmed themselves, but leading spare horses upon which the heavier part of their knights' equipment was carried. A straggling tail of falconers, harbingers, varlets, body-servants, and huntsmen holding hounds in leash completed the long and many-coloured train which rose and dipped on the low undulations of the moor.

Many weighty things were on the mind of Edward the King. There was truce for the moment with France, but it was a truce broken by many small deeds of arms, raids,

surprises, and ambushes upon either side, and it was certain that it would soon dissolve again into open war. Money must be raised, and it was no light matter to raise it now that the Commons had once already voted the tenth lamb and the tenth sheaf. Besides, the Black Death had ruined the country, the arable land was all turned to pasture, the labourer, laughing at statutes, would not work under fourpence a day, and all society was chaos. In addition the Scotch were growling over the border, there was the perennial trouble in half-conquered Ireland, and his allies abroad in Flanders and in Brabant were clamouring for the arrears of their subsidies. All this was enough to make even a victorious monarch full of care. But now Edward had thrown it all to the winds, and was as light-hearted as a boy upon a holiday. No thought had he for the dunning of Florentine bankers or the vexatious conditions of those busybodies at Westminster. He was out with his hawks, and his thoughts and his talk should be of nothing else. The varlets beat the heather and bushes as they passed and whooped loudly as the birds flew out.

"A magpie! A magpie!" cried the falconer.

"Nay, nay, it is not worthy of your talons, my brown-eyed queen," said the King, looking up at the great bird which flapped from side to side above his head, waiting for the whistle which should give her the signal. "The tiercels, falconer—a cast of tiercels! Quick, man, quick! Ha! the rascal makes for wood! He puts in! Well flown, brave peregrine! He makes his point. Drive him out to thy comrade. Serve him, varlets! Beat the bushes! He breaks! He breaks! Nay, come away, then! You will see Master Magpie no more."

The bird had, indeed, with the cunning of his race, flapped its way through brushwood and bushes to the thicker woods beyond, so that neither the hawk amid the cover, nor its partner above, nor the clamorous beaters could harm it. The King laughed at the mischance and rode on. Continually birds of various sorts were flushed, and each was pursued by the appropriate hawk—the snipe by the tiercel, the partridge by the goshawk, even the lark by the little merlin. But the King soon tired of this petty sport, and went slowly on his way, still with the magnificent silent attendant flapping above his head.

"Is she not a noble bird, fair son?" he asked, glancing up as her shadow fell upon him.

"She is indeed, sire. Surely no finer ever came from the Isles of the North."

"Perhaps not, and yet I have had a hawk from Barbary as good a footer and a swifter flyer. An Eastern bird in yarak has no peer."

"I had one once from the Holy Land," said Manny. "It was fierce and keen and swift as the Saracens themselves. They say of old Saladin that in his day his breed both of birds, of hounds, and of horses had no equal on earth."

"I trust, dear father, that the day may come when we shall lay our hands on all three," said the Prince, looking with shining eyes upon the King. "Is the Holy Land to lie for ever in the grasp of these unbelieving savages, or the Holy Temple to be defiled by their foul presence? Ah! my dear and most sweet lord, give to me a thousand lances with ten thousand bowmen like those I led at Crécy, and I swear to you, by God's soul, that within a year I will have done homage to you for the Kingdom of Jerusalem."

The King laughed as he turned to Walter Manny.

"Boys will still be boys," said he.

"The French do not count me such!" cried the young Prince, flushing with anger.

"Nay, fair son, there is no one sets you at a higher rate than your father. But you have the nimble mind and quick fancy of youth, turning ever from the thing that is half done to a farther task beyond. How would we fare in Brittany and Normandy whilst my young Paladin with his lances and his bowmen was besieging Ascalon or battering at Jerusalem?"

"Heaven would help in Heaven's work."

"From what I have heard of the past," said the King, dryly, "I cannot see that Heaven has counted for much as an ally in these wars of the East. I speak with reverence, and yet it is but sooth to say that Richard of the Lion Heart or Louis of France might have found the smallest earthly principality of greater service to him than all the celestial hosts. How say you to that, my Lord Bishop?"

A stout Churchman, who had ridden behind the King on a solid bay cob well suited to his weight and dignity, jogged up to the monarch's elbow.

"How say you, sire? I was watching the goshawk on the partridge and heard you not."

"Had I said that I would add two manors to the See of Chichester I warrant that you would have heard me, my Lord Bishop."

"BIRDS OF VARIOUS SORTS WERE FLUSHED, AND EACH WAS PURSUED BY THE APPROPRIATE HAWK."

"Nay, fair lord, test the matter by saying so," cried the jovial Bishop. The King laughed aloud.

"A fair counter, your reverence. By the rood, you broke your lance that passage. But the question I debated was this. How is it that, since the Crusades have manifestly been fought in God's quarrel, we Christians have had so little comfort or support in fighting them? After all our efforts and the loss of more men than could be counted, we are at last driven from the country, and even the military orders, which were formed only for that one purpose, can scarce hold a footing in the islands of the Greek sea. There is not one seaport nor one fortress in Palestine over which the flag of the Cross still waves. Where, then, was our Ally?"

"Nay, sire, you open a great debate which extends far beyond this question of the Holy Land, though that may indeed be chosen as a fair example. It is the question of all sin, of all suffering, of all injustice—why it should pass without the rain of fire and the lightnings of Sinai. The wisdom of God is beyond our understanding."

The King shrugged his shoulders.

"This is an easy answer, my Lord Bishop. You are a Prince of the Church. It would fare ill with an earthly prince who could give no better answers to the affairs which concerned his realm."

"There are other considerations which might be urged, most gracious sire. It is true that the Crusades were a holy enterprise, which might well expect the immediate blessing of God; but the Crusaders—is it certain that they deserved such a blessing? Have I not heard that their camp was the most dissolute ever seen?"

"Camps are camps all the world over, and you cannot in a moment change a bowman into a saint. But the Holy Louis was a Crusader after your own heart. Yet his men perished at Mansourah and he himself at Tunis."

"Bethink you also that this world is but the ante-chamber of the next," said the prelate. "By suffering and tribulation the soul is cleansed, and the true victor may be he who, by the patient endurance of misfortune, merits the happiness to come."

"If that be the true meaning of the Church's blessing, then I hope that it will be long before it rests upon our banners in France," said the King. "But methinks that when one is out with a brave horse and a good hound one might find some other subject than theology. Back to the birds, Bishop, or Raoul the falconer will come to interrupt thee in thy cathedral."

Straightway the conversation came back to the mystery of the woods and the mystery of the rivers, to the dark-eyed hawks and the yellow-eyed, to hawks of the lure and hawks of the fist. The Bishop was as steeped in the lore of falconry as the King, and the others smiled as the two wrangled hard over disputed and technical questions—if an eyas trained in the mews can ever emulate the passage-hawk taken wild, or how long the young hawks should be placed at hack, and how long weathered before they are fully reclaimed.

Monarch and prelate were still deep in this learned discussion, the Bishop speaking with a freedom and assurance which he would never have dared to use in affairs of Church and State, for in all ages there is no such leveller as sport. Suddenly, however, the Prince, whose keen eyes had swept from time to time over the great blue heaven, uttered a peculiar call and reined up his palfrey, pointing at the same time into the air.

"A heron!" he cried. "A heron on passage!"

To gain the full sport of hawking a heron must not be put up from its feeding-ground, where it is heavy with its meal, and has no time to get its pace on before it is pounced upon by the more active hawk, but it must be aloft, travelling from point to point, probably from the fish-stream to the heronry. Thus to catch the bird on passage was the prelude of all good sport. The object to which the Prince had pointed was but a black dot in the southern sky, but his trained eyes had not deceived him, and both Bishop and King agreed that it was indeed a heron, which grew larger every instant as it flew in their direction.

"Whistle him off, sire! Whistle off the gerfalcon!" cried the Bishop.

"Nay, nay; he is over far. She would fly at check."

"Now, sire, now!" cried the Prince, as the great bird, with the breeze behind him, came sweeping down the sky.

The King gave a shrill whistle, and the well-trained hawk raked out to right and to left to make sure which quarry she was to follow. Then, spying the heron, she shot up in a swift ascending curve to meet him.

"Well flown, Margot! Good bird!" cried the King, clapping his hands to encourage the hawk, while the falconers broke into the shrill whoops peculiar to the sport.

Going on her curve the hawk would soon have crossed the path of the heron, but the latter, seeing the danger in his front and confident in his own great strength of wing and lightness of body, proceeded to mount higher in the air, flying in such small rings that to the spectators it almost seemed as if the bird were going perpendicularly upwards.

"He takes the air!" cried the King, "But strong as he flies he cannot outfly Margot. Bishop, I lay you ten gold pieces to one that the heron is mine."

"I cover your wager, sire," said the Bishop. "I may not take gold so won, and yet I warrant that there is an altar-cloth somewhere in need of repairs."

"You have good store of altar-cloths, Bishop, if all the gold I have seen you win at tables goes to the mending of them," said the King. "Ah, by the rood, rascal, rascal! See how she flies at check!"

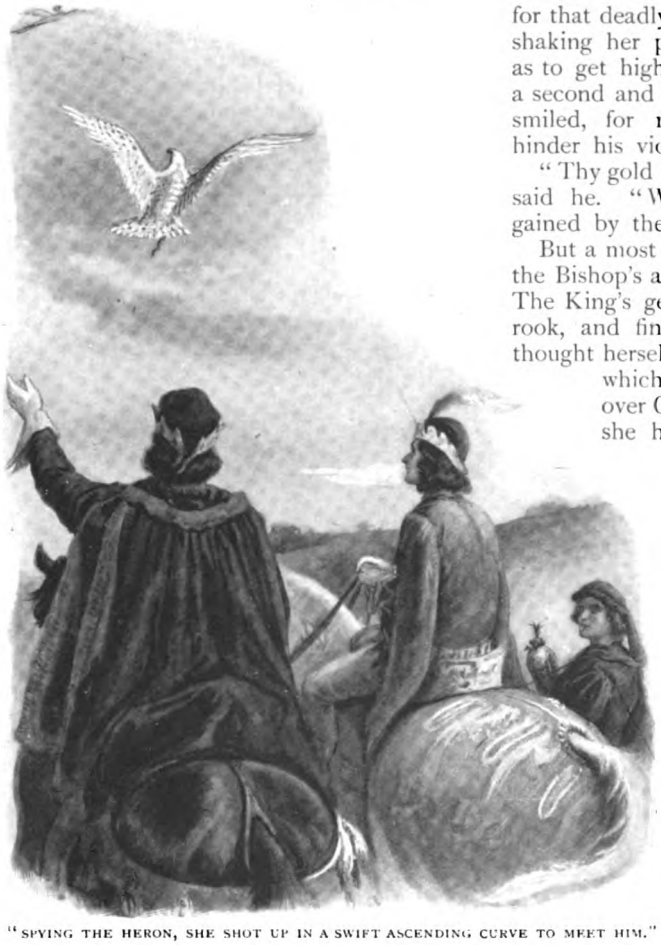
The quick eyes of the Bishop had perceived a drift of rooks which, on their evening flight to the rookery, were passing along the very line which divided the hawk from the heron. A rook is a hard temptation for a hawk to resist. In an instant the inconstant bird had forgotten all about the great heron above her, and was circling over the rooks, flying westwards with them as she singled out the plumpest for her stoop.

"There is yet time, sire! Shall I cast off her mate?" cried the falconer.

"Or shall I show you, sire, how a peregrine may win where a gerfalcon fails?" said the Bishop. "Ten golden pieces to one upon my bird."

"Done with you, Bishop!" cried the King, his brow dark with vexation. "By the rood, if you were as learned in the fathers as you are in hawks you would win to the throne of St. Peter! Cast off your peregrine and make your boasting good."

Smaller than the Royal gerfalcon, the Bishop's bird was none the less a swift and beautiful creature. From her perch upon his wrist she had watched with fierce, keen eyes the birds in the heaven, mantling herself from time to time in her eagerness. Now, when the button was undone and the leash uncast, the peregrine dashed off with a whirr of her sharp-pointed wings, whizzing round in a great ascending circle which mounted



"SPYING THE HERON, SHE SHOT UP IN A SWIFT ASCENDING CURVE TO MEET HIM."

swiftly upwards, growing ever smaller and smaller as she approached that lofty point where, a mere speck in the sky, the heron sought escape from its enemies. Still higher and higher the two birds mounted, while the horsemen, their faces upturned, strained their eyes in their efforts to follow them.

"She rings! She still rings!" cried the Bishop. "She is above him! She has gained her pitch!"

"Nay, nay; she is far below," said the King.

"By my soul, my Lord Bishop is right!" cried the Prince. "I believe she is above. See! See! She swoops!"

"She binds! She binds!" cried a dozen voices, as the two dots blended suddenly into one.

There could be no doubt that they were falling rapidly. Already they grew larger to the eye. Presently the heron disengaged himself and flapped heavily away, the worse for that deadly embrace, while the peregrine, shaking her plumage, ringed once more so as to get high above the quarry and deal it a second and more fatal blow. The Bishop smiled, for nothing, as it seemed, could hinder his victory.

"Thy gold pieces shall be well spent, sire," said he. "What is lost to the Church is gained by the loser."

But a most unlooked-for chance deprived the Bishop's altar-cloth of its costly mending. The King's gerfalcon having struck down a rook, and finding the sport but tame, bethought herself suddenly of that noble heron, which she still perceived fluttering over Crooksbury Heath. How could she have been so weak as to allow these silly, chattering rooks to entice her away from that lordly bird? Even now it was not too late to atone for her mistake. In a great spiral she shot upwards until she was over the heron. But what was this? Every fibre of her, from her crest to her deck feathers, quivered with jealousy and rage at the sight of this creature, a mere peregrine, who had dared to come between a Royal gerfalcon and her quarry. With one sweep of her great wings she shot up until she was above her rival. The next instant——

"They crab! They crab!" cried the King, with a roar of laughter, following them with his eyes as they hurtled down through the air. "Mend thy own altar-cloths, Bishop. Not a groat shall you have from me this journey. Pull them apart, falconer, lest they do each other an injury. And now, masters, let us on, for the sun sinks towards the west."

The two hawks, which had come to the ground interlocked with clutching talons and ruffled plumes, were torn apart and brought back, bleeding and panting, to their perches, while the heron, after its perilous adventure, winged its way heavily onwards to settle safely in the heronry of Waverley. The *cortège*, who had scattered in the excitement of the chase, had come together again, and the journey was once more resumed.

A horseman who had been riding towards them across the moor now quickened his pace and closed swiftly upon them. As he came nearer, the King and the Prince cried out joyously and waved their hands in greeting

"It is good John Chandos!" cried the King. "By the rood, John, I have missed your merry songs this week or more. Glad I am to see that you have your citole slung to your back. Whence come you, then?"

"I came from Tilford, sire, in the hope that I should meet your Majesty."

"It was well thought of. Come, ride here, between the Prince and me, and we will believe that we are back in France with our war harness on our backs once more. What is your news, Master John?"

Chandos's quaint face quivered with suppressed amusement and his one eye twinkled like a star.

"Have you had sport, my liege?"

"Poor sport, John. We flew two hawks on the same heron. They crabbed, and the bird got free. But why do you smile so?"

"Because I hope to show you better sport ere you come to Tilford."

"For the hawk? For the hound?"

"A nobler sport than either."

"Is this a riddle, John? What mean you?"

"Nay, to tell all would be to spoil all. I say again that there is rare sport betwixt here and Tilford, and I beg you, dear lord, to mend your pace, that we make the most of the daylight."

Thus adjured the King set spurs to his horse, and the whole cavalcade cantered over the heath in the direction which Chandos showed. Presently, as they came over a slope, they saw beneath them a winding river with an old high-backed bridge across it. On the farther side was a village green with a fringe of cottages and one dark manor-house upon the side of the hill.

"This is Tilford," said Chandos. "Yonder is the house of the Lorings."

The King's expectations had been aroused and his face showed his disappointment.

"Is this the sport that you have promised us, Sir John? How can you make good your words?"

"I will make them good, my liege."

"Where, then, is the sport?"

On the high crown of the bridge a rider in armour was seated, lance in hand, upon a great yellow steed. Chandos touched the King's arm and pointed.

"That is the sport," said he.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW NIGEL HELD THE BRIDGE AT TILFORD.

THE KING looked at the motionless figure, at the little crowd of hushed, expectant rustics beyond the bridge, and finally at the face of Chandos, which shone with amusement.

"What is this, John?" he asked.

"You remember Sir Eustace Loring, sire?"

"Indeed I could never forget him nor the manner of his death."

"He was a knight-errant in his day."

"That indeed he was—none better have I known."

"So is his son Nigel, as fierce a young war-hawk as ever yearned to use beak and claws, but held fast in the mews up to now. This is his trial flight. There he stands at the bridge-head, as was the wont in our fathers' time, ready to measure himself against all comers."

Of all Englishmen there was no greater knight-errant than the King himself, and none so steeped in every quaint usage of chivalry, so that the situation was after his own heart.

"He is not yet a knight?"

"No, sire; only a squire."

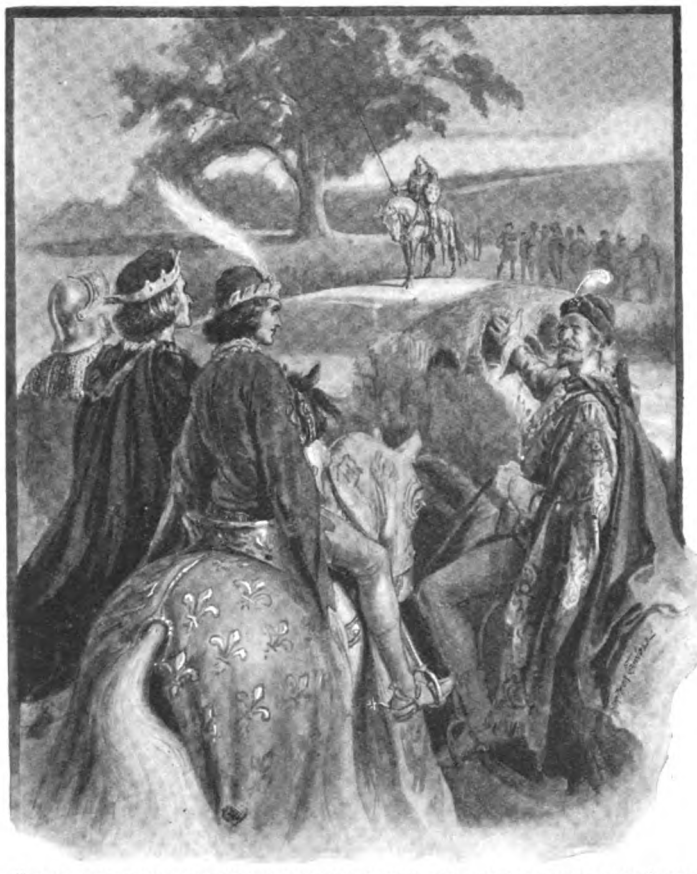
"Then he must bear himself bravely this day if he is to make good what he has done. Is it fitting that a young, untried squire should venture to couch his lance against the best in England?"

"He hath given me his cartel and challenge," said Chandos, drawing a paper from his tunic. "Have I your permission, sire, to issue it?"

"Surely, John, we have no cavalier more versed in the laws of chivalry than yourself? You know this young man, and you are aware how far he is worthy of the high honour which he asks. Let us hear his defiance!"

The knights and squires of the escort, most of whom were veterans of the French war, had been gazing with interest and some surprise at the steel-clad figure in front of them. Now, at a call from Sir Walter Manny, they assembled round the spot where the King and Chandos had halted. Chandos cleared his throat and read from his paper:—

"'A tous seigneurs, chevaliers, et escuyers,' so it is headed, gentlemen. It is a message from the good Squire Nigel Loring of Tilford, son of Sir Eustace Loring of honourable memory. Squire Loring awaits you in arms, gentlemen, yonder upon the crown of the old bridge. Thus says he: 'For the great desire that I, a most humble and unworthy squire, entertain, that I may come to the knowledge of the noble gentlemen who ride with my Royal master, I now wait on the bridge of the Wey, in the hope that



"THERE HE STANDS AT THE BRIDGE-HEAD, AS WAS THE WONT IN OUR FATHERS' TIME."

some of them may condescend to do some small deed of arms upon me, or that I may deliver them from any vow which they may have taken. This I say out of no esteem for myself, but solely that I may witness the noble bearing of these famous cavaliers and admire their skill in the handling of arms. Therefore, with the help of St. George, I will hold the bridge with sharpened lances against any or all who may deign to present themselves while daylight lasts.'"

"What say you to this, gentlemen?" asked the King, looking round with laughing eyes.

"Truly it is issued in very good form," said the Prince. "Neither Claricieux, nor Red Dragon, nor any herald that ever wore tabard could better it. Did he draw it of his own hand?"

"He hath a grim old grandmother who is one of the ancient breed," said Chandos. "I doubt not that the Dame Ermyntrude hath drawn a challenge or two before now. But hark ye, sire; I would have a word in your ear, and yours too, most noble Prince."

Leading them aside, Chandos whispered some explanations, which ended by them all three bursting into a shout of laughter.

"By the rood! no honourable gentleman should be reduced to such straits," said the King. "It behoves me to look to it. But how now, gentlemen? This worthy cavalier still waits his answer."

The soldiers had all been buzzing together, but now Walter Manny turned to the King with the result of their council.

"If it please your Majesty," said he, "we are of opinion that this squire hath exceeded all bounds in desiring to break a spear with a belted knight ere he has given his proofs. We do him sufficient honour if a squire ride against him, and with your consent I have chosen my own body-squire, John Widdicombe, to clear the path for us across the bridge."

"What you say, Walter, is right and fair," said the King. "Master Chandos, you will tell our champion yonder what hath been arranged. You will advise him also that it is our Royal will that this contest be not fought upon the bridge, since it is very clear that it must end in one or both going over into the river, but that he advance to the end of the bridge and fight upon the plain. You will tell him also that a blunted lance is sufficient for such an encounter, but that a hand-stroke or two with sword or mace may well be exchanged if both riders should keep their saddles. A blast upon Raoul's horn shall be the signal to close."

Such ventures as these, where an aspirant for fame would wait for days at a cross-road, a ford, or a bridge, until some worthy antagonist should ride that way, were very common in the old days of adventurous knight-errantry, and were still familiar to the minds of all men, because the stories of the Romancers and the songs of the trouveurs were full of such incidents. Their actual occurrence, however, had become rare. There

was the more curiosity, not unmixed with amusement, in the thoughts of the courtiers as they watched Chandos ride down to the bridge, and commented upon the somewhat singular figure of the challenger. His build was strange and so also was his figure, for the limbs were short for so tall a man. His head also was sunk forward, as if he were lost in thought or overcome with deep dejection.

"This is surely the Cavalier of the Heavy Heart," said Manny. "What trouble has he that he should hang his head?"

"Perchance he hath a weak neck," said the King.

"At least he hath no weak voice," the Prince remarked, as Nigel's answer to Chandos came to their ears. "By our Lady, he booms like a bittern."

As Chandos rode back again to the King, Nigel exchanged the old ash spear which had been his father's for one of the blunted tournament lances which he took from the hands of a stout archer in attendance He then rode down to the end of the bridge, where a hundred-yard stretch of green sward lay in front of him. At the same moment the squire of Sir Walter Manny, who had been hastily armed by his comrades, spurred forward and took up his position. The King raised his hand, there was a clang from the falconer's horn, and the two riders, with a thrust of their heels and a shake of their bridles, dashed furiously at each other. In the centre the green strip of marshy meadow-land, with the water squirting from the galloping hoofs, and the two crouching men, gleaming bright in the evening sun; on one side the half-circle of motionless horsemen, some in steel, some in velvet, silent and attentive, dogs, hawks, and horses all turned to stone; on the other the old peaked bridge, the blue lazy river, the group of open-mouthed rustics, and the dark old manor-house, with one grim face which peered from the upper window.

A good man was John Widdicombe, but he had met a better that day. Before that yellow whirlwind of a horse, and that rider who was welded and riveted to his saddle, his knees could not hold their grip. Nigel and Pommers were one flying missile, with all their weight and strength and energy centred on the steady end of the lance. Had Widdicombe been struck by a thunderbolt he could not have flown faster or farther from his saddle. Two full somersaults did he make, his plates clanging like cymbals, ere he lay flat upon his back. For a moment the King looked grave at that prodigious fall. Then, smiling once more as Widdicombe staggered to his feet, he clapped his hands loudly in applause.

"A fair course and fairly run," he cried. "The five scarlet roses bear themselves in peace even as I have seen them in war. How now, my good Walter? Have you another squire, or will you clear a path for us yourself?"

Manny's choleric face had turned darker as he observed the mischance of his representative. He beckoned now to a tall knight, whose gaunt and savage face looked out from his open bassinet as an eagle might from a cage of steel.

"Sir Hubert," said he, "I bear in mind the day when you overbore the Frenchmen at Caen. Will you not be our champion now?"

"When I fought the Frenchmen, Walter, it was with naked weapons," said the knight, sternly. "I am a soldier and I love a soldier's work, but I care not for these tilt-yard tricks, which were invented for nothing but to tickle the fancies of foolish women."

"Oh, most ungallant speech!" cried the King. "Had my good consort heard you she would have arraigned you to appear at a Court of Love with a jury of virgins to answer for your sins. But I pray you to take a tilting-spear, good Sir Hubert!"

"I had as soon take a peacock's feather, my fair lord, but I will do it, if you ask me. Here, page, hand me one of those sticks, and let me see what I can do."

But Sir Hubert de Burgh was not destined to test either his skill or his luck. The great bay horse which he rode was as unused to this warlike play as was his master, and had none of its master's stoutness of heart, so that when it saw the levelled lance, the gleaming figure, and the frenzied yellow horse rushing down upon it, it swerved, turned, and galloped furiously down the river-bank. Amid roars of laughter from the rustics on the one side and from the courtiers on the other, Sir Hubert was seen tugging vainly at his bridle and bounding onwards, clearing gorse bushes and heather clumps, until he was but a shimmering, quivering gleam upon the dark hillside. Nigel, who had pulled Pommers on to his very haunches at the instant that his opponent turned, saluted with his lance and trotted back to the bridge-head, where he awaited his next assailant.

"The ladies would say that a judgment hath fallen upon our good Sir Hubert for his impious words," said the King.

"Let us hope that his charger may be

broken in ere he venture to ride out between two armies," remarked the Prince "They might mistake the hardness of his horse's mouth for a softness of the rider's heart. See where he rides, still clearing every bush upon his path."

"By the rood!" said the King, "if the bold Hubert has not increased his repute as a jouster, he has gained great honour as a horseman. But the bridge is still closed, Walter. How say you now? Is this young squire never to be unhorsed, or is your King himself to lay lance in rest ere his way can be cleared? By the head of St. Thomas! I am in the very mood to run a course with this gentle youth."

"Nay, nay, sire; too much honour hath already been done him," said Manny, looking angrily at the motionless horseman. "That this untried boy should be able to say that in one evening he has unhorsed my squire and seen the back of one of the bravest knights in England is surely enough to turn his foolish head. Fetch me a spear, Robert! I will see what I can make of him."

The famous knight took the spear when it was brought to him as a master workman takes his tool. He balanced it, shook it once or twice in the air, ran his eyes down it for a flaw in the wood, and then finally, having made sure of its poise and weight, laid it carefully in rest under his arm. Then gathering up his bridle so as to have his horse under perfect command, and covering himself with the shield which was braced upon his left arm, he rode out to do battle.

Now, Nigel, young and inexperienced, all Nature's aid will not help you against the mixed craft and strength of such a warrior! The day will come when neither Manny nor even Chandos could sweep you from your saddle; but now, even had you some less cumbrous armour, your chance were small. Your downfall is near, and yet in your wildest dreams you would never guess how strange your downfall is to be.

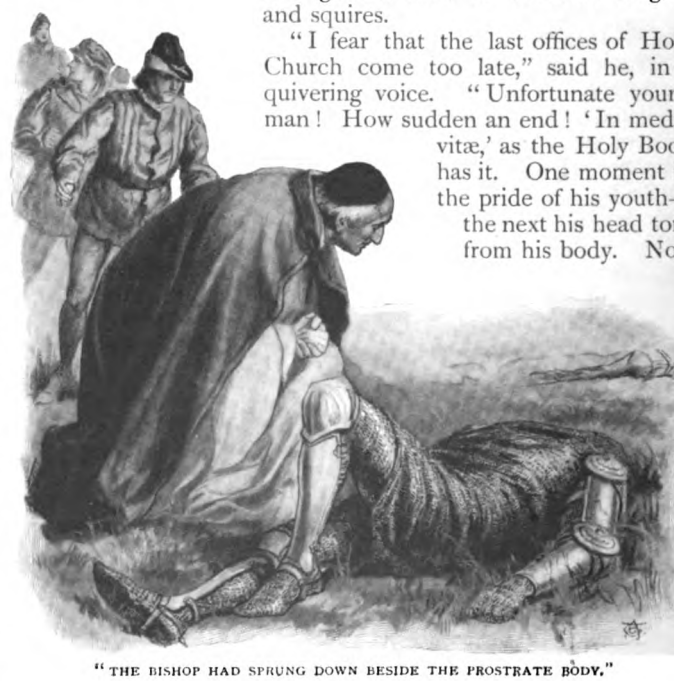
Again with a dull thunder of hoofs the horses gallop over the soft water-meadow. Again with a clash of metal the two riders meet. It is Nigel now, taken clean in the face of his helmet with the blunted spear, who flies backwards off his horse and falls clanging on the grass.

But, good heavens! what is this? Manny has thrown up his hands in horror, and the lance has dropped from his nerveless fingers. From all sides, with cries of dismay, with oaths and shouts and ejaculations to the saints, the horsemen ride wildly in. Was ever so dreadful, so sudden, so complete an end to a gentle passage at arms? Surely their eyes must be at fault! Some wizard's trick has been played upon them to deceive their senses! But, no; it was only too clear. There on the greensward lay the trunk of the stricken cavalier, and there—a good dozen yards beyond—lay his helmeted head.

"By the Virgin!" cried Manny, wildly, as he jumped from his horse. "I would give my last gold piece that the work of this evening should be undone. How came it? What does it mean? Hither, my Lord Bishop, for surely it smacks of witchcraft and the devil."

With a white face the Bishop had sprung down beside the prostrate body, pushing through the knot of horrified knights and squires.

"I fear that the last offices of Holy Church come too late," said he, in a quivering voice. "Unfortunate young man! How sudden an end! 'In medio vitæ,' as the Holy Book has it. One moment in the pride of his youth—the next his head torn from his body. Now



"THE BISHOP HAD SPRUNG DOWN BESIDE THE PROSTRATE BODY."

God and His saints have mercy upon me and guard me from evil!"

The last prayer was shot out of the Bishop with an energy and earnestness which was unusual in his orisons. It was caused by the sudden outcry of one of the squires, who, having lifted the helmet from the ground, cast it down again with a scream of horror.

"It is empty!' he cried. "It weighs as light as a feather."

"'Fore God, it is true!" cried Manny, laying his hand on it. "There is no one in it. With what have I fought, Father Bishop? Is it of this world or of the next?"

The Bishop had clambered on to his horse the better to consider the point.

"If the foul fiend is abroad," said he, "my place is over yonder by the King's side. Certes, that sulphur-coloured horse hath a very devilish look. I could have sworn that I saw both smoke and flame from its nostrils. The beast is fit to bear a suit of armour which rides and fights and yet hath no man within it."

"Nay, not too fast, Father Bishop," said one of the knights. "It may be all that you say, and yet come from a human workshop. When I made a campaign in South Germany I there saw at Nuremberg a cunning figure, devised by an armourer, which could both ride and wield a sword. If this be such a one——"

"I thank you all for your very gentle courtesy." said a booming voice from the figure upon the ground.

At the words even the valiant Manny sprang into his saddle. Some rode madly away from the horrid trunk. A few of the boldest lingered.

"Most of all," said the voice, "would I thank the most noble knight, Sir Walter Manny, that he should deign to lay aside his greatness and condescend to do a deed of arms upon so humble a squire."

"'Fore God!" said Manny, "if this be the devil, then the devil hath a very courtly tongue. I will have him out of his armour if he blast me."

So saying he sprang once more from his horse, and plunging his hand down the slit in the collapsed gorget he closed it tightly upon a fistful of Nigel's yellow curls. The groan that came forth was enough to convince him that it was indeed a man who lurked within. At the same time his eyes fell upon the hole in the mail corselet which had served the squire as a visor, and he burst into deep-chested mirth. The King, the Prince, and Chandos, who had watched the scene from a distance, too much amused by it to explain or interfere, rode up weary with laughter now that all was discovered.

"Let him out!" said the King, with his hand to his side. "I pray you to unlace him and let him out. I have shared in many a spear-running, but never have I been nearer falling from my horse than as I watched this one. I feared the fall had struck him senseless, since he lay so still."

Nigel had indeed lain with all the breath shaken from his body, and as he was unaware that his helmet had been carried off he had not understood either the alarm or the amusement that he had caused. Now freed from the great hauberk in which he had been shut like a pea in a pod, he stood blinking in the light, blushing deeply with shame that the shifts to which his poverty had reduced him should be exposed to all these laughing courtiers. It was the King who brought him comfort.

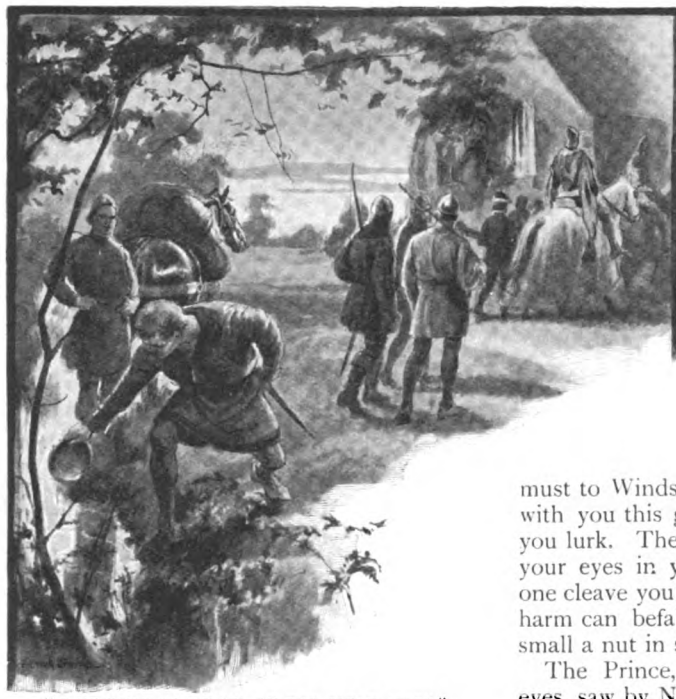
"You have shown that you can use your father's weapons," said he, "and you have proved also that you are the worthy bearer of his name and his arms, for you have within you that spirit for which he was famous. But I wot that neither he nor you would suffer a train of hungry men to starve before your door, so lead on, I pray you, and if the meat be as good as this grace before it, then it will be a feast indeed!"

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE KING GREETED HIS SENESCHAL OF CALAIS.

IT would have fared ill with the good name of Tilford manor-house and with the housekeeping of the aged Dame Ermyntrude had the King's whole retinue, with his outer and inner marshal, his justiciar, his chamberlain, and his guard, all gathered under the one roof. But by the foresight and the gentle management of Chandos this calamity was avoided, so that some were quartered at the great Abbey and others passed on to enjoy the hospitality of Sir Roger FitzAlan at Farnham Castle. Only the King himself, the Prince, Manny, Chandos, Sir Hubert de Burgh, the Bishop, and two or three more remained behind as the guests of the Lorings.

But small as was the party and humble the surroundings, the King in no way relaxed that love of ceremony, of elaborate form, and of brilliant colouring which was one of his characteristics. The sumpter mules were unpacked, squires ran hither and thither, baths smoked in the bedchambers, silks and



"SOME WERE QUARTERED AT THE GREAT ABBEY."

satins were unfolded, gold chains gleamed and chinked, so that when at last, to the long blast of two Court trumpeters, the company took their seats at the board, it was the brightest, fairest scene which those old black rafters had ever spanned. The great influx of foreign knights who had come in their splendour from all parts of Christendom to take part in the opening of the Round Tower of Windsor six years before, and to try their luck and their skill at the tournament connected with it, had deeply modified the English fashions of dress. The old tunic, over-tunic, and cyclas were too sad and simple for the new fashions, so now strange and brilliant cotehardies, pourpoints, courtpies, paltocks, hanselines, and many other wondrous garments, parti-coloured or diapered, with looped, embroidered, or escalloped edges, flamed and glittered round the King. He himself, in black velvet and gold, formed a dark, rich centre to the finery around him. On his right sat the Prince, on his left the Bishop, while Dame Ermyntrude marshalled the forces of the household outside, alert and watchful, pouring in her dishes and her flagons at the right moment, rallying her tired servants, encouraging the van, hurrying the rear, hastening up her reserves, the tapping of her oak stick heard ever where the pressure was the greatest. Behind the King, clad in his best, but looking drab and sorry amid the brilliant costumes round him, Nigel himself, regardless of an aching body and a twisted knee, waited upon his Royal guests, who threw many a merry jest at him over their shoulders as they still chuckled at the adventure of the bridge.

"By the rood!" said King Edward, leaning back with a chicken-bone held daintily between the courtesy fingers of his left hand, "the play is too good for this country stage. You must to Windsor with me, Nigel, and bring with you this great suit of harness in which you lurk. There you shall hold the lists with your eyes in your midriff, and unless someone cleave you to the waist I see not how any harm can befall you. Never have I seen so small a nut in so great a shell."

The Prince, looking back with laughing eyes, saw by Nigel's flushed and embarrassed face that his poverty hung heavily upon him.

"Nay," said he, kindly, "such a workman is surely worthy of better tools."

"And it is for his master to see that he has them," added the King. "The Court armourer will look to it that the next time your helmet is carried away, Nigel, your head shall be inside it."

Nigel, red to the roots of his flaxen hair, stammered out some words of thanks. John Chandos, however, had a fresh suggestion, and he cocked a roguish eye as he made it.

"Surely, my liege, your bounty is little needed in this case. It is the ancient law of arms that if two cavaliers start to joust, and one either by maladdress or misadventure fail to meet the shock, then his arms become the property of him who still holds the lists. This being so, methinks, Sir Hubert de Burgh, that the fine hauberk of Milan and the helmet of Bordeaux steel in which you rode to Tilford should remain with our young host as some small remembrance of your visit."

The suggestion raised a general chorus of approval and laughter, in which all joined save only Sir Hubert himself, who, flushed with anger, fixed his baleful eyes upon Chandos's mischievous and smiling face.

"I said that I did not play that foolish game, and I know nothing of its laws," said he; "but you know well, John, that if you

would have a bout with sharpened spears or swords, where two ride to the ground and only one away from it, you have not far to go to find it."

"Nay, nay; would you ride to the ground? Surely you had best walk, Hubert," said Chandos. "On your feet I know well that I should not see your back, as we have seen it to-day. Say what you will, your horse has played you false, and I claim your suit of harness for Nigel Loring."

"Your tongue is over-long, John, and I am weary of its endless clack," said Sir Hubert, his yellow moustache bristling from a scarlet face. "If you claim my harness, do you yourself come and take it. If there is a moon in the sky you can try this very night when the board is cleared."

"Nay, fair sirs," cried the King, smiling from one to the other, "this matter must be followed no farther. Do you fill a bumper of Gascony, John, and you also, Hubert. Now pledge each other, I pray you, as good and loyal comrades who would scorn to fight save in your King's quarrel. We can spare neither of you while there is so much work for brave hearts over the sea. As to this matter of the harness, John Chandos speaks truly where it concerns a joust in the lists, but we hold that such a law is scarce binding in this, which was but a wayside passage and a gentle trial of arms. On the other hand, in the case of your squire, Master Manny, there can be no doubt that his suit is forfeit."

"It is a grievous hearing for him, my liege," said Walter Manny, "for he is a poor man, and hath been at sore pains to fit himself for the wars. Yet what you say shall be done, fair sire; so if you will come to me in the morning, Squire Loring, John Widdicombe's suit will be handed over to you."

"Then, with the King's leave, I will hand it back to him," said Nigel, troubled and stammering, "for indeed I had rather never ride to the wars than take from a brave man his only suit of plate."

"There spoke your father's spirit!" cried the King. "By the rood! Nigel, I like you full well. Let the matter bide in my hands. But I marvel much that Sir Aymery the Lombard hath not come to us yet from Windsor."

From the moment of his arrival at Tilford, again and again King Edward had asked most eagerly whether Sir Aymery had come, and whether there was any news of him, so that the courtiers glanced at each other in wonder. For Aymery was known to all of them as a famous mercenary soldier of Italy, lately appointed Governor of Calais, and this sudden and urgent summons from the King might well mean some renewal of the war with France, which was the dearest wish of every soldier. Twice the King had stopped his meal and sat with sidelong head, his wine-cup in his hand, listening attentively when some sound like the clatter of hoofs was heard from outside, but the third time there could be no mistake. The tramp and jingle of the horses broke loud upon the ear, and ended in hoarse voices calling out of the darkness, who were answered by the archers posted as sentries without the door.

"Some traveller has indeed arrived, my liege," said Nigel. "What is your Royal will?"

"It can be but Aymery," the King answered, "for it was only to him that I left the message that he should follow me hither. Bid him come in, I pray you, and make him very welcome at your board."

Nigel cast open the door, plucking a torch from its bracket as he did so. Half-a-dozen men-at-arms sat their horses outside, but one had dismounted—a short, squat, swarthy man with a rat face and quick, restless brown eyes which peered eagerly past Nigel into the red glare of the well-lit hall.

"I am Sir Aymery of Pavia," he whispered. "For God's sake, tell me, is the King within?"

"He is at table, fair sir, and he bids you to enter."

"One moment, young man, one moment, and a secret word in your ear. Wot you why it is that the King has sent for me?" Nigel read terror in the dark, cunning eyes which glanced in sidelong fashion into his.

"Nay, I know not."

"I would I knew—I would I was sure ere I sought his presence."

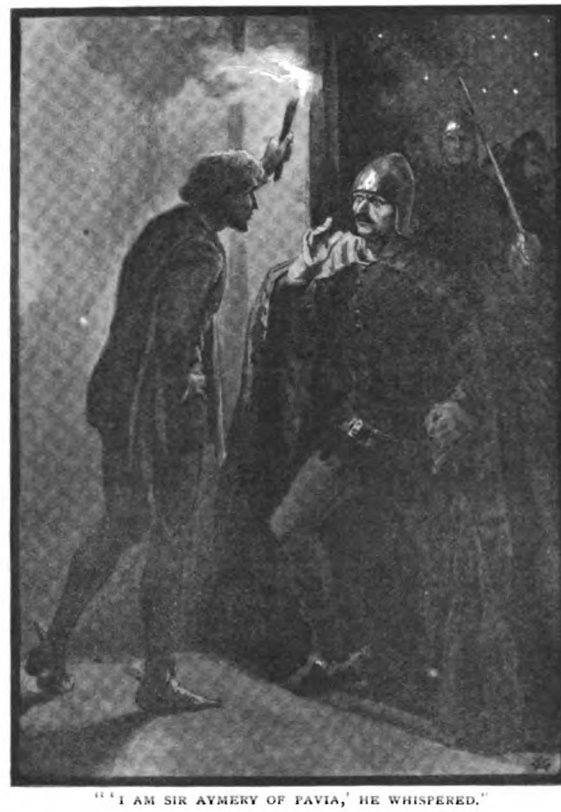
"You have but to cross the threshold, fair sir, and doubtless you will learn from the King's own lips."

Sir Aymery seemed to gather himself as one who braces for a spring into ice-cold water. Then he crossed with a quick stride from the darkness into the light. The King stood up, and held out his hand with a smile upon his long, handsome face—and yet it seemed to the Italian that it was the lips which smiled, but not the eyes.

"Welcome!" cried Edward. "Welcome to our worthy and faithful Seneschal of Calais! Come, sit here before me at the board, for I have sent for you that I may hear your news from over the sea, and thank you for the care that you have taken of that which is as

dear to me as wife or child. Set a place for Sir Aymery there, and give him food and drink, for he has ridden fast and far in our service to-day."

Throughout the long feast which the skill of the Lady Ermyntrude had arranged Edward chatted lightly with the Italian as well as with the barons near him. Finally, when the last dish was removed and the gravy-soaked rounds of coarse bread which served as plates had been cast to the dogs, the wine-flagons were passed round, and old Weathercote the minstrel entered timidly with his harp in the hope that he might be allowed to play before the King's Majesty. But Edward had other sport afoot.



"'I AM SIR AYMERY OF PAVIA,' HE WHISPERED."

"I pray you, Nigel, to send out the servants, so that we may be alone. I would have two men-at-arms at every door, lest we be disturbed in our debate, for it is a matter of privacy. And now, Sir Aymery, these noble lords as well as I, your master, would fain hear from your own lips how all goes forward in France."

The Italian's face was calm; but he looked restlessly from one to another along the line of his listeners.

"So far as I know, my liege, all is quiet on the French marches," said he.

"You have not heard, then, that they have mustered or gathered to a head with the intention of breaking the truce and making some attempt upon our dominions?"

"Nay, sire, I have heard nothing of it."

"You set my mind much at ease, Aymery," said the King, "for if nothing has come to your ears, then surely it cannot be. It was said that the wild knight de Chargny had come down to St. Omer with his eyes upon my precious jewel and his mailed hands ready to grasp it."

"Nay, sire, let him come. He will find the jewel safe in its strong-box with a goodly guard over it."

"You are the guard over my jewel, Aymery."

"Yes, sire, I am the guard."

"And you are a faithful guard, and one whom I can trust, are you not? You would not barter away that which is so dear to me when I have chosen you out of all my army to hold it for me?"

"Nay, sire; what reasons can there be for such questions? They touch my honour very nearly; you know that I would only part with Calais when I parted with my soul."

"Then you know nothing of de Chargny's attempt?"

"Nothing, sire," said the Italian.

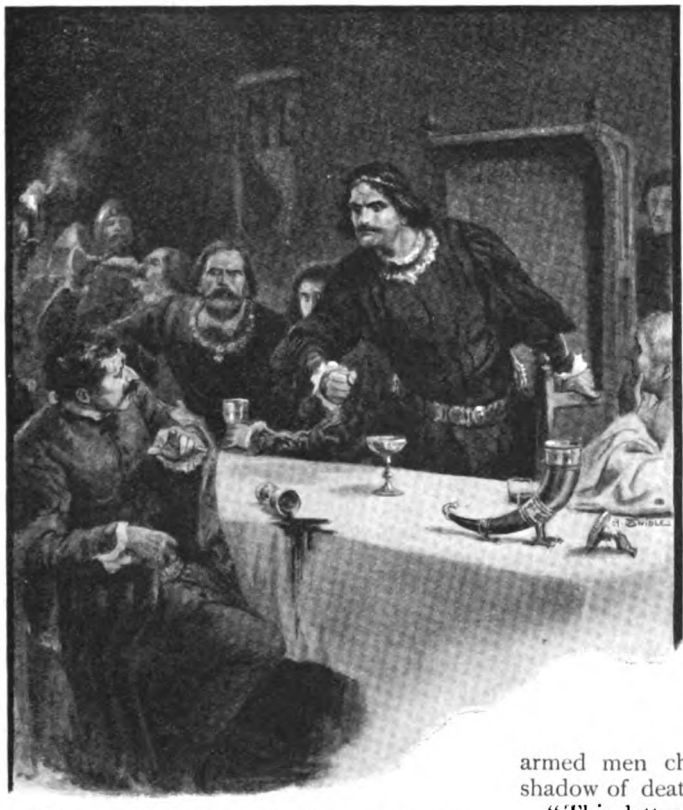
"Liar and villain!" yelled the King, springing to his feet and dashing his fist upon the table until the glasses rattled again. "Seize him, archers; seize him this instant! Stand close by either elbow lest he do himself a mischief. Now, do you dare to tell me to my face, you perjured Lombard, that you know nothing of de Chargny and his plans?"

"As God is my witness I know nothing of him." The man's lips were white, and he spoke in a thin, sighing, reedy voice, his eyes wincing away from the fell gaze of the angry King.

Edward laughed bitterly and drew a paper from his breast.

"You are the judges in this case; you, my fair son, and you, Chandos, and you, Manny, and you, Sir Hubert, and you also, my Lord Bishop. By my sovereign power

I make you a court that you may deal justice upon this man, for by God's eyes I will not stir from this room until I have sifted the matter to the bottom. And first I would read you this letter. It is superscribed to



"'LIAR AND VILLAIN!' YELLED THE KING, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET."

Sir Aymery de Pavia nommé Le Lombard, Château de Calais. Is that not your name and style, you rogue?"

"It is my name, sire, but no such letter has come to me."

"Else had your villainy never been disclosed. It is signed 'Isidore de Chargny.' What says my enemy, de Chargny, to my trusted servant? Listen! 'We could not come with the last moon, for we have not gathered to sufficient strength, nor have we been able to collect the twenty thousand crowns which are your price. But with the next turn of the moon in the darkest hour we will come, and you will be paid your money at the small postern gate with the rowan bush beside it.' Well, sir, what say you now?"

"It is a forgery!" gasped the Italian.

"I pray you that you will let me see it, sire," said Chandos. "De Chargny was my prisoner, and so many letters passed ere his ransom was paid that his script is well known to me. Yes, yes; I will swear that this is indeed his. If my salvation were at stake I could swear it."

"If it were indeed written by de Chargny it was to dishonour me," cried Sir Aymery.

"Nay, nay!" said the young Prince. "We all know de Chargny, and have fought against him. Many faults he has—a boaster and a brawler — but a braver man and one of greater heart and higher of enterprise does not ride beneath the lilies of France. Such a man would never stoop to write a letter for the sake of putting dishonour upon one of knightly rank. I, for one, will never believe it."

A gruff murmur from the others showed that they were of one mind with the Prince. The light of the torches from the walls beat upon the line of stern faces at the high table. They had set like flint, and the Italian shrank from their inexorable eyes. He looked swiftly round, but armed men choked every entrance. The shadow of death had fallen athwart his soul.

"This letter," said the King, "was given by de Chargny to one Dom Beauvais, a priest of St. Omer, to carry into Calais. The said priest, smelling a reward, brought it to one who is my faithful servant, and so it came to me. Straightway I sent for this man that he should come to me. Meanwhile the priest has returned, so that de Chargny may think that his message is indeed delivered."

"I know nothing of it," said the Italian, doggedly, licking his dry lips.

A dark flush mounted to the King's forehead, and his eyes were gorged with his wrath.

"No more of this, for God's dignity!" he cried. "Had we this fellow at the Tower a few turns of the rack would tear a confession from his craven soul. But why should we need his word for his own guilt? You have seen, my lords—you have heard! How say you, fair son? Is the man guilty?"

"Sire, he is guilty."

"And you, John? And you, Walter? And you, Hubert? And you, my Lord Bishop? You are all of one mind, then? He is guilty of the betrayal of his trust. And the punishment?"

"It can only be death," said the Prince, and each in turn the others nodded their agreement.

"Aymery of Pavia, you have heard your doom," said Edward, leaning his chin upon his hand and glooming at the cowering Italian. "Step forward, you archer at the door—you with the black beard. Draw your sword! Nay, you white-faced rogue, I would not dishonour this roof-tree by your blood. It is your heels, not your head, that we want. Hack off those golden spurs of knighthood with your sword, archer. 'Twas I who gave them and I who take them back. Ha! they fly across the hall, and with them every bond betwixt you and the worshipful order whose sign and badge they are. Now lead him out on to the heath afar from the houses, where his carrion can best lie, and hew his scheming head from his body as a warning to all such traitors."

The Italian, who had slipped from his chair to his knees, uttered a cry of despair as an archer seized him by either shoulder. Writhing out of their grip, he threw himself upon the floor and clutched at the King's feet.

"Spare me, my most dread lord, spare me, I beseech you! In the name of Christ's passion, I implore your grace and pardon! Bethink you, my good and dear lord, how many years I have served under your banners and how many services I have rendered. Was it not I who found the ford upon the Seine two days before the great battle? Was it not I also who marshalled the attack at the intaking of Calais? I have a wife and four children in Italy, great King, and it was the thought of them which led me to fall from my duty, for this money would have allowed me to leave the wars and to see them once again. Mercy, my liege, mercy, I implore!"

The English are a rough race, but not a cruel one. The King sat with a face of doom, but the others looked askance and fidgeted in their seats.

"Indeed, my fair liege," said Chandos, "I pray you that you will abate somewhat of your anger."

Edward shook his head curtly.

"Be silent, John. It shall be as I have said."

"I pray you, my dear and honoured liege, not to act with overmuch haste in the matter," said Manny. "Bind him and hold him until the morning, for other counsels may prevail."

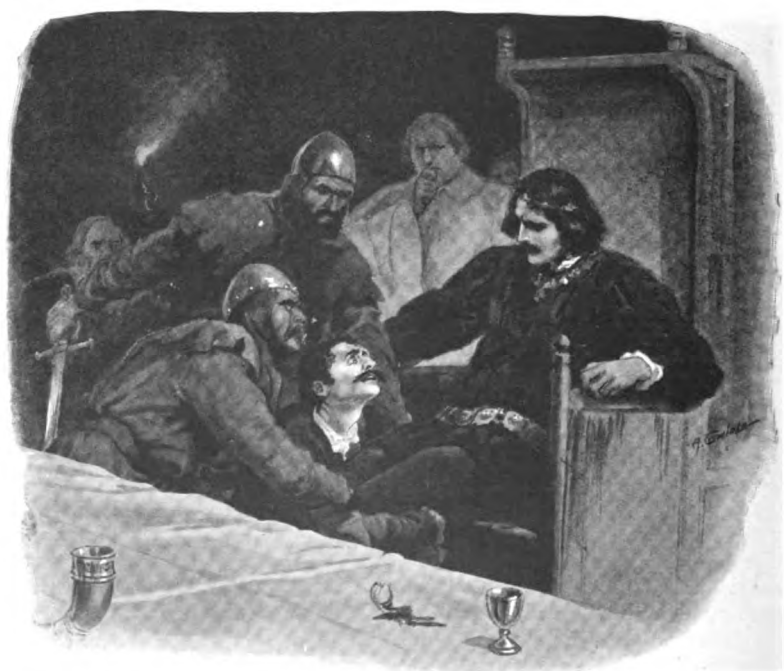
"Nay; I have spoken. Lead him out."

But the trembling man clung to the King's knees in such a fashion that the archers could not disengage his convulsive grip.

"Listen to me a moment, I implore you! Give me but one minute to plead to you, and then do what you will."

The King leaned back in his chair

"Speak and have done," said he.



"THE TREMBLING MAN CLUNG TO THE KING'S KNEES IN SUCH A FASHION THAT THE ARCHERS COULD NOT DISENGAGE HIS CONVULSIVE GRIP."

"You must spare me, my noble liege. For your own sake I say that you must spare me, for I can set you in the way of such a knightly adventure as will gladden your heart. Bethink you, sire, that this de Chargny and his comrades know nothing of their plans having gone awry. If I do but send them a message they will surely come to the postern gate. Then, if we have placed our bushment with skill, we shall have such a capture and such a ransom as will fill your coffers. He and his comrades should be worth a good hundred thousand crowns."

Edward spurned the Italian away from him with his foot until he sprawled among the rushes, but even as he lay there like a wounded snake his dark eyes never left the King's face.

"You double traitor! You would sell Calais to de Chargny and then in turn you would sell de Chargny to me. How dare you suppose that I or any noble knight had such a huckster's soul as to think only of ransoms where honour is to be won? Could I or any true man be so caitiff and so thrall? You have sealed your own doom. Lead him out!"

"One instant, I pray you, my fair and most sweet lord," cried the Prince. "Assuage your wrath yet a little while, for this man's rede deserves perhaps more thought than we have given it. He has turned your noble soul sick with his talk of ransoms, but look at it, I pray you, from the side of honour, and where could we find such hope of worshipfully winning honour? I pray you to let me put my body in this adventure, for it is one from which, if rightly handled, much advancement is to be gained."

Edward looked with sparkling eyes at the noble youth at his side.

"Never was hound more keen on the track of a stricken hart than you on the hope of honour, fair son," said he. "How do you conceive the matter in your mind?"

"De Chargny and his men will be such as are worth going far to meet, for he will have the pick of France under his banner that night. If we did as this man says, and awaited him with the same number of lances, then I cannot think that there is any spot in Christendom where one would rather be than in Calais that night."

"By the rood, fair son, you are right!" cried the King, his face shining with the thought. "Now, which of you, John Chandos or Walter Manny, will take the thing in charge?" He looked mischievously from one to the other, like a master who dangles a bone betwixt two fierce old hounds. All they had to say was in their burning, longing eyes. "Nay, John, you must not take it amiss, but it is Walter's turn, and he shall have it."

"Shall we not all go under your own banner, sire, or that of the Prince?"

"Nay; it is not fitting that the Royal banners of England should be advanced in so small an adventure. And yet, if you have space in your ranks for two more cavaliers, both the Prince and I would ride with you that night."

The young man stooped and kissed his father's hand.

"Take this man in your charge, Walter, and do with him as you will. Guard well, lest he betray us once again. Take him from my sight, for his breath poisons the room. And now, Nigel, if that worthy greybeard of thine would fain twang his harp or sing to us—but what in God's name would you have?"

He had turned, to find his young host upon his knee and his flaxen head bent in entreaty.

"What is it, man? What do you crave?"

"A boon, fair liege!"

"Well, well; am I to have no peace tonight, with a traitor kneeling to me in front and a true man on his knees behind? Out with it, Nigel! What would you have?"

"To come with you to Calais."

"By the rood! your request is fair enough, seeing that our plot is hatched beneath your very roof. How say you, Walter? Will you take him, armour and all?"

"Say rather will you take me?" said Chandos. "We are rivals in honour, Walter, but I am very sure that you would not hold me back."

"Nay, John, I will be proud to have the best lance in Christendom beneath my banner."

"And I to follow so knightly a leader. But Nigel Loring is my squire, and so he comes with us also."

"Then that is settled," said the King; "and now there is no need for hurry, since there can be no move until the moon has changed. So I pray you to pass the flagon once again, and to drink with me to the good knights of France. May they be of great heart and high of enterprise when we all meet once more within the castle wall of Calais."

(To be continued.)

"Psyche" Portraits of Female Beauty.

FOR the three following "Psyche" or composite photographs of American girls, and the very interesting account of the manner in which they were obtained in order to produce from many subjects a single typical face, we are indebted to Mrs. G. C. Howland, of Chicago. We have considered that it would be equally interesting to apply the same methods to the nations of Europe, and to produce the faces which represent the typical beauty of each.

First, then, for Mrs. Howland's portion of the subject. She asks, *à propos* of the American girl — Is there such a personality? European observers of the daughters of Jonathan who annually invade their shores affirm that the type is easily recognisable, that it has peculiar traits, desirable and otherwise, which are strongly marked.

If we take Indiana as the central State and that having the largest percentage of native population, and apply the art of composite photography to the members of some representative body—say, a public school—we ought to arrive at a feminine type which shall fairly represent the women of the whole nation.

In the Girls' Classical School, Indianapolis, the capital city of Indiana, there is a collection of photographs which shows the American girl as she really is. Since 1888 Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who is known on the European side of the Atlantic, as well as on her own, because of the prominent part which she took in the Women's Congress at Berlin, has had composite photographs made of the successive graduating classes of her school. These classes were composed of girls from representative Indiana families.

She found that it was not enough merely to confide her idea to the photographer; she must, as well, suggest to him a method

"PSYCHE" PORTRAIT OF AN ENTIRE COLLEGE CLASS OF AMERICAN GIRLS, 1901.

"PSYCHE" OF CLASS, 1904.

"PSYCHE" OF CLASS, 1905.

THREE OF MRS. WRIGHT SEWALL'S "PSYCHE" PICTURES.

"PSYCHE" OF SEVEN ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

A "PSYCHE" OF SCOTCH BEAUTIES.

of carrying it out. The first composite was made on a single photographic plate by successive partial exposures, the subjects standing in line, similarly posed, one behind another, and each at a given signal stepping into place before the camera. The first result was a crude affair. Nevertheless, it was so far successful that Mrs. Sewall determined to carry out her plan with later classes. "Psyches" she called the pictures, using the Greek name for the soul, for she found that she could see in each the spirit of the class it represented. Even when it was impossible to distinguish individual features or expression, yet the dominant spirit of the group of girls was always there, clear, strong, unmistakable.

The collection of photographs hangs now in the entrance hall of the Girls' Classical School, together with separate bust cabinet pictures of the subjects that compose them.

A BLEND OF IRISH BEAUTIES.

Some of them are made up of a large number of faces and others of a small number, according to the size of the graduating class represented. Of the "Psyches" which are herewith reproduced, thirteen girls posed for that of the class of 1901, seventeen for that of 1904, and seven for that of 1905.

Each "Psyche" has its own peculiar charm. Sometimes the face is scholarly; sometimes it is purely feminine in the delicacy of its outlines and expression. Even when it has not beauty it shows harmony in the relation of its parts. And it is always womanly, just as it is always youthful.

Naturally, as specimens of photographic art, the later "Psyches" have greater value than the earlier ones. Printed now from a negative made from individual photographic plates, with the focus the central point between the eyes, they have almost precision of outline. The "Psyche" of last year's

"PSYCHE" OF FRENCH BEAUTIES.

A TYPICAL DUTCH BLEND.

graduating class looks older than the others. It is interesting to note that there is a marked resemblance between them all, as if they were actually sisters of one family.

The American girl whom the "Psyches" show is not the American girl whom one is accustomed to see portrayed in literature and art, that young person of "pretty, soft colouring, dainty outline, and impertinent expression," whose beauty "lends itself admirably to latest fashions and general extravagance," as she has been described by one of her critics abroad. She looks delicately built and sensitively organized; but there are bones under the roundness of her flesh, and there is a vitality about her which in no way suggests that deterioration of physique which the European student of American life likes to deplore. Her expression—spiritual, almost mystical—pre-

A BLEND REPRESENTING THE TYPICAL FAIR GERMAN.

supposes a character more elevated and interesting than any mere problem "partly of racial modification and partly of social conditions of a commercial age."

Applying the same principle, or one encompassing the same ends, to cosmopolitan types, let us see what result is obtained. It was not pretended that the American lady's "Psyche" portraits comprised many examples of physical beauty. Let us see what the result would be if a group of English women, notable for their beauty, and including such ladies as the Duchess of Sutherland, Miss Cecilia Loftus, Miss Lily Brayton, and Miss Phyllis Broughton, should be focused together in a so-called "Psyche" portrait. Naturally, when one has a long nose and chin and another shorter feature a certain indefiniteness must ensue, but in the graph reproduced all the

THE TYPICAL RUSSIAN BLEND.

A SPANISH "PSYCHE."

characteristics of the most radiant type of Englishwoman are strikingly apparent.

Ireland is noted for her titled aristocratic beauties as well as for those of the more humble class. Here we see a blend of a number of charming Irishwomen, from Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew to one of the charming colleens that represented Ireland in the "Women of All Nations Exhibition" held at Earl's Court some seasons ago.

How different are the engaging lineaments of the young Scotswomen whose "Psyche" stands revealed to us in the next portrait. Here, although many have stood for their portrait — indirectly, of course — yet no one member seems impressed on the collective result. The face is that of a pretty girl north of the Tweed—essentially Scotch.

France has long been famous for the beauty of [illegible]n, and this reputation is fully justified by the accompanying "Psyche" portrait of a number of her fairest daughters. The result is not surprising when it is considered that such well-known beauties as Hading, Minty, and Mérode are included in this composite.

THE TYPICAL ITALIAN BLEND.

Who could doubt that the face shown in our next portrait is of German origin? It may not be remarkable for any particular physical beauty, yet, nevertheless, the expression is most pleasing, and in it all those attributes for which the German housewife is deservedly famous stand plainly revealed.

From Germany to Holland is but a short step, and the face shown in our next portrait, though essentially and typically Dutch, shares, however, a great many of her neighbour's characteristics. The expression is quiet, peaceful, and serene, and it is easy to

imagine such a woman would make an ideal wife and mother.

From Russia we obtain a most interesting physiognomy. It is, perhaps, the most intellectual of any of our series, and one may well imagine the possessor of such a countenance to be a woman of lofty ideals and strong determination. The gaze is imperious and masterful, and one might almost detect the suspicion of a sneer upon those lips. It is essentially the face of an aristocrat, a woman born to command.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN BEAUTY.
(A blend of eight portraits.)

Italy presents us with a somewhat softer type of beauty. The large, dark, southern eyes are characteristic of their nation, and, gazing at the portrait, our mind naturally reverts to those sunny Mediterranean shores where beauty such as this, far from being uncommon, finds its natural home.

Not wholly dissimilar is the "Psyche" of fair Spanish women next given. All the familiar characteristics are well brought out in this portrait-blend.

The method adopted by the American lady-doctor was, perhaps, not quite fair to her charming fellow-country-women, as professedly she did not select the most beautiful specimens of her race. With the intent, therefore, of repairing this omission we have taken full-face portraits of a bevy of America's fairest daughters, including, amongst others, such ladies as Miss Alice Roosevelt, Miss Edna May, Miss Maxine Elliott, and Miss Camille Clifford, and the "Psyche" adduced therefrom is shown in the accompanying picture. Surely even the most fastidious of critics could have nothing but praise for the freshness and radiancy of its beauty, and he were indeed a misogynist who would fail to be captivated by so charming a countenance.

To conclude, let us present a composite of all the groups that have gone before—of the fair daughters of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, America, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, and Russia. It is, without exaggeration, a marvellous picture, this—a blend of fifty of all nations, a vision of cosmopolitan femininity—a dream of fair women. It might well be entitled "Eve."

"EVE"—A COMPOSITE OF FIFTY EXAMPLES OF THE WORLD'S BEAUTY.

[The Editor is indebted to the courtesy of the directors of the London Exhibitions, Limited, for permission to make use of their collection of photographs of the "Women of All Nations Exhibition" held at Earl's Court in 1900.]

THE LOST PLATO.

BY ARTHUR THOMPSON. M.A.

"WELL, gentlemen," I said, rising from my seat in the common-room at Martyrs, and addressing the assembled dons with some warmth; "with all due respect to you, to bring me all the way down here about a paltry tuppenny Plato——"

"One moment, Mr. Scott," put in the Dean, who had hardly troubled to conceal his contempt for the proceedings so far. "Aladdin's lamp was worth about twopence, I believe; and our manuscript is just as precious. With the Master's leave, here is our story."

So, having brought them to the point by my little show of indignation, I resumed my seat.

That afternoon I had received a telegram requesting my services, as a detective, in a matter of urgent importance. Fifteen minutes after reading this I was in the Cambridge train. At six I reached Cambridge. Five minutes later I drew up at the college gate. A porter hurried me across the quadrangle towards a group of men in black gowns. "The Master would not go into hall till you arrived," he said.

Already the Master was coming across the court to meet me—a venerable old man with a dignified but kindly countenance, though visibly clouded by anxiety.

"We are much indebted to you for coming to our assistance so quickly, Mr. Scott," he said. "We are just going into hall, for we must spare half an hour for dining, for your sake if not for our own. Afterwards I will tell you why we have sent for you."

He led the way into hall, now filled with the noise and incense of dinner, for the crowd of undergraduates, not sharing their elders' cares, were already at their meal. Our table was on a daïs at one end, and I was given a seat next the Dean, Mr. Cobb. He was a younger man than most of the dignitaries, and would have been handsome but for his scornful expression and the truculent turn of his lips. I fancied him already a power in the college, second perhaps to the Master; for the rest of the dons were commonplace, undistinguished-looking men.

The trouble, whatever it was, weighed heavily on them all. I watched them eating, like men eat under sentence of death, heavily but without enjoyment.

The conversational pulse beat so low,

meanwhile, that I had plenty of time to gaze at the striking scene before me. Three tables ran the length of the floor, and at those sat the gowned undergraduates, breaking on our silence with their clashes of laughter and high-spirited talk. The hall itself was narrow but very lofty, and decorated from rafters to dark panelling with mellow colours and gilding. Windows with stone tracery and emblazoned panes lighted it from either side, the last being deeply embayed from floor to roof. At the far end a gallery, supported on columns, overhung the principal doors, while all around hung portraits of deceased benefactors, row upon row. The scene was enriched to the full by the mass of silver that sparkled on the tables—candlesticks, casters, epergnes, and salvers; there was enough of it to have stocked a palace. I remarked on this to the Dean as I flavoured my asparagus from a pepper-pot that must have weighed a couple of pounds.

"Our silver is the envy of the whole 'Varsity," he replied, "and we could furnish these tables twice over if need were. I only hope it is not all at the pawnbroker's before the year is out. We should look well with pewter candelabra and black-handled cutlery, as they have at Spades College—eh, Master?"

The Master winced at this unlovely picture, and glanced uneasily round as if he feared the ill-omened word had gone too far.

"Mr. Scott has come to avert that calamity," he said, in low tones. "And now, if you will all come into the common-room, we will put our fortunes into his hands."

In the common-room we found a servant opening some wine. The Master sent him about his business.

"Tell Mr. Adeane that we have left hall," he said, "and see that we are not interrupted."

Mr. Adeane did not make his appearance, and the argument continued hotly for half an hour. Out of it I gathered a tale of a lost manuscript of some one of the philosopher Plato's works, and of some reasons for caution and secrecy that were not very intelligible. And the unfortunate absentee, Mr. Adeane, in whom I began to take quite a protective interest, so much they wrangled over his name, was intimately concerned in the loss.

There was something, too, which the majority wished to tell me, and which the Master would not allow to be said if he could help it. Half-a-dozen times it trembled on the tip of a careless and, I thought, spiteful tongue, and each time the Master slew the utterance with an anguished remonstrance.

"I beg of you to remember the terms on which we agreed to call in Mr. Scott to help us. He is to be allowed to form an entirely unbiased opinion."

In short, as it seemed to me, I was present less as the investigator of a crime or the unraveller of a mystery than as the umpire between these contending parties, who could not even agree how their case was to be stated.

At last, to save any more shilly-shallying, I resorted to the little display of temper I have recorded, and so got the matter out of the slough into which it had fallen and into the mouth of a man who seemed capable of giving it out in a straightforward manner.

His firm, incisive tones stilled the babble of the rest, and even the Master let him have his say without any further interruption than the raising of an agitated hand.

"We are on the brink of a great disaster, Mr. Scott, and unless you help us our good name and our honourable position in the University fall from us to-morrow as the clock strikes three. Three centuries ago," he continued, "John Hoyles, a London merchant, bequeathed forty-two manuscripts, nineteen houses in the City, a farm in Kent, the tithes of some Berkshire parishes, and the patronage of four benefices to ourselves and to Spades College jointly on this condition: The bequest to be held by Martyrs for our sole use as long as the forty-two manuscripts were kept in our library without loss or damage. But if a single one of these, or a leaf of one, is lost the other college claims the whole legacy, money, lands, manuscripts, and all. Every year the manuscripts are counted and inspected by the authorities of Spades, and for more than three hundred years they have gone disappointed away. Now for the first time one of them is missing."

"And the date of the next inspection?" I asked, having at last a clear view of their dilemma.

"To-morrow. Unless by to-morrow that manuscript is back in the library, more than a hundred thousand pounds' worth of property passes out of our hands and into those of Spades. To-day we are prosperous beyond common; to-morrow we may have to sell our library to pay our scholarships."

"And the fellowships," put in one of the dons, "will fall from a comfortable three hundred pounds a year to something less than zero."

"And my business is to discover that lost manuscript within twenty-four hours?"

"That is the main problem that lies before

you," said the Dean; "if you fail——" and he made a gesture expressive of throwing up life in general.

"You consider it stolen, not mislaid?"

"It has vanished," replied the Dean, darkly. "How, we must leave you to decide."

"Its intrinsic value?"

"Quite trifling; say a couple of pounds."

"And the circumstances of its disappearance?"

Here we were evidently getting on delicate ground again, for the Dean hesitated a moment before replying, as if to choose his words, and a deeper quiet awaited them.

"As a rule," he said, with contemptuous scorn, "the whole of the manuscripts are kept in the library with our other collections, but this particular manuscript had been taken away for purposes of study by our senior tutor, Mr. Adeane, of course with the knowledge and consent of the librarian. From his rooms it disappeared last night; it was there when he retired, he tells us, and when he arose it had vanished."

"And that is all?"

"All, except that I have here a note from the tutor of Spades saying that he will be here at three to-morrow and intends a more thorough examination of the Hoyles manuscripts than has been made for some years. And," continued the Dean, in an overbearing voice, "we had a visit from some sort of bailiff yesterday, seeking to serve some process for debt upon Mr. Adeane. We don't allow such persons within the college gates, and fortunately he was recognised and stopped by the porter. But the incident, of which Mr. Adeane has been told, and of which he offers us no explanation, is significant."

"Of nothing," broke in the Master. "And Mr. Adeane owes us no explanation."

The Dean shrugged his shoulders.

"I merely state such facts as seem to me to bear on the case. I for one have no intention of living in a fool's paradise until the crash comes. Let every man make his own deductions."

Mr. Cobb's deductions were quite apparent. He believed in a conspiracy between Spades College and his colleague, Mr. Adeane, to spirit away the manuscript and so change the destination of the Hoyles bequest. And nothing but the presence of the Master prevented him from making the accusation explicitly.

"What is the status of Spades?" I asked him.

"Poor as a mouse," he replied, promptly. "And one man at least in their society would stick at nothing to feather the family nest."

"Of course, you consulted the police as soon as the loss was discovered?" I asked.

"No," he replied, dubiously.

"Why not?" I pressed him again. "Prompt action is all the world in such cases."

All eyes were turned on the Master, and we waited for his reply. But he remained silent. He would not utter the misgivings which it was clear he felt. So the Dean answered instead.

"The Master knows as well as anyone that once you set the ball rolling you can't tell where it will stop. And now, since Adeane evidently doesn't intend to face the music, you had better go and hear his story, and then you will be able to tell us what you think."

The Master himself led me with hesitat-

"HE TURNED AWAY AND SANK INTO HIS CHAIR WITHOUT HAVING SPOKEN A WORD."

ing and tremulous steps into the quadrangle, and from thence to the stairs leading to Mr. Adeane's rooms. Half-way up the stair we entered a door the lintel of which bore Mr. Adeane's name in white lettering, and passed into a lobby out of which two doors opened. The Master tapped at one of them and went in.

"You have stayed so long, Adeane, that we have come to seek you. This is Mr. Scott, who has responded very promptly to our call."

Mr. Adeane's reception of me could hardly be regarded as satisfactory. He rose to greet me as we entered, but was so agitated that he turned away and sank into his chair without having spoken a word.

The Master turned to leave the room, but before he went he laid his hand pleadingly on my arm.

"Let me once more remind you," he said, earnestly, "of our complete dependence on you. The fate of the college is in your hands. The mastership which I have held for fifteen years I resign to you to-night. I have seen the college in its pride and strength; Heaven grant I may not see it in its decay! Or," he added, in a lower and heart-broken tone, "in dishonour.'

"First of all, sir," I said to Mr. Adeane, when the Master had gone, "what you want is a glass of wine."

I poured him one out from a decanter on the table, for I saw that he was in no condition to help me unless I could pull him together one way or another.

"Thank you," he said, gratefully, and tried to drink it. But his hand was so shaky that the wine went over on the table-cloth. He rose and tried to mop it up with his handkerchief, but only succeeded in knocking the glass on to the floor, where it smashed. Then he stood staring helplessly at what he had done, and quite incapable of anything further. I kicked the fragments of glass under the table.

"We'll consider that incident closed," I said, treating him lightly. "And now tell me how many hours' work a day it has taken to bring you into that condition of nerves."

"I came into college last night after four hours' proctorial duty, and after a cup of cocoa sat down to work at that desk." And he pointed to an ancient bureau which stood against the wall. "At one I gave it up, put the manuscript inside the desk, and went to bed. I did not lock the desk, for I have long since lost the key, but just put it on the top of the other things. I rose at six this morning to start work again, but the manuscript was gone."

I lifted the lid of the desk; it contained a mass of untidy papers and books.

"I need not ask if this has been overhauled and all the other odd places in the room searched."

"Three of us have done that, but quite uselessly. The manuscript is not in my rooms, you may take that as certain."

"And you have not missed anything else?"

"No; my watch remained on the top of the desk all night. And, what adds to the mystery, when I came in I bolted the outer door which separates my lobby from the staircase, in order that the bed-maker might not disturb me in the morning before I wished."

I now began my examination of the rooms, and Mr. Adeane followed me round. I scrutinized the outer door, which he said he had bolted. Its fastenings were in good order, and if I must take his word the thief had not entered that way. The little lobby had two doors, one leading into the tutor's sitting-room. "And the other?" I asked.

An empty set of rooms," he replied. "They are left unoccupied because it would be inconvenient to have anyone using the same lobby as myself."

"Any other entrance into them but by this door?"

"Oh, no; and the windows look into the same court as mine."

I returned to the sitting-room. From that, again, two doors opened, one into the bedroom and the other into a small study. In the latter room was still another door.

"It is the entrance, the only entrance, into the gallery of the hall," said Mr. Adeane. "It is always kept locked."

I turned the handle of this locked door, however, and was not much surprised to find it open. I looked at the tutor and saw drops of sweat standing on his face. The room was empty.

"I could have sworn—I could have sworn——" he murmured. Then he stumbled back into the larger room, and, very white and haggard, sank into an armchair.

I was not so much impressed by the importance of the open door as I was by the tutor's extraordinary agitation at my discovery. If the thief had entered that way, as might or might not have been the case, why should it stagger Mr. Adeane more

than if he had entered by the main door, or the window, or even by the chimney? No! It was not the door that was the mystery. It was the man. Was Mr. Cobb's theory right after all?

After a few moments' reflection I turned to him again.

"Now, sir, listen to me," I began, with great solemnity. Mr. Adeane lifted his head and showed a face absolutely ghastly with dread.

"Are you sure you left the manuscript in the desk overnight?"

"I am sure."

"And having bolted your outer door you found it still bolted this morning?"

"I am certain of it."

"And you slept in that bed all night?"

He again assented.

"Can you add anything that may throw light on the affair?"

"Nothing!"

"Then where does that leave us?" I exclaimed, rather annoyed at the general lameness of the story. "What hypothesis can be formed on such a basis? Can you wonder that strange things are hinted at?"

Mr. Adeane flushed crimson as I said this, and rose from his seat as if to conclude our interview.

"I give you my word as a gentleman," he said, with a firmer ring in his voice than I had heard yet, "that I know no more of the manuscript than I have told you."

Satisfactory or otherwise as this might be, there was evidently nothing further to be got out of him, so I left him, in order to pursue certain inquiries that his words had suggested.

First of all there was the question of an entrance having been made into the rooms by the windows or through the gallery of the hall.

I next visited Mr. Cobb and asked him if it was his custom to bolt his outer door at night, and what time the servants came into college in the morning. The answer I got gave more food for thought; Mr. Cobb never bolted his door and ridiculed the idea of anybody else doing so. And as for the servants, they never came into the college before seven. A curious commentary on Mr. Adeane's reason for bolting himself in.

"And now show me the remaining manuscripts."

"It is an instance of proverbial unwisdom," sneered Mr. Cobb; "they are now locked up in the steward's safe."

"The place where they used to be kept is what I wish to see," I replied, and he took me to the library. There I found, significantly enough, that the windows were unbarred on the ground floor, and in one place were screened by a shrubbery. To have broken in here would have been ten times easier than into Mr. Adeane's rooms; and no doubt, if an attempt had been made, entirely without inside assistance, to remove one of the manuscripts, it would have been the library to which attention would have been given, a fact which pointed in the clearest way to the presence of a confederate, at any rate, within the walls. And, of course, the next inquiry touched the characters of the college servants or whoever had access to Mr. Adeane's rooms.

"'I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN,' HE SAID, 'THAT I KNOW NO MORE OF THE MANUSCRIPT THAN I HAVE TOLD YOU.'"

"All of them are of old standing or the children of old servants," said Mr. Cobb. "They have good reputations, which means, of course, that they would not sell themselves under a good figure. But then a good price might be offered for their services — good enough, perhaps, to tempt one of ourselves."

"What of Mr. Adeane's personal servants? He spoke of his bed-maker. What of her?"

"Adeane is rather peculiar in his ways. We all have a woman and a man to look after us—it is the usual custom; but about a year ago he quarrelled with his gyp—with the man, that is—and has never replaced him, so that his bedder has done everything for him since then. Adeane is strange in many ways, or, rather, he has changed much of late. He never comes to hall or into the common-room nowadays—seems to avoid everybody and buries himself in his work as if his life depended on it."

"His face did not strike me as being that of a misanthrope," I remarked. "Making allowance for these awkward events, I should have called him an uncommonly fine-looking man. And he's in debt?"

"Obviously; though where he spends his money or what he spends it on, Heaven knows. Certainly not here."

Now when a man's debts are not contracted in the sight of his friends there is generally a reason for it. One or two reasons, in fact. And I wondered which of these two roads to ruin Mr. Adeane had been treading.

"Marriage steadies a man, after all," I remarked, reflectively. "It is a pity for some men when they are debarred from that form of society."

With scorn Mr. Cobb said: "I daily thank our pious founders that, in their wisdom, they saw fit to cut us off from that resource of the weak. Here, at any rate, we are secure from the intrusion of the trifling sex. There are no drags on our wheels.

> Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,
> He travels the fastest who travels alone.

No, no. The case is not complicated in that way. But what do you think, now that you have heard Mr. Adeane?"

"You did not bring me here to tell gentlemen of your mental calibre and training what you can see just as easily as I can, that there is something impossible or incomplete in Mr. Adeane's account of the loss."

"Very incomplete," ejaculated the Dean.

"And when I give you my opinion do you intend to act on it?"

"I, at all events, shall back you up. If the house must fall Samson shall fall with it, that is certain."

"Then you'll excuse me if I take a little time to consider my decision. There is the Master's opinion to combat, for one thing."

I was pondering over Mr. Cobb's words and gazing out of my window into the quadrangle when the man himself, the subject of my cogitations, crossed the court. He was going out of college, and, as I watched him go, it struck me as being a good opportunity of getting a look round his rooms in his absence. I found, however, on reaching the staircase that his outer door was latched against me. Not an insuperable difficulty for me, of course, as I always carry the means of picking any ordinary lock. And no doubt I should have succeeded here. But I was obliged to desist in my attempt, as I heard steps ascending the stair. It was a neat, elderly body, carrying a bunch of keys, which declared her to be the bed-maker. Since she had arrived so opportunely I asked her to let me into the rooms, giving as an excuse that I had left my notebook on the table.

"That ain't my way," she replied, promptly, and with some indignation. "I never lets anybody into the gentlemen's rooms, and least of all Mr. Adeane's. And a stranger, too!"

"Very well; then I'll sit on the stair till he comes back," I calmly replied.

But I had evidently roused deep suspicion in her honest bosom.

"You can't sit there," she said. "You'd be in the way, and folks can't get up and down for you."

But I was determined to wait till she went off, and she, it seems, was equally determined to get rid of me, for presently she fetched a broom from some corner and began to sweep the stair from top to bottom. Then I was obliged to capitulate; I was choked out, and, with a few sarcasms on the infrequency of the operation, judging from the dust she raised, I left her to her own devices and went to my room.

Later, long after the gates were shut for the night and the lamps extinguished, and when even the night porter was snugly in bed, I strolled round the courts again, partly to cool my brain and partly to see what was the aspect of the college when all was still and dark. Passing in one of my turns by the chapel I noticed, with some astonishment, that the great door was ajar, and I heard with a curious thrill of the nerves the rolling and rumbling among the arches of a monotonous

voice within, engaged in some solitary form of prayer. Hushing my steps I entered; and, crossing the ante-chapel, I stood before the gates of the chancel, curious to know who this midnight worshipper might be. There, kneeling in a stall, the clear moonbeams lighting up his agonized face and writhing hands, I saw Philip Adeane. A great conflict was in progress in his soul, but with what he wrestled, whether man or devil, I could not tell. At last, as I listened to his murmuring, one phrase of his prayer came clearly to my ears and, though it filled me with pity and regret, could not startle me.

"Oh, God!" he prayed, in accents of agony, "have mercy on my dishonoured name."

It was remorse, then, that had brought him to his prayers.

I waited and watched until he rose from his knees, and then, as he left his place, I walked down the aisle to meet him. My first movement had a startling effect. The tutor threw up his hands with a scream like a woman and fell in a heap on the chapel floor. The shock of finding that I had been a witness of his performance had been too much for his overwrought nerves. He was in a dead faint. And it was a considerable time before, with the assistance I could give him, he came to his senses again. When he saw where and in whose hands he was, he made a great effort, rose to his feet, and, with tottering steps, made his way down the aisle. Pitying his white face and feeble state, I offered him my arm to his rooms, but he only shook his head.

"I deserve no man's help, no man's kindness," he faltered, turning his face from me. "I have brought shame and ruin on my college. Let me go alone."

And, not being able to gainsay this, I did not press my services upon him. So ended a day that promised a tragedy for the morrow.

But on the morrow, by one swift turn of the wheel of fate, the sky was transformed, and, instead of a tragedy, we were given a lively comedy—in fact, I might almost say a screaming farce.

In spite, or perhaps because, of my defeat by the bed-maker, I was still determined to explore Mr. Adeane's rooms without his assistance. He was due, so I learned from the Dean, to deliver a lecture out of college at eleven o'clock, and shortly before that time I saw him go off. I immediately went to the common-room, where the Master and two or three dons seemed to sit in perpetual committee of urgency. Without any general explanation of the course of events, I told the Master I should want to see him presently on a matter that had better, perhaps, be between him and me. To this he sadly assented. I next went to Mr. Adeane's staircase, where his bed-maker, busy over her domestic duties, playfully shook a duster in my direction when she saw me coming. When I informed her, however, that the Master was waiting to see her in the common-room she was by no means so cheerful. She followed me in a nervous flurry, and when she stood before the Master I thought she would have dropped, such a state was she in.

"I WAS CHOKED OUT."

"I want you, sir," I said to the Master, "to command this woman to admit me to Mr. Adeane's rooms."

The Master smoothed the wrinkles from his brow with a deliberate hand.

"It is indeed a grave step, but if you are convinced of its necessity——" Then he turned to the woman and added, with a sigh: "Give Mr. Scott your keys, if you please, Mrs. Grubb."

At this Mrs. Grubb broke into loud and open weeping, lifting her hands and wringing them in a truly tragic fashion. Reluctantly she took the keys out of her pocket and handed them to me. At the same instant she turned round, rushed from the room, and was off down the passage at a shuffling trot, wailing as she went Of course, if it was to be a race I need hardly say that I was in it, and, though not much of a sprinter, I easily gained the staircase first, and had locked Mr. Adeane's door behind me before her wheezings sounded on the stairs.

Chuckling to myself at my little victory, I was about to pass through the lobby into the inner room, when I paused with my hand on the door handle. And well I might. For I heard, to my utter astonishment, the sound of footsteps, not in the room I was about to enter, but in the other rooms, which Mr. Adeane had told me were empty, and to which I had never given another thought. I listened intently. A light step, regular as a sentinel's, was going up and down that so-called empty room. And I felt that here at last my fingers trembled on the key of the mystery. Without stopping to speculate on what might be coming, without even any clear expectation of what I might find behind that door, I stepped up to it, turned the knob, and pushed. It was locked; but the footsteps stopped.

"Will you open this door, or must I force it?" I said, in a distinct voice.

There was no answer.

Without further parley I moved back a pace, lifted one foot breast high, and rammed it at the lock. The recoil sent me flying back against the opposite wall; but, with a splintering of wood, the door flew open and disclosed to my astonished gaze, not a shape of guilt and evil, but—shade of all farce-writers—a young and bewitching woman, who, armed with a diminutive poker, stood ready to oppose my entrance. And so completely staggered was I at such a find that had she come on to the attack, though her weapon had been no bigger than a knitting-needle, I verily believe I should have fled and left the field to her. After a few moments' staring at each other, however, I found my wits again and advanced across the threshold to meet my formidable opponent, who, as I moved forward, retreated step by step until she stood with her back to the wall, firmly grasping her poker and eyeing me unflinchingly with, perhaps, the loveliest pair of eyes that ever looked on man. All this time neither of us spoke a word. At last, since it was necessary to make a beginning, I opened the conversation.

"Let me advise you to put that murderous weapon back in its place and tell me how, in the name of mystery, you come to be here."

She immediately replaced the poker in the grate, and I could not help smiling to see how easily she surrendered her little show of fight.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she said, with a pout, and at that moment the wail of the bedder sounded on the stair.

"Do you know what that is?" I said.

"Of course I do," she answered, quickly. "It is Mrs. Grubb saying, 'I told you so.'"

"Told you what?"

"That we should be found out."

"SHE STOOD WITH HER BACK TO THE WALL, FIRMLY GRASPING HER POKER."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I—I am Mrs. Philip Adeane." She said this with so much dignity and ingenuousness that I was quite taken aback again. The news itself was startling enough, but her calm manner of announcing it was, under the circumstances, just the loveliest piece of audacity conceivable. I could only wonder and admire and weakly remark, "Of course."

"And what may be your object in breaking in here?" she added, with a conciliatory smile that made me feel like a bear about to be offered a bun. All the same, I thought her presence required at least as much explanation as mine.

"Well, you see," I replied, "I was told these rooms were empty, and naturally I was not aware that Mr. Adeane was married. I don't think that's been announced yet, has it?"

"Announced yet!" she exclaimed. "You know as well as I do that he couldn't keep his fellowship a day if it were known."

"And you live here with him in conceal ment?"

"Yes, occasionally, for a few days at a time."

"And not a soul in the college knows anything at all about it?"

"Except our good friend Mrs. Grubb."

"Then how long have you managed to keep this amazing secret?"

"Nearly a year."

"And what will the Master say when he hears of this?"

"But what else could we do?" she replied, in distressful expostulation. "If Philip had resigned when we married we should not have had a penny to live on. It's all my fault too. I persuaded him to try it And now he'll hate me, I know he will. Oh! Why must you come and find out everything?"

"Nothing was further from my intention," I quickly put in, for she seemed on the verge of lovely tears. "The discovery was quite an unexpected pleasure for me, I assure you And as for running off to tell people about it —well, I must see what Mr. Adeane has to say for himself first."

For, indeed, during the last five minutes the wind had marvellously changed. From the moment that this charming young lady told me she was Mr. Adeane's wife I saw all my, and Mr. Cobb's, ingeniously-woven theory of the lost Plato clean overset. Then I was quite ready to point him out, if not as the actual thief, yet as a deeply guilty accessory. Now, in the light of this new knowledge, such an idea seemed absurdly unsupported by any shred of evidence. All the circumstances that threw suspicion on him took on a very different colour. This was what he had to conceal. This was what gave him that unfortunate manner which would have biased against him a shrewder man than I. This was the cause of his moroseness and of his quarrel with his servants, of which Mr. Cobb had told me. His agitation in the matter of the gallery door did not require much penetration to understand now. And, finally, that high-strung scene in the college chapel might well be the remorse of a sensitive and scrupulous man for such a venial offence as taking a wife in defiance of the antiquated regulations. And such a wife! The longer I looked at her the more I would gladly have put down bail for her husband. And as for upsetting their little domestic arrangements and tattling to the stony-faced Dean, I would as soon have robbed a lark's nest.

Mrs. Adeane, meanwhile, was in two minds whether smiles or tears would best propitiate this brutal intruder. Happily she decided to try the smiles. And as I was not unwilling to be won over, she very soon extracted from me solemn and binding promises not to breathe a word to anyone about this romantic marriage.

"Then it's a bargain," she exclaimed, merrily, when it was time for me to take my leave and go about weightier matters. "You are to be on our side, and we are to be friends."

"With all the pleasure in life," I replied; and I carefully locked her in the rooms before I went downstairs.

On the whole I was genuinely pleased. A man likes his instincts to be justified by events, and certainly mine had cried out against the fixing of this crime on Mr. Adeane

On inquiry, about a couple of hours later, I learned that Mr. Adeane had gone for a ride on horseback, and was not expected back until five o'clock. I would have given a kingdom to have been able to have a talk with him.

It was now past two o'clock, and the fatal hour drew rapidly near. The undergraduates, in happy ignorance of the impending doom, were gadding about from room to room, making up parties for the afternoon's amusements; the dons were now in conclave, while over at Spades I imagined them preparing to come and count the precious manuscripts, either in unexpectant indifference or in guilty exultation.

"After all," I said to myself, "nothing is impossible where a woman is concerned." It was a sentiment worthy of Mr. Cobb himself.

So I strolled as far as Mr. Adeane's rooms once more. Mrs. Grubb was still on guard on the staircase.

"I'll have to trouble you again," I said to her. "You aren't afraid of me now, I suppose?"

Somewhat reluctantly she unlocked the door, giving me a warning as she did so.

Mrs. Adeane, who seemed to have guessed me from my knock, met me with a mock curtsy and a sprightly look of mischief in her eyes.

"So I am to be arrested after all," she said, "for feloniously marrying a don. Isn't that the charge?"

"I see Mrs. Grubb has been tattling about me; but I suppose she couldn't really tell you what I am doing here?"

"Oh, yes, she has. She says you're here to insult every decent body in the place."

"It's serious enough," I replied "There has been a disastrous robbery in the college."

She clapped her hands with delight. "I know," she cried; "the Dean's false teeth! But I swear I haven't got them. Look!"

And she opened her dainty mouth wide to show me her own as a guarantee of good faith.

"It might have been serious for your husband," and I shook my head at her babyish frivolities.

"For Philip!" she exclaimed, more soberly. "I knew something was troubling him, but he wouldn't tell me what. Do tell me, please."

So I outlined to her the story of the Hoyles bequest and the loss of the manuscript from her husband's desk. She listened to me with eager interest and, towards the end, with a spice of amusement in her face. When I had done she burst right out into elfish laughter.

"They've been looking for that musty old thing all these two days? And you, too?"

As I assented dismally enough she laughed again.

"Is it a few leaves of dirty parchment tied together with red tape? And they will be really ruined—quite ruined, if they don't get it back by three o'clock?"

"It is, as sure as death," I reiterated. "And, for Heaven's sake, my dear young lady, if you know anything about it, tell me at once."

For I began to think that indeed she did know something, and that at last I was on the right track. Unfortunately, in my hurry, I showed more eagerness than is diplomatic when dealing with a woman. She will always torment you if she can.

"Tell me at once," I said, growing impatient, "what it is you know."

"Stop!" she commanded; "let me think."

There she sat, gently biting her little finger-nail, pondering something, while I was on thorns.

"It must be in their hands in ten minutes?" she asked again, meditatively. "Sit down," she said, imperatively, "or I will not tell you a word. What time will my husband be back from his ride?"

I told her probably about five. Then the thought cleared from her face, and she looked at me with one of her enchanting smiles.

"Have I seen your old manuscript? Why, of course I have. I took it out of the desk myself."

"You did! But why, why?"

"HAVE I SEEN YOUR OLD MANUSCRIPT? WHY, OF COURSE I HAVE."

"Philip spent hours poring over the wretched thing without ever saying a word to me or even looking at me, so I just hid it away. I hadn't the slightest idea it had any real value. I thought it was just one of those silly toys men play with and pretend to be hard at work."

"And you know where it is?"

"Undoubtedly," she calmly replied.

"I thank the fates I've found it at last," and I executed the first steps of a polka round the room.

"I congratulate you," she said, dryly.

"On what?" I stammered.

"I understood you to say you had found the manuscript," she replied, with an accent on the "you."

"Well, of course you'll hand it over."

"Why should I?" she asked, in the coolest tone imaginable.

"You won't?" I ejaculated; and she shook her head.

I was dumbfounded. For she evidently meant all she said, and more. Taken it out of a childish whim she might; but now that she knew its value to the college she was evidently going to make her own terms for its restoration. And I cursed myself for letting her know its importance. However, I put as good a face on it as I could.

"What's hidden can be found," I said. "It's only a matter of time."

"Precisely; it's a matter of time—of ten minutes or so," she retorted. "You are welcome to make a search."

I glanced round the room. There were, perhaps, a thousand books in various book-cases, in any one of which the manuscript might be, a couple of large bureaux, and all the thousand and one hiding-places which a room well filled with furniture affords.

"You mean to ruin the college by not giving up the manuscript?" I said, savagely. "Let me warn you of the extreme seriousness of the matter."

"It is precisely because it's serious that I am safe," she replied, pleasantly. "And I shall give it up when I get what I want for it."

"And what may that be?"

"They must promise the next vacant college living to Philip. In the ordinary course of things he wouldn't get a living for years and years, you know. But I think, now, I can persuade them to alter the order."

"And after marrying your husband in flagrant defiance of the college regulations," I gasped, "you are going to levy blackmail in this disgraceful way? You are the most unscrupulous person I ever met."

"I take it as a compliment," she said. "Why, since a fortunate accident has made me master of the situation, should I not profit by it? What woman is ever scrupulous where her interests are concerned?"

"Luckily they haven't all the brains you seem to have," I replied; "else laws would be but useless things."

"And detectives too," she slyly put in.

"Now, once for all," I continued, choking back my temper, "I am going down to the Master. If I take the manuscript he need not know where I got it; but if you won't give it up I shall tell him all. And, remember, it is stealing; they can send you to jail for it."

"I am in jail already," she said, casting a scornful glance round the room. "Besides, my terms include an amnesty; you can tell the Master my conditions."

"I shall certainly do no such thing," I answered, indignantly. "You must face them yourself if you intend to bargain about it. And we had better be going," I added. "The time is getting short."

"The shorter the better. Two minutes for you and me to make our explanations and five for them to consider my offer. That makes seven. It is now ten to three, so I have three minutes for a glance in the glass."

She ran into the adjoining room, and I, without thinking, began to rummage in any likely place that caught my eye.

A silvery laugh interrupted me. "Not the slightest use," she said. "Now I'm ready; lead on."

I entered the common-room without ceremony. They were all there still, sitting about in various attitudes of dejection. The Master's watch lay on the table, and a dead silence reigned.

"This is your thief, gentlemen," I said, stepping on one side that all might get a good view of the lady, who, though twenty pairs of eyes were concentrated on her, did not change one shade of her youthful colour, but faced them as calmly as if they were her little dogs.

There were some moments of stupefaction. Then I heard the Master murmur.

"Who is it, Mr. Scott? Who is it?"

"This is Mrs. Philip Adeane," I said, and there was a further rustle of excitement, through which the Dean's strident tones broke.

"If this is a jest, it is rather ill-timed."

"'THIS IS YOUR THIEF, GENTLEMEN,' I SAID."

"It may be a jest," I replied, "but it is not of my making. Ask her yourselves."

"Will you be good enough to tell me if this is true?" said the Master.

She smiled a little and answered in a quiet voice: "Both accusations are true; I confess to stealing your tutor and your manuscript."

"And when did this happen?"

"Which? I took the manuscript only the night before last; but we have been married nearly a year."

"And you wish to make restitution of the manuscript?"

"Of both, probably," ejaculated the Dean.

Mrs. Adeane lifted her shoulders and smiled. "To-morrow," she said.

"You are aware that we must have it to-day?"

"I know that you want it this minute, but I do not intend to give it up unless——" And Mrs. Adeane paused and looked around at the dons with the air of one about to confer a great favour upon them.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you agree to take it on my terms."

At this Mr. Cobb could contain his temper no longer.

"Sheer blackmail!" he shouted. "Hand over our property this minute if you don't want your precious husband to be imprisoned for fraud and conspiracy."

"Philip has nothing whatever to do with my action in this matter," she said, with a supercilious smile. "He has done nothing of which you can accuse him."

"He married you," snarled the Dean.

"It is his only fault"; and she smiled so demurely that some of the younger men tittered.

"I wish I had a constable here," retorted Mr. Cobb.

"If you want your Plato," she answered, firmly, "you can have it—on my terms. But if you'd rather send me to prison and let the college take its chance, why, then——" And she held out her wrists towards me with the air of a martyr, for me to handcuff, I suppose.

"It's a scoundrelly plot," roared the Dean, getting redder and redder.

"A conspiracy of one," she retorted, spiritedly.

Again the Master interposed between them. And it was time. For through the window we could see two or three of the dons from Spades entering at the gateway, and presently the porter knocked at the door of the common-room to announce their arrival.

"I could not listen to your terms for a moment," said the Master, "if you did not hold us at such a sad disadvantage. Please tell me, as briefly as possible, what it is you want in return for giving up the manuscript at once."

"I want three things. First, you must give my husband the next college living vacant; second, you will conceal from him all that has happened to-day; and last, you will give both of us a complete amnesty for all the past. I think you will admit, considering the poor circumstances you stand in, that these are very moderate demands. I might have asked much more."

"And what security do you expect to have that we shall carry out our part of this bargain?" asked the Dean. "If we treat you with the measure that you use for us

it is yourself that would be in poor circumstances."

"My security will be the word of the Master," Mrs. Adeane replied, with a fine accent on the word "Master" that made the Dean flush.

"Well, I wash my hands of it, at any rate," he said. "I am going to see our much-maligned friends from Spades, and if you gentlemen see fit to condone a felony you had better do it in time to keep the roof over your heads."

When the door had closed behind him the Master turned to me.

"Will you take this lady into the hall for a few minutes while we discuss the matter."

She and I retired into the great hall and sat down under the dirt-crusted portrait of the veritable John Hoyles whose bequest was causing all this commotion.

"You've won all along the line," I said to her. "And I must say I admire your brains and the way you handle them. But, remember, if ever your husband gets wind of this, you need not look to be forgiven."

"Do you think I go through all this for my own sake?" she exclaimed, almost passionately, and touching a deeper chord of feeling than I had yet seen in her. "Philip must be got away from here or the misery and suspense of it will kill him. To gain that I take all risks. Can't you understand?"

Just then we were recalled into the common-room, where we found the Master almost smiling at getting out of his difficulties.

"Your terms are granted," he said to her. "Of course, on the condition that the manuscript is handed over in time to be of service."

A knock at the door and the porter entered with a message.

"The gentlemen from Spades would like to see manuscript No. 29."

The Master looked at Mrs. Adeane, who, in the coolest way in the world, pulled the precious article out of her skirt pocket and handed it to the Master, and then turned to me with a challenging smile.

So she beat me to the very last. For I declare, had I guessed that she had it in her pocket all the time we were in the hall together, I would have had it from her by force or by fraud.

"MRS. ADEANE, IN THE COOLEST WAY IN THE WORLD, PULLED THE PRECIOUS ARTICLE OUT OF HER SKIRT POCKET AND HANDED IT TO THE MASTER."

By M. Sterling Mackinlay, M.A. Oxon.

Author of "Antoinette Sterling and Other Celebrities."

WHEN Pygmalion had finished his statue and gazed at its perfection he grieved that Galatea was not a living being. Similarly, when one hears someone with a fine voice trained to perfection, but without expression, one can only lament, "What a pity there is no artistic feeling!" The singing is cold and lifeless, and cannot appeal to us. "If only there was expression put into it!"

A vocalist, to attain real and lasting success, *must* master this stage of the art of singing. Without phrasing and expression he cannot hope to hold the interest of the listener, for he is appealing neither to the intellect nor to the heart, but to the ear alone. Hence monotony will be the inevitable result.

How is the singer to avoid monotony? He needs no miracle, as did Pygmalion, for the answer to this question may be found in some degree by following a piece of advice which Sir Joseph Barnby once gave: "Listen critically to vocalists whenever you can. You will find that there is no one from whom you cannot learn something. If the artist be good, analyze his success, find out what are his good points, and follow them. If he be bad, find out what are his bad qualities, and avoid them."

Take, then, the dull singer, lay him on the operating table, and dissect him carefully. What are the causes which are mostly responsible for producing apathy, almost antipathy, in the listener? Faults of "production" and "execution" which have to do purely with the technical side of the art we will ignore, confining ourselves to those which deal with, firstly, the rendering of the music, and, secondly, that of the words.

Of the first, perhaps the most common fault is that of the voice remaining "forte" throughout the composition. Another trial is the piece in which uniform tempo is sustained from the first to the last note. Again, as regards the manner of rendering the music, a graceful "legato" is undoubtedly a consummation devoutly to be wished, being the foundation of all good singing, but, if adhered to without deviation from beginning to end, it is apt to become wearisome.

Of the second (the rendering of the words), perhaps the most trying of all faults is that of singing line after line without the accentuation of any syllables. The reason is this. In all human speech the emphasizing of the most important words, and in a less degree of those of secondary importance, is a universal characteristic. Without it speaking would lose half its significance. In the same way singing without any accents sounds equally unnatural.

Scarcely less trying is it to hear verse after verse, and often, alas, song after song, rendered with exactly the same "timbre," or tone-colour. It is conducive to the most extreme monotony, and certainly conveys to the unhappy listener the idea that the vocalist is incapable of giving vent to the smallest particle of feeling or expression.

Now, upon examining the above faults, one or more of which will be found in every dull singer, it does not take long to discover

that one factor is present in all—"Sameness." There has been a sameness of quantity, tempo, manner, matter, or quality.

From this it would need no very daring reasoner to conclude that the "sameness" probably caused the dullness, and that consequently one might banish the dullness by removing the "sameness," introducing change and contrast in its place. As a matter of fact this is the case. *Variety of phrasing and of expression is absolutely necessary if the singer is to hold the attention of his audience.*

Having arrived, then, at the conclusion that, if a vocalist is to hold the attention of the listener by appealing to the intellect instead of merely to the ear, his singing must exhibit constant change and contrast, let us investigate the various ways in which this result may be obtained in phrasing and expression.

Charles Santley, whose name has been ever associated with what is highest and best in music, defines phrasing in the following terms :—

"It is the art of correctly distinguishing the outlines and periods, which, so to speak, serve to represent the melody in relief. For the singer it consists in taking breath at the proper time and place, so that the phrase may appear executed as a single whole. This," he adds, "can only come from practice under the guidance of experienced masters."

Certainly without good phrasing there can be no beauty of singing from an artistic point of view, and only those artists who have properly studied it can possibly expect to reveal the inmost meaning of the composer. A phrase is practically a musical sentence : there must be proper accentuation of certain notes which are meant to stand out, and there must be various degrees of force, otherwise the passage will be without meaning.

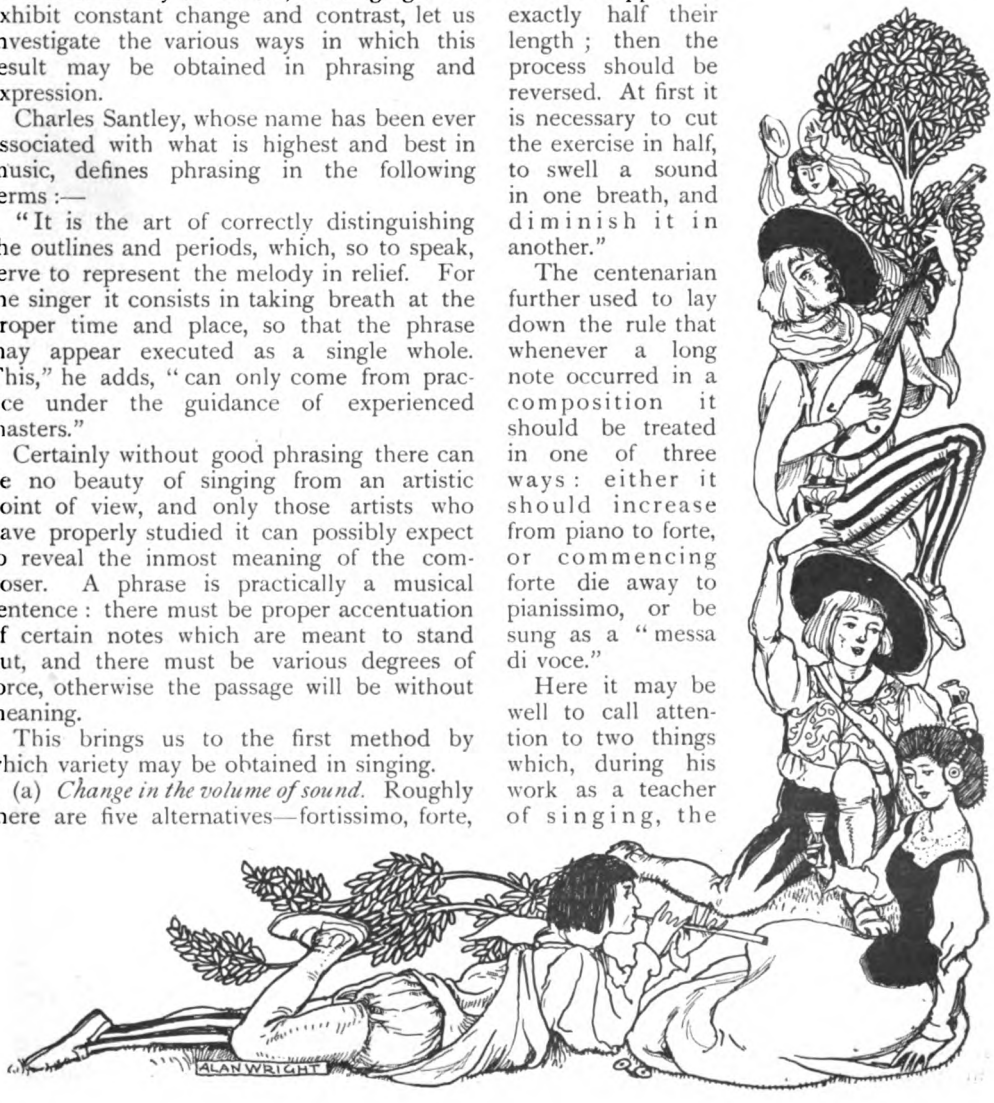
This brings us to the first method by which variety may be obtained in singing.

(a) *Change in the volume of sound.* Roughly there are five alternatives—fortissimo, forte, mezza voce, piano, pianissimo, and the choice of these must be subject to the feeling of the music and poetry. We have said that there are five degrees, but the possible gradations of tone lying between the two limits, pianissimo and fortissimo, are more or less indefinite. To obtain full command over these it is necessary to practise the messa di voce, or so-called "swelled" note, which would be more completely described by the term, a "swelled-and-diminished" note.

The correct method of producing this effect has been thus described by Manuel Garcia: "The sounds should begin very softly, and by degrees acquire increasing force till they are at their loudest, which should happen at exactly half their length ; then the process should be reversed. At first it is necessary to cut the exercise in half, to swell a sound in one breath, and diminish it in another."

The centenarian further used to lay down the rule that whenever a long note occurred in a composition it should be treated in one of three ways: either it should increase from piano to forte, or commencing forte die away to pianissimo, or be sung as a "messa di voce."

Here it may be well to call attention to two things which, during his work as a teacher of singing, the



present writer has often found to have been misunderstood. The first of these is the meaning of "crescendo" and "diminuendo." He has found that a large percentage of pupils have looked on the words as referring to tempo. Hence, until the error has been pointed out, they have treated them as synonymous with "quicker" and "slower." The idea is quite incorrect, for the terms refer purely to the force of the tone, and are an injunction to sing gradually louder and softer respectively. The music, indeed, often demands that a crescendo and "ritardando" shall be given at the same time. That is to say, while the tone is being increased the tempo is being slackened.

The other point is one of production, in connection with singing "forte" and "piano."

There is a tendency with many to open the mouth very wide for a loud note, and almost to close it for a soft one. The volume of tone, however, has no connection with the size of the mouth, since it depends purely on the expansion of the pharynx and of the vestibule of the larynx.

"Whether our singing be loud or soft," Manuel Garcia writes in that invaluable book which he modestly styles "Hints on Singing," "the mouth should be opened by the natural fall of the jaw. This movement, which separates the jaws by the thickness of a finger and leaves the lips alone, gives the mouth an easy and natural form. The exaggerated opening favours neither low nor high notes. In the latter case it may help the vocalist to scream, but that is not singing; the face loses charm, and the voice assumes a violent and vulgar tone."

If, on the other hand, the mouth is closed too much, the voice at once assumes a thin, "dental" tone, which is the reverse of pleasant.

Often in singing forte it is deemed advisable to give greater intensity to the tone by increasing the pressure of the breath, but this does not actually increase the volume. As already stated, Señor Garcia, who is acknowledged by all musicians to have been the greatest teacher of the last seventy years, affirms clearly that the increase is solely the result of the expansion of the pharynx.

We now come to the second method by which variety may be obtained:—

(b) *Changes in tempo.* These must be made with the utmost discretion. To launch out into making perpetual little alterations in time throughout the piece, quickening here, slowing up there, without rhyme or reason, is the sign of a poor singer. The great artist is a great timist, and is found to interfere but rarely with the tempo of a piece. Consequently when he does so he produces a marked effect. It is necessary to make up the mind in advance where the words and music seem to demand a quickening or retarding of the time, or a pausing on some note. When one is satisfied that this alteration will be effective and at the same time artistic—not a mere claptrap attempt to gain the vulgar applause of the ignorant—then let there be no half measures; make the change definite, steady, and pronounced.

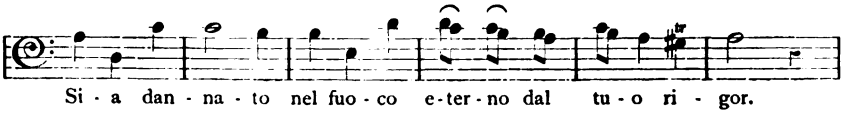
"Tempo rubato" does not properly come under this head, since the displacement of

values occurs in the melody alone. The accompaniment is kept strictly to time throughout, the lengthening of certain syllables being equalized by the shortening of others. It is a style of singing principally useful for the interpretation of strong feeling, being governed by the accent which is given in ordinary speech. The subject will be referred to later under another heading.

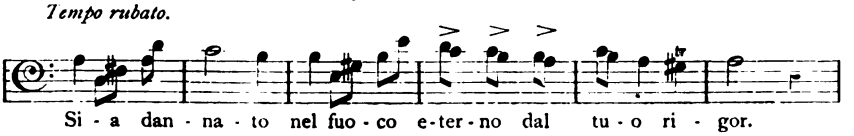
Next we come to

(c) *Changes in melody.* When a passage of notes occurs a second time during a song it is sometimes advisable to make changes by the introduction of turns, appoggiature, or trills, or by absolute alterations in the melody. The latter alternative must, however, be adopted with the most irreproachable musical taste. It is but rarely resorted to save in the old Italian music, where considerable latitude was not merely allowed to the singer, but almost expected of him The accompanying examples will illustrate how the alterations may be made. They are typical of the many variants which the writer received from Señor Garcia during the four precious years spent under the maestro's tuition. One occurs in the famous "Aria di Chiesa" of Stradella, the other in the principal baritone air in the "Nozze di Figaro," "Vedrò, mentr' io sospiro."

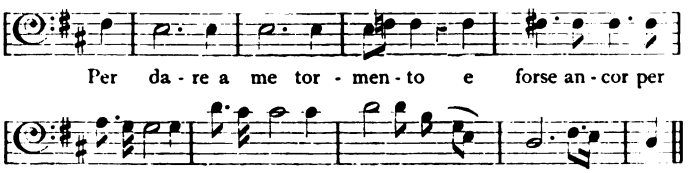
1.—ORIGINAL MELODY.



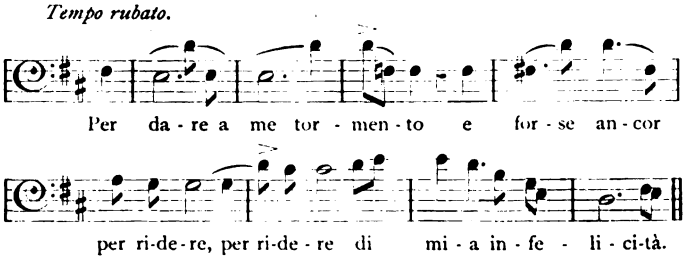
TREATMENT OF SAME PASSAGE IN LAST VERSE.



2.—ORIGINAL MELODY.



SUBSEQUENT TREATMENT OF PASSAGE WHEN IT RECURS.



So much for changes in melody. In addition to these there are certain possible

(d) *Changes in the manner of executing passages.*

(1) The "legato" is the most important of all, being the groundwork and dominant characteristic of all good vocalization. In it the notes are connected one to another with grace and smoothness, flowing with distinctness and evenness.

The other four methods may be looked on as varieties of colouring—(2) Marcato, (3) portamento, (4) staccato, (5) aspirato. Of the mechanism by which these are produced this is not a suitable place to write. It belongs to those realms of voice-production through which it is not proposed to conduct the reader on the present occasion. We will, therefore, pass on to

(e) *Changes in phrasing.* Alterations are often possible in breathing places, whereby the recurrence of a melody may receive fresh treatment. The choice of these, however, is subject to certain strict rules, which are accepted canons of artistic singing. A breath must never be taken in the middle of a word, between an adjective and its related noun, in the middle of a verb, or between any words which are intimately united by their grammatical sense. Consequently the vocalist must replenish the breath only when the punctuation of words and music agrees. On the rare occasions when this is not possible, a half breath may be taken at a convenient place, but this must be done in such a way that it is not noticeable to the

listener. Perhaps the most artistic way of attaining this result is to take up the melody again with strongly-increased emphasis after breathing, since this suggests a natural reason for the pause. In ordinary conversation, and still more in acting and oratory, when it is intended to lay special stress upon a word, or to call particular attention to a phrase, it is often done by making a pause immediately before or after the word.

We next come to

(f) *Changes in accentuation of phrases.* Sims Reeves used to say, "A singer who does not recite or read the verses of a song aloud before attempting the music will never become a perfect artist." It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of this preliminary. Manuel Garcia himself draws special attention to it when he refers to the preparation of a piece.

"The vocalist," he says, "should read the words of the piece again and again till each finest shadow of meaning has been mastered. He must next recite them with perfect simplicity and self-abandonment. The accent of truth apparent in the voice when speaking naturally is the basis of expression in singing. Light and shade, accent, sentiment, all become eloquent and persuasive. The imitation of instinctive impulse must, therefore, be the object of this special preparation."

Seeing that a composer seeks his inspiration from the lines of the poet, and attempts to bring out in his music the various feelings which these have conveyed to him, it should be unnecessary to insist on the importance of every word being uttered by the vocalist with irreproachable distinctness. The listener should not have to strain his ears to catch one single phrase. Such has been the singing of Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley, of Patti, Trebelli, and Antoinette Sterling, to mention but a few names taken at random. When listening to such artists as these there was never a moment's doubt as to what had been said. Clearness of enunciation, therefore, should be the aim of all. A book of words should be as unnecessary in a concert-hall as a copy of the play at a theatre.

In analyzing the words of a song it must be borne in mind that nearly every sentence is susceptible of varying treatment as regards its accentuation. The principal stress may be laid on any one of several words, each of which will give the sentence a different shade of meaning. This fact gives the singer a way of finding variety when a line or phrase appears several times in the song.

Let us take as an illustration the well-known line in Lord Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Crossing the Bar": "I hope to see my Pilot face to face."

If the stress be laid on the first word, it might convey at least two meanings, suggesting either that "Others do not hope to see Him, but I do," or else that "I too hope, as others hope." Which of these two was implied would be determined by the tone of voice in which it was said. This question of tone or "timbre," as conveying the different shades of expression, will be considered in the next and final section.

Now, by saying "I *hope* to see," we introduce an element of doubt. "I hope to *see*"

suggests "I have always believed in His existence, but with death there will come the clearing up of all doubt." "I hope to see my *Pilot*" brings out the continuation of the metaphor drawn between dying and "putting out to sea," while the emphasis on "*face to face*" gives still another meaning.

These, then, are the possible accents in this particular line, and other phrases will be found to have the same in a lesser or greater degree. For instance, the sentence, "I thought she loved me," would have five distinct shades of meaning through the stress being laid on each of the five words in turn; this quite apart from the further changes which could be suggested by introducing variations in the tone of voice. When several alternatives of stress are possible (the composer will have already eliminated some by applying certain words to the strong beats of the bar, others to the weak) the artistic powers of the singer are brought out by the way in which he rejects some accentuations and retains others. The individuality of rendering finds perhaps most scope in the exercising of a wise choice over this and over the further question of tone-colours, or

(g) *Changes of "timbre."*

It is well known that the speaking voice takes on a different "tone" and inflection according to our actual feelings at any particular time. Take, for instance, a single word such as "go." Whether the utterance is prompted by love or hate, joy or grief, anger, fear, or any other feeling, Nature imparts to the voice a distinct difference of "intonation" accordingly.

One of the singer's principal aims must be the cultivation of the power to recognise the quality of tone which results from every possible individual feeling. Then he must set himself to acquire absolute command over these various changes, so that he may be able to reproduce them at will, for upon this vocal expression depends to a large extent. With this means at his command he will be able to give artistic expression to his singing, conveying to the listener a tone-picture of his feelings. He will, of course, have previously studied the words, tried to penetrate the poet's inmost meaning, and decided what rendering he shall give, bearing in mind throughout that he must aim at variety of expression.

"Singing a song," Sims Reeves said, "is like painting a picture. The voice conveys to the mind the beauty and meaning of a song, as the eye conveys to the mind the beauty and meaning of a picture. But if the performer sings in one uniform colour of tone from beginning to end, the result is monotony and ineffectiveness. Light and shade in singing do not consist in making passages loud and soft alternately; they consist in using the various colours of the voice to suit the sentiment of the words. The 'mezza voce' is of great use in this respect."

To avoid monotony, then, one must analyze the poem, and if possible find some distinct change of feeling for each fresh group of ideas. It is not sufficient to ask oneself, "What class of song is this? What is the primary feeling of the poet? Is it a note of love, of joy, of grief, of patriotism?" Having settled that a song primarily denotes, say, love, we must go further and consider what it *connotes*. What, then, are the feelings which anyone *may* experience when deeply in love? May he not be in turn wistful, gentle, tender, sympathetic,

loving, passionate, hopeful that his love may be returned, fearful lest it be rejected? May he not grow anxious, jealous, angry, mocking; and may not this be followed by regret, pleading, happiness? There is indeed abundance of choice before one. Given the ability to reproduce the "timbre" or tone-colour suggesting the various feelings, there remains but the process of selecting and rejecting the various possibilities. The choice will depend on how far he is educated, refined, well-read, poetic, imaginative, and generally artistic.

To recapitulate the foregoing pages, if the vocalist would attain artistic success he must possess, in the first instance, a good voice. The voice, if it is there, can be enormously improved by training. But if none is there in the first instance, no teacher, however skilled, can bring one into being. It is purely and absolutely a gift of Nature. A voice is born, not made.

Assuming that it exists, the possessor must first learn to produce it properly. A few preliminary weeks should suffice to clear away the faults sufficiently to allow the pupil to pass on to the Art of Singing, of which voice-production is but the threshold. While this study is being pursued attention must continue to be given to the production of the voice, until all the faults have been completely eradicated.

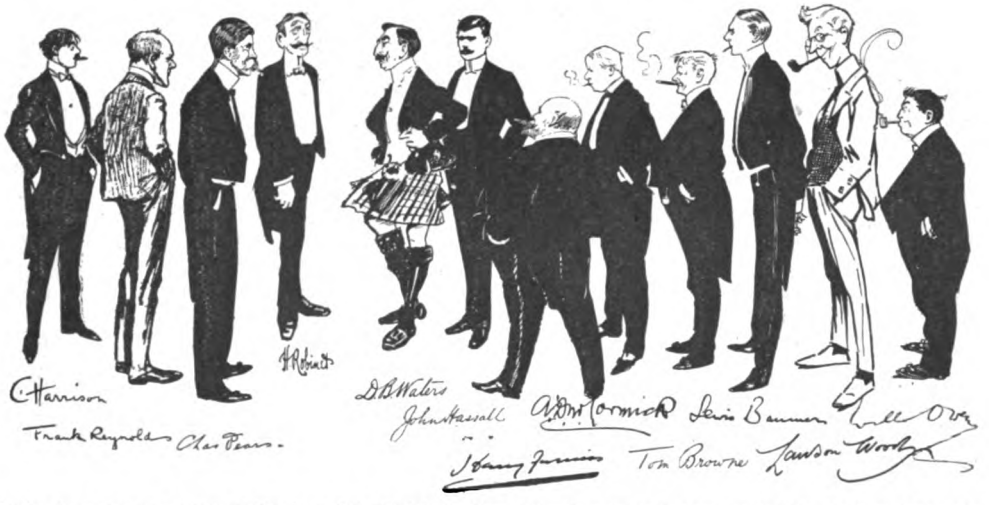
The art of singing has been seen to consist of a technical and an æsthetical side, which must go hand in hand. The former involves a rather wearisome application to the exercises which are necessary in order to make the voice irreproachable in intonation, firm, strong, flexible, and extended. The æsthetical side, which is the most interesting part of the subject, has to do with the phrasing and artistic expression, the true interpretation of the poet and of the composer's inmost meaning.

Here, then, we have the field of study which lies before every singer who wishes to appeal to the intellect and to the artistic feeling of the audience. The voice is the gift of Nature, the rest may be acquired by study.

If he would appeal to the *heart* of the hearer that is another matter. To make others feel deeply one must feel deeply oneself. There must be an electric current of sympathy flowing out to the listener, and this can be generated only by the singer himself.

The truth of Nature alone can awake an answer in the breasts of others. That indefinable something which grips, stirs, and moves to tears—that power which Antoinette Sterling had to so remarkable an extent—cannot be learned. It owes its origin to a power which is far beyond the control of man.

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group, a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

IX.

AT the last meeting of the Strand Club the new dado, composed of full-length portraits in silhouette of the pictorial members of the Club, justly attracted great attention. Some of the "likenesses" of the artists by themselves (a number of which are reproduced in the heading of this present chronicle) were criticised as not sufficiently striking, but it was urged, on the other hand, that very few men are able to hit themselves off to perfection.

"Why," asked Boyle, "should the artists have it all their own way? Why shouldn't the literary members figure on the dado?"

"What," exclaimed Mullins, "a series of autograph word-pictures! No, no; it wouldn't be decorative enough. But if you will bear with me for half an hour I should like to contribute a couple of additional portraits. You remember the famous 'Two Macs,' of music-hall celebrity? Well, here are two other Max whose identity I leave you to guess." Mullins had not hitherto been suspected of skill in draughtsmanship, but his caricatures of a certain popular novelist and a well-known wit and critic were voted extremely funny.

MULLINS'S AMUSING CARICATURE OF MESSRS. PEMBERTON AND BEERBOHM.

The conversation ran on motors and motoring, and a new member, Mr. Sidney Aldridge, obliged with the following:—

Nervous Lady (engaging cabby): "Now, are you quite sure he won't shy at motor-cars?"

ALDRIDGE'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE NERVOUS LADY AND THE CABMAN.

Cabby: "'Im? Lor' bless yer no, lady; why, he wasn't even nervous of steam-engines when they fust came in."

While relating this little dialogue the artist proceeded to illustrate it in the usual manner enjoined upon all pictorial members of the Strand Club.

Emberton: Some of the answers one hears are decidedly funny. Tax-collectors and rent-collectors, for instance, have to put up with some singular excuses. Would Mr. Harrison kindly delineate for me on the drawing-board a rent-collector? (Whereupon the artist named, nothing loath, proceeded to acquit himself of his task.) This rent-collector is interviewing two ragamuffins, a boy and a girl, on the doorstep. Thank you, Mr. Harrison; most lifelike! On being asked if the head of the household is within, the little girl delivers herself of the following:—

"If you're the man for the rent, mother's ill in bed and can't see yer; but if you're come for the insurance money mother's gone out washing and won't be 'ome till late."

The last Club meeting was rendered memorable if for no other reason than by the reading of a communication from the renowned American humorist "Zim," or, to give him his rightful appellation, Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, of *Judge*, accompanied by a lightning sketch certified before a notary public to have been produced in "ten or more seconds." The reason, according to Zimmerman, why he doesn't oftener visit England is the difficulty of obtaining the accommodation to which he has been accustomed at Horse Heads, in New York. It was in this connection that he related an anecdote of a fellow-citizen of Horse Heads, who paid a visit to New York and put up at one of the best hotels. A friend came and found him still in his room, although it was a fine day and this was his first visit to the metropolis.

"My dear man," he expostulated, "what are you doing here? Why don't you go out

HARRISON'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE RENT-COLLECTOR.

ZIMMERMAN'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN STORY OF THE RUSTIC VISITOR.

and see the sights of the city?" "Go out? Go out?" was the reply. "Look here. I'm paying three dollars a day for this room, an' I'm not going to let the landlord make anything out o' me!"

After Zimmerman's letter had been read Brichard was called upon to tell a story.

Brichard: There was a strike on a railway, and they had put on a new engine-driver. He did his best, but couldn't somehow manage to bring the train alongside the platform. Once he ran some distance too far, and then, putting back, didn't travel quite far enough. The station-master watched his efforts for a while, and then he said, pityingly:—

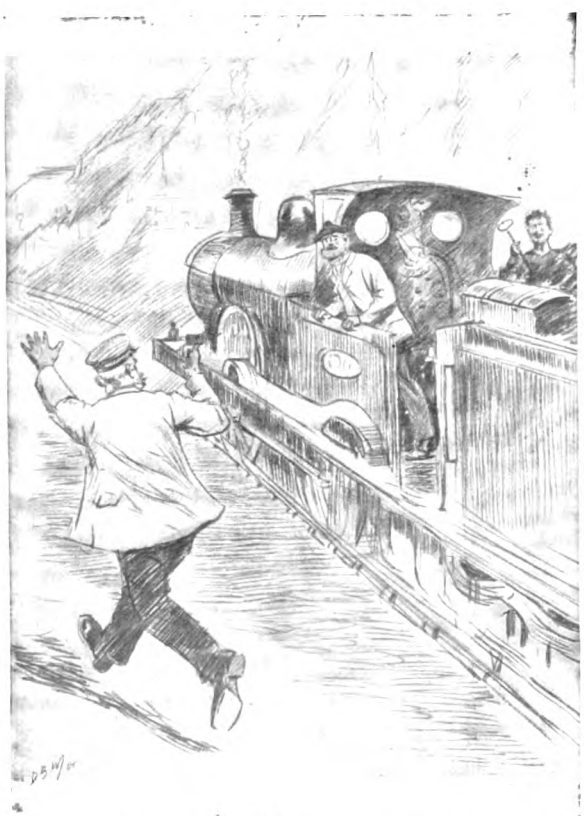
"Just bide whaur ye are, Thamas. We'll shift the station."

Inasmuch as the scene of the foregoing narrative was laid in the North, it seemed a fitting subject to be dealt with pictorially by a native of that region. Wherefore the Chairman called upon Waters, who produced the accompanying sketch on the instant.

Dolamore's brother has just come back from Southern Nigeria, and Dolamore told us of an incident which is said to have occurred to an aristocratic British trooper who happened to fall into the hands of cannibals. He was a most polite man and never liked to give offence to anybody. He allowed himself to be placed in a large iron pot, smiling pleasantly all the while. At last, watching his captor's preparations with some misgivings, he broke out into terms of mild rebuke:—

"I say, old fellow, it's awfully nice of you, doncher-know, to want to give me a nice warm bath; but, hang it all, I say, I've got my boots on!"

This thrilling narrative of innate politeness, which no doubt caused the heart of the



WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE RAILWAY STRIKE EPISODE.

MILLAR'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE POLITE TROOPER AND THE CANNIBAL.

savage to relent, was vividly portrayed by the talented Millar.

Although Zimmerman was absent in the flesh we had an almost equally distinguished foreign member in the person of M. Huard, of *Le Journal Amusant*, who most courteously expressed his willingness to illustrate on the spot any *jeu d'esprit* the point of which he could grasp.

Huard: If you will let me, I think I can make you a rough sketch and will illustrate it afterwards by a brief monologue.

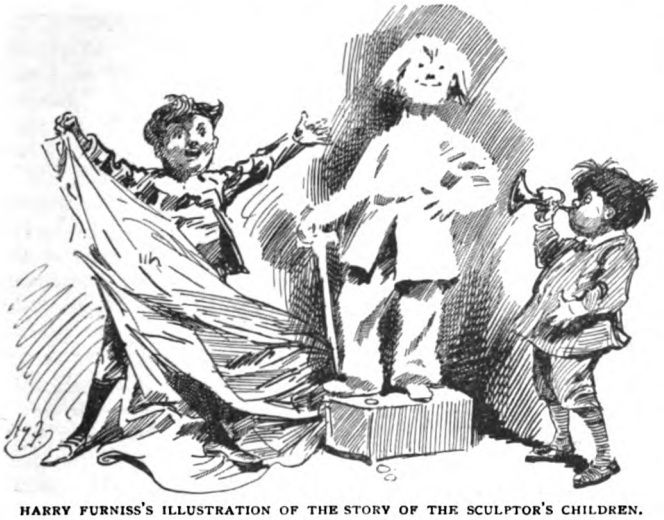
The Club expressed its entire approval, and M. Huard, without further ado, strode to the easel and sketched a portly personage endeavouring to grasp the purport of a message over the telephone. When the sketch was finished, the artist, with a charming French accent, delivered the monologue, which was quite one of the funniest things of the evening.

Huard: Man at the Telephone: "I can't quite hear what you say. What? Two hundred? Yes, ye-s! I should be pleased. First thing in the morning. Most happy, I'm sure! But two hundred what? Diamonds! (Abruptly and with disgust.) Ring off! I am a manufacturer of sausages."

The allusion to a British trooper suggested to Hesketh a yarn about a dashing young subaltern who had just returned from service in some outlandish part of the world. He turned up at a dinner-party in London, astonishing all his sisters, cousins, and aunts by a most eccentric hirsute adornment. "Oh, Charlie," they cried in chorus, "what in the world are you wearing round your neck?" "Aw, aw," declared the youth; "quite against wegulations to wear hair on the face 'cept a moustache—hate a moustache, so have gone

BAUMER'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN THE ANECDOTE OF THE FRINGE-CULTIVATING SUBALTERN.

HUARD'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN STORY OF THE MAN AT THE TELEPHONE.



HARRY FURNISS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE SCULPTOR'S CHILDREN.

another infant had apparently just removed a sheet from his person and was crying, "Hooray, hooray! Ladies, Gentlemen, and Feller Citizens, — Here's a statue of General Booth in the astonishin' act of defying Jack-the-Ripper to take his money-box."

In accordance with the demand of the Chairman, Furniss strode to the easel and in a few minutes produced the accompanying sketch.

Bert Thomas: Speaking of the fog—what, was no one speaking of the fog?—well, no matter—speaking of the fog, this little anecdote I heard the other day struck me as being not unfunny. Jones and Robinson on a foggy night volunteered to see Brown home. They left him with injunctions to keep close to and follow the railings. Unfortunately, he stumbled against the circular railing surrounding a statue. After going round and round for some considerable time he lost hope and ejaculated, "The mean villains! They told me it was only a hundred yards home if I stuck to the railings, and I'm b-bothered if I haven't covered seventeen miles!"

The artist further explained his story by the adjoining sketch, which he dashed off with the celerity of a barber shaving a customer against time for a wager.

in for a charming golden fringe. Rather sets me off, don't you think? Eh, what?"

Dolamore declared he didn't believe a word of it, but, nevertheless, as Chairman he was obliged to give it some stamp of reality by calling upon Baumer to sketch the incident.

Lorrison: This is a true story. A well-known sculptor took his two youngsters to the unveiling of a new statue the other day. The proceedings obviously impressed them. Coming unannounced into the nursery, their mother beheld half-a-dozen children assembled. At one end of the room was a four-year-old powdered from head to foot with white flour in an imposing attitude, while

BERT THOMAS'S ILLUSTRATION OF HIS OWN STORY OF THE FOG-BOUND GENTLEMAN'S DILEMMA.

A LOVE-KNOT

BY

W. W. JACOBS

MR. NATHANIEL CLARK and Mrs. Bowman had just finished their third game of draughts. It had been a difficult game for Mr. Clark, the lady's mind having been so occupied with other matters that he had had great difficulty in losing. Indeed, it was only by pushing an occasional piece of his own off the board that he had succeeded.

"A penny for your thoughts, Amelia," he said, at last.

Mrs. Bowman smiled faintly. "They were far away," she confessed.

Mr. Clark assumed an expression of great solemnity; allusions of this kind to the late Mr. Bowman were only too frequent. He was fortunate when they did not grow into reminiscences of a career too blameless for successful imitation.

"I suppose," said the widow, slowly—"I suppose I ought to tell you: I've had a letter."

Mr. Clark's face relaxed.

"It took me back to the old scenes," continued Mrs. Bowman, dreamily. "I have never kept anything back from you, Nathaniel. I told you all about the first man I ever thought anything of—Charlie Tucker?"

Mr. Clark cleared his throat. "You did," he said, a trifle hoarsely. "More than once."

"I've just had a letter from him," said Mrs. Bowman, simpering. "Fancy, after all these years! Poor fellow, he has only just heard of my husband's death, and, by the way he writes——"

She broke off and drummed nervously on the table.

"He hasn't heard about me, you mean," said Mr. Clark, after waiting to give her time to finish.

"How should he?" said the widow.

"If he heard one thing, he might have heard the other," retorted Mr. Clark. "Better write and tell him. Tell him that in six weeks' time you'll be Mrs. Clark. Then, perhaps, he won't write again."

Mrs. Bowman sighed. "I thought, after all these years, that he must be dead," she said, slowly, "or else married. But he says in his letter that he has kept single for my sake."

"Well, he'll be able to go on doing it," said Mr. Clark; "it'll come easy to him after so much practice."

"He—he says in his letter that he is coming to see me," said the widow, in a low voice, "to—to—this evening."

"Coming to see you?" repeated Mr. Clark, sharply. "What for?"

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"To talk over old times, he says," was the reply. "I expect he has altered a great deal; he was a fine-looking fellow—and so dashing. After I gave him up he didn't care what he did. The last I heard of him he had gone abroad."

Mr. Clark muttered something under his breath, and, in a mechanical fashion, began to build little castles with the draughts. He was just about to add to an already swaying structure when a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door dispersed the draughts to the four corners of the room. The servant opened the door, and the next moment ushered in Mrs. Bowman's visitor.

A tall, good-looking man in a frock-coat, with a huge spray of mignonette in his button-hole, met the critical gaze of Mr. Clark. He paused at the door and, striking an attitude, pronounced in tones of great amazement the Christian name of the lady of the house.

"Mr. Tucker!" said the widow, blushing.

"The same girl," said the visitor, looking round wildly, "the same as the day she left me. Not a bit changed; not a hair different."

He took her extended hand and, bending over it, kissed it respectfully.

"It's—it's very strange to see you again, Mr. Tucker," said Mrs. Bowman, withdrawing her hand in some confusion.

"Mr. Tucker!" said that gentleman, reproachfully; "it used to be Charlie."

Mrs. Bowman blushed again, and, with a side glance at the frowning Mr. Clark, called her visitor's attention to him and introduced them. The gentlemen shook hands stiffly.

"Any friend of yours is a friend of mine," said Mr. Tucker, with a patronizing air. "How are you, sir?"

Mr. Clark replied that he was well, and, after some hesitation, said that he hoped he was the same. Mr. Tucker took a chair and, leaning back, stroked his huge moustache and devoured the widow with his eyes. "Fancy seeing you again!" said the latter, in some embarrassment. "How did you find me out?"

"It's a long story," replied the visitor, "but I always had the idea that we should meet again. Your photograph has been with me all over the world. In the backwoods of Canada, in the bush of Australia, it has been my one comfort and guiding star. If ever I was tempted to do wrong, I used to take your photograph out and look at it."

"I s'pose you took it out pretty often?" said Mr. Clark, restlessly. "To look at, I mean," he added, hastily, as Mrs. Bowman gave him an indignant glance.

"Every day," said the visitor, solemnly. "Once when I injured myself out hunting, and was five days without food or drink, it was the only thing that kept me alive."

Mr. Clark's question as to the size of the photograph was lost in Mrs. Bowman's exclamations of pity.

"I once lived on two ounces of gruel and a cup of milk a day for ten days," he said, trying to catch the widow's eye. "After the ten days——"

"When the Indians found me I was delirious," continued Mr. Tucker, in a hushed voice, "and when I came to my senses I found that they were calling me 'Amelia.'"

Mr. Clark attempted to relieve the situation by a jocose inquiry as to whether he was wearing a moustache at the time, but Mrs. Bowman frowned him down. He began to

"HE TOOK HER EXTENDED HAND AND, BENDING OVER IT, KISSED IT RESPECTFULLY."

whistle under his breath, and Mrs. Bowman promptly said, "*H'sh!*"

"But how did you discover me?" she inquired, turning again to the visitor.

"Wandering over the world," continued Mr. Tucker, "here to-day and there to-morrow, and unable to settle down anywhere, I returned to Northtown about two years ago. Three days since, in a tramcar, I heard your name mentioned. I pricked up my ears and listened; when I heard that you were free I could hardly contain myself. I got into conversation with the lady and obtained your address, and after travelling fourteen hours here I am."

"How very extraordinary!" said the widow. "I wonder who it could have been? Did she mention her name?"

Mr. Tucker shook his head. Inquiries as to the lady's appearance, age, and dress were alike fruitless. "There was a mist before my eyes," he explained. "I couldn't realize it. I couldn't believe in my good fortune."

"I can't think——" began Mrs. Bowman.

"What does it matter?" inquired Mr. Tucker, softly. "Here we are together again, with life all before us and the misunderstandings of long ago all forgotten."

Mr. Clark cleared his throat preparatory to speech, but a peremptory glance from Mrs. Bowman restrained him.

"I thought you were dead," she said, turning to the smiling Mr. Tucker. "I never dreamed of seeing you again."

"Nobody would," chimed in Mr. Clark. "When do you go back?"

"Back?" said the visitor. "Where?"

"Australia," replied Mr. Clark, with a glance of defiance at the widow. "You must ha' been missed a great deal all this time."

Mr. Tucker regarded him with a haughty stare. Then he bent towards Mrs. Bowman.

"Do you wish me to go back?" he asked, impressively.

"We don't wish either one way or the other," said Mr. Clark, before the widow could speak. "It don't matter to us."

"We?" said Mr. Tucker, knitting his brows and gazing anxiously at Mrs. Bowman. "*We?*"

"We are going to be married in six weeks' time," said Mr. Clark.

Mr. Tucker looked from one to the other in silent misery; then, shielding his eyes with his hand, he averted his head. Mrs. Bowman, with her hands folded in her lap, regarded him with anxious solicitude.

"I thought perhaps you ought to know," said Mr. Clark.

Mr. Tucker sat bolt upright and gazed at him fixedly. "I wish you joy," he said, in a hollow voice.

"Thankee," said Mr. Clark; "we expect to be pretty happy." He smiled at Mrs. Bowman, but she made no response. Her looks wandered from one to the other—from the good-looking, interesting companion of her youth to the short, prosaic little man who was exulting only too plainly in his discomfiture.

Mr. Tucker rose with a sigh. "Good-bye," he said, extending his hand.

"You are not going—yet?" said the widow.

Mr. Tucker's low-breathed "I must" was just audible. The widow renewed her expostulations.

"Perhaps he has got a train to catch," said the thoughtful Mr. Clark.

"No, sir," said Mr. Tucker. "As a matter of fact, I had taken a room at the George Hotel for a week, but I suppose I had better get back home again."

"No; why should you?" said Mrs. Bowman, with a rebellious glance at Mr. Clark. "Stay, and come in and see me sometimes and talk over old times. And Mr. Clark will be glad to see you, I'm sure. Won't you Nath—Mr. Clark?"

"I shall be—delighted," said Mr. Clark, staring hard at the mantelpiece. "Delighted."

Mr. Tucker thanked them both, and after groping for some time for the hand of Mr. Clark, who was still intent upon the mantelpiece, pressed it warmly and withdrew. Mrs. Bowman saw him to the door, and a low-voiced colloquy, in which Mr. Clark caught the word "afternoon," ensued. By the time the widow returned to the room he was busy building with the draughts again.

Mr. Tucker came the next day at three o'clock, and the day after at two. On the third morning he took Mrs. Bowman out for a walk, airily explaining to Mr. Clark, who met them on the way, that they had come out to call for him. The day after, when Mr. Clark met them returning from a walk, he was assured that his silence of the day before was understood to indicate a distaste for exercise.

"And, you see, I like a long walk," said Mrs. Bowman, "and you are not what I should call a good walker."

"You never used to complain," said Mr. Clark; "in fact, it was generally you that used to suggest turning back."

"She wants to be amused as well," remarked Mr. Tucker; "then she doesn't feel the fatigue."

"ON THE THIRD MORNING HE TOOK MRS. BOWMAN OUT FOR A WALK."

Mr. Clark glared at him, and then, shortly declining Mrs. Bowman's invitation to accompany them home, on the ground that he required exercise, proceeded on his way. He carried himself so stiffly, and his manner was so fierce, that a well-meaning neighbour who had crossed the road to join him, and offer a little sympathy if occasion offered, talked of the weather for five minutes and inconsequently faded away at a corner.

Trimington as a whole watched the affair with amusement, although Mr. Clark's friends adopted an inflection of voice in speaking to him which reminded him strongly of funerals. Mr. Tucker's week was up, but the landlord of the George was responsible for the statement that he had postponed his departure indefinitely.

Matters being in this state, Mr. Clark went round to the widow's one evening with the air of a man who has made up his mind to decisive action. He entered the room with a bounce and, hardly deigning to notice the greeting of Mr. Tucker, planted himself in a chair and surveyed him grimly. "I thought I should find you here," he remarked.

"Well, I always am here, ain't I?" retorted Mr. Tucker, removing his cigar and regarding him with mild surprise.

"Mr. Tucker is my friend," interposed Mrs. Bowman. "I am the only friend he has got in Trimington. It's natural he should be here."

Mr. Clark quailed at her glance.

"People are beginning to talk," he muttered, feebly.

"Talk?" said the widow, with an air of mystification belied by her colour. "What about?"

Mr. Clark quailed again. "About—about our wedding," he stammered.

Mr. Tucker and the widow exchanged glances. Then the former took his cigar from his mouth and, with a hopeless gesture, threw it into the grate.

"Plenty of time to talk about that," said Mrs. Bowman, after a pause.

"Time is going," remarked Mr. Clark. "I was thinking, if it was agreeable to you, of putting up the banns to-morrow."

"There—there's no hurry," was the reply.

"'Marry in haste, repent at leisure,'" quoted Mr. Tucker, gravely.

"Don't you want me to put 'em up?" demanded Mr. Clark, turning to Mrs. Bowman.

"There's no hurry," said Mrs. Bowman again. "I—I want time to think."

Mr. Clark rose and stood over her, and after a vain attempt to meet his gaze she looked down at the carpet.

"I understand," he said, loftily. "I am not blind."

"It isn't my fault," murmured the widow, drawing patterns with her toe on the carpet. "One can't help their feelings."

Mr. Clark gave a short, hard laugh. "What about my feelings?" he said, severely. "What about the life you have spoiled? I couldn't have believed it of you."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," murmured Mrs. Bowman, "and anything that I can do I will. I never expected to see Charles again. And it was so sudden; it took me unawares. I hope we shall still be friends."

"Friends!" exclaimed Mr. Clark, with extraordinary vigour. "With *him?*"

He folded his arms and regarded the pair with a bitter smile; Mrs. Bowman, quite unable to meet his eyes, still gazed intently at the floor.

"You have made me the laughing-stock of Trimington," pursued Mr. Clark. "You have wounded me in my tenderest feelings; you have destroyed my faith in women. I shall never be the same man again. I hope that you will never find out what a terrible mistake you've made."

Mrs. Bowman made a noise half-way between a sniff and a sob; Mr. Tucker's sniff was unmistakable.

"I will return your presents to-morrow," said Mr. Clark, rising. "Good bye, for ever!"

He paused at the door, but Mrs. Bowman did not look up. A second later the front door closed and she heard him walk rapidly away.

For some time after his departure she preserved a silence which Mr. Tucker endeavoured in vain to break. He took a chair by her side, and at the third attempt managed to gain possession of her hand.

"I deserved all he said," she cried, at last. "Poor fellow, I hope he will do nothing desperate."

"No, no," said Mr. Tucker, soothingly.

"His eyes were quite wild," continued the widow. "If anything happens to him I shall never forgive myself. I have spoilt his life."

Mr. Tucker pressed her hand and spoke of the well-known refining influence a hopeless passion for a good woman had on a man. He cited his own case as an example.

"Disappointment spoilt my life so far as worldly success goes," he said, softly, "but no doubt the discipline was good for me."

Mrs. Bowman smiled faintly, and began to be a little comforted. Conversation shifted from the future of Mr. Clark to the past of Mr. Tucker; the widow's curiosity as to the extent of the latter's worldly success remaining unanswered by reason of Mr. Tucker's sudden remembrance of a bear-fight.

Their future was discussed after supper, and the advisability of leaving Trimington considered at some length. The towns and villages of England were at their disposal; Mr. Tucker's business, it appeared, being independent of place. He drew a picture of life in a bungalow with modern improvements at some seaside town, and, the cloth having been removed, took out his pocket-book and, extracting an old envelope, drew plans on the back.

It was a delightful pastime and made Mrs. Bowman feel that she was twenty and beginning life again. She toyed with the pocket-book and complimented Mr. Tucker on his skill as a draughtsman. A letter or two fell out and she replaced them. Then a small newspaper cutting, which had fluttered out with them, met her eye.

"A little veranda with roses climbing up it," murmured Mr. Tucker, still drawing, "and a couple of——"

His pencil was arrested by an odd, gasping noise from the widow. He looked up and saw her sitting stiffly in her chair. Her face seemed to have swollen and to be coloured in patches; her eyes were round and amazed.

"Aren't you well?" he inquired, rising in disorder.

Mrs. Bowman opened her lips, but no sound came from them. Then she gave a long, shivering sigh.

"Heat of the room too much for you?" inquired the other, anxiously.

Mrs. Bowman took another long, shivering breath. Still incapable of speech, she took the slip of paper in her trembling fingers and an involuntary exclamation of dismay broke from Mr. Tucker. She dabbed fiercely at her burning eyes with her handkerchief and read it again.

"TUCKER.—*If this should meet the eye of Charles Tucker, who knew Amelia Wyborn twenty-five years ago, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage by communicating with N. C., Royal Hotel, Northtown.*"

Mrs. Bowman found speech at last. "N. C.—Nathaniel Clark," she said, in broken tones. "So that is where he went. Oh, what a fool I've been! Oh, what a simple fool!"

Mr. Tucker gave a deprecatory cough. "I—I had forgotten it was there," he said, nervously.

"Yes," breathed the widow, "I can quite believe that."

"I was going to show you later on," declared the other, regarding her carefully. "I was, really. I couldn't bear the idea of keeping a secret from you long."

Mrs. Bowman smiled—a terrible smile. "The audacity of the man," she broke out, "to stand there and lecture me on my behaviour. To talk about his spoilt life, and all the time——"

She got up and walked about the room, angrily brushing aside the proffered attentions of Mr. Tucker.

"Laughing-stock of Trimington, is he?" she stormed. "He shall be more than that

"'I HAD FORGOTTEN IT WAS THERE,' HE SAID, NERVOUSLY."

before I have done with him. The wickedness of the man; the artfulness!"

"That's what I thought," said Mr. Tucker, shaking his head. "I said to him——"

"You're as bad," said the widow, turning on him fiercely. "All the time you two men were talking at each other you were laughing in your sleeves at me. And I sat there like a child taking it all in. I've no doubt you met every night and arranged what you were to do next day."

Mr. Tucker's lips twitched. "I would do more than that to win you, Amelia," he said, humbly.

"You'll have to," was the grim reply. "Now I want to hear all about this from the beginning. And don't keep anything from me, or it'll be the worse for you."

She sat down again and motioned him to proceed.

"When I saw the advertisement in the *Northtown Chronicle*," began Mr. Tucker, in a husky voice, "I danced with——"

"Never mind about that," interrupted the widow, dryly.

"I went to the hotel and saw Mr. Clark," resumed Mr. Tucker, somewhat crestfallen. "When I heard that you were a widow, all the old times came back to me again. The years fell from me like a mantle. Once again I saw myself walking with you over the footpath to Cooper's farm; once again I felt your hand in mine. Your voice sounded in my ears——"

"You saw Mr. Clark," the widow reminded him.

"He had heard all about our early love from you," said Mr. Tucker, "and as a last desperate chance for freedom he had come down to try and hunt me up, and induce me to take you off his hands."

Mrs. Bowman uttered a smothered exclamation.

"He tempted me for two days," said Mr. Tucker, gravely. "The temptation was too great and I fell. Besides that, I wanted to rescue you from the clutches of such a man."

"Why didn't he tell me himself?" inquired the widow.

"Just what I asked him," said the other, "but he said that you were much too fond of him to give him up. He is not worthy of you, Amelia; he is fickle He has got his eye on another lady."

"WHAT?" said the widow, with sudden loudness.

Mr. Tucker nodded mournfully. "Miss Hackbutt," he said, slowly. "I saw her the other day, and what he can see in her I can't think."

"Miss Hackbutt?" repeated the widow, in a smothered voice. "Miss——" She got up and began to pace the room again.

"He must be blind," said Mr. Tucker, positively.

Mrs. Bowman stopped suddenly and stood regarding him. There was a light in her eye which made him feel anything but comfortable. He was glad when she transferred her gaze to the clock. She looked at it so long that he murmured something about going.

"Good-bye," she said.

Mr. Tucker began to repeat his excuses, but she interrupted him. "Not now," she said, decidedly. "I'm tired. Good night."

Mr. Tucker pressed her hand. "Good night," he said, tenderly. "I am afraid the excitement has been too much for you. May I come round at the usual time to-morrow?"

"Yes," said the widow.

She took the advertisement from the table

and, folding it carefully, placed it in her purse.

Mr. Tucker withdrew as she looked up.

He walked back to the George deep in thought, and over a couple of pipes in bed thought over the events of the evening. He fell asleep at last and dreamed that he and Miss Hackbutt were being united in the bonds of holy matrimony by the Rev. Nathaniel Clark.

The vague misgivings of the previous night disappeared in the morning sunshine. He shaved carefully and spent some time in the selection of a tie. Over an excellent breakfast he arranged further explanations and excuses for the appeasement of Mrs. Bowman.

He was still engaged on the task when he started to call on her. Half-way to the house he arrived at the conclusion that he was looking too cheerful. His face took on an expression of deep seriousness, only to give way the next moment to one of the blankest amazement. In front of him, and approaching with faltering steps, was Mr. Clark, and leaning trustfully on his arm the comfortable figure of Mrs. Bowman. Her brow was unruffled and her lips were smiling.

"Beautiful morning," she said, pleasantly, as they met.

"Lovely!" murmured the wondering Mr. Tucker, trying, but in vain, to catch the eye of Mr. Clark.

"I have been paying an early visit," said the widow, still smiling. "I surprised you, didn't I, Nathaniel?"

"You did," said Mr. Clark, in an unearthly voice.

"We got talking about last night," continued the widow, "and Nathaniel started pleading with me to give him another chance. I suppose that I am soft-hearted, but he was so miserable—— You were never so miserable in your life before, were you, Nathaniel?"

"Never," said Mr. Clark, in the same strange voice.

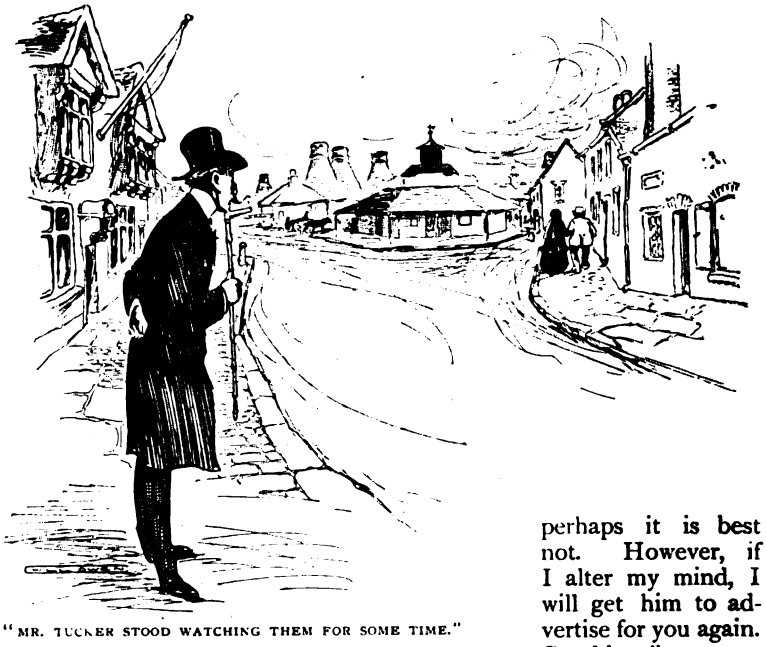
"He was so wretched that at last I gave way," said Mrs. Bowman, with a simper. "Poor fellow, it was such a shock to him that he hasn't got back his cheerfulness yet."

Mr. Tucker said, "Indeed!"

"He'll be all right soon," said Mrs. Bowman, in confidential tones. "We are on the way to put our banns up, and once that is done he will feel safe. You are not really afraid of losing me again, are you, Nathaniel?"

Mr. Clark shook his head, and, meeting the eye of Mr. Tucker in the process, favoured him with a glance of such utter venom that the latter was almost startled.

"Good-bye, Mr. Tucker," said the widow, holding out her hand. "Nathaniel did think of inviting you to come to *my* wedding, but perhaps it is best not. However, if I alter my mind, I will get him to advertise for you again. Good-bye."



"MR. TUCKER STOOD WATCHING THEM FOR SOME TIME."

She placed her arm in Mr. Clark's again, and led him slowly away. Mr. Tucker stood watching them for some time, and then, with a glance in the direction of the George, where he had left a very small portmanteau, he did a hasty sum in comparative values and made his way to the railway-station.

How to be Healthy at All Ages.

A SYMPOSIUM OF EMINENT DOCTORS.

THE preservation of health at all ages, from infancy upwards, and, in the case of women, of the good looks which depend so largely upon health, is a subject of universal interest. Moreover, a great deal has of late been published about deterioration among the people, much of which undoubtedly arises from our unhygienic habits as regards eating, drinking, exercise, etc. It has therefore occurred to us that it would be not only of personal but also of the greatest public benefit if from those who are best able to advise in such a matter—that is, medical men—an expression of opinion on these subjects could be obtained.

With this object in view a number of medical gentlemen of high standing and with a wide range of experience were approached and asked if they would accept a commission to answer the questions given below :—

1. Is it possible to state at what age children should begin to take more solid food than milk, at what age they should begin to take meat, etc. ?

2. In the case of youth, is appetite a reasonable guide to the amount of food they require ?

3. It is said that grown people do not need so much food as growing boys and girls ; at what age do they, as a rule, begin to require less ?

4. Is there any rule by which a man may judge, according to his weight, how much food he should take per day, and how much liquid ?

5. Cornaro, at the age of forty or thereabouts, dieted himself on twelve ounces of solid and fourteen ounces of liquid food per diem, and lived to be a hundred. Possibly a man in our more northerly climate would require larger quantities than these. But do you think some such careful dieting as this would be possible and advantageous ?

6. Do you think the well-to-do, as a rule, eat too much ?

7. Do you think, as a people, we drink too much tea ? Should we do well to take it weaker and of better quality ?

8. With the working people grey hair is becoming more and more a bar to employment. What is the best general way of preserving the hair and maintaining its original colour ?

9. Are the youth of the age too softly treated, and would a more Spartan regimen be advantageous ?

10. As regards the constitutions of women and their beauty, what are the best general means of preserving them ?

11. What general exercise would you recommend for all—for all weathers and all seasons of the year ?

From a] DR. ROBERT BELL. *[Photograph.*

Dr. Robert Bell, of Ewell, Surrey, author of "Woman in Health and Sickness," "The Cancer Problem in a Nutshell," "Smallpox, a New Treatment," etc., sends the following answers :—

1. Nature has answered the question as to the food of infants by arranging that up to about seven years of age children should only be provided with temporary or milk teeth. When the permanent, or what are intended to be permanent, teeth displace the temporary set, more solid food may be taken, but there is no article of diet that can excel milk, eggs, cheese, oatmeal, wheatmeal, rice, beans, peas, and the like in their nourishing properties, no matter what the age of the individual may be.

2. Appetite is certainly not a reasonable guide to the amount of food required in youth. Children eat not only to satisfy hunger, but frequently, when this is accomplished, go on eating to gratify the palate. The best method to adopt in feeding children is to restrict their dietary to plain, nourishing food. It will then soon become apparent that the appetite will coincide with their actual requirements. Moreover, their health will be better and their growth promoted if their digestive organs are not unduly taxed.

3. Whether grown people require less food than boys and girls depends largely upon the mode of life. An active outdoor occupation, for example, has the effect of increasing the oxygenation of the blood. Digestion is promoted, which results in an

increase of appetite. Notwithstanding this, adults, as a matter of fact, do require less food than growing boys and girls. At forty years of age a man will do well to reduce his daily consumption of food.

4. No, there is no rule, according to weight, by which a man may judge how much food and liquid he requires. Weight has no relation to the amount of food necessary to keep a man in good health. Stout people often are very small eaters, but, as a rule, take too much fluid. A strong, muscular man, though of the same weight as his fat friend, will require more nourishment and make a much better use of it. The great desideratum is not the quantity of solids and liquids required to keep a man in health, but the amount of nourishing constituents these contain. See reply to No. 5.

5. I am quite positive that careful diet is not only possible, but would be highly advantageous. Yet it would be difficult to act upon Cornaro's lines, for it is not the actual weight of solids and liquids that should be our guides, but the amount of nutriment these contain. For the maintenance of health we require a certain amount of proteids, salts of various kinds, and hydrocarbons, and these will vary according to climate.

6. As a rule the well-to-do do eat too much, and of substances which give their digestive organs a great amount of unnecessary work. Indeed, I am convinced more people die from over-eating than from over-drinking. I am no advocate for alcoholic drinks, nor am I a total abstainer, yet I believe the moderate man has the best chance of longevity. I have had my eye upon all classes for over thirty years, and I have almost invariably noted that the tee-totaler, as a rule, is an inordinate eater, and in consequence dies comparatively young.

7. Yes, we do drink too much tea. The pernicious constituents of tea which are injurious to the stomach, and through it to the system at large, consist of tannin and gum extracts which are of a resinous nature. Now these may be retained in the leaves, and thus the infusion rendered comparatively innocuous if the tea is infused for a period not exceeding three minutes. This is quite sufficient to extract all the aromatic and invigorating properties, while the noxious ingredients are left behind.

8. This (the question of grey hair) is a difficult problem. The hair being only an outgrowth from the scalp, the pigment, being supplied from a different source, is not essential to the health of the hair. A sturdy growth of hair is more liable to go white than finer hair. The reason of this is, I think, that the tubule of the hair is more liable to be encroached upon and occluded in the former variety. The best way to preserve the hair is to employ frequent friction and so prevent the scalp becoming adherent to the skull, whereby the circulation is impeded and the nourishment of the hair bulbs cut off.

9. Most assuredly our youth are too softly treated, pampered, and over-indulged. Discipline is sadly lacking, and a more Spartan regimen is what they require to make men of them.

10. What is required for preserving the health and beauty of women are, first, a strict observance of hygienic laws, especially those which apply to the whole length of the alimentary canal; second, avoidance of late hours and over-fatigue at certain times; third, warm clothing, especially as regards the extremities; fourth, the avoidance of tight lacing and high-heeled boots; fifth, plenty of open-air exercise and gymnastics to a moderate extent.

11. Any amusement that necessitates a good amount of walking in the open air, especially when the muscles of the trunk and arms are also brought into frequent play, is a good general exercise. In a word, walking is the best all-round exercise we can take.

(Signed) R. B.

The following are the answers given by John Haddon, M.A., M.D., of Denholme, Roxburghshire, author of "Notes from Private Practice on Sore Throats," etc. :—

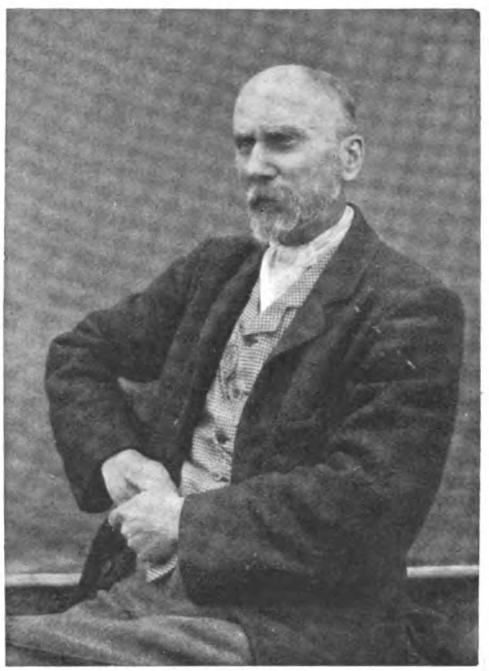
1. As a rule children thrive well on milk alone for nine months. Although some are born with teeth, we may conclude that when the teeth normally appear other food might be given. Children should not have meat; and some recent studies of dietaries in America have proved that children on a diet of fruit and nuts alone are exceptionally healthy and vigorous. If growing children are sufficiently nourished on such a diet, what need can there be for any other when their growth has ceased?

2. No. Appetite is not a guide to be followed at any age, and gratification of the appetite is certain to cause disease sooner or later, according to the power of elimination. A good appetite, indeed, is one of the chief dangers to health among the people.

3. When they have attained their full growth adults do not need so much food as boys and girls. If they do not eat less then

they are likely to put on fat, which is really a disease, and to be avoided by all who desire to enjoy perfect health. Few can leave the table unsatisfied.

4. Some are of opinion, and it is generally believed, that one ought to eat more or less according to one's weight, but future observations will certainly prove that such an idea is entirely wrong. Professor Chittenden has already proved that even athletes are better in every way eating only half the amount of proteid food which they were accustomed to do, and if they, undergoing the hardest muscular work which man can do, became more fit by such abstinence, there is good reason to believe that everyone would have the same experience; but further observations on the same lines as Professor Chittenden's are necessary to settle the question in a scientific way. If animal food is not eaten no liquid is required, the vegetable kingdom supplying the solid and liquid in proper proportions, and there can be no doubt that disease is caused by too much liquid as well as by too much solid food, even among vegetarians.



DR. JOHN HADDON.
From a Photograph.

5. Twelve ounces of food, if animal food is partaken of, are quite enough for most. The general teaching that more food is required in a cold than in a warm climate is likely by further observation to be proved to be wrong. A man snowed up in Dakota for six months had nothing but wheat and milk upon which to live, and he never enjoyed better health, although the thermometer was often forty degrees below zero. It is only by such careful dieting as Cornaro adopted that perfect health and long life can be attained. If he took two ounces more he became ill, proving that twelve ounces was the maximum that he could take with impunity; but there is reason to believe that less would have been better for him, and that if he had eaten only ten ounces of his food he would not have died even at a hundred years of age. I know one, a great student of diet, who, being advised to weigh his food and restrict himself to twelve ounces, did so, with the result that he lost seven pounds in weight, all of which, according to his observation, went from the abdomen, and he felt very much better. It is in the abdomen where fat seems first to accumulate, and that also is the region it leaves last. It would thus appear that the diet should be restricted until the abdominal fat is removed.

6. Both well-to-do and ill-to-do, as a rule, eat too much, and, when the explanation of the deterioration of which we now hear so much is reached, it will be found that the cause, so far as food is concerned, is too much, and not too little; very little, of the right kind, being necessary.

7. Tea is condemned by many, but, if not infused too long, good tea does not appear, so far as my observations have gone, to do any harm. I know one case, that of a woman, who without doubt for the last thirty years of her life lived on white bread toasted and tea, dying over eighty years of age. Another lived on cocoa and milk alone.

8. Living so as to ensure perfect health and never covering the head is the best preventive of grey hair.

9. Certainly the youth of the age are too softly treated. The contrast between children allowed to run about outside in all weathers, in dirt and rags, and those pampered in the house and taken out for a walk periodically, as too many of the children, even of the middle classes, are, is most marked. The latter are pale and puny compared with the former. In our rural schools in Scotland the children who are able to have dinner at home are not to be compared with those who have long distances to walk and carry a piece of bread and butter, or jam, for their dinner. The contrast can be seen in the

same family, where one goes to a school at a distance and the others to one close at hand.

10. Right food and some work outside, or plenty of outdoor exercise and athletics are the best means of preserving the health and beauty of women.

11. Outdoor work is the best exercise for all weathers and all seasons. As out-workers in the garden, or in the fields, in Scotland, we find the best specimens of women. If walking is relied upon for exercise, it should be uphill, and at such a pace as will ensure free action of the skin, the inaction of which is the cause of much disease.

The next answers we give are those of Dr. Joseph Kidd, of Finsbury Circus, author of "The Laws of Therapeutics," "Heart Disease and the Nauheim Treatment," etc., well known as having been physician to Lord Beaconsfield. Dr. Kidd writes :—

1. As a rule, children should begin to take more solid food than milk at about the age of twelve months, chiefly farinaceous food, such as crust of bread with butter scraped on, stale crumb of French roll, mealy potatoes baked or boiled, but not mashed, or the best of the prepared infants' foods. It is best for children not to begin to take meat until after seven years of age, providing the supply of other food is good and abundant, such as milk, fresh eggs, bread and butter, farinaceous foods, fruit, and vegetables. Fresh fish or poultry two or three times a week. Happy the children, mentally as well as physically, that do not touch butcher's meat until after seven years of age.

2. Yes, appetite is a reasonable guide in youth.

3. Grown people begin to need less food at about the age of twenty-three. After that age adults, as a rule, require less food than growing boys and girls.

4. Most fortunately there is not any rule according to weight as to the quantity of food or liquid a man requires. To attempt to judge by a man's weight the amount of food and liquid he should take per day would create a race of faddists and hysterical men and women.

5. It would be possible but not advantageous to diet ourselves like Cornaro. With restricted food our northerly climate would create a degenerate race of men and women. The result of restricted food would fall all one way. Possibly one man like Cornaro might live to be a hundred, but the rest would most probably fall into the grave before sixty.

6. Yes, the well-to-do, as a rule, eat too much, especially too much meat, and too little bread. At our ordinary dinner few people finish the small portion of bread at their side, whereas at a French dinner bread is eaten all through the meal.

7. The well-to-do should take tea weaker and of better quality, as strong tea prevents normal waste of the tissues, and gout often follows. To poor people tea is an actual food as well as drink. A small quantity of food with tea will supply all the processes and functions of life much better than a larger quantity of food without the tea. Thus it enables the poor to work on a smaller quantity of food. Liebig discovered this fact, and laid great stress upon it. To a lady visiting in Bethnal Green a poor widow said: "We widows have to live very low. If you took away our tea it would be like murder to us." Coffee is too expensive for the poor.

8. As far as they can, working people should spend their money on the most nutritious food. Use a hair-brush regularly—at bedtime when not able to spare the time in the morning. Rub into the roots of the hair some simple thing, such as vaseline or salad oil. The use of any application containing lead should be avoided. Lead darkens the hair, but poisons the nervous tissues of the brain.

9. Yes, the youth of the age are too softly treated, even amongst the poor. A more Spartan regimen would be advantageous, viz., the windows of bedrooms to be kept open at night; as much open-air exercise as possible; if a cold bath in the morning cannot be had, then a good rubbing all over with a towel dipped in cold water should be tried.

10. Daily open-air exercise is among the best preservatives of the health and beauty of women; also nourishing food — milk; increase the quantity of butter; use jam sparingly. Thorough mastication of food, using bread two days old to ensure mastication. A sponging bath night or morning, as most convenient—warm, tepid, or cold, as most agreeable. Avoid tight stays and tight clothes. Thick soles to shoes to prevent chills to the feet.

11. The best exercise for all — for all weathers and all seasons of the year — is regular steady walking in the open air. The next best exercise is cycling, or, to those who can afford it, riding or rowing.

(Signed) JOSEPH KIDD, M.D.

Dr. F. Needham, of Camden Hill Square, W., author of "Brain Exhaustion," "Forced Alimentation," etc., answers as follows :—

1. The appearance of the teeth roughly indicates the period at which a milk diet requires to be supplemented by solid food, of which meat should form a strictly moderate proportion. Up to this time the mother should have suckled her child, maintaining herself in good health and supplying her child with additional milk of good quality only.

2. The appetite of young people is a reasonable guide to the amount of food required, but there are, of course, greedy children, who must be controlled.

3. People begin to require less food when the period of growth has ceased.

4, 5, 6. Dieting, or living in a balance, after the manner of Cornaro, is not desirable, as attracting too much attention to bodily functions, but a reasonable restriction of food is very important. The well-to-do classes, as a rule, eat and drink too much, loading the body with useless and deleterious material. Some allowance must be made for variations of size; but, speaking generally, an average man of adult age may correctly calculate his suitable dietary from the following two tables of Professor Parkes. The first shows the proper proportions of solid, water-free foodstuffs in ounces for such a man.

	At rest.	Ordinary work.	Hard work.
Proteids	2·5	4·6	6 to 7
Fats	1	3	3·5 to 4·5
Carbo-hydrates	12	14·4	16 to 18
Total water-free food	15·5	22·0	25·5 to 29·5

The second table shows how much of each of these classes of food is contained in various articles of ordinary diet.

Articles of Food.	Water.	Proteids.	Fats.	Carbo-hydrates.	Salts.
Uncooked Beef and Mutton	75	15	8·4	—	1·6
Fat Pork	39	9·8	48·9	—	2·3
Dried Bacon	15	8·8	73·3	—	2·9
Smoked Ham	27·8	24	36·5	—	10·1
White Fish	78	18·1	2·9	—	1
Poultry	74	21	3·8	—	1·2
White Bread	40	8	1·5	49·2	1·3
Wheat Flour	15	11	2	70·3	1·7
Barley Meal	11·3	12·7	2	71	3
Rye	13·5	13·1	2	69·3	2·1
Biscuits	8	15·6	1·3	73·4	1·7
Rice	10	5	·8	83·2	·5
Oatmeal	15	12·6	5·6	63	3
Maize	13·5	10	6·7	64·5	1·4
Macaroni	13·1	9	·3	76·8	·8
Arrowroot	15·4	·8	—	83·3	·27
Dried Peas	15	22	2	53	2·4
Potatoes	74	2	·16	21	1
Carrots	85	1·6	·25	8·4	1
Cabbage	91	1·8	·5	5·8	·7
Butter	6	3·3	88	—	2·7
Eggs	73	13·5	11·6	—	1
Cheese	36·8	33·5	24·3	—	5·4
Milk	86·8	4	3·7	4·8	·7
Sugar	3	—	—	96·5	·5

7. Far too much tea is drunk by many people. It should be of good quality, not strong, freshly infused, and not allowed to stand on the leaves.

8 and 10. I know of no royal road to the avoidance of premature grey hair and the preservation of beauty. Both must be influenced by the maintenance of good general health—by means of a reasonable life, adequate exercise, and moderation in all things.

9. At present there is (as regards the treatment of youth) far too much self-indulgence and luxury, which in themselves imply too little regard for the needs of others.

11. I know of no exercise which is universally applicable, and suited to all seasons of the year, so good as walking.

(Signed) F. NEEDHAM, M.D.

Our next series of answers are from Dr. Jno. Milson Rhodes, of Didsbury, Manchester, chairman of the Central Committee of Poor Law Conferences for England and Wales, Président d'Honneur du Congrès

DR. JOHN MILSON RHODES.
From a Photo. by A. Coupe, Withington.

International pour l'Enfance, 1899. Dr. Rhodes writes:—

1. Up to ten months the proper food for a child is its mother's milk; then start with farinaceous foods, and when it is able to masticate meat it may be given, but not before.

2. I think appetite is a reasonable guide to the amount of food required in youth. I have watched those who have been playing matches at lacrosse, football, etc., and the appetite depended on the work done.

3. As to grown persons not requiring as much food as boys and girls, I do not

think they do; the growing boy has to conserve his body, making provision for additional growth. As to the age when less is required, the answer to this question depends largely upon the amount of work. About twenty-five, I should say, if doing an average amount of work.

4. No, there is no rule by which a man may judge how much food and drink he requires per day. Take a case of diabetes; it would be cruel to cut down the supply of liquid to a few ounces.

5. I do not think it would be well for a man to diet himself like Cornaro. Some years ago I had a great deal to do with the regulations *re* workhouse dietaries, but I should not have ventured to suggest as an experiment anything similar, except upon myself, and in my case it was a miserable failure.

6. Yes, the well-to-do do eat too much, too much meat, at any rate, in summer. Inmates of workhouses and asylums do well on one meat meal a day. In the United States asylums I am aware they give more meat, but I do not think the physical conditions there are better than here.

7. The evil of excessive tea-drinking is the leaving the tea to stew instead of using the fresh infusion.

9. No, the youth of the age are not too softly treated, but they want more manly sports. There is nothing manly in a young fellow watching a football match and smoking and drinking all the time. More walking and fewer trolly-cars would be better for them.

10. Fresh air, mental and physical exercises are the best preservatives of health and beauty in women. In countries where the women take little exercise, they deteriorate in beauty far faster than the English.

11. Exercise is like food, it should be mixed, and I do not mind what the form takes so long as there is plenty of fresh air with it.

Note.—I have, as one who has had twenty-five years of public life in Poor Law and County Council work, as much experience of the poor of a great town as any one, and I do not believe in the cry about the degeneration of the working classes. By accident, the report of the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the labouring population of Great Britain, 1842, lies before me. The Commissioners quote (page 182) Dr. Hawkins: "I believe that most travellers are struck by the lowness of stature, the leanness, and paleness which present themselves so commonly to the eye at Manchester, and, above all, among the factory classes." The height of both boys and girls had increased in 1873 slightly by ·2 to ·4 inches and weight by five to six pounds.

I believe there has been great improvement since that date (1873). The curse of the working classes is the way they are housed. The concentration in the towns, the foul emanations from defective drainage, cause an enormous amount of disease. Give the people houses to live in, not places to die in, and you will have done much to promote the healthy physical development of the people.

(Signed) JNO. MILSON RHODES, M.D.

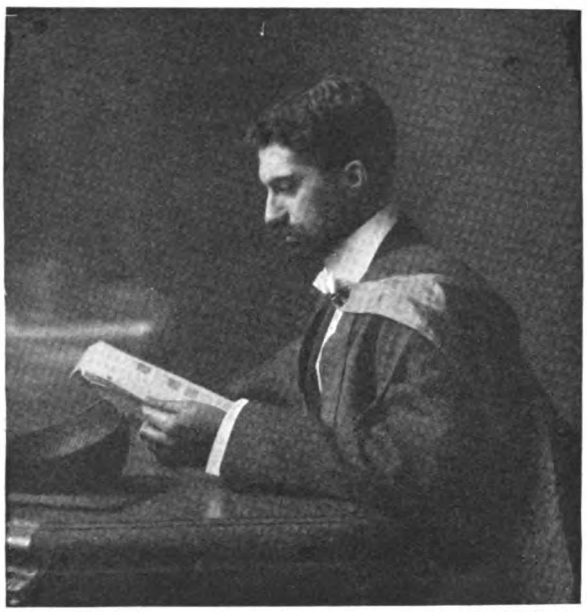
Dr. C. W. Saleeby, of Greville Place, N.W., author of "The Cycle of Life," "Evolution the Master Key," etc., replies as follows. He observes that he answers only those questions on which he feels he can give a first-hand opinion:—

2. It being assumed by parents that a child's appetite is radically erroneous, evidence of gluttony and original sin, and the diet of the child being modified in consequence, it is safe to say that the appetite of the average child is no reasonable guide, either to the quantity or the quality of the food required. Such a child will make himself ill, for instance, with sweets or fruit, but it is *a priori* probable—Nature being no fool—and has been experimentally proved, that if the appetite be regarded as not without purpose, there are no other indications so trustworthy and valuable. It is only the child deprived of the necessary sugar, organic acids, etc., that will unduly cram himself with sweets and fruit when he gets the chance. My profession had to wait for an outsider—Herbert Spencer—to teach it this, as he told in his wonderful little book on education nearly half a century ago.

5. The question as to Cornaro's diet and Nos. 4 and 6 (as to judging of quantity and excess in eating) cannot be answered offhand because of the number of the factors that determine the amount of food anyone requires. As question No. 4 recognises, body-weight is undoubtedly such a factor, but the amount of work done, physical *and mental*, is of at least equal importance. Question No. 5 wisely recognises the influence of temperature. The figures quoted for Cornaro are quite irrelevant to common needs, if not incredible.

6. Beyond all doubt whatever the well-to-do, as a rule, eat far too much, just as the very poor unfortunately eat too little. As a nation we consume an adequacy of food, but a large proportion of it goes into the wrong mouths. That the well-to-do eat too much

has long been recognised by the best medical observers. Many a man with a fine set of teeth has dug his grave with them. So well recognised has this been that interested people have even made the preposterous assertion that more harm is done by over-eating than by the abuse of alcohol. Quite recently the affirmative answer to this question as to the well-to-do has received a new support, not, as before, from observation, but from the most rigidly-conducted and exhaustive experiment. Professor Chittenden, of the United States, has conclusively proved not only that the well-to-do, as a rule, eat too much, but even that the dietary quantities stated as necessary in text-books on dietetics hitherto are over-estimates, one and all. The well-to-do have never failed much to exceed these quantities, which are now shown to be themselves excessive. The great majority of people above the poverty line must expend a considerable portion of the energy derived from their food in disposing of the excess of food which they daily consume. The familiar law of the indestructibility of matter teaches us that whatever we put into our mouths, if superfluous, must be disposed of somehow; it cannot vanish into thin air. The food which is in excess of the needs of the organism must either accumulate in the form of fat or be burnt up in the body, the products of combustion being removed by the usual channels—which most of us so grossly overwork.



From a Photo. by] DR. C. W. SALEEBY. *[J. Auld, Edinburgh.*

7. To the first part of this question I answer—No! To the quantity of tea we drink I have no objection. Civilized man will probably take stimulants to the end of time, and Heaven knows there are worse stimulants than tea. But I suppose that nine-tenths of all the tea we drink is of undesirable constitution. The characteristic ingredients of the tea-leaf are two—the valuable tonic theine (identical with the caffeine of coffee), and the astringent body known as tannin or tannic acid. This latter has no action of any kind upon the nervous system and a wholly deleterious action upon the stomach and the functions of that organ. The ideal cup of tea contains a fair quantity of theine and no tannin whatever. The leaf from India or Ceylon should never be infused for more than four minutes at the very outside; thereafter all the leaves should be removed from the teapot. The China leaf, besides being more delicate in fragrance and at least equally refreshing in virtue of its theine, contributes much less tannin to an improperly-made infusion and none to one that is properly made. Unfortunately, the public taste is vitiated, and fancies that there is no strength in a tea that does not taste strong. In point of fact, the really stimulant ingredient of tea, in the proportions in which it occurs in the infusion, does not affect the nerves of taste at all.

9. This query (as to whether our youth are too softly treated) seems to me to be unanswerable, since there is so little uniformity in the treatment which we mete out to our youth. I seem to observe the most amazing divergences in practice, some parents working night and day while their children play and others outdoing Sparta itself. Your immensely important query might be answered in a couple of volumes or a small encyclopædia.

11. In answering this last question let me insist upon a factor of health to which you have not alluded—the air we breathe. That this be pure, as far as possible free from gaseous or solid filth, is a matter of the first importance. As regards exercise, therefore, the first—and, indeed, I am inclined to say, the only—consideration is that it be such exercise as can and must be taken in pure air. To spend a night in a bedroom

with windows closed, and on getting up to manipulate dumb-bells or an "exerciser," meanwhile rebreathing the interesting collection of poisonous compounds which have accumulated during the night as a consequence of your vital functions—this is the last word of folly. The only exercise worth a straw is that which takes one into the open air and into such sunshine as the heavens may vouchsafe. If I had to choose I should much rather spend half an hour in a Bath chair in air and direct sunlight than in wielding Indian clubs in an unventilated and unilluminated bedroom. There is as much nonsense talked about exercise as about most things. Many people who live sensible lives under clean conditions thrive without any exercise whatever. I did so for six years as a student myself. But if you want a plain answer to your question, I can only reply, *walking*. If I were unbiased I should probably add *golf*, but I am a cricketer and have to hate golf on principle.

(Signed) C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

Dr. W. K. Sibley, of Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W., author of "The Treatment of Disease by Light and Heat," etc., sends these answers:—

From a Photo. by] DR. W. K. SIBLEY. *[Russell & Sons.*

1. The age at which infants begin to need more solid food than milk depends entirely upon the eruption of the teeth. No food other than milk should ever be given until at least two teeth have appeared, which is generally between the sixth and eighth months. Meat should not be given until the infant is eighteen months old. From the seventh month, if two teeth have been cut, a little veal or mutton broth, in which a vegetable, such as a carrot, has been boiled, may, after careful straining, be given once daily to replace one of the milk meals. No potatoes should be eaten till one year old.

2. Animals in a state of nature know when they have had enough to eat, but not so under domestication. Our youth, brought up under the bane of modern civilization, generally know when they have had enough bread and butter, but rarely when sufficient meat or sweets have been consumed.

3. At what age do grown people begin to require less food? Not until the amount of physical or mental energy expended begins to be diminished.

4. There can be no fixed rule by which to judge of the amount of food and liquid required, so much depends upon the occupation and habits of the individual. Those leading sedentary lives require much less than those of more active pursuits. Some thin people require more food than stout.

5. Undoubtedly such a strict regimen as Cornaro's would be most advantageous under medical supervision, but the restriction would be quite impossible except with a very limited number of individuals of ascetic natures.

6. Yes; the well-to-do do, as a rule, eat too much. Excess of eating and drinking, the fashion of modern society, is the commonest cause of most of the so-called trivial ailments commencing before middle life. The present-day individual sooner or later becomes the victim of many rheumatic or gouty symptoms, most conveniently classed under the heading "Goutiness." These are usually, in the first place, due to a want of equilibrium between the intake and the output. The commonest phenomena of these conditions are flatulence, dyspepsia, palpitation, insomnia, migraine, nervous depression, and, later on, chronic bronchitis, asthma, etc., not to mention the obvious pains of a typical rheumatic nature occurring in the nerves and joints. In most cases all are the result of errors of diet and the persistent overloading of the digestive apparatus by too much, too rich, and often badly-cooked food.

The fashion of three or four large meals a day, each of a very miscellaneous and often highly nitrogenous character, must inevitably in time produce disastrous results. The lower animals feed only when they are hungry; man at regular intervals fixed by custom, and absolutely irrespective of appetite. Who ever heard of a modern society individual only eating when hungry?—though many indulge in appetizers to produce an artificial craving for more food than is necessary. The worst forms of over-eating occur in those people—a numerous class—who are already suffering from an overtaxed digestive apparatus and whose blood is saturated with the deleterious products of a too liberal diet, which excess their systems, owing to hereditary or acquired conditions, are unable to get rid of by natural processes. These persons, on account of the distressing sensations they suffer, are told, or more frequently persuade themselves, that more nourishment is necessary, and so, in addition to their fixed excessive daily meals, add coal to the fire by taking small quantities of nourishment between times and even during the hours of the night, when Nature attempts to enforce some rest for the digestive organs. A few hours' starvation occasionally would be an excellent treatment for the majority of town dwellers of the well-to-do classes. A treatment which gained a large reputation a few years ago consisted in the simple prescription of only taking a cup of coffee and roll for breakfast, as is the custom on the Continent. This was attended by excellent results in many people who were accustomed to consume a large quantity of animal food with the first meal of the day.

7. Yes. Tea-drinking in excess is becoming almost as much a curse and cause of disease as alcohol. Undoubtedly it should be taken much weaker and of a better quality, and never with meat meals. The price at which many so-called teas are sold in this country is lower than the cheapest tea can be bought in China or India.

8. Grey hair is largely hereditary and due to family predisposition. General attention to living a healthy life, avoiding excessive mental fatigue and strain, and keeping early hours is the best general preventive to premature greyness and other senile degenerative changes.

9. No, youth are not treated too softly; but a little more sense and scientific knowledge is desirable in the regulation of the hours of sleep, and the school food should be of a less monotonous character, of a superior quality, and better cooked. Generally, with very few exceptions, our public as well as private schools are primarily conducted to show good profits on the fees paid, and the commissariat department is the one largely looked to to produce this, the health of our youth being a very secondary consideration.

10. Women's health and beauty are best preserved by leading a natural and not an artificial life. Women were intended by Nature to be mothers of families and to devote their time and attention to their children and homes. Regular habits, simple but properly-cooked food, early hours, sleeping with open windows—these are the best preservatives of comeliness. A lovely form should be the expression of a healthy mind. Our grandmothers with their mode of life were more comely to look upon than the fashionable women of to-day; their homes were homes, and not mere dressing-rooms in which to pass a brief period between their numerous rounds of amusement. It is the modern pace which kills both comeliness of body and beauty of mind. Anything is nowadays sacrificed for excitement, everything for a new sensation.

11. More individual manual labour, less dependence upon others to do things for us. Laziness in all classes is the malady of the age. For exercise for the young of both sexes, the hygienic advantages of the old-fashioned skipping-rope have never been superseded, even by the recent physical culture exercises "made in Germany." This form of exercise expands the chest, develops the limbs, and invigorates the system, especially when executed in the open air. Where practicable, however, the best form of all-the-year-round exercise for the majority of city dwellers would be for them to return to the soil with a spade and dig and till the earth. This must be the ultimate cure for the disease of modern town existence.

(Signed) W. KNOWSLEY SIBLEY, M.A., M.D., etc., Physician N.W. London Hospital.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known popular writer on health subjects, answers:—

1. The age when solid food should be substituted in part for milk in the case of infants is perfectly ascertained. In the case of the healthy child, milk should form the staple article of diet up to the age of seven months or so. To give a child under this age such a food as starch is to give it what Nature teaches us it cannot digest.

2. I should say appetite—natural and not

abnormal—is a fairly reasonable guide to the choice of food. Children like sugar, for example, and sugar can replace fat to a large extent. Fat, children do not as a rule care for.

3. The quantity of food needed bears a distinct relation to the weight of body and to the necessities of the body. The growing body has not merely to make good its daily loss (the result of bodily work), but demands material for body-building; therefore, the amount of food, proportionately to body-weight, is greater in youth than in adult life. In old age, with less output of energy and no necessity for body-building, the quantity of food needed is lessened. Women require less food than men.

4. There can be no fixed rule as regards the quantity of food or liquid required in each particular case. We live by the results of experience, and individual temperament counts for much, as also do work and other conditions of life. The average proportion of foods for the healthy adult is about one of the body-building materials to four of the materials that go to develop energy or the power of doing work.

DR. ANDREW WILSON.
From a Photograph.

5. Cornaro's case I regard as an exceptional one. I do not think his dietary would suffice for a man in Britain doing a fair amount of muscular work every day. The farther north we go, more meat and fat are consumed. Pure vegetarianism (apart from individual cases) is the diet of warm regions. Cornaro was not a teetotaler, but took his pint or so of wine per day.

6. I certainly think not only the well-to-do but the masses eat too much. We have been brought up in the idea that repletion and not mere satisfaction is the rule to be followed. Professor Chittenden, of America, has shown that health and strength can be conserved on quantities of food much under the standard usually regarded as necessary. I am of opinion we should enjoy better health all round if we ate less, and many people are at last beginning to realize the truth and to practise a more simple style of living.

7. I certainly think tea-bibbing is a modern evil. It has become a kind of social vice, which many medical men tell us is attended by the development of nervous symptoms. At the same time tea does much less harm than alcohol or than coffee. Tea should always be taken of good quality.

8. Avoid wetting the hair (as in the morning bath) frequently; this is a common source of premature greyness and baldness. Apply daily a dressing composed of oils, and represented by brilliantine, devoid of an excess of spirit. Have the hair washed once every ten days, and use moderately hard brushes only. If any dye is needed use one of the walnut or vegetable order; mineral, and especially lead, dyes are dangerous.

9. As to a more Spartan treatment of youth, I do not see that there is any need to depart from the practice of the ordinary laws of health. Bring the youth up trained to take a fair amount of exercise, give him sufficient hours of sleep, encourage him in his games (with due regard to the avoidance of making "sport" the end of the games), and you will develop the hardy man. I do not think we want a more Spartan treatment, any more than we desire to "coddle" our youth.

10. The laws of health that apply to men's welfare also apply to that of women. Certainly there are special conditions to be reckoned with in the case of girls, but I regard the greater attention paid to-day to girls' exercise and calisthenics, and to their more active participation in tennis, cycling, golf, and the like, as an admirable aid to their better physical development. The modern woman is more robust, on the whole, than was her mother.

11. It is difficult to determine what general exercise could be prescribed for all. I think many of the appliances now used to strengthen the muscles, and such as can be used indoors, represent a very efficient form of exercise which can be used by everybody and under all circumstances. A wet day may prevent outdoor exercises of all kinds; but, taking it all round, I feel convinced a good walk, with part of it uphill, is as excellent a form of exercise as anybody can take. It encourages deep breathing, braces the muscles, tones up the heart, and promotes the action of the skin—all excellent results of natural exercise.

The following answers are given by Dr.

Yorke-Davies, of Harley Street, author of "Foods for the Fat," "Health and Condition in the Active and Sedentary," etc. :—

1. The foundations of a strong constitution and long life are laid during the period of infancy and adolescence, and the first essential in life is that the infant should be suckled by its mother for the first six months or even longer. Dry-nursed children have never the stamina in after-life of those brought up as Nature ordained. Indeed, an infant should be fed on nothing but its mother's milk until it gets its first four teeth, which, as a rule, come between the eighth and ninth month. After this ordinary milk may be given, thickened with baked flour, bread or biscuits, arrowroot, jelly, porridge, or other *well-cooked* farinaceous substances. After the teething period is over, or a little before, which ranges from the eighteenth to the twenty-fourth month, a child may be given a little meat, cut small, once a day, bread and butter, or any easily-digested farinaceous pudding. Red meats, well cooked, are preferable for children, and mutton is the best of all.

2. During childhood and youth proper nourishing food of any kind is, naturally, essential to growth and development, and appetite in the case of children is the best guide as to what quantity they should take. If the food is not too tempting they are not likely to over-gorge, and it goes without saying that growing children, male or female, require plenty of food, as it is used not only in maintaining strength, health, and condition, but also in promoting growth and development.

3. In the case of schoolboys and schoolgirls they undoubtedly should take as much food as grown-up people, and I only wish I could say that the food of children in schools is what it ought to be. No parent is doing justice to his offspring if he does not thoroughly acquaint himself with the food of the school that he trusts his child's life and health to, and this applies until growth is established.

4. No absolute rule can be laid down as to the amount of food a grown-up man or woman should take, because so much depends upon work, mental or physical, climate, etc., as the case may be, and the diet applicable in any one condition is not always so in another; but I do not consider, broadly speaking, that twenty-four ounces a day of solid food is too little; while, with regard to fluid, so long as it is harmless—such as tea, coffee in moderation, water, and aerated waters, etc.—it can be taken to any extent. In fact, fluid assists the kidneys in eliminating the waste of the body, much as air assists the lungs in eliminating deleterious products.

5. Cornaro is no authority to go by, and there is no way of testing the truth of the story of the quantity of food he took. I look upon it simply as a fable. Undoubtedly in our more northerly climate more food than this is required; but, on the other hand, on the knowledge of diet, and the food that maintains tissue, and the food that maintains warmth, and the equable apportioning of these, health and strength and life are maintained, and simple dietetics thus far should be studied by all.

6. In these days we eat a great deal more than we should, and this is due to the fact that the refinements of cookery tempt the appetite beyond the requirements of hunger. The dinner menu is too long and varied, and hence the temptation to eat too much is fostered to our detriment.

7. The quantity of tea we should drink depends in a great measure on how it is made and what its quality is. I always consider that ordinary people would do well to drink tea twice a day. This should be carefully made. The tea should be infused in a vessel, already heated, with boiling water, and for not longer than five minutes. There is certainly much difference in the quality of tea, and some are far more beneficial than others as containing more theine, which is one of the properties of tea peculiarly useful to the system. I am a strong advocate of those teas grown in Ceylon, and, of course, as in every case, the better the quality of this, the better it is for the health of those who indulge in this beverage, that has stood the test of time, and which seems to be increasing so much in public favour.

8. Those who have to work, either by manual or by mental labour, and who desire to live long and to retain the appearance of youth when youth has passed, such as the colour of the hair and its profusion, the ability to do mental or physical work with enjoyment, and to be useful even to old age, is simply a matter of food, exercise, fresh air, and other factors which are within the reach of those of every age and condition in life.

9. During the schooldays, which would mean from the age of ten to the age of seventeen—in some cases earlier—there are two factors which are essential to the proper development of both the mental and physical faculties, these being food and exercise.

There is no fixed rule that I am aware of, in any public or private school where boys are boarded, and where a fixed and wholesome dietary is carried out; but undoubtedly the schoolboy should have ample food to maintain physical and mental strength, and on this, with plenty of sleep, depends his ability to stand hardship and maintain sound health and stamina.

10. Beauty and comeliness in the female sex is almost entirely a matter of diet and exercise. Certainly nothing destroys this so effectively and gives the appearance of age so much as over-stoutness. There is no excuse for either sex becoming unwieldy, ungainly, and prematurely old. The female may seek the aid of the *corsetière* or the *modiste*, but the burden with all its discomforts and dangers will not be hid. Happily, a properly-constituted dietary will quickly remove all this, and permanently restore the figure and youthfulness of the sufferer. I think I may speak authoritatively on this subject, as I have had occasion to advise people, personally and by correspondence, in all parts of the world for the reduction of weight. This, done by a properly-adjusted dietary, is rapid, permanent, and safe at any age. The victim should beware of quacks and their remedies.

DR. YORKE-DAVIES.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

11. Whatever form exercise may take it is important that it should bring the blood to the surface and induce perspiration, and this is not done unless the exercise, whatever kind it may be, is brisk. Outdoor exercise is undoubtedly essential to robust health, and in all cases when taken regularly and with discretion tends to increase strength and improve condition. If indoor exercise is taken the same rule applies and the object should be to induce perspiration, and to bring the greatest possible number of muscles into play.

Although our symposium shows some striking divergences of opinion on certain points, yet in the main, and in regard to what may be called the core of the questions, there is exhibited a very remarkable agreement. For instance, all agree that tea taken too strong is injurious. Perhaps the greatest unity, however, is shown in regard to over-feeding. All agree that the well-to-do eat too much, and especially too much meat. Several writers think there is much over-eating on the part of the poor also, but in this case because they take the wrong sort of food. All, again, are fairly well agreed on the point of the feeding of infants; the mother's milk is the best diet for them—until they get teeth.

With regard to the feeding and care generally of children and youth we have some excellent remarks, and parents cannot do better than take them to heart. The notes by Dr. Haddon on Scottish children are especially noteworthy. The views, too, in regard to the health and beauty of women are well worth considering, though we may be sure they will not be followed — except, perhaps, by one here and there.

And here we come to much divergence of opinion. While some perceive signs of deterioration in the people, others rather scout the idea of such falling away from physical fitness. Dr. Rhodes, of Manchester, is very strong on this point, and he has given much thought to the subject. But it must be borne in mind that, while Dr. Rhodes is thinking of the Lancashire factory-worker, the generality of those whose views are given appear to have in mind the large mass of the upper and lower middle class—fairly well or extremely well-to-do—who show signs of deterioration because of their generally unhygienic habits. In this regard some of the opinions expressed are very outspoken and evidently no less sincere, and in any case are eminently worthy of the consideration of all.

Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

III.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE JOYOUS VENTURE.

IT was too hot to run about in the open, so Dan asked their friend, old Hobden, to take their own dinghy from the pond and put her on the brook at the bottom of the garden. Her painted name was the *Daisy*, but for exploring expeditions she was the *Golden Hind* or the *Long Serpent*, or some such suitable name. Dan hiked and howked with a boat-hook (the brook was too narrow for sculls), and Una punted with a piece of hop-pole. When they came to a very shallow place (the *Golden Hind* drew quite three inches of water) they disembarked and scuffled her over the gravel by her tow-rope, and when they reached the overgrown banks beyond the garden they pulled themselves up stream by the low branches.

That day they intended to discover the North Cape like "Othere, the old sea-captain," in the book of verses which Una had brought with her, but on account of the heat they changed it to a voyage up the Amazon and the sources of the Nile. Even on the shaded water the air was hot and heavy with drowsy scents, while outside, through breaks in the trees, the sunshine burned the pasture like fire. The kingfisher was asleep on his watching branch, and the blackbirds scarcely took the trouble to dive into the next bush. Dragon-flies wheeling and clashing were the only things at work, except the moor-hens and a big Red Admiral, who flapped down out of the sunshine for a drink.

When they reached Otter Pool the *Golden Hind* grounded comfortably on a shallow, and they lay beneath a roof of close green, watching the water trickle over the flood-gates down the mossy brick chute from the mill-stream to the brook. A big trout—the children knew him well—rolled head and shoulders at some fly that sailed round the bend, while once in just so often the brook rose a fraction of an inch against all the wet pebbles, and they watched the slow draw and shiver of a breath of air through the tree tops. Then the little voices of the slipping water began again.

"It's like the shadows talking, isn't it?" said Una. She had given up trying to read. Dan lay over the bows, trailing his hands in the current. They heard feet on the gravel-bar that runs half across the pool and saw Sir Richard Dalyngridge standing over them.

"Was yours a dangerous voyage?" he asked, smiling.

"She bumped a lot, sir," said Dan. "There's hardly any water this summer."

"Ah, the brook was deeper and wider when my children played at Danish pirates. Are you pirate folk?"

"Oh, no. We gave up being pirates years ago," explained Una. "We're nearly always explorers now. Sailing round the world, you know."

"Round?" said Sir Richard. He sat him in the comfortable crotch of an old ash-root on the bank. "How can it be round?"

"Wasn't it in your books?" Dan suggested. He had been doing geography at his last lesson.

"I can neither write nor read," he replied. "Canst *thou* read, child?"

"Yes," said Dan, "barring the very long words."

"Wonderful! Read to me, that I may hear for myself."

Dan flushed, but opened the book and began gabbling a little at "The Discoverer of the North Cape."

> "Othere, the old sea captain,
> Who dwelt in Helgoland,
> To Alfred, lover of truth,
> Brought a snow-white walrus tooth,
> That he held in his right hand."

"But—but—this I know! This is an old song! This I have heard sung! This is a miracle," Sir Richard interrupted. "Nay, do not stop!" He leaned forward, and the shadows of the leaves slipped and slid upon his chain-mail.

> "I ploughed the land with horses,
> But my heart was ill at ease,
> For the old sea-faring men
> Came to me now and then
> With their Sagas of the Seas."

His hand fell on the hilt of the great sword. "This is truth," he cried, "for so did it happen to me," and he beat time delightedly to the tramp of verse after verse.

> "'And now the land,' said Othere,
> 'Bent southward suddenly,
> And I followed the curving shore,
> And ever southward bore
> Into a nameless sea.'"

"A nameless sea!" he repeated. "So did I—so did Hugh and I."

"Where did you go? Tell us," said Una

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"Wait. Let me hear all first," and Dan read to the poem's very end.

"Good," said the knight. "That is Othere's tale—even as I have heard the men in Dane ships sing it. Not in those same valiant words, but something like to them."

"Have you ever explored North?" Dan shut the book.

"Nay. My venture was South. Farther

"A MARSH MAN RAN TO US CRYING THAT HE HAD SEEN A GREAT BLACK GOAT WHICH BORE ON HIS BACK THE BODY OF THE KING."

South than any man has fared, Hugh and I went down with Witta and his heathen." He jerked the tall sword forward, and leaned on it with both hands; but his eyes looked past them.

"I thought you always lived here," said Una, timidly.

"Yes; so long as my Lady Ælueva lived. But she died. Then, my eldest son being a man, I asked De Aquila's leave that my son should hold the manor while I went on some journey or pilgrimage—to forget. De Aquila, whom the Second William had made Warden of Pevensey in Earl Mortain's place, was very old then, but still he rode his tall, roan horses, and in the saddle he looked like a little white falcon. When Hugh, at Dallington over yonder, heard what I did, he sent for my second son, whom being unmarried he had ever looked upon as his own child, and, by De Aquila's leave, gave him the manor of Dallington to hold till he should return. Then Hugh came with me."

"When did this happen?" said Dan.

"That I can answer to the very day, for as we rode with De Aquila by Pevensey—have I said that he was Lord of Pevensey and of the Honour of the Eagle?—to the Bordeaux ship that fetched him his wines yearly out of France, a Marsh man ran to us crying that he had seen a great black goat which bore on his back the body of the King, and that the goat had spoken to him. On that same day Red William our King, the Conqueror's son, died of a secret arrow while he hunted in a forest. 'This is a cross matter,' said De Aquila, 'to meet on the threshold of a journey. If Red William be dead I may have to fight for my lands. Wait a little.'

"My Lady being dead, I cared nothing for signs and omens, nor Hugh either. We took that wine-ship to go to Bordeaux; but the wind failed while we were yet in sight of Pevensey, a thick mist hid us, and we drifted with the tide along the cliffs to the west. Our company was, for the most part, merchants returning to France, and we were laden with wool and there were three couple of tall hunting dogs chained to the rail. Their master was a knight of Artois. His name I never learned, but his shield bore gold pieces on a red ground, and he limped, much as I do, from a wound which he had got in his youth at Mantes siege. He served the Duke of Burgundy against the Moors in Spain, and was returning to that war with his dogs. He sang us strange Moorish songs that first night, and half persuaded us to go with him. I was on pilgrimage to forget—which is what no pilgrimage brings. I think I would have gone, but. . . .

"Look you how the life and fortune of

man changes! Towards morning a Dane ship, rowing silently, struck against us in the mist, and while we rolled hither and yon Hugh, leaning over the rail, fell outboard. I leaped after him, and we two tumbled aboard the Dane, and were caught and bound ere we could rise. Our own ship was swallowed up in the mist. I judge the Knight of the Gold Pieces muzzled his dogs with his cloak, lest they should give tongue and betray the merchants, for I heard their baying suddenly stop.

"We lay bound among the benches till morning, when the Danes dragged us to the high deck by the steering-place, and their captain—Witta, he was called—turned us over with his foot. Bracelets of gold from elbow to armpit he wore, and his red hair was long as a woman's, and came down in plaited locks on his shoulder. He was stout, with bowed legs and long arms. He spoiled us of all we had, but when he laid hand on Hugh's sword and saw the runes on the blade he thrust it hastily back. Yet his covetousness overcame him and he tried again and again, and the third time the Sword sang loud and angrily, so that the rowers leaned on their oars to listen. Here they all spoke together, screaming like gulls, and a Yellow Man, such as I have never seen, came to the high deck and cut our bonds. He was yellow—not from sickness, but by nature—yellow as saffron, and his eyes stood endwise in his head."

"How do you mean?" said Una, her chin on her hand.

"Thus," said Sir Richard. He put a finger to the corner of each eye, and pushed it up till his eyes narrowed to slits.

"Why, you look just like a Chinaman," cried Dan. "Was the man a Chinaman?"

"I know not what that may be. Witta had found him half dead among ice on the shore of Muscovy. *We* thought he was a devil. He crawled before us and brought food in a silver dish which these sea-wolves had robbed from some rich abbey, and Witta with his own hands gave us wine. He spoke a little in French, a little in South Saxon, and much in the Northman's tongue. We asked him to set us ashore, promising to pay him better ransom than he would get price if he sold us to the Moors — as once befell a knight of my acquaintance sailing from Flushing.

"'Not by my father Guthrum's head,' said he. 'The Gods sent ye into my ship for a luck-offering.'

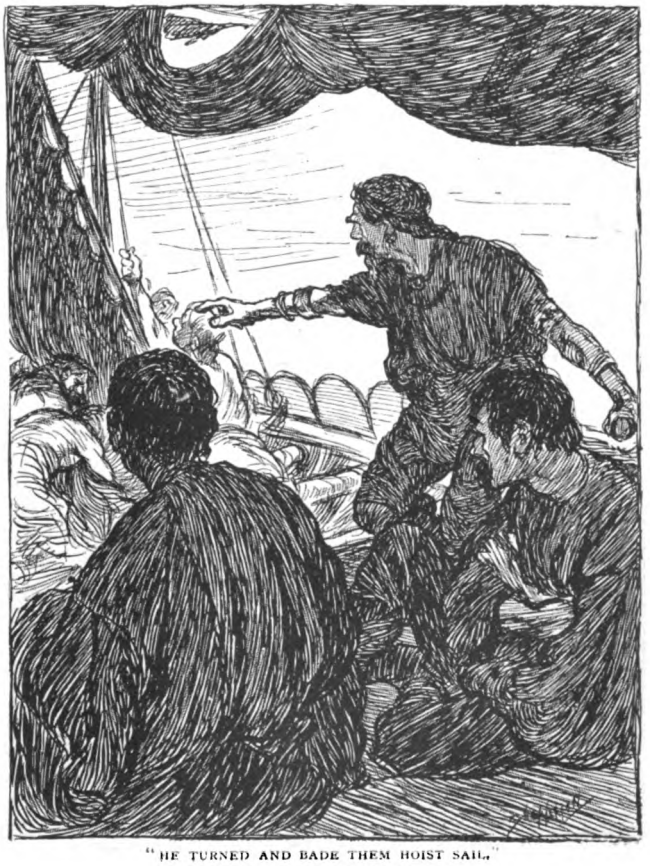
"At this I quaked, for I knew it was still the Danes' custom to sacrifice captives to their gods for fair weather.

"'A plague on thy four long bones!' said Hugh. 'What profit canst thou make of poor old pilgrims that can neither work nor fight?'

"'Gods forbid I should fight against thee, poor Pilgrim with the singing Sword,' said he. 'Come with us and be poor no more. Thy teeth are far apart, which is a sure sign thou wilt travel and grow rich.'

"'What if we will not come?' said Hugh.

"'Swim to England or France,' said Witta. 'We are midway between the two. Unless ye choose to drown yourselves no hair of your head will be harmed here aboard. We



"HE TURNED AND BADE THEM HOIST SAIL."

think ye bring us luck, and I myself know the runes on that Sword are good.' He turned and bade them hoist sail.

"Hereafter all made way for us as we walked about the ship, and the ship was full of wonders."

"What was she like?" said Dan.

"Long, low, and narrow, bearing one mast with a red sail, and rowed by fifteen oars aside," the knight answered. "At her bows was a deck under which men might lie, and at her stern another shut off by a painted door from the rowers' benches. Here Hugh and I slept, with Witta and the Yellow Man, upon tapestries as soft as wool. I remember" —he laughed to himself—"when first we entered there a loud voice cried, 'Out swords! out swords! Kill, kill!' Seeing us start Witta laughed, and showed us it was but a great-beaked grey bird with a red tail. He sat her on his shoulder, and she called for bread and wine hoarsely, and prayed him to kiss her. Yet she was no more than a silly bird. But—ye knew this?" He looked at their smiling faces.

"We weren't laughing at you," said Una. "That must have been a parrot. It's just what Pollies do."

"So we learned later. But here is another marvel. The Yellow Man, whose name was Kitai, had with him a brown box. In the box was a blue bowl with red marks upon the rim, and within the bowl, hanging from a fine thread, was a piece of iron no thicker than that grass stem, and as long, maybe, as my spur, but straight. In this iron, said Witta, abode an evil spirit which Kitai, the Yellow Man, had brought by art magic out of his own country that lay three years' journey southward. The evil spirit strove day and night to return to his country, and therefore, look you, the iron needle pointed continually to the South."

"South?" said Dan, suddenly, and put his hand into his pocket.

"With my own eyes I saw it. Every day and all day long, though the ship rolled, though the sun and the moon and the stars were hid, this blind spirit in the iron knew whither it would go, and strained to the South. Witta called it the Wise Iron, because it showed him his way across the unknowable seas." Again Sir Richard looked keenly at the children. "How think ye? Was it sorcery?"

"Was it anything like this?" Dan fished out his old brass pocket-compass, that generally lived with his knife and key-ring. "The glass has got cracked, but the needle waggles all right, sir."

The knight drew a long breath of wonder. "Yes, yes. The Wise Iron shook and swung in just this fashion. Now it is still. Now it points to the South."

"North," said Dan.

"Nay, South! There is the South," said Sir Richard. Then they both laughed, for naturally if one end of a straight compass-needle points to the North, the other must point to the South.

"Té," said Sir Richard, clicking his tongue. "There can be no sorcery if a child carries it. Wherefore does it point South—or North?"

"Father says nobody knows," said Una.

Sir Richard looked relieved. "Then it may still be magic. It was magic to *us*. And so we voyaged. When the wind served we hoisted sail, and lay all up along the windward rail, our shields on our backs to break the spray. When it failed, they rowed with long oars; the Yellow Man sat by the Wise Iron, and Witta steered. At first I feared the great white-flowering waves, but as I saw how wisely Witta led his ship among them I grew bolder. Hugh liked it well from the first. My skill is not upon the water; and rocks, and whirlpools such as we saw by the West Isles of France, where an oar caught on a rock and broke, are clean against my stomach. We sailed South across a stormy sea, where by moonlight, between clouds, we saw a Flanders ship roll clean over and sink. Again, though Hugh laboured with Witta all night, I lay under the deck with the Talking Bird, and cared not whether I lived or died. There is a sickness of the sea which is pure death for three days. When we next saw land Witta said it was Spain, and we stood out to sea. That coast was full of ships busy in the Duke's war against the Moors, and we feared to be hanged by the Duke's men or sold into slavery by the Moors. So we put into a small harbour which Witta knew. At night men came down with loaded mules, and Witta exchanged amber out of the Baltic against little wedges of iron and packets of beads in earthen pots. The pots he put under the decks, and the wedges of iron he laid on the bottom of the ship after he had cast out the stones and shingle which till then had been our ballast. Wine, too, he bought for lumps of sweet-smelling grey amber—a little morsel no bigger than a thumbnail purchased a cask of wine. But I speak like a merchant."

"No, no. Tell us what you had to eat," cried Dan.

"Meat dried in the sun, and dried fish and ground beans, Witta took in, and loaded frails of a certain sweet, soft fruit, which the Moors use, which is like paste of figs, but with thin, long stones. Ah! Dates is the name.

"'Now,' said Witta, when the ship was loaded, 'I counsel you, strangers, to pray to your gods, for from here on our road is No Man's road.' He and his men killed a black goat for sacrifice on the bows; and the Yellow Man brought out a small, smiling image of dull-green glass and burned incense before it. Hugh and I commended ourselves to God, and Saint Bartholomew, and Our Lady of the Assumption, who was specially dear to my Lady.

We were not young, but I think no shame to say when, as we drove out of that secret

"HE AND HIS MEN KILLED A BLACK GOAT FOR SACRIFICE ON THE BOWS."

harbour at sunrise over a still sea, we two rejoiced and sang as did the knights of old when they followed our great Duke to England. Yet was our leader an heathen pirate; all our proud fleet but one galley perilously overloaded; for guidance we leaned on a pagan sorcerer; and our port was beyond the world's end. Witta told us that his father Guthrum had once in his life rowed along the shores of Africa to a land where naked men sold gold for iron and beads. There had he bought much gold, and no few elephants' teeth, and thither by help of the Wise Iron would Witta go. Witta feared nothing—except to be poor.

"'My father told me,' said Witta, 'that a great Shoal runs three days' sail out from that land, and south of the shoal lies a forest, which grows in the sea. South and east of the Forest my father came to a place where ten men hid gold in their hair; but all that country, he said, was full of Devils who lived in trees, and tore folk limb from limb. How think ye?'

"'Gold or no gold,' said Hugh, fingering his sword, 'it is a joyous venture. Have at those devils of thine, Witta.'

"'Venture!' said Witta, sourly. 'I am only a poor sea-thief. I do not set my life adrift on a plank for joy, or the venture. Once I beach ship again at Staffanger, and feel the wife's arms round my neck, I'll seek no more ventures. A ship is heavier care than a wife or cattle.'

"He leaped down among the rowers, chiding them for their little strength and their great stomachs. Yet Witta was a wolf in fight, and a very fox in cunning.

"We were driven South by a storm, and for three days and three nights he took the stern-oar, and threddled the long ship through the sea. When it rose beyond measure he brake a pot of whale's oil upon the water, which wonderfully smoothed it, and in that anointed patch he turned her head to the wind and threw out oars at the end of a rope, to make, he said, an anchor at which we lay rolling sorely, but dry. This craft his father Guthrum had shown him. He knew, too, all the Leech-Book of Bald, who was a wise doctor, and he knew the Ship-Book of Hlaf the Woman, who robbed Egypt. He knew all the care of a ship.

"After the storm we saw a mountain whose top was covered with snow and pierced the clouds. The grasses under this mountain, boiled and eaten, are a good cure for soreness of the gums and swelled ankles. We lay there eight days, till men in skins threw stones at us. When the heat increased Witta spread a cloth on bent sticks above the rowers, for the wind failed between the Island

of the Mountain and the shore of Africa, which is east of it. That shore is sandy, and we rowed along it within three bowshots. Here we saw whales, and fish in the shape of shields, but longer than our ship. Some slept, some opened their mouths at us, and some danced on the hot waters. The water was hot to the hand, and the sky was hidden by hot, grey mists, out of which blew a fine dust that whitened our hair and beards of a morning. Here, too, were fish that flew in the air like birds. They would fall on the laps of the rowers, and when we went ashore we would roast and eat them."

The knight paused to see if the children doubted him, but they only nodded and said, "Go on."

"The yellow land lay on our left, the grey sea on our right. Knight though I was, I pulled my oar amongst the rowers. I caught seaweed and dried it, and stuffed it between the pots of beads lest they should break. Knighthood is for the land. At sea, look you, a man is but a naked man on a bridleless horse. I learned to make strong knots in ropes—yes, and to join two ropes end to end, so that even Witta could scarcely see where they had been married. But Hugh had tenfold more sea-cunning than I. Witta gave him charge of the rowers of the left side. Thorkild of Borkum, a man with a broken nose, that wore a Norman steel cap, had the rowers of the right, and each side rowed and sang against the other. They saw that no man was idle. Truly, as Hugh said, and Witta would laugh at him, a ship is all more care than a manor.

"How? Thus. There was water to fetch from the shore when we could find it, as well as wild fruit and grasses, and sand for scrubbing of the decks and benches to keep them sweet. Also we hauled the ship out on low islands and emptied all her gear, even to the iron wedges, and burned off the weed that had grown on her with torches of rush, and smoked below the decks with rushes dampened in salt water, as Hlaf the Woman orders in her Ship-Book. Once when we were thus stripped, and the ship lay propped on her side, the bird cried, 'Out swords!' as though she saw an enemy. Witta vowed he would wring her neck."

"Poor Polly! Did he?" said Una.

"Nay. She was the ship's bird. She could call all the rowers by name. . . . Those were good days—for a wifeless man—with Witta and his heathen—beyond the world's end. . . . After many weeks we came on the great surf which stretched, as Witta's father had said, far out to sea. We skirted it till we were giddy with the sight and dizzy with the sound of shoals and breakers, and when we reached land again we found a naked people dwelling among woods, who for one little wedge of iron loaded us with fruits and grasses and eggs. Witta scratched his head at them in sign he would buy gold. They had no gold, but they understood the sign (all the gold-traders hide their gold in their thick hair), for they pointed along the coast. They beat, too, on their chests with their clenched hands, and that, if we had known it, was an evil sign."

"What did it mean?" said Dan.

"Patience. Ye shall hear. We followed the coast eastward sixteen days (counting time by sword-cuts on the helm-rail) till we came to the Forest in the Sea. Trees grew there out of mud, arched upon lean and high roots, and many muddy waterways ran all whither into darkness under the trees. Here we lost the sun. We followed the winding channels between the trees, and where we could not row we laid hold of the crusted roots and hauled ourselves along. The water was foul, and great glittering flies tormented us. Morning and evening a blue mist covered the mud, which bred fevers. Four of our rowers sickened, and were bound to their benches, lest they should leap overboard and be eaten by the monsters of the mud. The Yellow Man lay sick beside the Wise Iron, rolling his head and talking in his own tongue. Only the Bird throve. She sat on Witta's shoulder and screamed in that noisome, silent darkness. Yes; I think it was the silence we feared."

He paused to listen to the comfortable home noises of the brook.

"When we had lost count of time among those black gullies and swashes we heard, as it were, a drum beat far off, and following it we broke into a broad, brown river by a hut in a clearing among fields of pumpkins. We thanked God to see the sun again. The people of the village gave the good welcome, and Witta scratched his head at them (for gold), and showed them our iron and beads. They ran to the bank—we were still in the ship—and pointed to our swords and bows, for always when near shore we lay armed. Soon they fetched store of gold in bars and in dust from their huts, and some great blackened elephant teeth. These they piled on the bank, as though to tempt us, and made signs of dealing blows in battle, and pointed up to the tree tops, and to the forest behind. Their captain or chief sorcerer then

beat on his chest with his fists, and gnashed his teeth.

"Said Thorkild of Borkum: 'Do they mean we must fight for all this gear?' and he half drew sword.

"'Nay,' said Hugh. 'I think they ask us to league against some enemy.'

"'I like this not,' said Witta, of a sudden. 'Back into midstream.'

"So we did, and sat still all, watching the black folk and the gold they piled on the bank. Again we heard drums beat in the forest, and the people fled to their huts, leaving the gold unguarded.

"WE SAT STILL ALL, WATCHING THE BLACK FOLK."

"Then Hugh, in the bows, pointed without speech, and we saw a great Devil come out of the forest. He shaded his brows with his hand, and moistened his pink tongue between his lips—thus."

"A Devil!" said Dan, delightfully horrified.

"Yea. Taller than a man; covered with reddish hair. When he had well considered our ship, he beat on his chest with his fists till it sounded like rolling drums, and came to the bank swinging all his body between his long arms, and gnashed his teeth at us. Hugh loosed arrow, and pierced him through the throat. He fell roaring, and three other Devils ran out of the forest and hauled him into a tall tree out of sight. Anon they cast down the blood-stained arrow, and lamented together among the leaves. Witta saw the gold on the bank; he was loath to leave it. 'Sirs,' said he (and no man had spoken till then), 'yonder is what we have come so far and so painfully to find, laid out to our very hand. Let us row in while these Devils bewail themselves, and at least bear off what we may.'

"Bold as a wolf, cunning as a fox was Witta! He set four archers on the foredeck to shoot the Devils if they should leap from the tree, which was close to the bank. He manned ten oars aside, and bade them watch his hand to row in or back out, and so coaxed he them toward the bank. But none would set foot ashore, though the gold was within ten paces. No man is hasty to his hanging. They whimpered at their oars like beaten hounds, and Witta bit his fingers for rage.

"Said Hugh of a sudden, 'Hark!' At first we thought it was the buzzing of the glittering flies on the water, but it grew loud and fierce, so that all men heard."

"What?" said Dan and Una together.

"It was the Sword." Sir Richard patted the smooth hilt. "It sang as a Dane sings before battle. 'I go,' said Hugh, and he leaped from the bows and fell among the gold. I was afraid to my four bones' marrow, but for shame's sake I followed, and Thorkild of Borkum leaped after me. None other came. 'Blame me not,' cried Witta behind us, 'I must abide by my ship.' We three had no time to blame or praise. We stooped to the gold and threw it back over our shoulders, one hand on our swords and one eye on the tree, which nigh overhung us.

"I know not how the Devils leaped down, or how the fight began. I heard Hugh cry: 'Out! out!' as though he were at Senlac again; I saw Thorkild's steel cap smitten off his head by a great hairy hand, and I felt an arrow from the ship whistle past my ear. They say that till Witta took his sword to the rowers he could not bring his ship in shore; and each one of the four archers said afterwards that he alone had

pierced the Devil that fought me. I do not know. I went to it in my mail-shirt, which saved my skin. With long-sword and belt-dagger I fought for the life against a Devil whose very feet were hands, and who whirled me back and forth like a dead branch. He had me by the waist, my arms to my side, when an arrow from the ship pierced him between the shoulders, and he loosened grip. I passed my sword twice through him, and he crutched himself away between his long arms, coughing and moaning. Next, as I remember, I saw Thorkild of Borkum bare-headed and smiling, leaping up and down before a Devil that leaped and gnashed his teeth. Then Hugh passed, his sword shifted to his left hand, and I wondered why I had not known that Hugh was a left-handed man; and thereafter I remembered nothing till I felt spray on my face, and we were in sunshine on the open sea. That was twenty days after."

"What had happened? Did Hugh die?" the children asked.

"Never was such a fight fought by christened man," said Sir Richard. "An arrow from the ship had saved me from my Devil, and Thorkild of Borkum had given back before his Devil, till the bowmen on the ship could shoot it all full of arrows from near by; but Hugh's Devil was cunning, and had kept behind trees, where no arrow could reach. Body to body there, by stark strength of sword and hand, had Hugh slain him, and, dying, the thing had clenched his teeth on the sword. Judge what teeth they were!"

Sir Richard turned the sword again that the children might see the two great chiselled gouges on either side of the blade.

"Those same teeth met in Hugh's right arm and side," Sir Richard went on. "I? Oh, I had no more than a broken foot and a fever. Thorkild's ear was bitten, but Hugh's arm and side clean withered away. I saw him where he lay along, sucking a fruit in his left hand. His flesh was wasted off his bones, his hair was patched with white, and his hand was blue-veined like a woman's. He put his left arm round my neck, and whispered, 'Take my sword. It has been thine since Hastings, O, my brother, but I can never hold hilt again.' We lay there on the high deck talking of Senlac, and, I think, of every day since Senlac, and it came so that we both wept. I was weak, and he little more than a shadow.

"I SAW THORKILD OF BORKUM BARE-HEADED AND SMILING, LEAPING UP AND DOWN BEFORE A DEVIL THAT LEAPED AND GNASHED HIS TEETH."

"'Nay—nay,' said Witta, at the helm-rail. 'Gold is a good right arm to any man. Look—look at the gold!' He bade Thorkild show us the gold and the elephants' teeth, as though we had been children. He had brought away all the gold on the bank, and twice as much more, that the people of the village gave him for slaying the Devils. They worshipped us as gods, Thorkild told me: it was one of their old women healed up Hugh's poor arm."

"How much gold did you get?" asked Dan.

"How can I say? Where we came out with wedges of iron under the rowers' feet we returned with wedges of gold hidden beneath planks. There was dust of gold in packages where we slept and along the side, and cross-

wise under the benches were lashed the blackened elephants' teeth.

"'I had sooner have my right arm,' said Hugh, when he had seen all.

"'Ahai! That was my fault,' said Witta. 'I should have taken ransom and landed you in France when first you came aboard, ten months ago.'

"'It is over-late now,' said Hugh, laughing.

"Witta plucked at his long shoulder-lock. 'But think,' said he. 'If I had let ye go—which I swear I would never have done, for I love ye more than brothers—if I had let ye go, by now ye might have been horribly slain by some mere Moor in the Duke of Burgundy's war, or ye might have been murdered by land-thieves, or ye might have died of the plague at an inn. Think of this and do not blame me overmuch, Hugh. See! I will only take a half of the gold.'

"'I blame thee not, Witta,' said Hugh. 'It was a joyous venture, and we thirty-five men here have done what never man has done. If I live till England, I will build me a stout keep over Dallington out of my share.'

"'I will buy cattle and amber and warm red cloth for the wife,' said Witta, 'and I will hold all the land at the head of Staffanger Fiord. Many will fight for me now. But first we must turn North, and with this honest treasure aboard I pray we meet no pirate ships.'

"We did not laugh. We were careful. We were afraid lest we should lose one grain of our gold, for which we had fought Devils.

"'Where is the sorcerer?' said I, for Witta was looking at the Wise Iron in the box, and I could not see the Yellow Man.

"'He has gone to his own country,' said he. 'He rose up in the night while we were beating out of that forest, in the mud, and said that he could see it behind the trees. He leaped out on to the mud, and did not answer when we called, so we called no more. He left the Wise Iron, which is all that I care for—and see, the Spirit still points to the South.'

"We were troubled for fear that the Wise Iron should fail us now that the Yellow Man had gone, and when we saw the Spirit still served us we were afraid of too strong winds, and of shoals, and of careless leaping fish, and of all the people on the shores where we landed."

"Why?" said Dan.

"Because of the gold—because of our gold. Gold changes men altogether. Thorkild of Borkum did not change. He laughed at Witta for his fears, and at us for counselling Witta to furl sail when the ship pitched at all.

"'Better be drowned out of hand,' said Thorkild of Borkum, 'than go tied to a deck-load of yellow dust.'

"He was a landless man, and had been slave to a King in the East. He would have beaten out some of the gold into bands to put round the oars, and round the prow.

"Yet, though he vexed himself for the gold, Witta waited upon Hugh like a woman, lending him his shoulder when the ship rolled, and tying of ropes from side to side that Hugh might hold by them. But for Hugh, he said, and so did all his men, they would never have won the gold. I remember Witta made a little, thin gold ring for the Bird to swing in.

"Three months we rowed and sailed and went ashore for fruits or to clean the ship. When we saw wild horsemen riding among sand-dunes flourishing spears we knew we were on the Moors' coast, and stood over north to Spain, and a strong wind out of the south-west bore us in ten days to a coast of high red rocks, where we heard a hunting-horn blow among the yellow gorse and knew it was England.

"'Now find ye Pevensey yourselves,' said Witta. 'I love not these narrow ship-filled seas.' He set the dried, salted head of the Devil, which Hugh had killed, high on our prow, and all boats fled from us. Yet, for our gold's sake, we were more afraid than they. We crept along the coast by night till we came to the chalk cliffs, and so east to Pevensey. Witta would not come ashore with us, though Hugh promised him wine at Dallington enough to swim in. He was on fire to see his wife, and ran into the Marsh after sunset, and there he left us and our share of gold, and backed out on the same tide. He made no promise; he swore no oath; he looked for no thanks; but to Hugh, an armless man, and to me, an old cripple whom he could have flung into the sea, he passed over wedge upon wedge, packet upon packet of gold and dust of gold, and only ceased when we would take no more. As he stooped from the side to bid us farewell he stripped off his right-arm bracelets and put them all on Hugh's left, and he kissed Hugh on the cheek. I think when Thorkild of Borkum bade the rowers give way we were near weeping. It is true that Witta was an heathen and a pirate; true it is he held us by force many months in his ship, but I loved that bow-legged, blue-eyed man for his great

boldness, his cunning, his skill, and, beyond all, for his simplicity."

"Did he get home all right?" said Dan.

"I never knew. We saw him hoist sail under the moon-track and stand away. I have prayed that he found his wife and the children."

"And what did you do?"

"We waited on the Marsh till the day. Then I sat by the gold, all tied in an old sail, while Hugh went to Pevensey, and De Aquila sent us horses."

Sir Richard crossed hands on his sword-hilt, and stared down stream through the soft warm shadows.

"A whole ship-load of gold!" said Una, looking at the little *Golden Hind*. "But I'm glad I didn't see the Devils."

"I don't believe they were Devils," Dan whispered back.

"Eh?" said Sir Richard. "Witta's father warned him they were unquestionable Devils. One must believe one's father, and not one's children. What were my Devils, then?"

"WHEN THORKILD OF BORKUM BADE THE ROWERS GIVE WAY WE WERE NEAR WEEPING."

Dan flushed all over. "I—I only thought," he stammered; "I've got a book called 'The Gorilla Hunters'—it's a continuation of 'Coral Island,' sir—and it says there that the gorillas (they're big monkeys, you know) were always chewing iron up."

"Not always," said Una. "Only twice." They had been reading "The Gorilla Hunters" up in the orchard.

"Well, anyhow, they always drummed on their chests, like Sir Richard's did, before they went for people. And they built houses in trees, too."

"Ha!" Sir Richard opened his eyes. "Houses like flat nests did our Devils make, where their imps lay and looked at us. I did not see them (I was sick after the fight), but Witta told me and, lo, ye know it also! Wonderful! Were our Devils only nest-building apes? Is there no sorcery left in the world?"

"I don't know," answered Dan, uncomfortably. "I've seen a man take rabbits out of a hat, and he told us we could see how he did it, if we watched hard. And we did."

"But we didn't," said Una, sighing. "Oh! there's Puck!"

The little fellow, brown and smiling, peered between two stems of an ash, nodded, and slid down the bank into the cool spot beside them.

"No sorcery, Sir Richard?" he laughed, and blew on a full dandelion head he had picked. "They tell me that Witta's Wise Iron was a toy. The boy carries such an iron with him. They tell me our Devils were apes, called gorillas!" said Sir Richard, indignantly.

"That is the sorcery of books," said Puck. "I warned thee they were wise children. All people can be wise by reading of books."

"But are the books true?" Sir Richard frowned. "I like not all this reading and writing."

"Ye-es," said Puck, holding the naked dandelion head at arm's length. "But if we hang all fellows who write falsely, why did De Aquila not begin with Gilbert, the Clerk? *He* was false enough."

"Poor false Gilbert. Yet, in his fashion, he was bold," said Sir Richard.

"What did he do?" said Dan.

"He wrote," said Sir Richard. "Is the tale meet for children, think you?" He looked at Puck; but "Tell us! Tell us!" cried Dan and Una together.

(To be continued.)

Malingering.

By Litton Forbes, M.D.

STROLLING one afternoon down a by-street in Paris, the writer was accosted by a man asking for charity on the score of blindness. This was, indeed, no very uncommon experience, but the man attracted attention. He walked quickly and with an air of confidence. He looked fixedly at me, and his eyes seemed to give expression to his thoughts. There was no uncertainty in his gaze, no shifty movements, no drooping or quivering of the lids. His story told of blindness from deep-seated inflammation in both eyes, which the doctors had pronounced incurable. He had at command a rich vocabulary of technical terms, some of which he misplaced absurdly. On closer looking into, the eyes did indeed present a curious appearance. In each the pupil had almost disappeared. The iris or coloured portion had absorbed the central black spot. The pupils had become mere pinholes, but what remained of them was bright and well-defined. A glance was enough for anyone familiar with eye affections. The man was an impostor. He had instilled a drug named eserine, the active principle of the Calabar bean, into each eye. This had contracted the pupils temporarily, without any permanent injury, but the appearance produced was well calculated to lend weight to his other statements.

"HE LOOKED FIXEDLY AT ME, AND HIS EYES SEEMED TO GIVE EXPRESSION TO HIS THOUGHTS."

This Parisian beggar was interesting because he was one of a large number of persons who, for one reason or another, feign diseased conditions. His case and the neighbourhood naturally brought to mind Victor Hugo's "Cour des Miracles." There, as we are told, when the day in the streets was over, the maimed, the blind, the deaf, and the cripple suddenly recovered lost powers, and appeared the sturdy beggars they really were.

Simulation of disease—malingering—is, of course, a very old story. It has existed from remotest times, and is still common enough. Its detection is often a most difficult matter. If the surgeon be off his guard and the malingerer has learned his part well and is possessed of average presence of mind, he is very likely indeed to carry out his deception successfully. Ordinary physicians accustomed to deal with patients of social standing are not on the look-out for such cases, and are, therefore, often taken in. A smart nurse, a workhouse surgeon, or, better still, naval and military medical officers are the most difficult to deceive. The latter, especially in countries where military service is compulsory and malingerers common, have, by practice, developed what may be called an instinct in dealing with such cases.

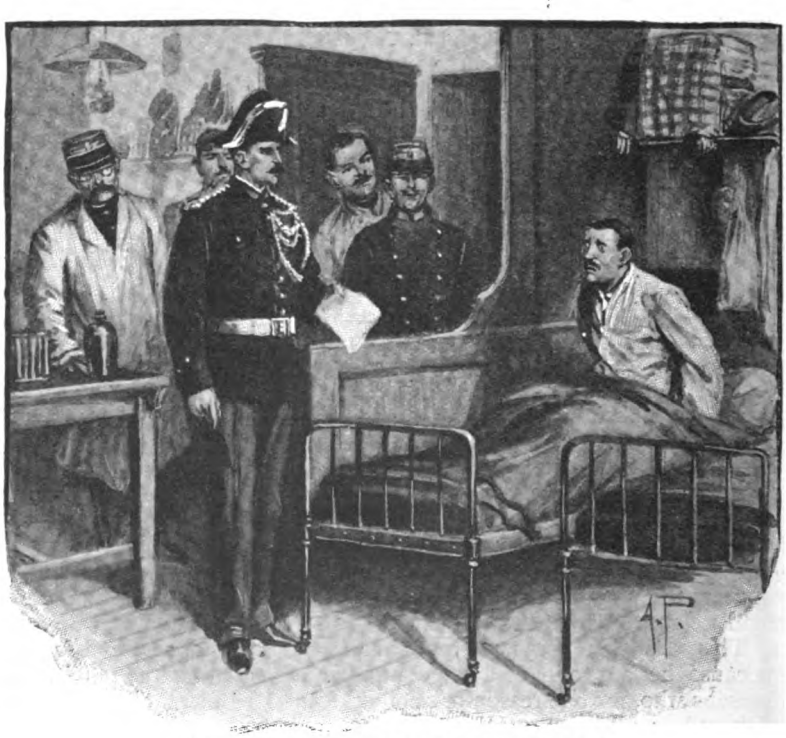
Let us, for instance, take as a typical case the simulation of total or partial blindness. In the case mentioned at the beginning of this article the impostor used eserine and was, moreover, not very careful as to details. He might with more effect have used atropine. This alkaloid is the active principle of belladonna, and has the effect of enormously dilating the pupils. In fact, the pupil may be made to absorb practically the whole of the coloured portion of the eye, and the black pupils then violently contrast with, and

appear in relief against, the white portion of the organ. A very strange and weird appearance, well calculated to move the benevolent, is thus induced. Such a deception could be suspected readily enough from the fact that the size of the pupil was greater than in any known disease. By looking into the eye also with the ophthalmoscope certain characteristic appearances would be found wanting. The enlarged pupils could also easily be reduced in size by eserine, or would reduce themselves in a very few days if the individual were kept under observation. In military conscripts, however, it is more usual for blindness of only one eye to be simulated. This condition is very much more difficult to detect. Suspicion may be aroused by the fact that if each eye be covered and light flashed on to it the pupil of the opposite eye will contract. This is what happens in health, but cannot possibly happen if one eye is blind. A better test has, however, been devised by an Austrian surgeon, and any reader can try it on himself.

If a pencil, say, be held about two inches distant from the eyes of a person with natural vision in both eyes, he will have no difficulty in spelling out each letter in every word of a line of small type. If, however, he tries to do the same with one eye closed, the pencil will effectually cover the pupil of the open eye, and several consecutive letters will be lost to view. Hence, if the supposed one-eyed recruit can spell out the letters of each word with a pencil held in front of him, he has in truth performed an impossible feat, and the imposition at once stands revealed.

Deafness also is very commonly simulated, whether associated or not with dumbness. Recruits, prisoners, and even jurymen have been known to claim consideration owing to this infirmity, which generally in their cases assumes a most unusual degree.

As a matter of fact, in the absence of some manifest injury or disease of the throat, dumbness must always be associated with absolute deafness. Children become dumb only because they have never heard any language. Not hearing the ordinary sounds of conversation they have not been able to imitate them. Hence the dumb man must also be a deaf man, or else an impostor. But deafness alone can often be successfully simulated. There are many ingenious methods of detecting it, founded generally on the possibility of throwing the man first of all off his guard, and then startling him by some sudden and unexpected surprise. The man under examination will be listened to quite patiently, the farce of trying him with a tuning-fork gone through, and the surgeon will appear, after due deliberation and with show of sympathy, to acknowledge and even commiserate the man's unhappy condition. Then a glass or plate is suddenly broken behind him or a pistol fired, but he may be prepared and successfully stand this ordeal. Suddenly crushing an egg-shell close to the ear



"THE STARTLED RECRUIT AT ONCE SAT UP IN BED."

makes a very loud and startling noise. A man has been detected after all tests had failed by being simply told as he was leaving the consulting-room, confident of success and off his guard, to "turn to the right." A French surgeon once succeeded in detecting cleverly a malingering recruit by sending into the room where the man was asleep a police-officer, who called out the man's name, saying he had a warrant for his arrest for murder. The startled recruit at once sat up in bed, and thereby completely gave himself away.

The beats of the heart can also be stimulated by holding the breath, or by hitting the elbow over the part known as the "funny-bone" against the wall or bed. Going my rounds amongst prisoners it used to be no uncommon experience to find a man with a high pulse, very bad tongue, and "Doctor, a terrible headache." The high pulse was noticed to go down quickly, and was due to holding the breath for as long as possible; the tongue condition was not uninfluenced by a little plaster scraped off the wall; while the headache had not prevented the man eating his full breakfast ration.

"THE USUAL METHOD ADOPTED WAS TO INSERT THE FOREFINGER INTO THE BARREL OF THE SERVICE RIFLE AND PULL THE TRIGGER."

His temperature, too, was quite normal. No man can alter that at will, and the modern clinical thermometer is a great enemy to the malingerer. No man can be seriously ill and retain at the same time the temperature, the pulse, and the appetite of health.

In military service, especially in war-time, self-inflicted wounds are not uncommon. In the Servian campaign against Turkey in 1876 the writer saw many such cases. The abuse, in fact, became so rife that General Tchernaief had at last to punish it with death.

The usual method adopted was to insert the forefinger into the barrel of the service rifle and pull the trigger. By this means the upper joint of the finger was neatly and almost painlessly amputated. Closer examination would always, however, show a stump blackened by smoke and studded over with grains of gunpowder. This was rightly held sufficient to prove that the wound had been self-inflicted. Many a poor fellow went to his doom after a short shrift on the evidence of those unlucky grains of black powder.

After that campaign large numbers of wounded men were sent down to Constantinople. In due course they became convalescent, but many of them through choice or necessity used to make a living by exhibiting and intensifying their battle-scars. As these wounds had a tendency to heal as time went on, methods had to be devised to check this benign process. On the bridge of boats spanning the Golden Horn, these men daily sat, together with those professional beggars who loom so large in Arabic literature. There, during the long, hot summer days, an immense assemblage of apparently afflicted persons might be found collected. The air would be filled with their dismal wailings. I used to examine as I passed many of these cases, nearly all of which were intentionally made as ghastly and repellent as possible. Many, indeed, were wholly unreal. It is no difficult matter for anyone so inclined to produce a very ugly looking sore at short notice, and that without pain or danger. The stump of an amputated arm or leg can be made to look positively dreadful by a little paint judiciously laid on, coloured chalk, or artistically-arranged bandages. Some acid or strong alkali applied to the skin, or a pea

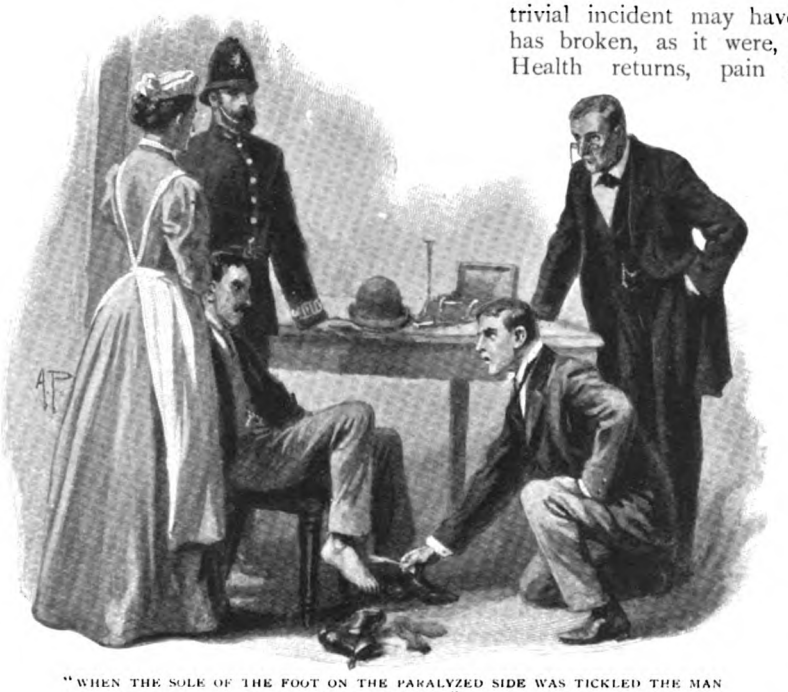
inserted under it, will make a sore which can be kept unhealed just as long as may be considered desirable. The contours can be touched up with chalk or yellow ochre, and the effects further heightened by suitable dressings and surroundings of crutches, splints, and leg-rests The whole trade was indeed pitiable and ignoble.

Perhaps one of the most frequently resorted to forms of deception in large cities is the imitation of epilepsy. This, when real, is indeed a dreadful disease, terrible and shocking alike to the victim and the onlooker. It appeals to the kind-hearted by its very mysteriousness, and to the religious by its long-supposed association with demoniac possession. Hence the frequency with which it is feigned. In its main features an attack of epilepsy may easily be simulated. The attack is always sudden and unexpected in its onset. The sufferer utters a loud cry and falls to the ground convulsed, writhing, and senseless. He struggles violently, his breathing is embarrassed, and at intervals seems to cease. The face, for the first few moments pale as that of a corpse, quickly becomes dusky and livid. Flecks of foam gather on the lips and a startling, but very characteristic, sound issues from the throat. Death may appear imminent, but anon the symptoms abate. The hapless sufferer, however, lies where he fell, quiet, dazed, and apparently exhausted.

Now, most of these symptoms can readily be imitated. The main characteristic is that they must come on rapidly and unexpectedly. The genuine epileptic cares not, and waits not to find a soft place on which to fall, nor can he postpone the attack until a crowd of sympathetic bystanders may have collected. As he lies on the ground a careful observer will notice that the head is twisted towards the shoulder, the thumbs bent, and the eyes turned up beneath the lids. The pupils are dilated, and the tongue is often severely bitten. The convulsions, too, gradually cease, and deep sleep follows immediately and always. The general symptoms can be imitated easily enough. The blood-stained foam gathering round the lips can be reproduced with accuracy by soap-suds held in the mouth and coloured with a particle of cochineal. The biting of the tongue, being painful, is generally omitted. The fictitious epileptic, instead of falling into a deep sleep, generally gets up promptly and walks away, especially if a policeman is seen approaching. Nor is it possible to simulate at will the dilated pupils, the noise in the throat, and the turgid or even livid appearance of the features. The eyes, too, instead of being turned up, are more generally engaged in scrutinizing the audience. But the most important point of all, so far as the detection of imposition is concerned, is that in true epilepsy feeling is lost and there is complete insensibility to pain. A ready test can generally be applied to the malingerer, bearing the latter fact in mind, as many policemen have learned to do. If the thumb-nail of the sceptical observer be forced firmly under the thumb-nail of the impostor the latter will experience very acute pain. The fit is then noticed to rapidly terminate, before even it may be said to have fairly begun. It will be followed not by deep sleep, but by a hasty and undignified retreat.

Hospital physicians are sometimes victimized by fictitious cases of paralysis. Not long ago a typical example of this came under the writer's notice. A man was brought into hospital by a sympathetic policeman. He was able to state that, being on the top of an omnibus, he suddenly and completely lost all power in his right leg and arm. His speech was not much affected, nor were any unusual symptoms present.

Here was a case apparently of paralysis of one side of the body. All might have gone well so far as the deception was concerned, had not one of the nurses recollected having seen the same man three weeks before suffering from similar symptoms. Now, a case of genuine paralysis is never quickly recovered from, and suspicion was aroused. In genuine paralysis there are, of course, present various symptoms which affect different portions of the body. These symptoms are all in harmony with one another, and more or less interdependent. The man was, for instance, told to put out his tongue. It came out quite straight, but in genuine paralysis affecting the right side, for instance, the tip of that treacherous organ should distinctly diverge to the left. In this respect it would be out of the patient's control. Again, when the sole of the foot on the paralyzed side was tickled the man drew up his leg. This was a capital and fatal error, and showed a lesson but half learned. The leg should have remained quite motionless and insensible. In such cases at public institutions it is better to let the malingerer himself ask to be discharged. The treatment was simple in this case. The man asserted he had no feeling in the leg. It was gently but firmly explained to him that a hot iron passed along



"WHEN THE SOLE OF THE FOOT ON THE PARALYZED SIDE WAS TICKLED THE MAN DREW UP HIS LEG."

the course of the nerve always gave excellent results, and would in his case be quite painless. A pretty vigorous electric current was also applied. This treatment was so successful that the sufferer there and then decided to walk out, and that without assistance.

The imitations of disease are indeed unlimited in number and ingenuity, and afford ample scope for very varied combinations. Hitherto we have referred to a few of those cases in which an intention to deceive has been the actuating and only motive. The impostors have been so of *malice prepense.*

We have now to consider a different class, in which, indeed, the symptoms are still feigned and unreal. But the sufferers are not always conscious that such is the case. Their sufferings and symptoms are very real to themselves, and are not so much indicative of bodily ailment as of a condition of mental unrest. To this the name "hysterical" may, for want of a better term, be applied. Persons in this peculiar condition of mind have been known to keep their beds for months, or even years, as chronic and confirmed invalids. They or their sympathizing friends have left nothing undone to bring about a recovery. All methods of treatment have been tried in turn, and in vain. Suddenly and unexpectedly some apparently trivial incident may have happened which has broken, as it were, the morbid spell. Health returns, pain departs, and the many strange and contradictory symptoms vanish as if by enchantment. To such cases the generic term "imaginary" is often applied. But to this word must be given a wider meaning in modern medicine than it has hitherto borne. It must be made to embrace a great variety and cover a wide range of symptoms and many very interesting mental phenomena. The name may, however, conveniently designate a large group of symptoms which, so to say, extend from the harmless "vapours" of the older writers to the weird and terrible manifestations of hystero-epilepsy. These latter have been supposed to be identical with what was once known as demoniac possession.

Hysterical malingerers will often complain of violent and long-continued pain in some organ or portion of their bodies. Patients, for instance, have for months been condemned to severe remedies for excruciating pains in the knee. The slightest touch of the most friendly hand was unbearable, and the least movement caused agony. It so happens that this is a not uncommon symptom in true hip disease. But let such a sufferer only be interested by conversation, or the mind be in some way occupied and distracted momentarily, then the knee can be compressed or moved without the least pain. Only the patient must be made to forget that the part is being touched. Often a little firmness of manner or the suggestion of some severe method of treatment will act like a charm. In many cases the most extraordinary symptoms have been imitated with remarkable success. Physicians, friends, and attendants have alike been thoroughly duped. Total abstinence from food and drink for forty days or more, continuous

sleep or "trance," weeping tears of blood, eating chalk, sealing-wax, and cinders, the abeyance of all bodily functions, loss of sight, hearing, and speech, are some of the vagaries successfully kept up by these unfortunate persons for long periods. The possible deceptions, indeed, are innumerable, and only to be realized by those who have had special experience in this branch of pathology.

One very remarkable feature about hysterical manifestations is that under certain circumstances they tend to become infectious or epidemic. The writer on one occasion experienced an instance of this on board ship, where an epidemic of daily fainting fits, long continued and each day becoming more severe, alarmed the uninitiated. It occurred among the female passengers, of whom eighty-four occupied one part of the vessel. All had been in excellent health, the Equator had long been passed, and the ship had arrived in the cold waters of the Southern Atlantic.

Plenty of ice was at times in view. The ocean was bitterly cold, and a bath in it no joke. Nevertheless, this was the treatment remorselessly applied to each sufferer. In a dark cockpit, not unlike the place where pictures show Lord Nelson to have been taken after his mortal wound, the "fainting ladies" were bathed. My mental impression remains of several of them shivering in the lightest of drapery, while a very stern Scotch middle-aged matron insisted on their entering a large galvanized iron tank of icy-cold water. The effects were marvellous, and after a couple of baths had been administered the fainting ceased as rapidly as it had appeared.

It is such cases of hysterical or nervous origin which have ever proved so useful to miracle-mongers. It is these which are every now and then benefited by pilgrimage to various shrines and holy wells, by charms and incantations, and by one form or another of emotional treatment. By such means the most obstinate and unprecedented maladies have, it is said, been cured. It must not be forgotten that these sufferers will generally undergo a really incredible amount of self-inflicted torture in order to keep up the imposition. But sometimes undoubtedly the imposition in its most marked manifestations is voluntary, and is done with full consciousness, apparently for some wholly inadequate reason. The real seat of the disease is in the patient's mind. The bodily symptoms are but the manifestation of a diseased mental condition.

"A VERY STERN SCOTCH MIDDLE-AGED MATRON INSISTED ON THEIR ENTERING A LARGE GALVANIZED IRON TANK OF ICY-COLD WATER."

Not only may disease be feigned, but even death itself. We are hardly yet in a position to say what so-called "catalepsy" really is. Some have looked on it as a form of hypnotism. There are various degrees of "trance," ranging from mere insensibility of an area of the body, such as the arm, to a state quite indistinguishable from bodily death. The writer witnessed some very remarkable instances of this condition in the Salpetrière Hospital at Paris some years ago. The great physician Dr. Charcot had there under his charge a number of hystero-epileptic patients who exhibited at will the most extraordinary phenomena. Such persons would suffer the skin of the arm, for instance, to be transfixed with a sharp instrument. This caused no pain and, still more curiously, brought no blood. Their tissues were alive indeed, but yet dead to all ordinary tests.

Catalepsy in some of its manifestations appears akin to nightmare. In that condition the will power is not lost, but stops short of inducing muscular movements. A man sees in his dream an approaching danger; he earnestly wishes to avoid it, but his limbs are powerless. He wants to run away, but cannot move. Possibly the same applies to these cases of apparent death, which have undoubtedly, it is to be feared, occasionally resulted in premature burial. Some have recovered from the trance at the right moment, and, if their evidence can be accepted, they remember they were conscious of all that was going on around them. Suspended animation is not uncommon in seeds, plants, and hibernating animals. But this is merely physiological rest, and very far removed indeed from systemic death.

"THE FIRST INCISION RESTORED CONSCIOUSNESS."

Many of the phenomena of catalepsy and also of hypnotism are very difficult to explain. A remarkable case of simulated catalepsy has recently been reported. A man condemned to death threw himself voluntarily into a cataleptic condition. Strong stimulants, such as ammonia applied to the nostrils, needles inserted into the body, and immersion in cold water, all failed to induce any response. At last alcohol was forcibly administered. This caused partial intoxication, disturbed the mental equilibrium, and so restored consciousness. Another remarkable case is that of a soldier in France whose death had been certified by the regimental surgeons. In due course they proceeded to make a post-mortem examination. The first incision, however, at once restored consciousness, and the now wounded man suddenly sat up, while the medical men rather ignominiously ran away.

It may be added in conclusion that all forms of malingering, no matter what guise they assume, can sooner or later be detected. But it is in many instances extremely important that they should be detected at once; say, for example, if a man on his trial for murder should feign insanity. Rapid detection is often difficult and may involve apparent cruelty, or even danger to the subjects. Thus the writer recollects the case of a "fasting girl" who, being so closely watched that she could not, as she had previously done, get food surreptitiously, did actually die of starvation. In most of these cases a knowledge of the various forms the simulated disease should take, and of the interdependence which always exists between groups of symptoms, will generally facilitate detection. Added to this, careful watching by trustworthy attendants is generally successful, while the laying of ingenious traps is also justifiable. Where all these methods fail and there is a strong certainty that deception is being practised, chloroform is the sovereign remedy. It will not seldom reveal unexpected secrets and tear away the veil of the most cunningly-devised disguises. Its use, however, is perhaps justifiable in a very limited number of cases. If, after all, the individual under examination should prove not to be a malingerer, and any untoward result were to happen, a very grave responsibility would rest on the medical attendant.

MISS ISABEL JAY—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Hutchinson & Svendsen.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

MISS ISABEL JAY.

UNLIKE many favourite actresses of to-day who have only achieved success after years of hard study, Miss Isabel Emilie Jay can look back—and that but a very little while—and recall to mind, with pardonable pride, her first appearance on the stage. On that occasion she graced the boards as a *prima donna* who immediately captivated the hearts of the theatre-going public.

AGE 9 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by David Rees.

AGE 3 YEARS.
From a Photograph.

It is but eight years ago that Miss Isabel Jay first joined the Savoy Company, when she was still a student at the Royal Academy of Music under Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Notwithstanding her immediate success in following Miss Ellen Beach Yaw in the latter's by no means easy part in "The Rose of Persia," she still continued her studies at the Academy. She wanted to try for the gold medal. She did try—and won it!

Miss Jay had a happy knack of winning prizes, and, in fact, has quite a collection of medals and trophies, which she has been busily acquiring since childhood. Miss Isabel Jay is a Londoner born and bred, and comes of a family having no connection at all with the stage. The original intention of her parents was to send her to an art school. Possibly she might have been successful at painting, but a friend who had heard the young girl sing happily persuaded her parents

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Hall & Son, Brighton.

to give her a good musical training. The stage was the last thing thought of, the intention being that Miss Isabel should sing only on the concert platform.

The dainty little lady must, however, have been born an actress, and there was no escaping fate. She showed such a remarkable aptitude at the entertainments given by the students at the Royal Academy that she was invariably cast for a leading part. At this time Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who saw her at one of these entertainments, induced her to join the Savoyards in light opera, and from that time onwards her success was assured.

As the leading lady in "The Rose of Persia," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "The Emerald Isle," "Ib and Little Christina," and finally "Iolanthe," Miss Jay scored repeated successes and worthily upheld the best traditions of the Savoy.

From a] AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

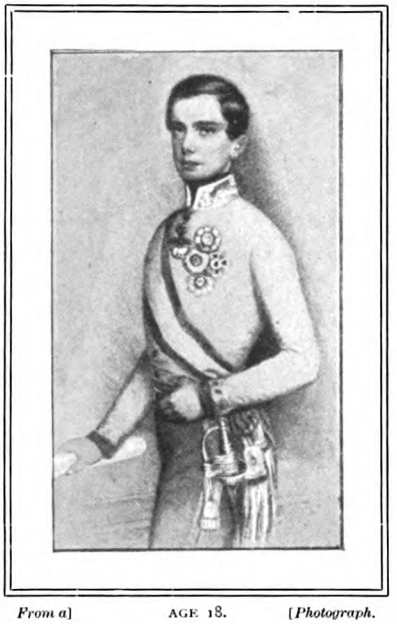
After a comparatively short absence from the stage Miss Jay succumbed to its fascinations, and appeared once more as Marjorie Joy in "The Country Girl," following it by creating the part of Lady Patricia in "The Cingalee." If possible, she added to her popularity in "The White Chrysanthemum" at the Criterion, a piece in which her personal charm and her natural gifts for the stage were to be seen at their best.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

IN one respect the aged Emperor of Austria stands alone among the reigning Sovereigns of the world. Although he has more than once led his people through times of national defeat and humiliation, he yet remains exceedingly popular, personally, in nearly all parts of his dual empire. Perhaps the fortitude with which he has borne an almost overwhelming series of disasters in his domestic life has done much to strengthen the ties between Francis Joseph and his subjects. Possibly, too, it has been recognised that when he has seemed to be thwarting the wishes of his people he has simply been doing what, from his own point of view, he has conceived to be his duty.



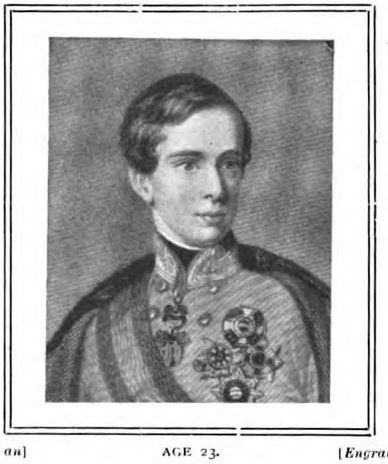
From a] AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

As Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, however, his position is far from being a happy one. His unwillingness to yield to the demand for universal suffrage, and his opposition to the use of the Magyar language in the Hungarian army, caused the past year to be one of the most troubled of his reign. The action of the Norwegians in their dispute with Sweden did not tend to ease the situation; it was looked upon in Hungary as an example which it might be wise to follow. But the introduction of a Franchise Reform Bill relieved the tension to some extent, and the question of the Emperor's abdication has now almost ceased to be discussed.

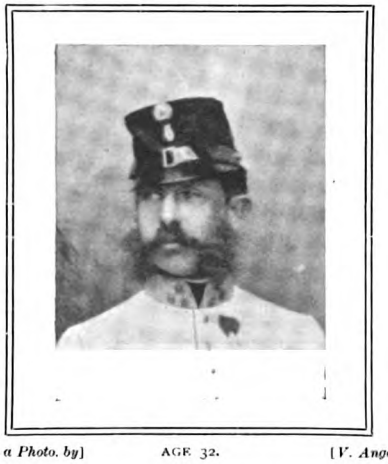
For one of his years—he was born as long ago as 1830—the energy of Francis Joseph is remarkable. Tireless in work as he is keen in sport, he does not seem to know what it is to be fatigued. He is an early riser, and disposes of much of his work before three o'clock, at which hour he dines. A very moderate drinker, he attributes to his abstemiousness the remarkable preservation of his physical and mental vigour.

He is never so happy as when he can get away from the restrictions of Court life and go off for a few days to one of his many shooting-boxes. His portrait in hunting costume is probably familiar to all, and it is this aspect of their ruler, as man rather than monarch, which has so appealed to Austrians and Hungarians alike.

No one with a legitimate reason or a genuine grievance has ever found him diffi-



From an] AGE 23. *[Engraving.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[V. Angerer.*

AGE 43.
From a Photo. by V. Angerer.

cult of approach, and many are the stories told of his encounters with his subjects. Some years ago, during one of the audiences which he frequently holds at the Royal palace overlooking the Danube, a Magyar blacksmith approached him and, drawing from his pocket two photographs, asked for the signatures of the King and Queen. "The Queen is not here," said the King, "and, besides, I cannot give you my signature at the present moment, for I have neither pen nor pencil." "I have brought a pencil with me," said the smith. The King immediately did as his subject wished, and handed back the photograph with the customary bow of dismissal. But the smith making no attempt to retire, the King said, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" "Yes, your Majesty; I am waiting for my pencil." The King searched his pockets, found that he had absent-mindedly appropriated it, and then returned it with a laugh.

On another occasion, when he was driving to Schönbrunn, he came upon a fire-engine unable to proceed on its way owing to the wheels having sunk so deeply in the mud that the horses had not strength enough to extricate it. He at once stopped his carriage, ordering his horses to be taken out and harnessed to the engine and used to assist in taking it to the scene of the fire, whilst for himself he hired a passing vehicle to drive him to the castle.

You may see him walking or driving about his capital with few or no attendants, for he is one of the least-guarded of monarchs. The Emperor William, some may say, goes amongst his subjects quite as freely and as unprotected, but this is not so. Those responsible for the Kaiser's safety are always within a few paces of him, though he may appear to be alone, whereas in the case of Francis Joseph this shadowing is almost non-existent.

The Emperor is without doubt one of the greatest theatre-goers amongst present-day Royalties. He has a genuine love for music and the drama, and it is said that a production has often been saved by his kindly applause. Both the opera and the theatre receive liberal support from his private purse.

AGE 54.
From a Photo. by V. Angerer.

AGE 62.
From a Photo. by V. Angerer.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by C. Pietzner, Vienna.

A Terrible Half-Hour.

By Miss M. Milbanke.

WAS I ever in a railway accident? Well, yes, I was once in a railway accident. And how did I feel? I was grateful for it.

That seems an odd thing to say, doesn't it? But, odd as it may seem, it is perfectly true. If you wish to know the story, here it is.

How many years ago was it? Well, never mind. If you can fix the date of an exceptionally cold and snowy Christmas, you may be able to make a guess. At any rate, I was at school then, or, rather, just leaving school. St. Edmundsbury is a town full of girls' schools—at least, it was then—and though my people lived only a few miles from Sheffield, for some reason or other it was thought fit to entrust my education to a couple of dear old ladies who presided over one of the largest boarding-schools in the old Suffolk town. Oh, it was a pleasant place enough, as schools go; we had some fine times there. And only that very Christmas, the night before we broke up, we had had the excitement of private theatricals, in which I played the part of a fairy prince, with a sword, and a feather in my cap, and a burnt-cork moustache, which some of the girls said was quite fetching. Skirts? Oh, yes, skirts, of course! My dear! did you think it possible that we should have been allowed to venture on the wickedness of tights?

Well, next morning it came to be a question of getting home. I was the only one who had any long distance to go; all the other girls lived in the county, or at least not farther off than Norwich. I had to get to Cambridge, and from Cambridge to Kettering, and at Kettering I had to pick up an express that would land me at my station near Sheffield about ten o'clock. I might have left by a train at eight o'clock. But that was so early, and ugh! it was so cold! It had been snowing hard the day before, and seemed likely to snow again. But what did that matter? I was going home, and when you are going home at the end of a half-year you don't stop for trifles.

Well, I took the eleven o'clock train, and got to Cambridge all right. One of the governesses went with me as far as that, I remember, and everything seemed as straight as it could be. After an hour's wait or so I found myself starting on the next stage of my journey, from Cambridge to Kettering. Something I overheard just before starting made me, I confess, a little nervous. The guard asked someone whether the snow-plough had gone down. I don't know what answer he got, but I heard him say, "It'll be lucky if we get through!" That sounded ominous. However, it was Christmas-time, and at Christmas-time one always hopes for the best.

Hoping didn't help us much this time, for

"THE GUARD ASKED WHETHER THE SNOW-PLOUGH HAD GONE DOWN."

after about an hour's jogging along, stopping at all the stations, we came to a stand. A station? No, my dear, a snow-drift, filling up all the space in a deep, narrow cutting. And there we were for three mortal hours, till a gang of men came from somewhere and dug it away enough for us to get through. And, naturally, when we got at last to Kettering the train I was to catch had gone—left an hour before. And there was I, an unprotected schoolgirl, left stranded, with no possibility of getting home that night, and with the knowledge that to-morrow was Christmas Day!

Talk of your heart being in your boots! I think mine went down considerably lower. The station people were kind enough, I must say. They helped me to send off a telegram and piled up a big fire in the waiting-room, and there I sat, hoping that some telegram from home would tell me what was best to be done. Miserable? I should think it was. I cried to think of them all being there waiting for me, and me not coming. I think I cried for them as well as for myself. I'm not sure that I didn't say my prayers a little bit. Certainly it gave me a sense of providential relief when the station-master came in and told me that he thought they could manage to get me home after all.

"You see, miss," he said, "there's a gentleman here who has engaged a special train to Sheffield. I explained the thing to him, and he's quite willing to take you on and set you down at your own station. I think from what he says," the station-master continued, in a lower tone, "he must be a relation of Lord Lilthorpe, who has a place not far from here. You need not be alarmed, miss," he added; "he is quite a middle-aged gentleman."

Here was a prospect of relief; should I accept it? There were considerations that might be urged against it, it was true. But a middle-aged gentleman and a relation of Lord Lilthorpe, and Christmas Day coming to-morrow! It would be absurd to hesitate.

So I gratefully agreed.

Presently I was told the train was ready, and was conducted down to the very farthest end of a long platform. There was an engine and one passenger carriage—I think what they call a "composite," part first-class and part second—two closed vans, and a guard's van.

"We have had to put on an old coach," the station-master explained, "but it will run right enough. And these two parcel vans, which have got to go on somehow, will help it to run steady. Now, sir, if you're ready I'll send the train off."

"I WAS CONDUCTED DOWN TO THE VERY FARTHEST END OF A LONG PLATFORM."

I got in and was followed by my fellow-traveller, whom I had not seen till that moment. He was certainly a distinguished-looking man, though I thought it had been a mistake to call him middle-aged. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with dark eyes and dark beard and moustache. He was wrapped in a thick overcoat with rich sealskin cuffs and collar, and wore a sealskin cap. He bowed politely as we got into the carriage, and sat down in the corner farthest away from me.

And then we started. I was wondering

whether I should try to go to sleep when, to my surprise, my fellow traveller came across to my side of the carriage.

"Will you mind," he said, "if I lower the window a little? I want to see whether we have crossed the Volga."

It sounded like "Volga," but, of course, I thought I might have been mistaken. Holding the window half open, he put his other hand outside for a moment. Then he pulled up the glass again, seated himself immediately opposite me, and, to my consternation, leaned forward, staring right into my face. I shrank back in alarm.

"You need not be alarmed," he said. "If you knew who I am you would know that you are as safe as if you were locked in your own chamber. Perhaps you don't know who I am?"

I murmured something in reply.

"Speak up, please," he said, in a peremptory manner. "I am very particular about getting clear and distinct answers to my questions."

Feeling still more alarmed, I replied, in as steady a voice as I could command, that I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"Hum!" he said; "pleasure; most people would have said honour. However, it doesn't matter. But you will understand what I mean when I tell you that I am the Prince of Siberia."

Then the terrible truth flashed upon me. I was shut up in the train with a lunatic! The Prince of Siberia! Yes, I had not been mistaken. It must have been the Volga he mentioned a few minutes before.

Well, luckily, I had some presence of mind left, terrified as I was. I remembered having heard that the safest way to deal with lunatics was to show as little alarm as possible, and to play up to their own ideas about themselves. So, though my heart was beating so violently that I could almost hear it, I assumed an appearance of respectful courtesy and said:—

"I am delighted to have the honour of meeting your Highness."

He bowed and smiled with the most perfect grace in the world.

"I am glad," he said, "to be able to receive you within my own dominions. That was the Volga we crossed just now."

The Volga! Then that *was* the name he mentioned, after all!

"You are," he continued, "of course, acquainted with the chief rivers and the boundaries of Siberia?"

Luckily, we had had an examination in the geography of Asia only a week before, and geography was one of my strong points.

"The rivers?" I said. "Yes, there's the Obi, the Yenisei, Lena, and Amur. As for the boundaries, it is bounded on the west by Russia in Europe, on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by the Pacific Ocean, and on the south by Chinese Tartary."

He nodded with approval as I pronounced each name.

"Good," he said; "that saves me, for the present, from a certain amount of responsibility. Of course, you are aware," he added, "that, if you failed to answer my questions correctly, I should be obliged to kill you?"

With difficulty I restrained a cry, while a cold horror crept over me. Should I make a desperate effort to communicate with the guard, and stop the train?

I suppose he saw me give a look upwards at the window, for he said immediately, with a laugh:—

"Ha! ha! ha! You would like to stop the train, would you? Well, now, do you see that notice stuck up there?"

And he pointed to a card nailed near the roof, headed, "To communicate with the guard or driver." The rest was printed small.

"Well," he said, "have the kindness to read that to me. Read it clearly, please; we are very particular about education in Siberia."

With as firm a voice as I could muster, I read as follows: "To communicate with the guard or driver, pull down the cord that will be found just outside the carriage window, under the roof."

I paused.

"Well, go on," he said.

I went on.

"Although there is a cord on both sides of the carriage, the cord on the right of the passenger facing in the direction in which the train is going is that alone by which communication can be effected."

"You read very well," he said, "very well indeed. Now you will remember how, a very few minutes ago, I opened that window"—pointing to the window near which I was sitting—"and put my arm out. But you did not guess why, did you? Well, *I cut that cord!*" And, bursting into violent laughter, he repeated, "Yes; *I cut that cord!*"

If I had felt cold before, I was now positively ice. Yet, thank Heaven, my mental courage did not give way.

"These things," he went on, "are well

understood in Siberia. I could not have done it anywhere else. But as soon as we had crossed the Volga I was free to act."

I could only breathe and wait for what was to come next. I was helpless. Even if I could reach the window and open it, who would hear me if I cried out?

There were the engine-driver and fireman in front of us, far too busy and far too much surrounded with noise to notice what happened. Behind was the guard, separated from us by the length of those two big parcel-vans. No; it was no use. I must keep up my courage as well as I could, and wait.

"We are," he went on, recovering his previous calm manner, "very particular about education in Siberia. I insisted on that from the first. Those who fail to pass their examinations are killed. Look here!"

He turned hastily to a black bag that was on the seat beside him, and, opening it, produced what seemed to be a long knife in a sheath. Drawing off the sheath, he displayed before my eyes the most horribly murderous-looking weapon I had ever beheld. It was a double-edged knife about ten inches long and an inch wide, evidently made of the finest tempered steel, and sharpened like a razor.

"Look here!" he said again.

Taking up the leather strap of the window he laid it flat across one hand and, holding the knife in the other, shaved off a thin piece of the leather horizontally. I looked on and shuddered.

"That's what we kill them with in Siberia," he said. "I invented it myself. You have heard of dress-stuffs being cut on the cross? Well, we do it on the cross in Siberia. One cut so, and one so"—making first a perpendicular and then a horizontal slash in the air with the knife—"and that finishes them."

It was too horrible! And yet I dared not give way! To my relief he replaced the knife in its sheath, and returned the sheath to the bag, closing it with a snap.

"That's what I'm going to Sheffield for," he continued, in a somewhat confidential tone. "I had to take a special train, or someone would have found it out. You won't mention it, of course?"

"Of course not," I replied.

I was wondering how long this was to go on—how many miles or how many minutes it was to the next stopping-place—when he said, in quite a friendly tone:—

"You can sing, of course?"

Yes, I could sing, there was no doubt of that.

"Well," he said, "sing me something. This is Christmas-time; sing me some Christmas carols."

It seemed impossible. Sing, with that horrible terror upon me—a terror that parched my lips and throat, and seemed every instant to threaten to overwhelm my brain? Christmas carols, too, that I had been accustomed to sing round the cosy hearth at home—the hearth that, perhaps, for all I knew, I might never see again! It was impossible! And yet, in some mysterious way, its very impossibility seemed to make it possible. I made a supreme effort. I imagined myself careless as to whether I was in this world or the next, and sang, it seemed to me, as I might sing if I were really singing with some choir of spirits in another world. I sang all the dear old carols—"Christians, Awake," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks," "Hark, the Herald Angels," "Adeste Fideles"; and as I sang I seemed to gather, from I knew not where,

"HE DISPLAYED BEFORE MY EYES THE MOST HORRIBLY MURDEROUS-LOOKING WEAPON I HAD EVER BEHELD."

some strength from outside that rendered me careless of life and impervious to fear.

He listened attentively.

"You sing very well," he said, after a pause; "very well indeed. I remember to have heard those carols somewhere else—a long time ago, a very long time. That's very satisfactory as far as it goes. But you will have to sing me one thing more yet, before I can be quite certain of your education. Of course, you will understand that I don't wish to take any disagreeable steps, and that if I do"—glancing at the bag beside him as he spoke—"it will be entirely from a sense of unavoidable duty. Now you will kindly sing me the Siberian National Anthem. You must know it, for I composed it myself."

That was indeed the last drop in my cup. That the man was a most dangerous homicidal maniac I had no doubt whatever, nor had I much doubt that if I failed to answer him as he wished he would make me his victim. Yet what was I to dô? To sing what was wrong would be as bad as not to sing at all. There was no escape now.

I sat silent with my eyes closed, feeling that his eyes were upon me and wondering what he would do next, and whether it would hurt much to be killed in such a horrible way. Then I thought of all of them at home, and felt the tears forcing themselves from beneath my closed eyelids. Was there any hope of any kind?

The train was running very fast and somewhat uneasily. To jump out, even if I could succeed in opening the door, would be certain death, though perhaps a less horrible death than that which threatened me. Opening my eyes for what I thought might be the last time, I saw that we were just rushing past one or two lighted-up signal-boxes which I believed marked a junction three or four miles south of the next stopping-place. At the same moment I saw my companion's left hand stealing down towards the bag that contained, as I verily believed it would prove to be, the instrument of my murder. Was the end really come at last?

At that very instant came a shock and a report apparently underneath the carriage floor. I was thrown violently to one side, then to the other, and for two or three seconds we seemed to be dragged over the line with jolts and concussion sufficient to dislocate every joint of one's body. Then came a sudden jerk sideways to the left; the carriage seemed to run along half upon its side, till it stopped and fell over with one tremendous crash as if the whole world was coming to pieces.

How long it was before I became conscious again, I never knew. My first impression, as consciousness returned, was that I was in bed at home. Then, feeling around me in the dark, my hand touched what I recognised as cold earth. Surely I was buried alive! Then I heard a voice, a little way off, but apparently separated from me by a thick screen, saying:—

"There was only a young lady and a gentleman. We must get 'em out as quick as we can, though it's odds against their being alive, poor things. It's lucky she went clear of the up line."

Then I remembered, and understood where I was and what had happened. That earth which I could touch was the earth on the line or on the bank at the side; these things which I could now feel heaped over me were the cushions and linings of the carriage I had been sitting in, and which seemed to have formed themselves into a kind of wall of protection. I was the young lady spoken of by that voice; the gentleman was—ah! heavens! what an escape I must have had from him!

But had I escaped? Was I injured? As consciousness came back more clearly, I seemed, as far as I could tell, to be free from pain. Hemmed in I was, truly enough, and should plainly have to wait to be got out; yet, moving each limb carefully and as far as I was able, it did not seem to me that I had in any way suffered.

Hearing the voices come nearer to me, I called out.

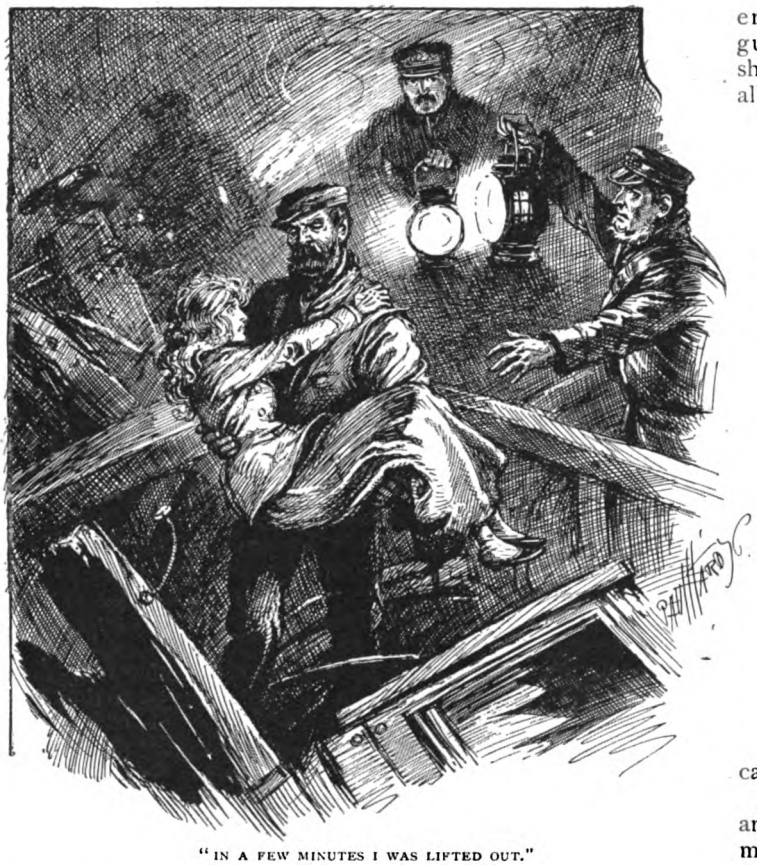
I was at once answered.

"Are you hurt, miss?"

"I think not," I said, "but I should like to get out."

"Never you fear, miss," was the answer; "you lie still and we'll have you out in a jiffy. I wonder," said the voice, in a lower tone, "how the other poor fellow is?"

Lights came round, as I could see through the chinks in the wreck surrounding me. Judging by the rapid way in which the wreck disappeared, there must have been many hands at work. In a few minutes I was lifted out, and, having been assisted across the line to a signalman's hut, felt, to my astonishment, that I was not much the worse. To show, however, how narrow an escape I had had, I may say that a thick iron bar had been driven into the ground so close to my side as to graze the skin, pinning down



"IN A FEW MINUTES I WAS LIFTED OUT."

my skirts in such a way that they had all to be cut through to get me free.

After I had been in the hut a few minutes, I heard a low murmur of voices outside, and one of the men stepped in.

"Beg your pardon, miss," he said to me, in a subdued and respectful tone, "but was the other passenger any relation of yours?"

I shuddered in spite of myself.

"No," I said; "no relation or friend whatever. How is he?"

The man shook his head.

"Dead, miss; dead, I'm afraid. The coach you was in turned clean upside down, and the two parcel vans piled themselves upon it. The cushions saved you in some way, but he—well, the framework somehow caught him across the back as it came down, and killed him at once. It was a broken axle that did it all, and it's lucky there weren't more in the train. The driver and his mate are all right, of course—the train broke away from the engine—and the guard got a bad shaking. That's about all."

I began to feel by that time as if I had had a bad shaking, too, and with difficulty kept myself back from a fit of hysterical weeping. As a passenger who had had so extraordinary an escape, I became the centre of much sympathy and attention, and, first taking care that my people were informed of my safety, I accepted the hospitality of a friendly doctor, who was early on the scene of the catastrophe.

Next day my mother and sister were with me, leaving the Christmas festivities to take care of themselves, and two days after I was sufficiently recovered to be able to travel home.

You can understand now, I think, how I came to entertain a different opinion about railway accidents. It was feared that my health would have suffered from the double shock, but it did not. Possibly, as our family doctor said, one shock neutralized the other.

As for the unhappy man who was my fellow-traveller, it came out at the inquest that he had escaped from a private asylum only three days before, and that he was subject to homicidal mania of the most dangerous kind. How he managed to get the means to pay for the special train remains a profound mystery; nor do I feel justified in saying whether he was or was not really a relative of Lord Lilthorpe's. But that he caused me to suffer a terrible half-hour is a fact beyond dispute.

Miss Guest's Beast-Books.

"THESE drawings seem to me to have surprising skill. I have rarely seen anything more expressive of action. The vigour and decisiveness with which they are drawn show intense observation. Look at this group—it is amazingly clever. Who is the artist?" Thus spoke that distinguished painter of animals, Mr. J. M. Swan, R.A., after examining the originals of the illustrations of this article. Who, indeed, was the artist? Some of these drawings have found their way to charitable bazaars and sales of work in the West of England, and have there elicited high praise and eager purchasers. No wonder the Royal Academician and others have been surprised to hear that the work is that of a young lady of little more than twenty, a great heiress and cousin to the Duke of Westminster, wholly untrained in art and relying solely on her love for and complete knowledge of dogs since her infancy to guide her pencil.

The writer found the fame of Miss Augusta Guest to have spread far and wide about Inwood, the charming Dorset seat of her family. "It is wunnerful what she do know about dogs, aye and about foxes as well!" exclaimed an honest gardener on the borders of Templecombe. "She don't miss none of their p'ints, she don't. There ain't a better judge of a hound or terrier in the three counties. My wife, who was once in service at Inwood years ago, has got about the first drawin' of a dog that Miss Augusta, or Miss Aura, as they call her, ever made. Leastways, it was one of the first. If you should happen to call at my cottage, I don't mind showing it to you."

MISS AUGUSTA GUEST, WITH SOME OF HER FAVOURITE TERRIERS.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

As has been hinted, Miss Guest is a true sportswoman. Not only has she ridden to hounds for years, but she is a cricketer, a good shot and patron of rifle ranges, and a lover of the open-air life generally.

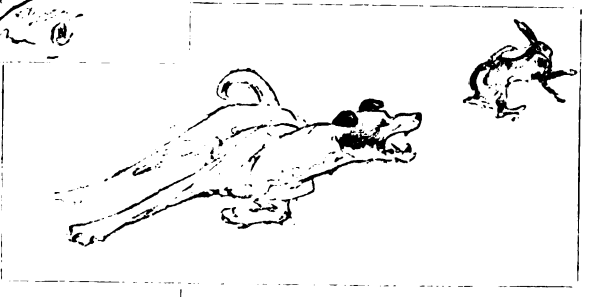
"How did I come to draw dogs? I think it must have been instinctively. My father was so long Master of the Hounds, and I had charge of a terrier pack since I was a child. My first attempts were, of course, very crude," continued Miss Guest, laughingly, "but I was delighted when I found that my drawings bore some remote resemblance to a member of the canine species. After a time the counsel and example of the late Mr. Basil Nightingale helped me. You would be surprised to know how difficult it is to do all the points of a dog, even a terrier."

"Not altogether," was the response. "For has not so high an authority as the late Harrison Weir said that 'to draw a dog properly requires a peculiar gift. It may seem all right to the average man or woman who glances over the pictures in the newspapers or magazines, but a true dog-lover instantly detects where the artist goes wrong.'"

Miss Guest seems unconscious that her talent is in any way remarkable. In the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and her own

1. A RABBIT IS DISCOVERED SHELTERING BENEATH A BRAMBLE-BUSH, AND—

boudoir in the stately mansion of Inwood are hundreds of sketches in books and portfolios and framed on the walls, testifying to her skill and industry, and from this collection Miss Guest has permitted THE STRAND MAGAZINE to select a number of the most striking. Take the series which portrays the simple tragedy of a rabbit.



2. —BOLTING OUT, NARROWLY ESCAPES THE JAWS OF PLUNDER, ONLY TO—

3. —MEET VESTA, TO THEIR MUTUAL ASTONISHMENT.

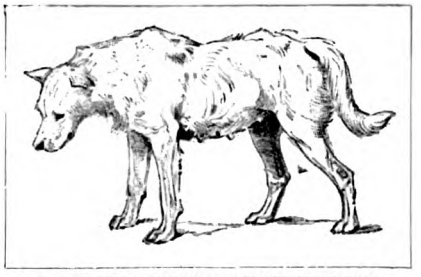
4. BUT BUNNY, NOTHING DAUNTED, RISES TO THE OCCASION, ONLY, UNFORTUNATELY, VESTA DOES TOO, AND—

Mark the expression in the face, mien, and carriage of the fox-terrier who discovers an amiable rabbit who fancies itself safely ensconced in the bramble-bush. How ingeniously is the rapid motion of the dog's limbs indicated in No. 2, while the disposition of those of the rabbit in mid-air betrays the keenest observation. Master Bunny escapes, only, however, to meet a second dog. The high leap into the air is admirably depicted, as is the subsequent scene; but it is the death of the victim that evoked the most unstinted praise of Mr. Swan. "Not a line too much or too little," was his verdict. "It might be the work of a man who had devoted twenty years to drawing dogs."

5. —THEY MEET IN THE AIR.

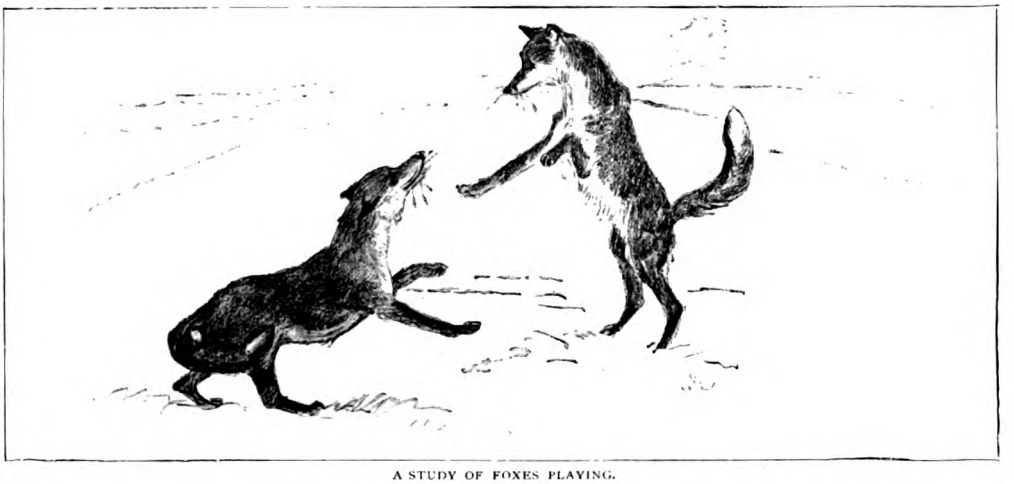
6. —SO ENDS THIS TRUE TALE.

"Of course, I don't devote myself exclusively to dogs," explained Miss Guest, "because I also occasionally draw wolves and foxes. But, then, there is such immense variety among dogs. Here is a sketch I made two years ago in Constantinople of one of the Constantinople dogs—a 'pariah.' You see how entirely different are its outline and general characteristics. As for foxes, I am very fond indeed of drawing them. Here is a sketch of a brace that I saw playing a year ago on one of our hills."

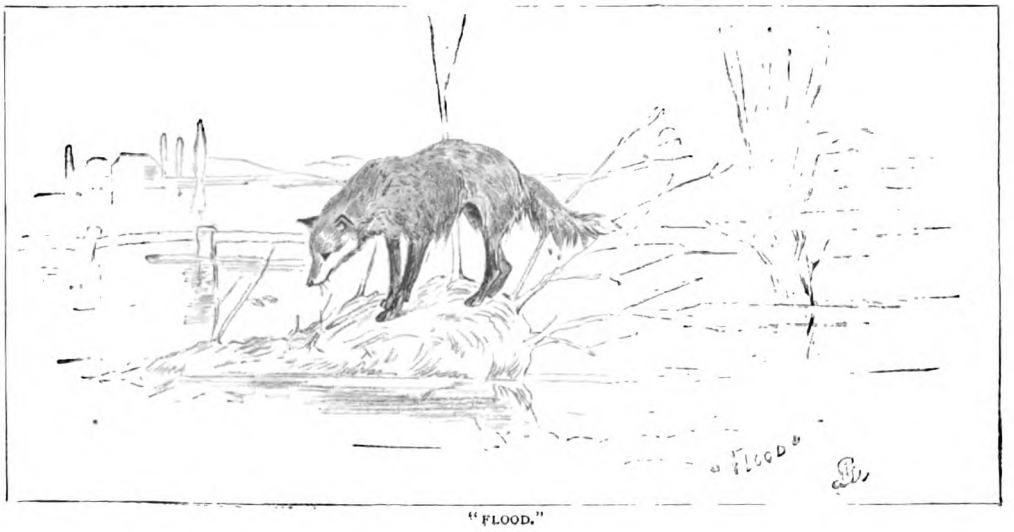


A PARIAH—A NATIVE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

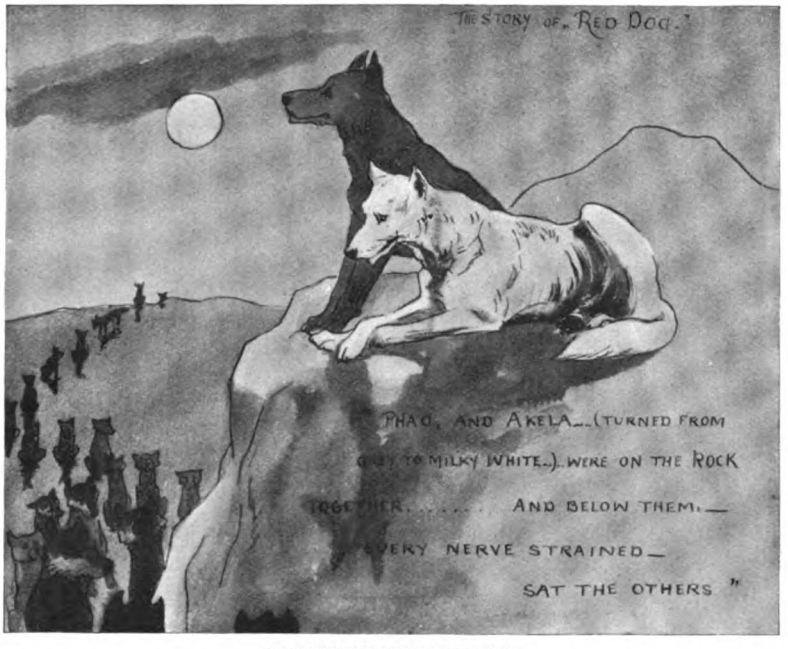
Another portfolio contained a very clever sketch of a fox beleaguered by the heavy spring floods and forced to take refuge on a floating tree-trunk. But perhaps the drawings of most interest were a set of wolves contained in an album illustrating Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story of "Red Dog." These were executed in pen-and-ink and water-colours, and are full of the most vigorous realism. Indeed, it is difficult to believe, so grim are the details in several, that they are the work of a young lady. Readers of the famous Mowgli story will remember how that when the young wolves, the children



A STUDY OF FOXES PLAYING.



"FLOOD."



THE SEEONEE PACK IN COUNCIL.

(This and the following drawings are illustrations to Rudyard Kipling's story of "Red Dog.")

of the Seeonee pack, increased to forty, Akela, whose hide had turned from grey to milky-white through age, told them "they ought to gather themselves together and follow the law, and run under one head, as befitted the free people." So, according to the jungle law, Phao became leader, having the benefit of the good-will and advice of old Akela.

To this pack there came one day a gaunt, dripping wolf, wounded and exhausted. He was Won-tolla—that is, a solitary wolf, one that did not belong to any pack. To Phao he told his tale. His mate and three cubs had been killed by the terrible dhole of the Dekkan—Red Dog, the Killer. He himself, after killing three of their number, had been obliged to flee, and even now they were hot on his trail.

"Were their cubs with the dhole?" inquired Phao.

"Nay, nay. Red hunters all: grown dogs of their pack, heavy and strong."

That meant that the dhole, the red hunting-dog of the Dekkan, was moving to fight, and the wolves knew well that they would have to battle for their lives against a force outnumbering them three to one.

With the assistance of Kaa, the python, Mowgli contrived a scheme for the destruction of the dhole. The split and weather-worn rocks of the gorge of the Waingunga had been used since the beginning of the jungle by the Little People of the Rocks, the

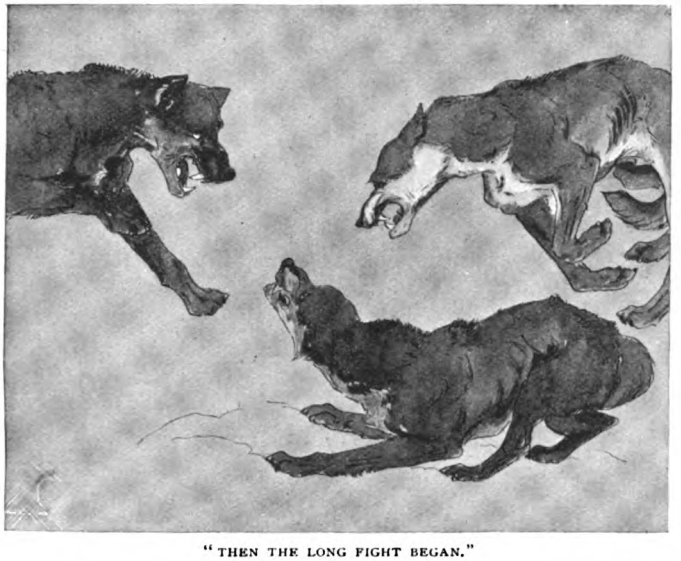
MOWGLI KEEPS THE DHOLE AT BAY.

RED DOG LOSES HIS TAIL.

busy, furious, black, wild bees of India, and no man or beast so unfortunate as to stray into their territory ever escaped alive. It was Mowgli's plan to entice the dhole to invade this terrible "Place of Death," as it was called by the inhabitants of the jungle, when those that escaped the venom of the bees would fall a victim to the rushing torrents beneath.

With this object in view Mowgli set out to waylay the dhole. From the branch of a convenient tree he kept them at bay for hours, driving them to a frenzy with a torrent

"THE BANK WAS LINED WITH BURNING EYES."

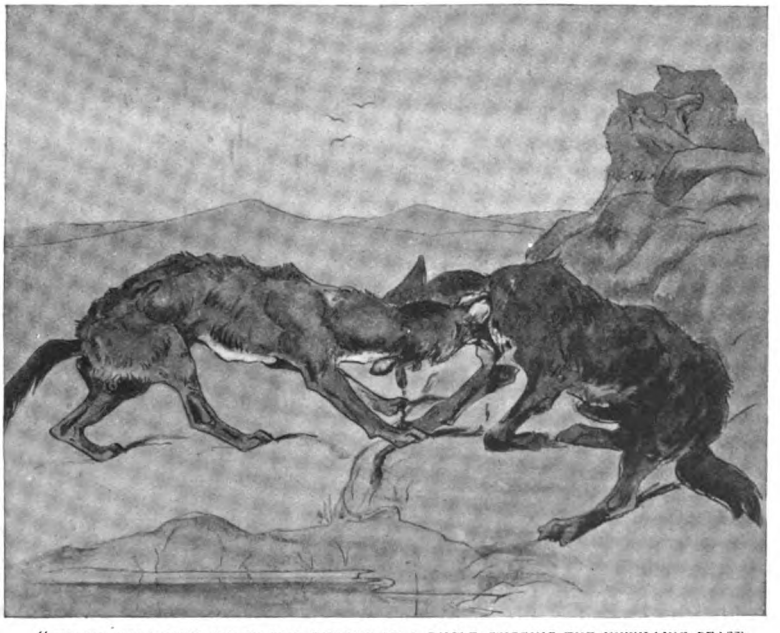


"THEN THE LONG FIGHT BEGAN."

of vituperation and abuse. Exasperated beyond measure, the leader of the dholes made several ineffectual attempts to reach Mowgli, who, watching his opportunity, caught him as he leapt high in the air and, as a crowning insult, severed his tail from his body before letting him fall again to the earth. When twilight came he smeared himself with garlic as a protection against the bees, and slipping down the tree-trunk he headed like the wind for the Bee Rocks, before the dholes saw what he would do. Hotly pursued, he rushed across the forbidden territory and leapt into the river beneath, where Kaa, the python, was waiting to catch him, to prevent him from being swept away by the flood. "When he rose Kaa's coils were steadying him and things were bounding over the edge of the cliff —great lumps, it seemed, of clustered bees falling like plummets; and as each lump touched water the bees flew upward and the body of a dhole whirled down stream."

Although the greater part of the pack had now been accounted for, a large number yet remained, and these were swept along the current down to the rocks of the Peace Pool, where the wolves were silently awaiting them. "A wolf came running along the bank on three legs, leaping up and down, laying his sideways close to the ground, hunching his back, and breaking a couple of feet into the air, as though he were playing with his cubs. It was Won-tolla, the Outlier, and he said never a word, but continued his horrible sport beside the dholes."

Nearer and nearer came the bay of the Seeonee wolves, and a bend of the river drove the dholes forward among the sands and shoals opposite the Seeonee lairs. "The bank was lined with burning eyes, and except for the horrible *Pheeal* cry that had



"PHAON, HIS TEETH SET IN THE THROAT OF A DHOLE, TUGGING THE UNWILLING BEAST FORWARD TILL THE YEARLINGS COULD FINISH HIM."

never stopped since sundown there was no sound in the jungle."

Then the long fight began. Far into the night it continued, and when at length it was over there remained not one of the dholes alive to tell the tale. The wolves, on their side, had by no means escaped scathless, and many of their number fought their last fight that night. The aged Akela also fell mortally wounded, and with Mowgli's arms around him "the lone wolf drew a deep breath and began the death song that a leader of the pack should sing when he dies. It gathered strength as he went on, lifting and lifting and ringing far across the river, till it came to the last 'Good hunting!' and Akela shook himself clear of Mowgli for an instant, and, leaping into the air, fell backwards dead upon his last and most terrible kill."

"AKELA, A'DHOLE ON EITHER FLANK, AND HIS ALL BUT TOOTHLESS JAWS CLOSED OVER THE LOINS OF A THIRD."

"'Good hunting!' said Phao, as though Akela were still alive, and then over his bitten shoulder to the others: 'Howl, dogs! A wolf has died to-night!'"

It may be added that Miss Guest comes into her rare talent largely by inheritance, her mother, Lady Theodora Guest, being an accomplished water-colour artist, whose work, especially in landscape, is full of refinement and charm.

"HOWL, DOGS! A WOLF HAS DIED TO-NIGHT!"

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

CHAPTER XI.

"TYRE, TYRE FOR EVER."

"BLUE and red," said Jane, softly, "make purple."

"Not always they don't," said Cyril; "it has to be crimson lake and Prussian blue. If you mix vermilion and indigo you get the most loathsome slate-colour."

"Sepia's the nastiest colour in the box, *I* think," said Jane, sucking her brush.

They were all painting. Nurse, in the flush of grateful emotion excited by Robert's border of poppies, had presented each of the four with a shilling paint-box, and had supplemented the gift with a pile of old copies of the *Illustrated London News*.

"Sepia," said Cyril, instructively, "is made out of beastly cuttle-fish."

"Purple's made out of a fish, as well as out of red and blue," said Robert. "Tyrian purple was, I know."

"Out of lobsters?" said Jane, dreamily. "They're red when they're boiled and blue when they aren't. If you mixed live and dead lobsters you'd get Tyrian purple."

"*I* shouldn't like to mix anything with a live lobster," said Anthea, shuddering.

"Well, there aren't any other red and blue fish," said Jane. "You'd have to."

"I'd rather not have the purple," said Anthea.

"The Tyrian purple wasn't that colour when it came out of the fish nor yet afterwards, it wasn't," said Robert; "it was scarlet really, and Roman emperors wore it. And it wasn't any nice colour while the fish had it. It was a yellowish-white liquid of a creamy consistency."

"How do you know?" asked Cyril.

"I read it," said Robert, with the meek pride of superior knowledge.

"Where?" asked Cyril.

"In print," said Robert, still more proudly meek.

"You think everything's true if it's printed," said Cyril, naturally annoyed, "but it isn't. Father said so. Quite lots of lies get printed, especially in newspapers."

"You see, as it happens," said Robert, in what really was a rather provoking tone, "it wasn't a newspaper; it was in a book."

"How sweet Chinese white is!" said Jane, dreamily sucking her brush again.

"I don't believe it," said Cyril to Robert.

"Have a suck yourself," suggested Robert.

"I don't mean about the Chinese white; I mean about the creamy fish turning purple and——"

"Oh!" cried Anthea, jumping up very quickly, "I'm tired of painting. Let's go somewhere by amulet. I say, let's let it choose."

Cyril and Robert agreed that this was an idea. Jane consented to stop painting because, as she said, Chinese white, though certainly sweet, gives you a queer feeling in the back of the throat if you paint with it too long.

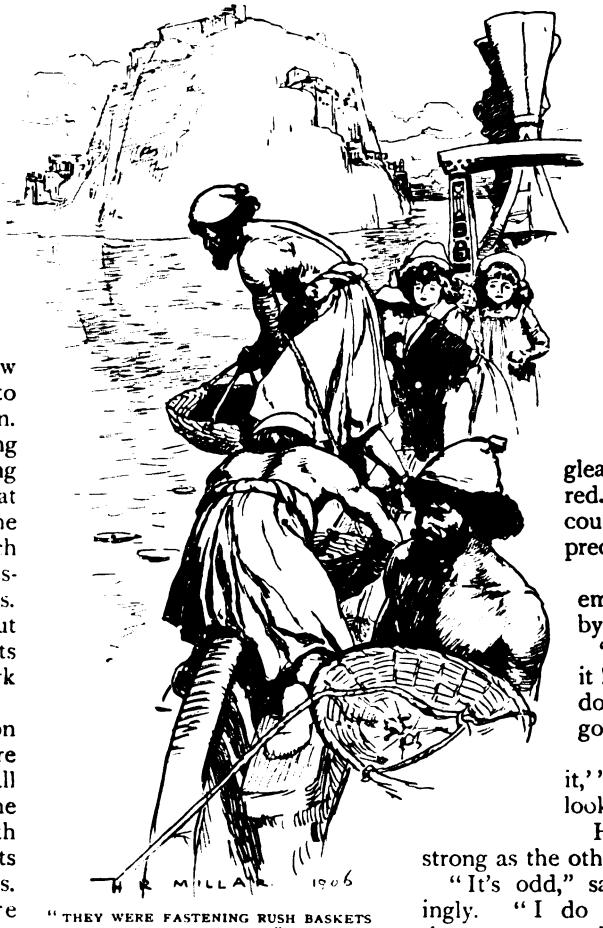
The amulet was held up.

"Take us somewhere," said Jane; "anywhere you like in the Past—but somewhere where you are." Then she said the word.

Next moment everyone felt a queer rocking and swaying—something like what you feel when you go out in a fishing-boat—and that was not wonderful, when you come to think

of it, for it was in a boat that they found themselves. A queer boat, with high bulwarks pierced with holes for oars to go through. There was a very high seat for the steersman, and the prow was shaped like the head of some great animal with big, staring eyes. The boat rode at anchor in a bay, and the bay was very smooth.

The crew were dark, wiry fellows, with black beards and hair. They had no clothes except a tunic from waist to knee, and round caps with knobs on the top. They were very busy, and what they were doing was so interesting to the children that at first they did not even wonder where the amulet had brought them.



"THEY WERE FASTENING RUSH BASKETS TO A LONG ROPE."

And the crew seemed too busy to notice the children. They were fastening rush baskets to a long rope, with a great piece of cork at the end, and in each basket they put mussels or little frogs. Then they cast out the ropes; the baskets sank, but the cork floated.

And all about on the blue water were other boats, and all the crews of all the boats were busy with ropes and baskets and frogs and mussels.

"Whatever are you doing?" Jane suddenly asked a man who had rather more clothes than the others, and seemed to be a sort of captain or overseer. He started and stared at her, but he had seen too many strange lands to be very much surprised at these queerly-dressed stowaways.

"Setting lines for the dye shell-fish," he said, shortly. "How did you get here?"

"A sort of magic," said Robert, carelessly. The captain fingered an amulet that hung round his neck.

"What is this place?" asked Cyril.

"Tyre, of course," said the man. Then he drew back and spoke in a low voice to one of the sailors.

"Now we shall know about your precious cream-jug fish," said Cyril.

"But we never *said* come to Tyre," said Jane.

"The amulet heard us talking, I expect. I think it's *most* obliging of it," said Anthea.

"And the amulet's here too," said Robert. "We ought to be able to find it in a little ship like this. I wonder which of them's got it."

"Oh! look, look!" cried Anthea, suddenly.

On the bare breast of one of the sailors gleamed something red. It was the exact counterpart of their precious half-amulet.

A silence full of emotion was broken by Jane.

"Then we've found it!" she said. "Oh, do let's take it and go home."

"Easy to say 'take it,'" said Cyril; "he looks very strong."

He did—yet not so strong as the other sailors.

"It's odd," said Anthea, musingly. "I do believe I've seen that man somewhere before."

"He's rather like our learned gentleman," said Robert; "but I'll tell you who he's much more like——"

At this moment that sailor looked up. His eyes met Robert's, and Robert and the others had no longer any doubt as to where they had seen him before. It was Rekh-marā, the priest, who had led them to the palace of Pharaoh, and whom Jane had looked back at through the arch when he was counselling Pharaoh's guard to take the jewels and fly for his life.

Nobody was quite pleased and nobody quite knew why.

Jane voiced the feelings of all when she said, fingering *their* amulet through the folds of her frock, "We can go back in a minute if anything nasty happens."

For the moment nothing worse happened than an offer of food. Figs and cucumbers it was, and very pleasant.

"I see," said the captain, "that you are from a far country. Since you have honoured my boat by appearing on it, you must stay here till morning. Then I will lead you to one of our great ones. He loves strangers from far lands"

"Let's go home," Jane whispered. "All the frogs are drowning *now*. I think the people here are cruel."

But the boys wanted to stay and see the lines taken up in the morning.

"It's just like eel-pots and lobster-pots," said Cyril. "The baskets only open from outside. I vote we stay."

So they stayed.

"That's Tyre over there," said the captain, who was evidently trying to be civil. He pointed to a great island rock, that rose steeply from the sea, crowned with huge walls and towers. There was another city on the mainland.

"That's part of Tyre, too," said the captain; "it's where the great merchants have their pleasure-houses and gardens and farms.

"Look, look!" Cyril cried, suddenly · "what a lovely little ship!"

A ship in full sail was passing swiftly through the fishing-fleet. The captain's face changed. He frowned and his eyes blazed with fury.

"Insolent young barbarian!" he cried. "Do you call the ships of Tyre *little*? None greater sail the seas. That ship has been on a three years' voyage. She is known in all the great trading ports from here to the tin islands. She comes back rich and glorious; her very anchor is of silver."

"I'm sure we beg your pardon," said Anthea, hastily. "In our country we say 'little' for a pet name. Your wife might call you her dear little husband, you know——"

"I should like to catch her at it," growled the captain, but he stopped scowling. "It's a rich trade," he went on. "For cloth *once* dipped, second-best glass, and the rough images our young artists carve for practice, the barbarian King in Tessos lets us work the silver mines. We get so much silver there that we leave them our iron anchors and come back with silver ones."

"How splendid!" said Robert. "Do go on. What's cloth once dipped?"

"You *must* be barbarians from the outer darkness," said the captain, scornfully. "All *wealthy* nations know that our finest stuffs are twice dyed—dibaptha. They're only for the robes of kings and priests and princes."

"What do the rich merchants wear," asked Jane, with interest, "in the pleasure houses?"

"They wear the dibaptha. *Our* merchants *are* princes," scowled the skipper.

"Oh, don't be cross. We do so like hearing about things. We want to know *all* about the dyeing," said Anthea, cordially.

"Oh, you do, do you?" growled the man. "So that's what you're here for! Well, you won't get the secrets of the dye trade out of *me*."

He went away, and everyone felt snubbed and uncomfortable. And all the time the long, narrow eyes of the Egyptian were watching, watching. The children felt as though he were watching them even through the darkness, when they lay down to sleep on a pile of cloaks. Next morning the baskets were drawn up full of what looked like whelk-shells.

The children were rather in the way, but they made themselves as small as they could. While the skipper was at the other end of the boat they did ask one question of a sailor whose face was a little less unkind than the others.

"Yes," he answered, "this is the dye-fish. It's a sort of murex; and there's another kind that they catch at Sidon; and then, of course, there's the kind that's used for the dibaptha. But that's quite different. It's——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the skipper. And the man held it.

The laden boat was rowed slowly round the end of the island, and was made fast in one of the two great harbours that lie inside a long breakwater. The harbour was full of all sorts of ships, so that Cyril and Robert enjoyed themselves much more than their sisters. The breakwater and the quays were heaped with bales, baskets, and chests, and crowded with slaves and sailors. Farther along some men were practising diving.

"That's jolly good," said Robert, as a naked brown body clove the water.

"I should think so," said the skipper. "The pearl-divers of Persia are not more skilful. Why, we've got a fresh-water spring that comes out at the bottom of the sea. Our divers dive down and bring up the

fresh water in skin bottles. Can your barbarian divers do as much?"

"I suppose not," said Robert, and put away a wild desire to explain to the captain the English system of waterworks—pipes, taps, mains, and the intricacies of the plumber's trade.

As they neared the quay the skipper made a hasty toilet. He did his hair, combed his beard, put on a garment like a jersey with short sleeves, an embroidered belt, a necklace of beads, and a big signet ring.

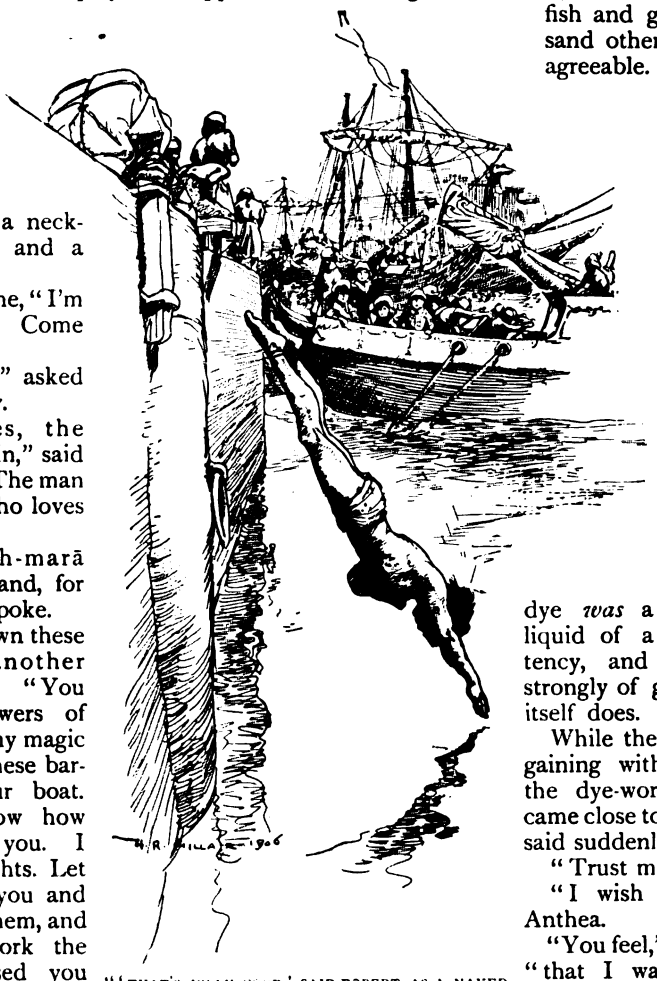
"Now," said he, "I'm fit to be seen. Come along."

"Where to?" asked Jane, cautiously.

"To Pheles, the great sea captain," said the skipper. "The man I told you of, who loves barbarians."

Then Rekh-marā came forward and, for the first time, spoke.

"I have known these children in another land," he said. "You know my powers of magic. It was my magic that brought these barbarians to your boat. And you know how they will profit you. I read your thoughts. Let me come with you and see the end of them, and then I will work the spell I promised you in return for the little experience which you have so kindly given me on your boat."



"'THAT'S JOLLY GOOD,' SAID ROBERT, AS A NAKED BROWN BODY CLOVE THE WATER."

The skipper looked at the Egyptian with some disfavour.

"So it was *your* doing?" he said. "I might have guessed it. Well, come on."

Rekh-marā came, and the girls wished he hadn't. But Robert whispered, "Nonsense; as long as he's with us we've got *some* chance of the amulet. We can always fly if anything goes wrong."

The morning was so fresh and bright—their breakfast had been so good and so unusual—they had actually seen the amulet round the Egyptian's neck. One or two or all these things suddenly raised the children's spirits. They went off quite cheerfully through the city gate—it was not arched, but roofed over with a great flat stone—and so through the streets, which smelt horribly of fish and garlic and a thousand other things even less agreeable. But far worse than the street scents was the scent of the factory, where the skipper called in to sell his night's catch. I wish I could tell you all about that factory, but I haven't time, and perhaps after all you aren't interested in dyeing works. I will only mention that Robert was triumphantly proved to be right. The dye *was* a yellowish-white liquid of a creamy consistency, and it smelt more strongly of garlic than garlic itself does.

While the skipper was bargaining with the master of the dye-works the Egyptian came close to the children, and said suddenly and softly:—

"Trust me."

"I wish we could," said Anthea.

"You feel," said Rekh-marā, "that I want your amulet. That makes you distrust me."

"Yes," said Cyril, bluntly. "But you also—you want my amulet, and I am trusting you."

"There's something in that," said Robert.

"We have the two halves of the amulet," said the priest, "but not yet the pin that joined them. Our only chance of getting that is to remain together. Once part these two halves, and they may never again be found in the same time and place. Be wise. Our interests are the same."

Before anyone could say more the skipper

came back, and with him the dye-master. His hair and beard were curled like the men's in Babylon, and he was dressed like the skipper, but with added grandeur of gold and embroidery. He had necklaces of beads and silver, and a glass amulet with a man's face—very like his own—set between two bulls' heads, as well as gold and silver bracelets and armlets. He looked keenly at the children. Then he said:—

"My brother Pheles has just come back from Tarshish. He's at his garden house, unless he's hunting wild boar in the marshes. He gets frightfully bored on shore."

"Ah," said the skipper, "he's a true-born Phœnician. 'Tyre, Tyre, for ever—oh, Tyre rules the waves!' as the old song says. I'll go at once and show him my young barbarians."

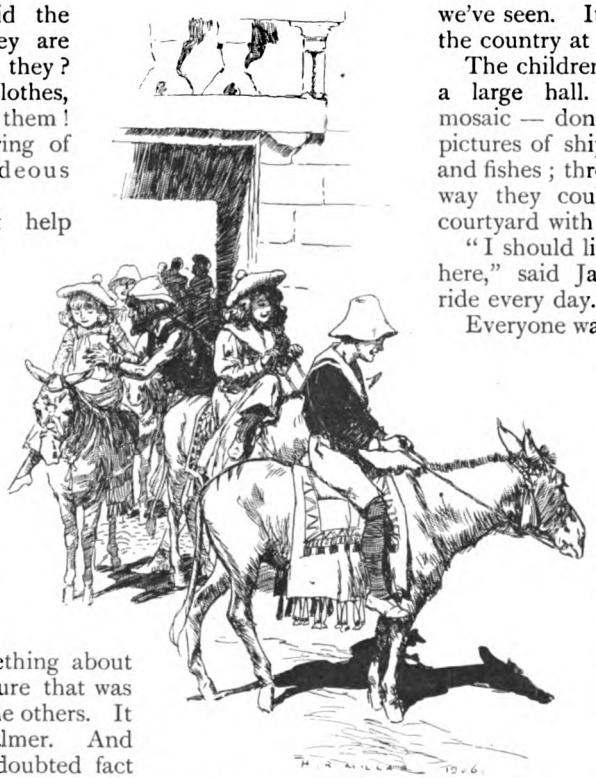
"I should," said the dye-master; "they are very rum, aren't they? What frightful clothes, and what a lot of them! Observe the covering of their feet. Hideous indeed!"

Cyril could not help thinking how easy and, at the same time, pleasant it would be to catch hold of the dye-master's feet and tip him backward into the great sunken vat just near him.

But if he had, flight would have had to be the next move.

So he restrained his impulse.

There was something about this Tyrian adventure that was different from all the others. It was, somehow, calmer. And there was the undoubted fact that the charm was there on the neck of the Egyptian.



"THEY ENJOYED EVERYTHING TO THE FULL."

So they enjoyed everything to the full—the row from the island city to the shore, the ride on the donkeys that the skipper hired at the gate of the mainland city, and the pleasant country—palms and figs and cedars all about. It was like a garden—clematis, honeysuckle, and jasmine clung round the olive and mulberry trees, and there were tulips and gladiolus and clumps of mandrake, which has bell-flowers that look as though they were cut out of dark blue jewels. In the distance were the mountains of Lebanon.

The house they came to at last was rather like a bungalow—long and low, with pillars all across the front. Cedars and sycamores grew near it and sheltered it pleasantly.

Everyone dismounted, and the donkeys were led away.

"Why is this like Rosherville?" whispered Robert, and instantly supplied the answer: "Because it's the place to spend a happy day."

"It's jolly decent of the skipper to have brought us to such a ripping place," said Cyril.

"Do you know," said Anthea, "this feels more real than anything else we've seen. It's like a holiday in the country at home."

The children were left alone in a large hall. The floor was mosaic — done with wonderful pictures of ships, and sea beasts, and fishes; through an open doorway they could see a pleasant courtyard with flowers.

"I should like to spend a week here," said Jane, "and donkey ride every day."

Everyone was feeling very jolly. Even the Egyptian looked pleasanter than usual And then, quite suddenly, the skipper came back wearing a joyous smile. With him came the master of the house. He looked steadily at the children and nodded twice.

"Yes," he said, "my steward will pay you the price. But I shall not pay at that high rate for the Egyptian dog."

The two passed on.

"This," said the Egyptian, "is a pretty kettle of fish."

"What is?" asked all the children at once.

"Our present position," said Rekh-marā. "Our seafaring friend," he added, "has sold us all for slaves!"

A hasty council succeeded the shock of this announcement. The priest was allowed to take part in it. His advice was "Stay," because they were in no danger, and the amulet in its completeness must be somewhere near, or, of course, they could not have come to that place at all. And after some discussion they agreed to this.

The children were treated more as guests than as slaves. But the Egyptian was sent to the kitchen and made to work.

Pheles, the master of the house, went off that very evening, by the King's orders, to start on another voyage. And when he was gone his wife found the children amusing company, and kept them talking and singing and dancing till quite late. "To distract her mind from her sorrows," she said

"I do like being a slave," remarked Jane, cheerfully, as they curled up on the big, soft cushions that were to be their beds.

It was black night when they were awakened, each by a hand passed softly over its face and a low voice that whispered:—

"Be quiet, or all is lost."

So they were quiet.

"It's me — Rekh-marā — the priest of Amen," said the whisperer. "The man who bought us has gone to sea again, and he has taken my amulet from me by force; and I know no magic to get it back. Is there magic for that in the amulet you bear?"

Everyone was brilliantly awake by now.

"We can go after him," said Cyril, leaping up; "but he might take *ours* as well. Or he might be angry with us for following him."

"I'll see to *that*," said the Egyptian in the dark. "Hide your amulet well."

There in the deep blackness of that room in the Tyrian country house the amulet was once more held up and the word spoken.

All passed through on to a ship that tossed and tumbled on a wind-blown sea. They crouched together there till morning, and Jane and Cyril were not at all well. When the dawn showed dove-coloured across the steely waves they stood up as well as they could for the tumbling of the ship. Pheles, that hardy sailor and adventurer, turned quite pale when he turned round suddenly and saw them.

"Well!" he said. "Well, I never did!"

"Master," said the Egyptian, bowing low, and that was even more difficult than standing up, "we are here by the magic of the sacred amulet that hangs round your neck."

"I never did!" repeated Pheles. "Well, well!"

"What port is the ship bound for?" asked Robert, with a nautical air.

But Pheles said, "Are you a navigator?"

Robert had to own that he was not.

"Then," said Pheles, "I don't mind telling you that we're bound for the tin isles. Tyre alone knows where the tin isles are. It is the splendid secret we keep from all the world. It is as great a thing to us as your magic to you."

He spoke in quite a new voice, and seemed to respect both the children and the amulet a good deal more than he had done before.

"The King sent you, didn't he?" said Jane.

"Yes," answered Pheles; "he bade me set sail with half a score brave gentlemen and this crew. You shall go with us and see many wonders." He bowed and left them.

"What are we going to do now?" said Robert, when Pheles had caused them to be left alone, with a breakfast of dried fruits and a sort of hard biscuit.

"Wait till he lands on the tin isles," said Rekh-marā; "then we can get the barbarians to help us. We will attack him by night and tear the sacred amulet from his accursed heathen neck," he added, grinding his teeth.

"When shall we get to the tin isles?" asked Jane.

"Oh, six months, perhaps, or a year," said the Egyptian, cheerfully.

"A year of *this?*" cried Jane; and Cyril, who was still feeling far too unwell to care about breakfast, hugged himself miserably and shuddered.

It was Robert who said:—

"Look here, we can shorten that year. Jane, out with the amulet! Wish that we were where our half amulet will be when the ship is twenty miles from the tin islands. That'll give us time to mature our plans."

It was done—the work of a moment; and there they were, on the same ship, between grey northern sky and grey northern sea. The sun was setting in a pale yellow line. It was the same ship, but it was changed, and so were the crew. Weather-worn and dirty were the sailors, and their clothes torn and ragged. And the children saw that of course, though they had skipped many months, the ship had had to live through them. Pheles looked thinner, and his face was rugged and anxious.

"Ha," he cried, "the charm has brought you back! I have prayed to it daily these nine months—and now you are here. Have you no magic that can help?"

"What is your need?" asked the Egyptian, quietly.

"I need a great wave that shall whelm away the foreign ship that follows us. A month ago it lay in wait for us by the pillars of the gods, and it follows—follows to find out the secret of Tyre—the place of the tin islands. If I could steer by night I could escape them yet, but to-night there will be no stars."

"My magic will not serve you here," said the Egyptian.

But Robert said, "My magic will not bring up great waves, but I can show you how to steer without stars."

He took out the shilling compass, still, fortunately, in working order, that he had bought of another boy at school for fivepence, a piece of indiarubber, a strip of whalebone, and half a stick of red sealing-wax.

And he showed Pheles how it worked. And Pheles wondered at the compass's magic truth.

"I will give it to you," Robert said, "in return for that charm about your neck."

Pheles made no answer. He just laughed, snatched the compass from Robert's hand, and turned away laughing.

"Be comforted," the priest whispered; "our time will come."

The dusk deepened, and Pheles, crouched beside a dim lantern, steered by the shilling compass from the Crystal Palace.

No one ever knew how the other ship sailed, but suddenly, in the deep night, the look-out man at the stern cried out in a terrible voice:—

"She is close upon us."

"And we," said Pheles, "are close to the harbour." He was silent a moment, then suddenly he altered the ship's course, and then he stood up and spoke.

"Good friends and gentlemen," he said, "who are bound with me in this trade venture by our King's command, the false foreign ship is close on our heels. If we land they land, and only the gods know whether they might not beat us in fight, and themselves survive to carry back the tale of Tyre's secret island to enrich their own miserable land. Shall this be?"

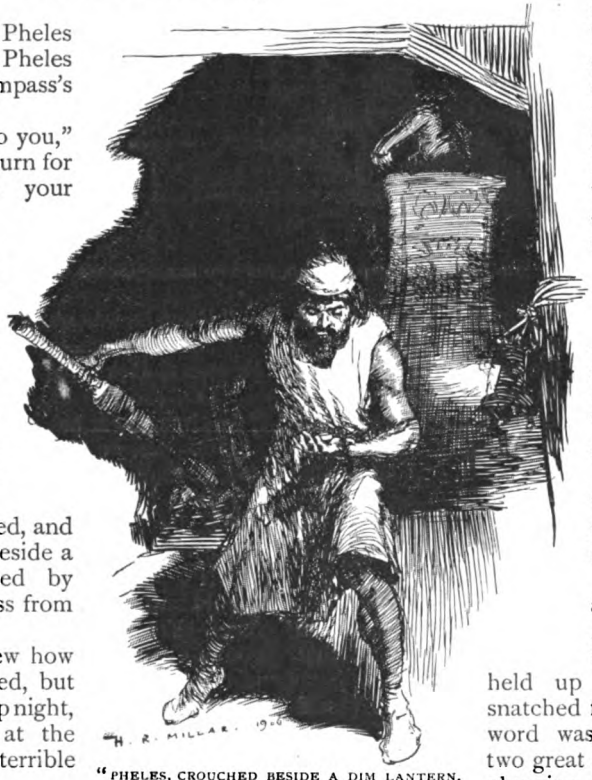
"Never!" cried the half-dozen men near him. The slaves were rowing hard below, and could not hear his words.

The Egyptian leaped upon him suddenly, fiercely, as a wild beast leaps.

"Give me back my amulet," he cried, and caught at the charm. The chain that held it snapped, and it lay in the priest's hand.

Pheles laughed, standing balanced to the leap of the ship that answered the oar-stroke.

"This is no time for charms and mummeries," he said; "we've lived like men, and we'll die like gentlemen, for the honour and glory of Tyre, our splendid city. Tyre, Tyre for ever! It's Tyre that rules the waves! I steer her straight for the Dragon rocks, and we go down for our city, as brave men should. The creeping cowards who follow shall go down as slaves—and slaves they shall be to us when we live again. Tyre, Tyre for ever!"



"PHELES, CROUCHED BESIDE A DIM LANTERN, STEERED BY THE SHILLING COMPASS."

A great shout went up, and the slaves below joined in it.

"Quick—the amulet!" cried Anthea, and held it up. Rekh-marā held up the one he had snatched from Pheles. The word was spoken, and the two great arches grew on the plunging ship in the shrieking of wind under the dark sky. From each amulet a great and beautiful green light streamed, and shone far out over the waves. It illuminated, too, the black faces and jagged teeth of the great rocks that lay not two ships' lengths from the boat's peaked nose.

"Tyre, Tyre for ever! It's Tyre that rules the waves!" The voices of the doomed rose in a triumphant shout. The children scrambled through the arch and stood

"THE WORD WAS SPOKEN, AND THE TWO GREAT ARCHES GREW."

trembling and blinking in the Fitzroy Street parlour, and in their ears still sounded the whistle of the wind, the rattle of the oars, the crash of the ship's bow on the rocks, and the last shout of the brave gentlemen-adventurers who went to their death singing, for the sake of the city they loved.

"And so we've lost the other half of the amulet again," said Anthea, when they had told the psammead all about it.

"Nonsense! Pooh!" said the psammead. "That wasn't the other half. It was the same half that you've got—the one that wasn't crushed and 'lost.'"

"But how could it be the same?" said Anthea, gently.

"Well, not exactly, of course. The one you've got is a good many years older—but, at any rate, it's not the other one. What did you say when you wished?"

"I forget," said Jane.

"I don't," said the psammead. "You said, 'Take us where *you* are'—and it did. So, you see, it was the same half."

"I see," said Anthea.

"Mark my words," the psammead went on; "you'll have trouble with that priest yet."

"Why, he was quite friendly," said Anthea.

"All the same, you'd better beware of the Reverend Rekh-marā."

"Oh, I'm sick of the amulet," said Cyril; "we shall never get it."

"Oh, yes, we shall," said Robert. "Don't you remember December 3rd?"

"Jinks!" said Cyril. "I'd forgotten that."

"I don't believe it," said Jane, "and I don't feel at all well."

"If I were you," said the psammead, "I should not go into the Past again till that date. You'll find it safer not to go where you're likely to meet that Egyptian any more just at present."

"Of course, we'll do as you say," said Anthea, soothingly, "though there's something about his face that I really do like."

"Still, you don't want to run after him, I suppose?" snapped the psammead. "You wait till the third and then see what happens."

Cyril and Jane were feeling far from well—Anthea was always obliging—so Robert was overruled. And they promised. And none of them, not even the psammead, at all foresaw—as you, no doubt, do quite plainly—exactly what it was that *would* happen on that memorable date.

(To be continued.)

The Strange Story of a Cruikshank Print.

By G. S. Layard.

WE have heard much of late years about the blacking-out by the Russian censor of passages in English newspapers which seek for circulation in the dominions of the Czar, but it is not, perhaps, generally known that this practice had its counterpart in the case of a broadside by George Cruikshank ninety years ago. Of this broadside I have written elsewhere, but only now have I come across it in a condition unknown to all but a very few collectors, and unseen by all but a very select company indeed.

The uncoloured etching reproduced is from what is probably the only example in existence. As I wrote originally, the broadside itself is instinct with the rough and brutal methods of our ancestors. Coloured by hand, it was published in 1815, the very year of the tragic death of the gifted and ill-fated Gillray, whose mantle as political caricaturist was now fallen upon his brilliant young contemporary. These were the days of hard hitting, of reckless charges, of imprisonment for libel, of dramatic political episodes, and the wonder is that George Cruikshank escaped the fate of the Burdetts, the Hones, and the Hobhouses of the period.

The fact is that George was a very shrewd young man and had a very shrewd idea of how far it was safe to go. Indeed, in this partially-suppressed cartoon we find him upon the very verge of recklessness and only drawing back from danger just in the nick of time. Brutal enough as is the satire as we see it, there is a brutality curiously hidden which, unsuspected by the initiated, proves to what astounding lengths satire of that period was sometimes ready to go. Before dealing in detail with this "Financial Survey of Cumberland, or the Beggar's Petition," it will be as well to relate the circumstances which led up to its perpetration.

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, born 1771, was perhaps the best hated of all the Royal personages of the period then in England, and this notwithstanding the fact that he was a man of conspicuous bravery. He was, for a few years after Queen Victoria's accession, next heir to the throne of England. Later he ascended the throne of Hanover under the regulations of the Salic law, and gained the affection of his people, proving himself a wise and beneficent ruler. Probably William IV. put his character into a nutshell when he said: "Ernest is not such a bad fellow, but if anyone has a corn he is sure to tread on it."

However that may be, there is no doubt that there is hardly a crime in the whole Decalogue which was not at one time or another laid at his door, and not the least among these was the crime of murder.

To quote the succinct account of this affair given in the "Dictionary of National Biography": "On the night of the 31st of May, 1810, the Duke was found in his apartments in St. James's Palace with a terrible wound in his head, which would have been mortal had not the assassin's weapon struck against the Duke's sword. Shortly afterwards his valet, Sellis, was found dead in his bed with his throat cut. On hearing the evidence of the surgeons and other witnesses, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that Sellis had committed suicide after attempting to murder the Duke. The absence of any reasonable motive . . . caused this event to be greatly discussed, and democratic journalists did not hesitate to hint that he really murdered Sellis."

One of these journalists, Henry White, was sentenced in 1815 to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of two hundred pounds for publishing the rumour. The story again cropped up in 1832, when the Duke had made himself particularly obnoxious to the Radical Press, and was exploited by a pamphleteer named Phillips. The Duke prosecuted him, and he was promptly found guilty and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Notwithstanding this there was little abatement in the persecution of the Duke. Even Lord Brougham in the House of Lords sneeringly called him to his face "the illustrious Duke—illustrious only by courtesy." From which it is sufficiently plain why it was that the Whig Cabinet of the period felt it advisable to hurry on our late Queen's marriage.

So much for a general review of the Duke's career. We will now return to the year 1815 and the publication of the broadside with which we are concerned.

The Duke had just announced his intention of marrying the Princess of Salm, who had been twice a widow. The Prince Regent had raised no objection, but the Queen, who had a rooted objection to second marriages,

This is the moment seized by Cruikshank in the broadside here reproduced. Before the half-open door of "St. Stephen's," behind which is seen a crowd of members, Lord Cochrane fires, from a mortar decorated with

THE BROADSIDE, SHOWING THE MURDERED VALET.

made no secret of her disapproval. The country, too, was indignant, because another Royal marriage spelt, in accordance with what was then the ordinary usage, a further burden upon the Exchequer.

On July 3rd the proposal was made in the Commons to increase by £6,000 the Duke's pension of £18,000 a year, which he held in addition to his salary of £3,000 a year as colonel of the 1st Hussars. The House was equally divided on the vote, when a dramatic incident occurred. Lord Cochrane, heir to the Dundonald peerage, and a member of the House of Commons, had, in the previous year, been wrongfully found guilty of partici pation in a Stock Exchange fraud and had been imprisoned. On this very third day of July he was released from prison, and immediately repaired to Westminster. The House was at that moment going to a division. His lordship entered just in time to record his casting vote against the increase of the Duke's pension, and thus by an extraordinary coincidence the Duke was the poorer and the country the richer by six thousand a year.

a full-bottomed wig, a cannon-ball labelled "Casting vote." This, striking the Duke full in the rear, drives him towards a bank on which stand three Grenadiers, the Princess of Salm (recognizable by the flag which she carries, labelled "Psalms"), and her little boy, who sings:—

> My daddy is a Grenadier
> And he's pleased my mammy O.
> With his *long swoard* and *broadswoard*
> And his bayonet so handy O.

The Duke, from whose hand falls his petition and whose head is adorned with a cuckold's horns, cries aloud: "Pity the sorrow of a poor young man," whilst Cochrane thunders out: "No; no. We'll have no petitions here. Do you thint (*sic*) we are not up to your hoaxing, cadging tricks? You vagrant, do you think we'll believe all you say or swear? Do you think that your services or your merits will do you any good here? If you do I can tell you from experience that you are cursedly mistaken, so set off and don't show your ugly face here again. If you do, shiver my timbers if I don't send you to Ellenborough Castle; aye, aye, my

boy, I'll clap you in the *grated chamber*, where there's neither door, window, onr (*sic*) fireplace. I'll put you in the *Stocks !* I'll put you in the *Pillory !* I'll *fine* you. I'll—I'll play hell with you ! D—— me, I think I have just come in time to give you a shot between wind and water."

On the ground below the flying Duke lie documents recording his pensions and salaries.

No wonder, you will say, that such a scandalous attack upon a personage so near the throne should be suppressed with a high hand. The marvel is that artist and publisher should have escaped the fate of Henry White and the pamphleteer Phillips. But you will be more surprised than ever when you learn that not only did artist and publisher go scot-free, but that the plate, so far from being suppressed, was published and scattered broadcast among the people without protest.

Why, then, you say, talk of the broadside as a forerunner of the blacking-out process practised at the present day? I will tell you.

Do you not notice in the darker impression of the plate—darker because the original has been painted—that such perspective as the picture has is destroyed by a great black blot which reaches from the feet of the three soldiers right down to the path in the lower right-hand corner of the design? Well, that great black blot covers what would have inevitably landed George Cruikshank and Mr. W. N. Jones, of 5, Newgate Street, publisher, in a larger building higher up the same street, if it had not been for a happy afterthought of Mr. W. N. Jones, which took shape in a liberal use of lamp-black.

On the space so covered the reckless George, unmindful of the fate of Henry White, had etched the scantily-clothed figure of the unhappy valet Sellis, with bleeding throat, crying aloud: "Is this a razor that I see before me? Thou canst not say I did it."

After only one or two proofs had been pulled George and his publisher would seem to have become appalled at their temerity, and the plate was only issued coloured and with the peccant figure blotted out. For many years I hoped and hoped in vain to come across an uncoloured proof displaying the hidden figure. But it was not until 1905 that I was fortunate enough to light upon the probably unique proof here reproduced for the edification of those who love pictorial curiosities.

THE SAME PRINT AS PUBLISHED, SHOWING THE FIGURE OF THE VALET BLACKED OUT.

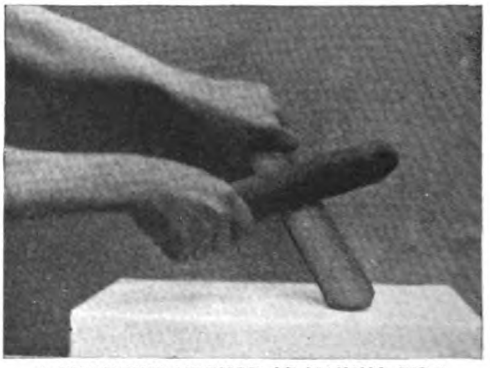
Curiosities.

Copyright, 1906, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"NOW, DEN, ALL TUM AND TEE ME DUMP!"

Our readers will remember the very successful Art in Photography Competitions which were held in this Magazine recently. One of the pictures set as a model to be copied was that popular engraving by J. Hayllar, entitled, "Now, Den, All Tum and Tee Me Dump." One waggish correspondent has sent us an amusing pictorial parody of the picture in question, and we reproduce it herewith.



A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF MAKING FIRE.

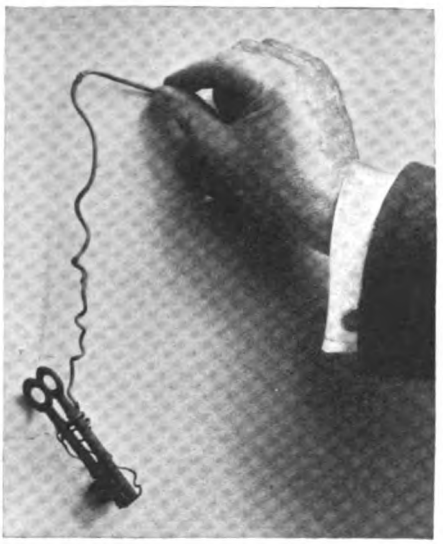
"In some parts of the East Indies the natives get a light by rubbing two pieces of bamboo together, as shown in the photograph. The silica in the wood grinds off into a fine powder, which is thus made very hot, and ignites by contact with the oxygen of the air."—Mr. Frank Lovett, 41, Outram Road, Croydon.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF A LEOPARD.

"I send you an original photograph, taken by a friend of mine, of an extraordinary incident in Central Africa—the timely rescue of a nigger from the clutches of a snarling leopard. I call it 'A Timely Shot,' and I doubt whether a photograph of a similar incident has ever been taken"—Mr. W. G. Cooper, Victoria Avenue, Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

THEFT BY A CREEPER.

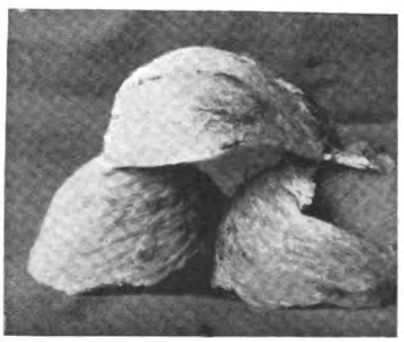
"I had in my greenhouse two keys, hanging upon an iron bracket at the end of the house. Wanting the keys one day, I found them missing; made inquiries and looked, as I thought, everywhere, but could not find them. In the autumn, while giving the vine attention, I discovered the keys (as shown in photograph) hanging some distance away from where I had put them. The tendril of the vine had taken hold of the keys; then the vine, growing, carried them away. Photo. by Mr. L. R. Protheroe, Bristol."—Mr. Henry W. Gillingham, Accra Villa, Raglan Road, Bishopston, Bristol.



EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

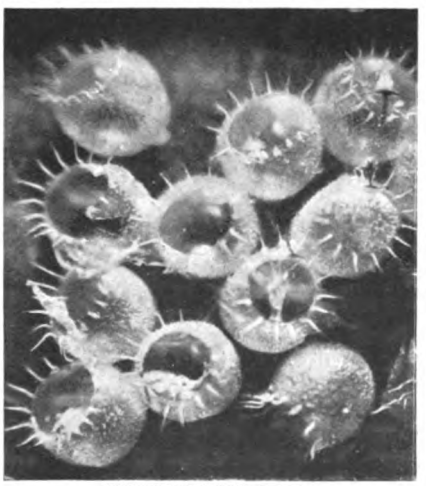
"I send you two photographs, one of an edible bird's nest in the spot where it was built, showing how it is constructed against the

cliff side; the other of a little heap of these nests as they are exposed for sale in Chinese shops. These nests (which are made by a species of swift) are collected for the Chinese market in the Malay Archipelago, and are especially common in Sumatra and Borneo. They are built on the sides of caves, especially in sea cliffs, and are composed of a substance resembling gelatine or isinglass, which is secreted by special glands in the mouth of the bird. Most people know that these nests are regarded as a luxury in China, where they are made into soup. Only the wealthy are able to afford them, for they are said to fetch as much as fifty shillings per pound. From fifteen to twenty thousand pounds' worth are sent to Singapore and China annually."—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.



SUGAR-COLUMN BUILDING.

In our January issue we published a photograph in the "Curiosities" section of an upright column made of lumps of sugar placed one on top of another. We entitled the paragraph accompanying the photograph "Can You Beat This?" The most successful attempt to out-do our contributor has reached us in the photograph reproduced herewith. The latest "sugar-column builder" says: "I saw that one of your contributors built a sugar tower thirteen cubes high. I tried my hand at this the other day, under the conditions given by your contributor, viz.: taking the lumps haphazard from the bowl and placing them one on the top of another without an adhesive of any kind. The result is that I can send you a photograph of such a tower twenty-three lumps high. After the photograph was taken another lump was added."—A. E. Bass, Transcend House, Llandudno, N.W. Can any of our contributors beat this latest record?



BUTTERFLIES' EGGS.

"This is a photograph of some butterflies' eggs much magnified. They are very curious, and are not unlike the eyes of some of Mr. Wells's 'First Men in the Moon,' as depicted some time ago in your pages."—Mr. Guy Dalrymple, 385, Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

AN EXCELLENT OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"I send you a curious photograph of a tympanum of late Norman style, above the main entrance to a Gloucestershire church. The carving in relief is shown in the picture as being sunk; if, however, the picture is turned upside down the carving appears in relief. I am quite unable to explain the phenomenon."—Mr. H. Cookson, Westwood, Cheltenham.

A TREE WITHIN A TREE.

"This is a tree within a tree, but the tree inside is actually older than the one encircling it. Lumbermen in a forest in the North-West came across this curious growth. They cut down what they supposed to be an enormous fir tree. When sawn in two it was found to be hollow, having actually grown around the stump shown in the centre. The rings in the centre tree prove that it is much older than the other, being of the cedar species, but the fir grew so rapidly that it surrounded the cedar. Naturalists who have studied the freak say that the fir must have grown from a seedling which sprouted on the bark of the cedar. The rings on the latter show it to be over three hundred years old. It was a good-sized tree when the fir began to grow."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.

ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION.

"Here is a photograph of a house at Barton, near St. Mary Church. This held upside down still shows a house as if built under a cliff. The road to the house becomes the roof. The pails at the door look like cages hanging from the roof. The hedge forms a creeper growing from the cliff. The roof of the house looks like grass growing up to it, and the cart at the side as if it were an overshot water-wheel at the side of the house, the water coming from the cliff."—Mr. W. S. Hole, Momein, Upper Hermosa Road, Teignmouth.

MORE "NATIVE" ENGLISH.

"You are entertaining your readers with peculiarly-worded native address cards. Here is one that was handed to me in Delhi two or three years ago."—Mr. H. J. Dale, Daisy Bank, Leckhampton, Glos.

KULLOO MUL.
Embroidery & Shawl Merchant.
(Address) **Katra Nil. Delhi.** (India.)
Gold and silver embroidery, Dresses, Centrepieces, Dioleys, Teacosey, Table covers. Curtains, Phoolkaries, Rugs, Silks, Rampore Chudders, Shawls, Pushminas, etc. etc.

N. B.—Our prices will help your purse and knock all Bazar dealers into that well-known cocked hat, and we request you to haul over the coals this dominant fact before going elsewhera.

Orders attended Promptly.
No satisfaction no pay twig?

WOODEN POST-CARDS.

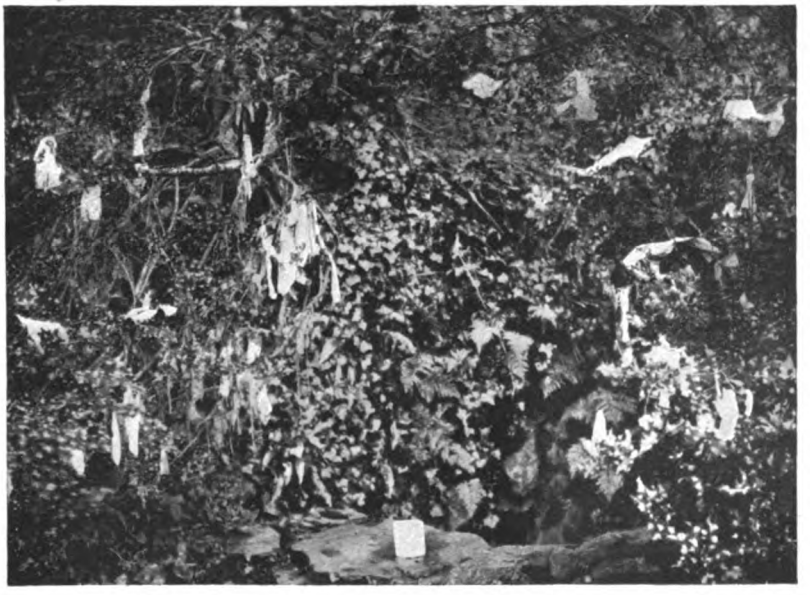
"I send you this photograph of two wooden post-cards, such as were distributed at the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland, Oregon, last summer. On the address side is printed a picture of an Indian woman carrying a papoose, below which is inscribed, 'The Spirit of Sacajawen greets you, as she did the explorers'; while the reverse bears this pulpy inscription: 'All a-board fir the Expo. Arrived oak-a. Its ash-tonishing. Yew cedar sights of your life. Everything fir-straight and tree-mendous, particularly the Forestry building. The trail is sap-prising, more than a pear of peaches and the beech knot in it fir fun. No need to pine fir what yew plank down, even board and (s)lumber at poplar prices. If you want a larch time just spruce up and em-bark. Yew walnut regret it. Butternut delay. — Log-ically, Hickory Hemlock.'" — Mr. Charles J. Heidelberger, 38, West Ninety-third Street, New York.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

"This is a photograph of a well to which a curious custom is attached. As can be seen in the picture, the well is surrounded by a hedge covered with strips of cloth of all colours Every person drinking at the well knots a strip of cloth to one of the branches. I could find no explanation of this custom. The hedge is decorated with hundreds of strips of cloth. The well itself is situated in the grounds of Ardcandrisk, in the county of Wexford." —A Contributor.

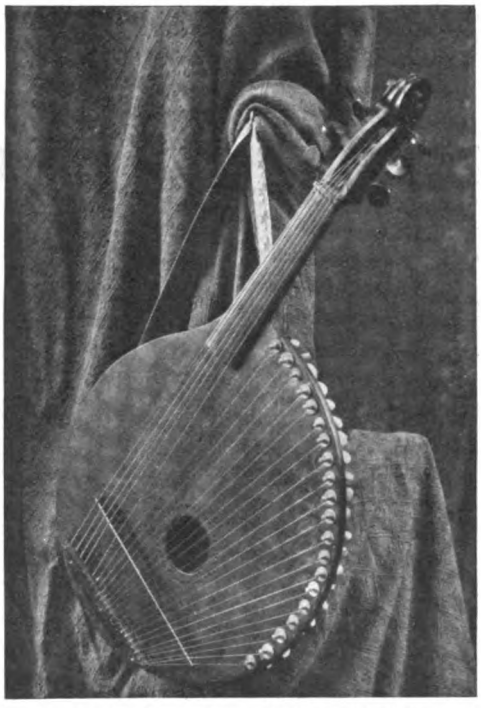
HOW A GAS-MANTLE PHOTOGRAPHED ITSELF IN THE DARK.

"When radium was discovered a few years ago, it was found that many other substances were radio-active also, though in a less degree. One of the best of these is thorium, a rare metal obtained from the Brazilian mines and used in the manufacture of incandescent mantles to impart a high degree of luminosity. All these radio-active substances emit rays which have the power of affecting the photographic plate, and this fact suggested the method by which the accompanying illustration was obtained. The letters were cut from an ordinary unused mantle and pressed in close contact with the sensitive side of a slow plate, which was then allowed to remain in absolute darkness for a fortnight. On developing, the impressions of the mantle were found to be faithfully recorded, and it is particularly noticeable how plainly the texture of the woven material is shown." —Mr. H. O. Horton, Woodhouse, Longton, Staffs.



A RUSSIAN "BANDOORA."

This illustration represents the South Russian popular instrument, the *kobza* or *bandoora*, this specimen coming from the village where the leader of the *Potemkin* mutiny, Matushehenko, was born. Lieutenant Kovalenko, whose narrative of that dramatic event was published in the December and January numbers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, plays the *bandoora*, and had one with him on board before and during the mutiny. We take this opportunity of explaining, at Mr. Kovalenko's



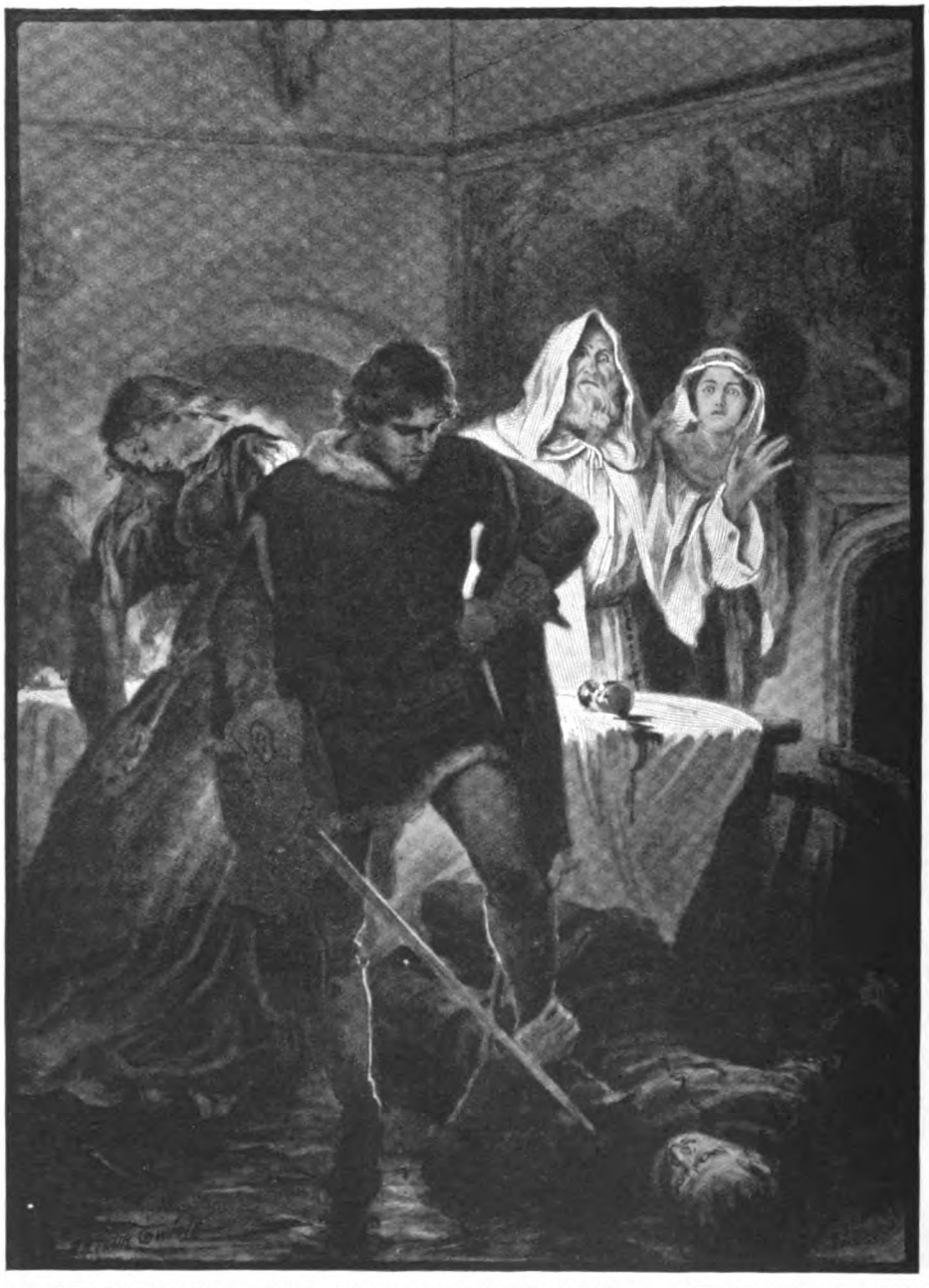
request, that the passage in the narrative commencing with the words "The captain and an officer, Alexiev," on page 639, and ending "Finally his strength deserted him and he sank," on page 641, was obtained by us from one of the sailors engaged in the mutiny and inserted as giving a vivid account of events which did not fall under Mr. Kovalenko's own direct observation. As he happened to be out of reach of "proofs" at the time, we were unable to refer the passage to him; but, very naturally, he does not wish to be made responsible for any statement except that contained in his own work, and we have much pleasure in making this explanation.

EXTRAORDINARY TROUSERS.

"I have heard of two men getting into one pair of trousers before, but I never heard of three persons being able to do so. You will see by the photograph, however, that they have done so. These trousers were made by a Bristol firm for one of their customers in South Africa, the measures being as follows: sixty-nine inches round the corpulency, forty-five thigh, twenty-six knee, twenty-three bottoms, thirty-two length of leg."—Mr. Samuel Semington, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

A CHURCH BLOWN UP BY NATURAL GAS.

"The natural gas by which the church shown in the photograph is heated was found to be leaking, and a man crawled under the floor to investigate. He struck a match and an explosion followed, with the result depicted; both ends of the church were left intact. The man was only slightly injured. The photograph was taken by Mr. A. C. Darling, of Petrolia, Canada."—Mr. Harry E. Corey, Petrolia, Canada.



"A STRANGE SIGHT IT WAS THAT MET THEM NOW IN THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT."

(*See page* 376.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

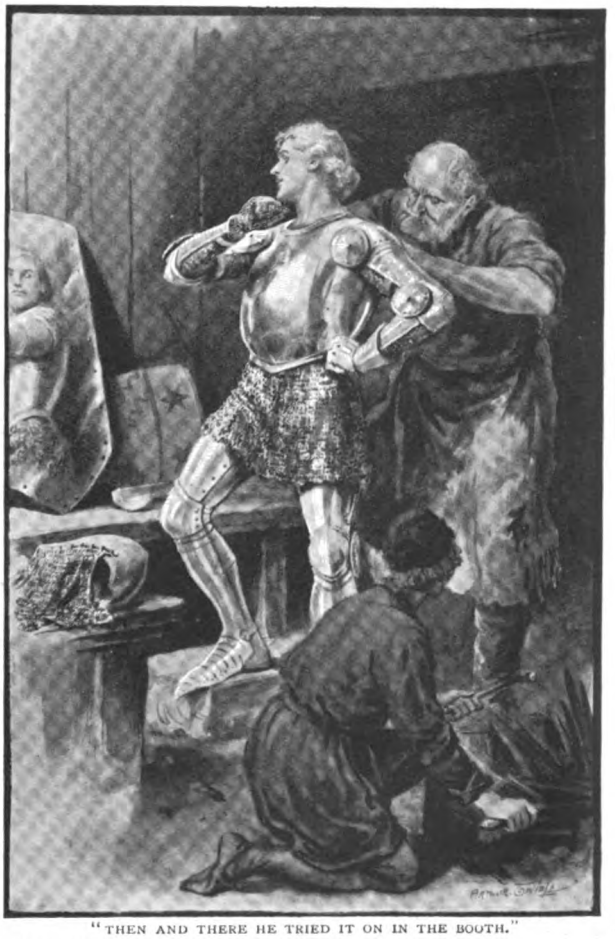
CHAPTER XI.

IN THE HALL OF THE KNIGHT OF DUPPLIN.

THE KING had come and had gone. Tilford manor-house stood once more dark and silent, but joy and contentment reigned within its walls. In one night every trouble had fallen away, like some dark curtain which had shut out the sun. A princely sum of money had come from the King's treasurer, given in such fashion that there could be no refusal. With a bag of gold pieces at his saddle-bow Nigel rode once more into Guildford, and not a beggar on the way who had not cause to bless his name. There he had gone first to the goldsmith and had bought back cup and salver and bracelet, mourning with the merchant over the evil chance that gold and gold work had for certain reasons, which only those in the trade could fully understand, gone up in value during the last week, so that already fifty gold pieces had to be paid more than the price which Nigel had received. In vain the faithful Aylward fretted and fumed and muttered a prayer that the day would come when he might feather a shaft in the merchant's portly paunch. The money had to be paid. Thence Nigel hurried to Wat the armourer's, and there he bought that very suit for which he had yearned so short a time before. Then and there he tried it on in the booth, Wat and his boy walking round him with spanner and wrench, fixing bolts and twisting rivets.

"How is that, my fair sir?" cried the armourer, as he drew the bassinet over the head and fastened it to the camail, which extended to the shoulders. "I swear by Tubal Cain that it fits you as the shell fits the crab. A finer suit never came from Italy or Spain."

Nigel stood in front of a burnished shield which served as a mirror, and he turned this way and that, preening himself like a little shining bird. His smooth breast-plate, his wondrous joints with their deft protection by the discs at knee and elbow and shoulder, the beautifully flexible gauntlets and sollerets, the shirt of mail, and the close-fitting greave-plates were all things of joy and of beauty in his eyes. He sprang about the shop to show



"THEN AND THERE HE TRIED IT ON IN THE BOOTH."

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his lightness, and then running out he placed his hand on the pommel and vaulted into Pommers's saddle, while Wat and his boy applauded in the doorway. Then springing off and running into the shop again he clashed down upon his knees before the image of the Virgin upon the smithy wall. There from his heart he prayed that no shadow or stain should come upon his soul or his honour whilst these arms encased his body, and that he might be strengthened to use them for noble and godly ends. A strange turn this to a religion of peace, and yet for many a century the sword and the faith had upheld each other, and in a darkened world the best ideal of the soldier had turned in some dim, groping fashion towards the light. "Benedictus dominus deus meus qui docet manus meas ad praelium et digitos meos ad bellum." There spoke the soul of the knightly soldier.

So the armour was trussed upon the armourer's mule, and went back with them to Tilford, where Nigel put it on once more for the pleasure of the Lady Ermyntrude, who clapped her skinny hands and shed tears of mingled pain and joy—pain that she should lose him, joy that he should go so bravely to the wars. As to her own future, it had been made easy for her, since it was arranged that a steward should look to the Tilford estate, whilst she had at her disposal a suite of rooms in Royal Windsor, where, with other venerable dames of her own age and standing, she could spend the twilight of her days discussing long-forgotten scandals, and whispering sad things about the grandfathers and grandmothers of the young courtiers around them. There Nigel might leave her with an easy mind when he turned his face to France.

But there was one more visit to be paid and one more farewell to be spoken ere Nigel could leave the moorlands where he had dwelled so long. That evening he donned his brightest tunic—dark purple velvet of Genoa, with trimming of miniver—his hat with the snow-white feather curling round the front, and his belt of embossed silver round his loins. Mounted on lordly Pommers, with his hawk upon wrist and his sword by his side, never did fairer young gallant, or one more modest in mind, set forth upon such an errand. It was but the old Knight of Dupplin to whom he would say farewell, but the Knight of Dupplin had two daughters, Edith and Mary, and Edith was the fairest maid in all the heather-country.

Sir John Buttesthorn, the Knight of Dupplin, was so called because he had been present at that strange battle, some eighteen years before, when the full power of Scotland had been for a moment beaten to the ground by a handful of adventurers and mercenaries, marching under the banner of no nation, but fighting in their own private quarrel. Their exploit fills no pages of history, for it is to the interest of no nation to record it, and yet the rumour and fame of the great fight bulked large in those times, for it was on that day, when the flower of Scotland was left dead upon the field, that the world first understood that a new force had arisen in war, and that the English archer, with his robust courage and his skill with the weapon which he had wielded from his boyhood, was a power with which even the mailed chivalry of Europe had seriously to reckon. Sir John, after his return from Scotland, had become the King's own head huntsman, famous through all England for his knowledge of venerie, until at last, getting over-heavy for his horses, he had settled in modest comfort into the old house of Cosford, upon the eastern slope of the Hindhead hill. Here, as his face grew redder and his beard more white, he spent the evening of his days, amid hawks and hounds, a flagon of spiced wine ever at his elbow, and his swollen foot perched upon a stool before him. There it was that many an old comrade broke his journey as he passed down the rude road which led from London to Portsmouth, and thither also came the young gallants of the country to hear the stout knight's tales of old wars, or to learn from him that lore of the forest and the chase which none could teach so well as he.

But, sooth to say, whatever the old knight might think, it was not merely his old tales and older wine which drew the young men to Cosford, but rather the fair face of his younger daughter, or the strong soul and wise counsel of the elder. Never had two more different branches sprung from the same trunk. Both were tall and of a queenly, graceful figure. But there all resemblance began and ended. Edith was yellow as the ripe corn, blue eyed, winning, mischievous, with a chattering tongue, a merry laugh, and a smile which a dozen of young gallants, Nigel of Tilford at their head, could share equally amongst them. Like a young kitten she played with all things that she found in life, and some there were who thought that already the claws could be felt amid the patting of her

velvet touch. Mary was dark as night, grave-featured, plain-visaged, with steady, brown eyes looking bravely at the world from under a strong black arch of brows. None could call her beautiful; and when her fair sister cast her arm round her and placed her cheek against hers, as was her habit when company was there, the fairness of the one and the plainness of the other leaped visibly to the eyes of all, each the clearer for that hard contrast. And yet, here and there, there was one who, looking at her strange, strong face and at the passing gleams far down in her dark eyes, felt that this silent woman, with her proud bearing and her queenly grace, had in her something of strength, of reserve, and of mystery which was more to them than all the dainty glitter of her sister. Such were the ladies of Cosford towards whom Nigel Loring rode that night with doublet of Genoan velvet and the new white feather in his cap.

"NIGEL LOOKED AT IT WITH A WARY EYE, AND SPURRED POMMERS ONWARDS."

He had ridden over Thursley Ridge, past that old stone where in days gone by, at the place of Thor, the wild Saxons worshipped their war-god. Nigel looked at it with a wary eye, and spurred Pommers onwards as he passed it, for still it was said that wild fires danced round it on the moonless nights, and they who had ears for such things could hear the scream and sob of those whose lives had been ripped from them that the fiend might be honoured. Thor's stone, Thor's jumps, Thor's punch-bowl—the whole countryside was one grim monument to the god of battles, though the pious monks had changed his uncouth name for that of the Devil his father, so that it was the Devil's jumps and the Devil's punch-bowl of which they spoke. Nigel glanced back at the old grey boulder, and he felt for an instant a shudder pass through his stout heart. Was it the chill of the evening air, or was it that some inner voice had whispered to him of the day when he also might lie bound on such a rock and have such a blood-stained, pagan crew howling around him? An instant later the rock and his vague fear and all things else had passed from his mind, for there, down the yellow, sandy path, the setting sun gleaming on her golden hair, her lithe figure bending and swaying with every heave of the cantering horse, was none other than the same fair Edith whose face had come so often betwixt him and his sleep. His blood rushed hot to his face at the sight, for, fearless of all else, his spirit was attracted and yet daunted by the delicate mystery of woman. To his pure and knightly soul not Edith alone but every woman sat high and aloof, enthroned and exalted, with a thousand mystic excellences and virtues which raised her far above the rude world of man. There was joy in contact with them, and yet there was fear—fear lest his own unworthiness, his untrained tongue, or rougher ways should in some way break rudely upon this delicate and tender thing. Such was his thought as the white horse cantered towards him, but a moment later his vague doubts were set at rest by the frank voice of the young girl, who waved her whip in merry greeting.

"Hail and well met, Nigel!" she cried. "Whither away this evening? Sure I am that it is not to see your friends of Cosford, for when did you ever don so brave a

doublet for us? Come, Nigel, her name, that I may hate her for ever!"

"Nay, Edith," said the young squire, laughing back at the laughing girl. "I was indeed coming to Cosford."

"Then we shall ride back together, for I will go no farther. How think you that I am looking?"

Nigel's answer was in his eyes as he glanced at the fair, flushed face, the golden hair, the sparkling blue eyes, and the daintily graceful figure set off in a scarlet and black riding dress.

"You are as fair as ever, Edith."

"Oh, cold of speech! Surely you were bred for the cloisters and not for a lady's bower, Nigel? Had I asked such a question from young Sir George Brocas or the Squire of Fernhurst, he would have raved from here to Cosford. They are both more to my taste than you are, Nigel."

"It is the worse for me, Edith," said Nigel, ruefully.

"Nay, but you must not lose heart."

"Have I not already lost it?" said he.

"That is better," she cried, laughing. "You can be quick enough when you choose, Master Malapert. But you are more fit to speak of high and weary matters with my sister Mary. She will have none of the prattle and courtesy of Sir George, and yet I love them well. But tell me, Nigel, why do you come to Cosford to-night?"

"To bid you farewell."

"Me alone?"

"Nay, Edith; you and your sister Mary, and the good knight your father."

"Sir George would have said that he had come for me alone. Indeed, you are but a poor courtier beside him. But is it true, Nigel, that you go to France?"

"Yes, Edith."

"It was so rumoured after the King had been to Tilford. The story runs that the King goes to France and you in his train. Is that true?"

"Yes, Edith, it is true."

"Tell me, then, to what part you go, and when."

"That, alas! I may not say."

"Oh, in sooth!" She tossed her fair head and rode onwards in silence, with compressed lips and angry eyes. Nigel glanced at her in surprise and dismay.

"Surely, Edith," said he at last, "you have over-much regard for my honour that you should wish me to break the word that I have given?"

"Your honour belongs to you, and my likings belong to me," said she. "You hold fast to the one and I will do the same by the other."

They rode in silence through Thursley village. Then a thought came to her mind, and in an instant her anger was forgotten and she was hot on a new scent.

"What would you do if I were injured, Nigel? I have heard my father say that, small as you are, there is no man in these parts could stand against you. Would you be my champion if I suffered wrong?"

"Surely I or any man of gentle blood would be the champion of any woman who had suffered wrong."

"You or any and I or any—what sort of a speech is that? Is it a compliment, think you, to be mixed with a drove in that fashion?

"WOULD YOU BE MY CHAMPION IF I SUFFERED WRONG?"

My question was of you and me. If I were wronged, would you be my man?"

"Try me and see, Edith!"

"Then I will do so, Nigel. Either Sir George Brocas or the Squire of Fernhurst would gladly do what I ask, and yet I am of a mind, Nigel, to turn to you."

"I pray you to tell me what it is."

"You know Paul de la Fosse of Shalford?"

"You mean the small man with the twisted back?"

"He is no smaller than yourself, Nigel, and as to his back, there are many folk that I know who would be glad to have his face."

"Nay, I am no judge of that, and I spoke out of no discourtesy. What of the man?"

"He has flouted me, Nigel, and I would have revenge."

"What—on that poor twisted creature?"

"I tell you that he has flouted me."

"But how?"

"I should have thought that a true cavalier would have flown to my aid, withouten all these questions. But I will tell you, since I needs must. Know then that he was one of those who came around me and professed to be my own. Then, merely because he thought that there were others who were as dear to me as himself, he left me, and now he pays court to Maude Twynham, the little freckle-faced hussy in his village."

"But how has this hurt you, since he was no man of thine?"

"He was one of my men, was he not? And he has made game of me to his wench. He has told her things about me. He has made me foolish in her eyes. Yes, yes, I can read it in her saffron face and in her watery eyes when we meet at the church door on Sundays. She smiles—yes, smiles at me. Nigel, go to him. Do not slay him, nor even wound him, but lay his face open with thy riding-whip, and then come back to me and tell me how I can serve you."

Nigel's face was haggard with the strife within, for desire ran hot in every vein, and yet reason shrank with horror.

"By St. Paul! Edith," he cried, "I see no honour nor advancement of any sort in this thing which you have asked me to do. Is it for me to strike one who is no better than a cripple? For my manhood I could not do such a deed, and I pray you, dear lady, that you will set me some other task."

Her eyes flashed at him in contempt.

"And you are a man-at-arms!" she cried, laughing in bitter scorn. "You are afraid of a little man who can scarce walk! Yes, yes; say what you will, I shall ever believe that you have heard of his skill at fence and of his great spirit, and that your heart has failed you. You are right, Nigel He is indeed a perilous man. Had you done what I asked he would have slain you, and so you have shown your wisdom."

Nigel flushed and winced under the words, but he said no more, for his mind was fighting hard within him, striving to keep that high image of woman which seemed for a moment to totter on the edge of a fall. Together in silence side by side, the little man and the stately woman, the yellow charger and the white jennet, passed up the sandy, winding track with the gorse and the bracken head-high on either side. Soon a path branched off through a gateway marked with the boar-heads of the Buttesthorns, and there was the low, wide-spread house, heavily timbered, loud with the barking of dogs. The ruddy knight limped forth with outstretched hand and roaring voice:—

"What ho, Nigel! Good welcome and all hail! I had thought that you had given over poor friends like us now that the King had made so much of you. The horses, varlets, or my crutch will be across you! Hush, Lydiard! Down, Pelamon! I can scarce hear my voice for your yelping. Mary, a cup of wine for young Squire Loring!"

She stood framed in the doorway—tall, mystic, silent, with strange, wistful face, and her deep soul shining in her dark, questioning eyes. Nigel kissed the hand that she held out, and all his faith in woman and his reverence came back to him as he looked at her. Her sister had slipped behind her, and her fair, elfish face smiled her forgiveness of Nigel over Mary's shoulder. The Knight of Dupplin leaned his weight upon the young man's arm, and limped his way across the great high-roofed hall to his capacious oaken chair.

"Come, come; the stool, Edith!" he cried. "As God is my help, that girl's mind swarms with gallants as a granary with rats. Well, Nigel, I hear strange tales of your spear-running at Tilford and of the visit of the King. How seemed he? And my old friend Chandos—many happy hours in the woodlands have we had together; and Manny, too, he was ever a bold and a hard rider—what news of them all?"

Nigel told the old knight all that had occurred, saying little of his own success and much of his own failure, yet the eyes of the dark woman burned the brighter as she sat at her tapestry and listened. Sir John followed

"NIGEL KISSED THE HAND THAT SHE HELD OUT."

the story with a running fire of oaths, prayers, thumps with his great fist, and flourishes of his crutch.

"Well, well, lad, you could scarce expect to hold your saddle against Manny, and you have carried yourself well. We are proud of you, Nigel, for you are our own man, reared in the heather-country. But indeed I take shame that you are not more skilled in the mystery of the woods, seeing that I have had the teaching of you, and that no one in broad England is my master at the craft. I pray you to fill your cup again whilst I make use of the little time that is left to us."

And straightway the old knight began a long and weary lecture upon the times of grace and when each beast and bird is seasonable, with many anecdotes, illustrations, warnings, and exceptions, drawn from his own great experience. He spoke also of the several ranks and grades of the chase; how the hare, hart, and boar must ever take precedence over the buck, the doe, the fox, the martin, and the roe, even as a knight banneret does over a knight; while these in turn are of a higher class to the badger, the wild cat, or the otter, who are but the common populace of the world of beasts. Of blood-stains also he spoke—how the skilled hunter may see at a glance if blood be dark and frothy, which means a mortal hurt, or thin and clear, which means that the arrow has struck a bone.

"By such signs," said he, "you will surely know whether to lay on the hounds and cast down the blinks which hinder the stricken deer in its flight. But, above all, I pray you, Nigel, to have a care in the use of the terms of the craft, lest you should make some blunder at table, so that those who are wiser may have the laugh of you, and we who love you may be shamed."

"Nay, Sir John," said Nigel, "I think that after your teaching I can hold my place with the others."

The old knight shook his white head doubtfully.

"There is so much to be learned that there is no one who can be said to know all," said he. "For example, Nigel, it is sooth that for every collection of beasts of the forest, and for every gathering of birds of the air, there is their own private name, so that none may be confused with another."

"I know it, fair sir."

"You know it, Nigel, but you do not know each separate name, else are you a wiser man than I had thought you. In truth none can say that they know all, though I have myself pricked off eighty and six for a wager at Court, and it is said that the chief huntsman of the Duke of Burgundy has counted over

a hundred, but it is in my mind that he may have found them as he went, for there was none to say him nay. Answer me now, lad; how would you say if you saw ten badgers together in the forest?"

"A cete of badgers, fair sir."

"Good, Nigel—good, by my faith! And if you walk in Woolmer Forest and see a swarm of foxes, how would you call it?"

"A skulk of foxes."

"And if they be lions?"

"Nay, fair sir, I am not like to meet several lions in Woolmer Forest."

"Aye, lad; but there are other forests besides Woolmer and other lands beside England, and who can tell how far afield such a knight-errant as Nigel of Tilford may go, when he sees worship to be won? We will say that you were in the deserts of Nubia, and that afterwards at the Court of the great Sultan you wished to say that you had seen several lions, which is the first beast of the chase, being the king of all animals. How, then, would you say it?"

Nigel scratched his head.

"Surely, fair sir, I would be content to say that I had seen a number of lions, if indeed I could say aught after so wondrous an adventure."

"Nay, Nigel, a huntsman would have said that he had seen a pride of lions, and so proved that he knew the language of the chase. Now, had it been boars instead of lions?"

"One says a singular of boars."

"And if they be swine?"

"Surely it is a herd of swine?"

"Nay, nay, lad; it is indeed sad to see how little you know. Your hands, Nigel, were always better than your head. No man of gentle birth would speak of a herd of swine. That is the peasant speech. If you drive them it is a herd. If you hunt them it is other. What call you them, then, Edith?"

"Nay, I know not," said the girl, listlessly. A crumpled note, brought in by a varlet, was clenched in her right hand, and her blue eyes looked afar into the deep shadows of the roof.

"But you can tell us, Mary?"

"Surely, sweet sir, one talks of a sounder of swine?"

The old knight laughed exultantly.

"Here is a pupil who never brings me shame," he cried. "Be it lore of chivalry, or heraldry, or woodcraft, or what you will, I can always turn to Mary. Many a man can she put to the blush."

"Myself among them," said Nigel.

"Ah, lad, you are a Solomon to some of them. Hark ye! Only last week that jack-fool the young Lord of Brocas was here, talking of having seen a covey of pheasants in the wood. One such speech would have been the ruin of a young squire at the Court. How would you have said it, Nigel?"

"Surely, fair sir, it should be a nye of pheasants?"

"Good, Nigel—a nye of pheasants; even as it is a gaggle of geese, or a badling of ducks, a fall of woodcock, or a wisp of snipe. But a covey of pheasants! What sort of talk is that? I made him sit even where you are sitting, Nigel, and I saw the bottom of two pots of Rhenish ere I let him up. Even then I fear that he had no great profit from his lesson, for he was casting his foolish eyes at Edith when he should have been turning his ears to her father. But where is the wench?"

"She hath gone forth, father."

"She ever doth go forth when there is a chance of learning aught that is useful indoors. But supper will soon be ready, and there is a boar's ham fresh from the forest with which I would ask your help, Nigel, and a side of venison from the King's own chase. The tinemen and verderers have not forgotten me yet, and my larder is ever full. Blow three moots on the horn, Mary, that the varlets may set the table, for the growing shadow and my loosening belt warn me that it is time."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW NIGEL FOUGHT THE TWISTED MAN OF SHALFORD.

IN the days of which you read all classes, save, perhaps, the very poor, fared better in meat and in drink than they have ever done since. The country was covered with woodlands—there were seventy separate forests in England alone, some of them covering half a shire. Within these forests the great beasts of the chase were strictly preserved, but the smaller game, the hares, the rabbits, the birds which swarmed round the coverts, found their way readily into the poor man's pot. Ale was very cheap, and cheaper still was the mead which every peasant could make for himself out of the wild honey in the tree-trunks. There were many tea-like drinks also, which were brewed by the poor at no expense—mallow tea, tansy tea, and others, the secret of which has passed. Amid the richer classes there was rude profusion, great joints ever on the sideboard, huge pies, beasts of the field and beasts of the chase, with ale and rough French or Rhenish wines to wash them down. But the very rich

had attained to a high pitch of luxury in their food, and cookery was a science in which the ornamentation of the dish was almost as important as the dressing of the food. It was gilded, it was silvered, it was painted, it was surrounded with flame. From the boar and the peacock down to such strange food as the porpoise and the hedgehog, every dish had its own setting and its own sauce, very strange and very complex, with flavourings of dates, currants, cloves, vinegar, sugar, and honey, of cinnamon, ground ginger, sandalwood, saffron, brawn, and pines. It was the Norman tradition to eat in moderation, but to have a great profusion of the best and of the most delicate from which to choose. From them came this complex cookery, so unlike the rude and often gluttonous simplicity of the old Teutonic stock.

Sir John Buttesthorn was of that middle class who fared in the old fashion, and his great oak supper-table groaned beneath the generous pasties, the mighty joints, and the great flagons. Below were the household; above on a raised daïs the family table, with places ever ready for those frequent guests who dropped in from the high road outside. Such a one had just come, an old priest, journeying from the Abbey of Chertsey to the Priory of St. John at Midhurst. He passed often that way, and never without breaking his journey at the hospitable board of Cosford.

"Welcome again, good Father Athanasius," cried the burly knight. "Come, sit here on my right and give me the news of the countryside, for there is never a scandal but the priests are the first to know it."

The priest, a kindly, quiet man, glanced at an empty place upon the farther side of his host.

"Mistress Edith?" said he.

"Aye, aye; where is the hussy?" cried her father, impatiently. "Mary, I beg you to have the horn blown again, that she may know that the supper is on the table. What can the little owlet do abroad at this hour of the night?"

There was trouble in the priest's gentle eyes as he touched the knight upon the sleeve.

"I have seen Mistress Edith within this hour," said he. "I fear that she will hear no horn that you may blow, for she must be at Milford ere now."

"At Milford! What does she there?"

"I pray you, good Sir John, to abate your voice somewhat, for indeed this matter is for our private discourse, since it touches the honour of a lady."

"Her honour!" Sir John's ruddy face had turned redder still as he stared at the troubled features of the priest. "Her honour, say you — the honour of my daughter? Make good those words, or never set your foot over the threshold of Cosford again!"

"I trust that I have done no wrong, Sir John; but indeed I must say what I have seen, else would I be a false friend and an unworthy priest."

"Haste, man, haste! What in the devil's name have you seen?"

"Know you a little man, partly misshapen, named Paul de la Fosse?"

"I know him well. He is a man of noble family and coat-armour, being the younger brother of Sir Eustace de la Fosse of Shalford. Time was when I had thought that I might call him son, for there was never a day that he did not pass with my girls, but I fear that his crooked back sped him ill in his wooing."

"Alas, Sir John! it is his mind that is more crooked than his back. He is a perilous man with women, for the devil hath given him such a tongue and such an eye that he charms them even as the basilisk. Marriage may be in their mind, but never in his, so that I could count a dozen and more whom he has led to their undoing. It is his pride and his boast over the whole countryside."

"Well, well; and what is this to me or mine?"

"Even now, Sir John, as I rode my mule up the road I met this man speeding towards his home. A woman rode by his side, and though her face was hooded I heard her laugh as she passed me. That laugh I have heard before, and it was under this very roof, from the lips of Mistress Edith."

The knight's knife dropped from his hand. But the debate had been such that neither Mary nor Nigel could fail to have heard it. 'Mid the rough laughter and clatter of voices from below, the little group at the high table had a privacy of their own.

"Fear not, father," said the girl; "indeed, the good Father Athanasius hath fallen into error, and Edith will be with us anon. I have heard her speak of this man many a time of late, and always with bitter words."

"It is true, sir," cried Nigel, eagerly. "It was only this very evening as we rode over Thursley Moor that Mistress Edith told me that she counted him not a fly, and that she would be glad if he were beaten for his evil deeds."

But the wise priest shook his silvery locks.

"Nay, there is ever danger when a woman speaks like that. Hot hate is twin brother

to hot love. Why should she speak so if there were not some bond between them?"

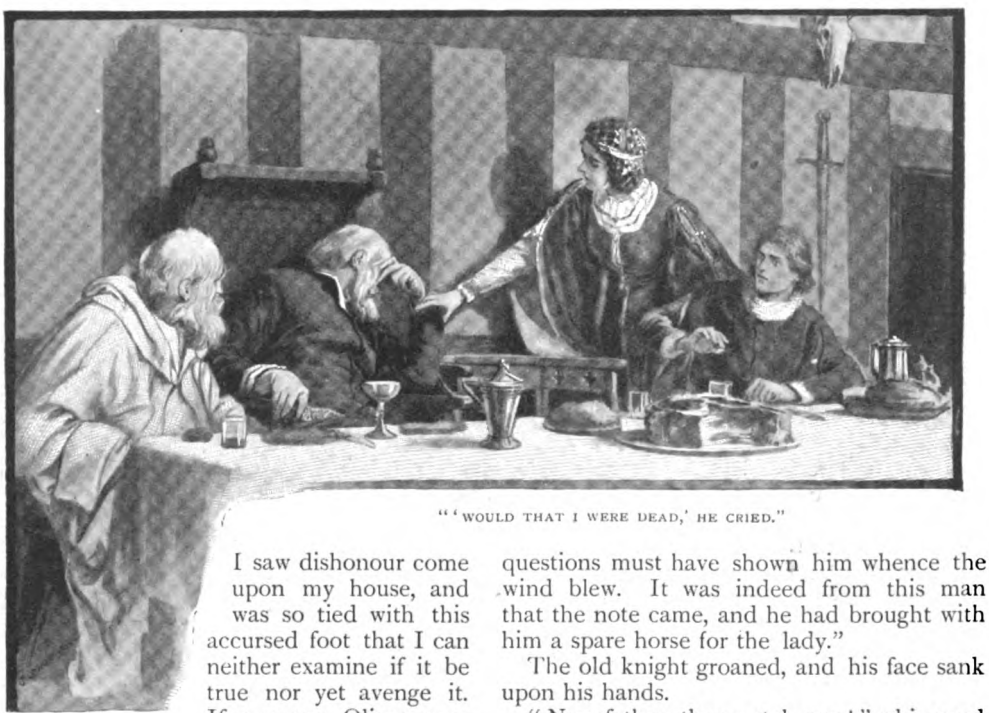
"And yet," said Nigel, "what can have changed her thoughts in three short hours? She was here in the hall with us since I came. By St. Paul! I will not believe it."

Mary's face darkened.

"I call to mind," said she, "that a note was brought her by Hannekin, the stable varlet, when you were talking to us, fair sir, of the terms of the chase. She read it and went forth."

Sir John sprang to his feet, but sank into his chair again with a groan.

"Would that I were dead," he cried, "ere I saw dishonour come upon my house, and was so tied with this accursed foot that I can neither examine if it be true nor yet avenge it. If my son Oliver were here then all would be well. Send me this stable varlet that I may question him."



"'WOULD THAT I WERE DEAD,' HE CRIED."

"I pray you, fair and honoured sir," said Nigel, "that you will take me for your son this night, that I may handle this matter in the way which seems best. On jeopardy of my honour I will do all that a man may."

"Nigel, I thank you. There is no man in Christendom to whom I would sooner turn."

"But I would learn your mind in one matter, fair sir. This man, Paul de la Fosse, owns broad acres, as I understand, and comes of noble blood. There is no reason, if things be as we fear, that he should not marry your daughter?"

"Nay, she could not wish for better."

"It is well. And first I would question this Hannekin; but it shall be done in such a fashion that none shall know, for indeed it is not a matter for the gossip of servants. But if you will show me the man, Mistress Mary, I will take him out to tend my own horse, and so I shall learn all that he has to tell."

Nigel was absent for some time, and when he returned the shadow upon his face brought little hope to the anxious hearts at the high table.

"I have locked him in the stable loft lest he talk too much," said he, "for my questions must have shown him whence the wind blew. It was indeed from this man that the note came, and he had brought with him a spare horse for the lady."

The old knight groaned, and his face sank upon his hands.

"Nay, father, they watch you!" whispered Mary. "For the honour of our house let us keep a bold face to all." Then, raising her young, clear voice so that it sounded through the room: "If you ride eastwards, Nigel, I would fain go with you, that my sister may not come back alone."

"We will ride together, Mary," said Nigel, rising; then, in a lower voice, "But we cannot go alone, and if we take a servant all is known. I pray you to stay at home and leave the matter with me."

"Nay, Nigel, she may sorely need a woman's aid, and what woman should it be save her own sister? I can take my tire-woman with us."

"Nay, I shall ride with you myself if your impatience can keep within the powers of my mule," said the old priest.

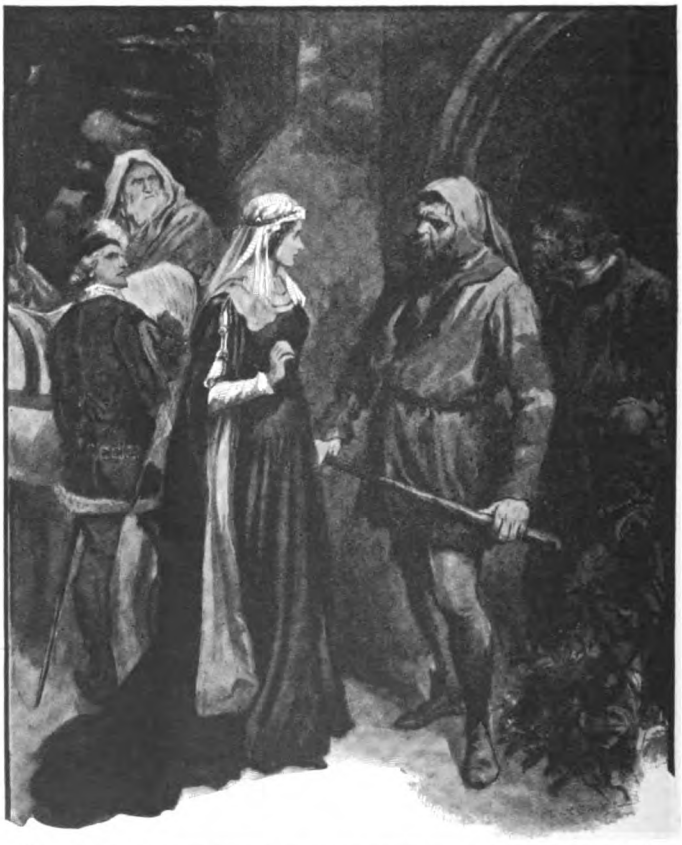
"But it is not your road, father?"

"The only road of a true priest is that which leads to the good of others. Come, my children, and we will go together."

And so it was that stout Sir John Buttesthorn, the aged Knight of Dupplin, was left alone at his own high table, pretending to eat, pretending to drink, fidgeting in his seat, trying hard to seem unconcerned, with his mind and body in a fever, while below him his varlets and handmaids laughed and jested, clattering their cups and clearing their trenchers, all unconscious of the dark shadow which threw its gloom over the lonely man upon the daïs above.

Meantime the Lady Mary upon the white jennet which her sister had ridden on the same evening, Nigel on his war-horse, and the priest on the mule clattered down the rude winding road which led to London. The country on either side was a wilderness of heather moors and morasses, from which came the strange crying of night-fowl. A half-moon shone in the sky between the rifts of hurrying clouds. The lady rode in silence, absorbed in the thought of the task before them, the danger, and the shame. Nigel chatted in a low tone with the priest. From him he learned more of the evil name of the man whom they followed. His house at Shalford was a den of profligacy and vice. No woman could cross that threshold and depart unstained. In some strange fashion, inexplicable and yet common, the man, with all his evil soul and his twisted body, had yet some strange fascination for women — some mastery over them which compelled them to his will. Again and again he had brought ruin to a household; again and again his adroit tongue and his cunning wit had in some fashion saved him from the punishment of his deeds. His family was great in the county, and his kinsmen held favour with the King, so that his neighbours feared to push things too far against him. Such was the man, malignant and ravenous, who had stooped like some foul night-hawk and borne away to his evil nest the golden beauty of Cosford. Nigel said little as he listened, but he raised his hunting dagger to his tightened lips and thrice he kissed the cross of its handle.

They had passed over the moors and through the village of Milford and the little township of Godalming, until their path turned southwards over the Pease Marsh and crossed the meadows of Shalford. There on the dark hillside glowed the red points of light which marked the windows of the house which they sought. A sombre arched avenue of oak trees led up to it, and then they were in the moon-silvered clearing in front. From the shadow of the arched door there sprang two rough serving-men, bearded and gruff, great cudgels in their hands, to ask them who they were and what their errand. The Lady Mary had slipped



"THE LADY MARY HAD SLIPPED FROM HER HORSE AND WAS ADVANCING TO THE DOOR, BUT THEY RUDELY BARRED HER WAY."

from her horse and was advancing to the door, but they rudely barred her way.

"Nay, nay; our master needs no more," cried one, with a hoarse laugh. "Stand back, mistress, whoever you be. The house is shut, and our lord sees no guests to-night."

"Fellow," said Nigel, speaking low and clear, "stand back from us. Our errand is with your master."

"Bethink you, my children," cried the old priest, "would it not be best, perchance, that I go in to him, and see whether the voice of the Church may not soften this hard heart? I fear bloodshed if you enter."

"Nay, father, I pray you to stay here for the nonce," said Nigel. "And you, Mary, do you bide with the good priest, for we know not what may be within."

Again he turned to the door, and again the two men barred his passage.

"Stand back, I say, back for your lives," said Nigel. "By St. Paul! I should think it shame to soil my sword with such as you, but my soul is set, and no man shall bar my path this night."

The men shrank from the deadly menace of that gentle voice.

"Hold!" said one of them, peering through the darkness; "is it not Squire Loring of Tilford?"

"That is indeed my name."

"Had you spoken it I, for one, would not have stopped your way. Put down your staff, Wat, for this is no stranger, but the Squire of Tilford."

"As well for him," grumbled the other, lowering his cudgel with an inward prayer of thanksgiving. "Had it been otherwise I should have had blood upon my soul to-night. But our master said nothing of neighbours when he ordered us to hold the door. I will enter and ask him what is his will."

But already Nigel was past them, and had pushed open the outer door. Swift as he was the Lady Mary was at his very heels, and the two passed together into the hall beyond.

It was a great room, draped and curtained with black shadows, with one vivid circle of light in the centre, where two oil lamps shone upon a small table. A meal was laid upon the table, but only two were seated at it, and there were no servants in the room. At the near end was Edith, her golden hair loose and streaming down over the scarlet and black of her riding dress. At the farther end the light beat strongly upon the harsh face and the high-drawn, misshapen shoulders of the lord of the house. A tangle of black hair surmounted a high rounded forehead, the forehead of a thinker, with two deep-set, cold grey eyes twinkling sharply from under tufted brows. His nose was curved and sharp, like the beak of some cruel bird, but below the whole of his clean-shaven, powerful face was marred by the loose, slabbing mouth and the round folds of the heavy chin. His knife in one hand and a half-gnawed bone in the other, he looked fiercely up, like some beast disturbed in his den, as the two intruders broke in upon his hall.

Nigel stopped midway between the door and the table. His eyes and those of Paul de la Fosse were riveted upon each other. But Mary, with her woman's soul flooded over with love and pity, had rushed forward and cast her arms round her younger sister. Edith had sprung up from her chair and, with averted face, tried to push the other away from her.

"Edith! Edith! By the Virgin I implore you to come back with us, and to leave this wicked man!" cried Mary. "Dear sister, you would not break our father's heart, nor bring his grey head in dishonour to the grave! Come back, Edith; come back and all is well."

But Edith pushed her away, and her fair cheeks were flushed with her anger.

"What right have you over me, Mary, you who are but two years older, that you should follow me over the countryside as though I were a runagate villein and you my mistress? Do you yourself go back, and leave me to do that which seems best in my own eyes."

But Mary still held her in her arms, and still strove to soften the hard and angry heart.

"Our mother is dead, Edith. I thank God that she died ere she saw you under this roof. But I stand for her, as I have done all my life, since I am indeed your elder. It is with her voice that I beg and pray you that you will not trust this man farther, and that you will come back ere it be too late."

Edith writhed from her grasp, and stood flushed and defiant, with gleaming, angry eyes fixed upon her sister.

"You may speak evil of him now," said she, "but there was a time when Paul de la Fosse came to Cosford, and who so gentle and soft-spoken to him then as wise, grave sister Mary? But he has learned to love another, so now he is the wicked man, and it is shame to be seen under his roof! From what I see of my good, pious sister and her cavalier it is sin for another to ride at night with a man at your side, but it comes easy

enough to you. Look at your own eye, good sister, ere you would take the speck from that of another."

Mary stood irresolute and greatly troubled, holding down her pride and her anger, but uncertain how best to deal with this strong, wayward spirit.

"It is not a time for bitter words, dear sister," said she; and again she laid her hand upon her sister's sleeve. "All that you say may be true. There was indeed a time when this man was friend to us both, and I know even as you do the power which he may have to win a woman's heart. But I know him now and you do not. I know the evil that he has wrought, the dishonour that he has brought, the perjury that lies upon his soul, the confidence betrayed, the promise unfulfilled—all this I know. Am I to see my own sister caught in the same well-used trap? Has it shut upon you, child? Am I, indeed, already too late? For God's sake tell me, Edith, that it is not so!"

Edith plucked her sleeve from her sister and made two swift steps to the head of the table. Paul de la Fosse still sat silent, with his eyes upon Nigel. Edith laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"This is the man I love, and the only man that I have ever loved. This is my husband," said she.

At the word Mary gave a cry of joy.

"And is it so?" she cried. "Nay, then all is in honour, and God will see to the rest. If you are man and wife before the altar, then, indeed, why should I, or any other, stand between you? Tell me that it is indeed so, and I return this moment to make your father a happy man."

Edith pouted like a naughty child.

"We are man and wife in the eyes of God. Soon also we shall be wedded before all the world. We do but wait until next Monday, when Paul's brother, who is a priest at St. Albans, will come to wed us. Already a messenger has sped for him, and he will come, will he not, dear love?"

"He will come," said the Master of Shalford, still with his eyes fixed upon the silent Nigel.

"It is a lie; he will not come," said a voice from the door.

It was the old priest, who had followed the others as far as the threshold.

"He will not come," he repeated, as he advanced into the room. "Daughter, my daughter, hearken to the words of one who is indeed old enough to be your earthly father. This lie has served before. He has ruined others before you with it. The man has no brother at St. Albans. I know his brothers well, and there is no priest among them. Before Monday, when it is all too late, you will have found the truth as others have done before you. Trust him not, but come with us!"

Paul de la Fosse looked up at her with a quick smile and patted the hand upon his shoulder.

"Do you speak to them, Edith," said he.

Her eyes flashed with scorn as she surveyed them each in turn—the woman, the youth, and the priest.

"I have but one word to say to them," said she. "It is that they go hence and trouble us no more. Am I not a free woman? Have I not said that this is the only man I ever loved? I have loved him long. He did not know it, and in despair he turned to another. Now he knows all, and never again can doubt come between us. Therefore I will stay here at Shalford, and come to Cosford no more save upon the arm of my husband. Am I so weak that I would believe the tales you tell against him? Is it hard for a jealous woman and a wandering priest to agree upon a lie? No, no, Mary; you can go hence and take your cavalier and your priest with you, for here I stay true to my love, and safe in my trust upon his honour."

"Well spoken, on my faith, my golden bird," said the little Master of Shalford. "Let me add my own word to that which has been said. You would not grant me any virtue in your unkindly speech, good Lady Mary, and yet you must needs confess that at least I have good store of patience, since I have not set my dogs upon your friends who have come between me and my ease. But even to the most virtuous there comes at last a time when poor human frailty may prevail, and so I pray you to remove both yourself, your priest, and your valiant knight-errant of Tilford, lest, perhaps, there be more haste and less dignity when at last you do take your leave. Sit down, my fair love, and let us turn once more to our supper." He motioned her to her chair and he filled her wine-cup as well as his own.

Nigel had said no word since he had entered the room, but his look had never lost its set purpose, nor had his brooding eyes ever wandered from the sneering face of the deformed Master of Shalford. Now he turned with swift decision to Mary and to the priest.

"That is over," said he, in a low voice,

"You have done all that you could, and now it is for me to play my part as well as I am able. I pray you, Mary, and you, good father, that you will await me outside."

"Nay, Nigel, if there is danger——"

"It is easier for me, Mary, if you are not there. I pray you to go. I can speak to this man more at my ease."

She looked at him with questioning eyes and then obeyed. Nigel plucked at the priest's gown.

"I pray you, father, have you your book of offices with you?"

"Surely, Nigel, it is ever in my breast."

"Have it ready, father!"

"For what, my son?"

"There are two places you may mark. There is the service of marriage and there is the prayer for the dying. Go with her, father, and be ready at my call."

He closed the door behind them and was alone with this ill-matched couple. They both turned in their chairs to look at him, Edith with a defiant face, the man with a bitter smile upon his lips and malignant hatred in his eyes.

"What!" said he, "the knight-errant still lingers! Have we not heard of his thirst for glory? What new venture does he see that he should tarry here?"

Nigel walked to the table.

"There is no glory and little venture," said he; "but I have come for a purpose, and I must do it. I learn from your own lips, Edith, that you will not leave this man."

"If you have ears you have heard it."

"You are, as you have said, a free woman, and who can gainsay you? But I have known you, Edith, since we played as boy and girl on the heather hills together. I will save you from this man's cunning and from your own foolish weakness."

"What would you do?"

"There is a priest without. He will marry you now. I will see you married ere I leave this hall."

"Or else?" sneered the man.

"Or else you never leave this hall alive. Nay, call not for your servants or your dogs! By St. Paul! I swear to you that this matter lies between us three, and that if any fourth comes at your call you, at least, shall never live to see what comes of it. Speak then, Paul of Shalford! Will you wed this woman now, or will you not?"

Edith was on her feet with outstretched arms between them.

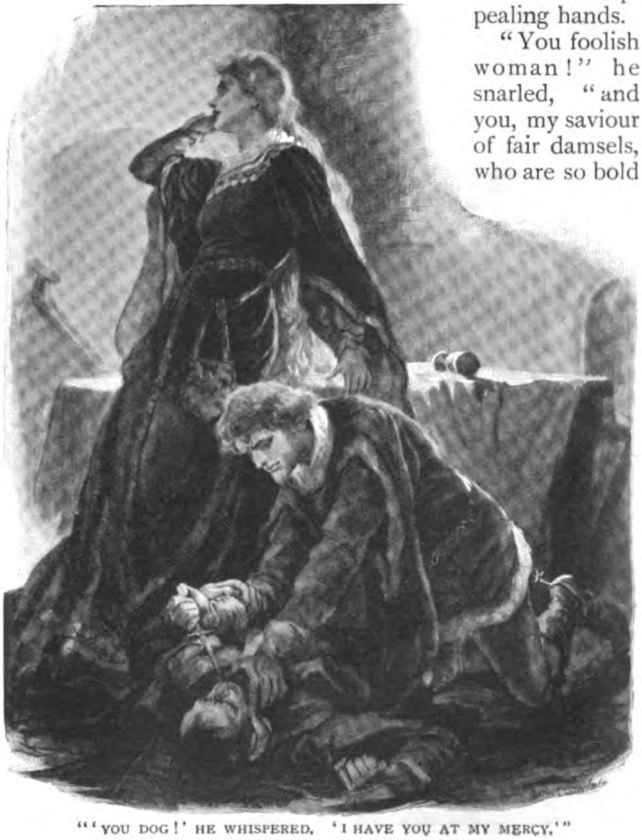
"Stand back, Nigel! He is small and weak. You would not do him a hurt. Did you not say so this very day? For God's sake, Nigel, do not look at him so! There is death in your eyes."

"A snake may be small and weak, Edith, yet every honest man would place his heel upon it. Do you stand back yourself, for my purpose is set."

"Paul!" She turned her eyes to the pale, sneering face. "Bethink you, Paul! Why should you not do what he asks? What matter to you whether it be now or on Monday? I pray you, dear Paul, for my sake let him have his way. Your brother can read the service again if it so please him. Let us wed now, Paul, and then all is well."

He had risen from his chair, and he dashed aside her appealing hands.

"You foolish woman!" he snarled, "and you, my saviour of fair damsels, who are so bold



"'YOU DOG!' HE WHISPERED, 'I HAVE YOU AT MY MERCY.'"

against a cripple, you have both to learn that if my body be weak there is the soul of my breed within it. To marry because a boasting, ranting, country squire would have me do so—no, by the soul of God, I will die first! On Monday I will marry, and no day sooner, so let that be your answer."

"It is the answer that I wished," said Nigel, "for indeed I see no happiness in this marriage, and the other may well be the better way. Stand aside, Edith!" He gently forced her to one side and drew his sword. De la Fosse cried aloud at the sight.

"I have no sword. You would not murder me!" said he, leaning back, with haggard face and burning eyes, against his chair. The bright steel shone in the lamplight. Edith shrank back, her hand over her face.

"Take this sword," said Nigel, and he turned the hilt to the cripple. "Now!" he added, as he drew his hunting-knife. "Kill me if you can, Paul de la Fosse, for, as God is my help, I will do as much for you."

The woman, half swooning, and yet spell-bound and fascinated, looked on at that strange combat. For a moment the cripple stood with an air of doubt, the sword grasped in his nerveless fingers. Then, as he saw the tiny blade in Nigel's hand, the greatness of the advantage came home to him, and a cruel smile tightened his loose lips. Slowly, step by step, he advanced, his chin sunk upon his chest, his eyes glaring from under the thick tangle of his brows like fires through the brushwood. Nigel waited for him, his left hand forward, his knife down by his hip, his face grave, still, and watchful. Nearer and nearer yet with stealthy step, and then with a bound and a cry of hatred and rage Paul de la Fosse had sped his blow. It was well judged and well swung, but point would have been wiser than edge against that supple body and those active feet. Quick as a flash Nigel had sprung inside the sweep of the blade, taking a flesh wound on his left fore-arm as he pressed it under the hilt. The next instant the cripple was on the ground, and Nigel's dagger was at his throat.

"You dog!" he whispered. "I have you at my mercy. Quick, ere I strike, and for the last time! Will you marry or no?"

The crash of the fall and the sharp point upon his throat had cowed the man's spirit. He looked up with a white face, and the sweat gleamed upon his high forehead. There was terror in his eyes.

"Nay, take your knife from me!" he cried. "I cannot die like a calf in the shambles."

"Will you marry?"

"Yes, yes; I will wed her. After all she is a good wench, and I might do worse. Let me up. I tell you I will marry her. What more would you have?"

Nigel stood above him with his foot upon his misshapen body. He had picked up his sword, and the point rested upon the cripple's breast.

"Nay, you will bide where you are! If you are to live—and my conscience cries loud against it—at least your wedding will be such as your sins have deserved. Lie there, like the crushed worm that you are." Then he raised his voice. "Father Athanasius!" he cried. "What ho! Father Athanasius!" The old priest ran to the cry, and so did the Lady Mary. A strange sight it was that met them now in the circle of light—the frightened girl, half unconscious against the table, the prostrate cripple, and Nigel with foot and sword upon his body.

"Your book, father," cried Nigel. "I know not if what we do is good or ill, but we must wed them, for there is no way out."

But the girl by the table had given a great cry, and she was clinging and sobbing with her arms round her sister's neck.

"Oh, Mary, I thank the Virgin that you have come; I thank the Virgin that it is not too late! What did he say? He said that he was a de la Fosse, and that he would not be married at the sword-point. My heart went out to him when he said it. But I—am I not a Buttesthorn, and shall it be said that I would marry a man who could be led to the altar with a knife at his throat? No, no; I see him as he is! I know him now, the mean spirit, the lying tongue. Can I not read in his eyes that he has indeed deceived me, that he would have left me as you say that he has left others? Take me home, Mary, my sister, for you have plucked me back this night from the very mouth of hell."

And so it was that the Master of Shalford, livid and brooding, was left with his wine at his lonely table, while the golden beauty of Cosford, hot with shame and anger, her fair face wet with tears, passed out safe from the house of infamy into the great calm and peace of the starry night.

(To be continued.)

A Day Spent in Kuching.

By H.H. The Ranee of Sarawak.

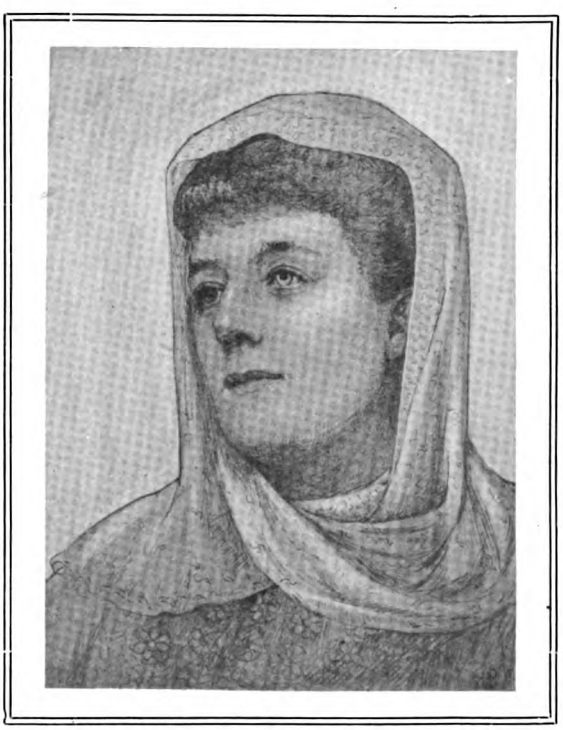
In presenting to our readers the following notes by H.H. The Ranee of Sarawak, it may be as well to forestall two or three questions likely to be asked about the country and Government to which they refer. The political position of the kingdom of Sarawak, which occupies the north-west portion of Borneo, and of which Kuching is the capital, is unique of its kind and connected with one of the most interesting stories of English adventure—that of the famous Rajah Brooke. Handed over, at his death in 1868, to his nephew, Rajah Charles, the principality belongs to an Englishman and an English dynasty, while not itself belonging to England. Great Britain extends a Protectorate over Sarawak and has the right of directing its foreign policy; but interferes in no way with the State's internal policy, so that the revenue, the appointment of officers, the framing of laws, and power of life and death are in the hands of the Rajah, who, within his dominions, is an absolute as well as an independent Sovereign. The author of the following notes is the wife of the reigning Rajah, and mother of the heir-apparent.

"Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."—Tennyson.

I WONDER whether I am prejudiced in saying that Kuching is the prettiest place in the world! It is so green, so sparkling, and so joyous. Little green hills surround the town, and on these are perched coquettish houses, mostly belonging to Europeans, with whitewashed walls, shingle roofs, and bright green sun-blinds.

Between the branches of ensennah trees one gets a glimpse of the Protestant cathedral. It is built of iron-wood, which is unpainted, grey, and solemn, as befits its high purpose. Then, a little farther away, in strong contrast to the church, is the hospital. Its very clean white walls and green blinds make one blink, seen in the glare of a tropical morning. The houses inhabited by Europeans are mostly built with broad shingled roofs, overhanging deep verandas. From these are suspended green and white sun-blinds. Both at the entrance to the Rajah's palace and near the fort on the same side of the river are low castellated towers. The same kind of tower decorates a corner of the prison yard on the opposite bank, whilst farther inland, and overlooking a broad and somewhat important thoroughfare, stands the dispensary, with its high round tower and conical roof.

Avenues of ensennah trees serve as trimmings to certain roadways, and, when their branches are laden with blossoms, great spaces of air are heavy with the most ravishing perfume. Palms, fan-like in shape and yielding water when stabbed to the heart; swaying arecas, glittering crowns of cocoa-nut palms, gardenia trees, climbing allamandas, bushes of scarlet hibiscus, curtains of purple creepers, and beds full of roses, Cape jasmines, tuberoses, and moon-flowers are to be seen in the gardens of these European homes.



H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK.
From a Drawing by Mrs. S. C. Pennefather.

Broad carpets of close-cut turf are spread around the court-house, and make green the slopes which lead from the river to the Rajah's palace.

The above picture represents the English portion of Kuching.

And now we come to the more interesting side of the picture—to the native portion of Kuching. A great tidal river cuts the town in two. From the veranda of the palace one

gets a good view over the water and surrounding country. Standing there this morning I see a good many vessels lately arrived from Singapore, Batavia, Dutch Borneo, and from other places up the coast. There are Chinese junks anchored at the farther end of the embankment, with dark, terra-cotta-coloured sails drying in the sun.

A Malay schooner, flat and wide in bows and stern and painted green, is bringing raw sago from Muka. She flies a red pennant, with "Beautiful Sarawak" embroidered upon it in white letters of Roman character. Quite near the schooner is a long, low Dyak boat, roofed in with dried palm fronds, and filled with camphor, gutta-percha, rattans, and dragon's-blood from the far interior.

Some people are squatting in the bows, eating their morning meal of rice. Through my glasses I make out one of the men to be Lang Endang, an old Dyak chief, and a friend of former days.

Between those days and the present time a cloud has swept across Lang Endang's life. During the eventful interval Lang Endang lived in a village built on the ledge of an almost inaccessible cliff, up one of the rivers far inland, and was chief of his tribe. Seized with an overwhelming desire for the possession of human heads as decorations for his sitting-room, he aided and abetted in the murder of certain wretched natives who happened to be collecting gutta-percha in the plains below his mountain. The murders were discovered, for the Rajah's police are ever on the watch for this sort of crime. By the Rajah's orders, one of his English officers, with a small force of Dyaks recruited from another province, clambered up the cliff, attacked the village, set fire to the place, and, taking Lang Endang completely by surprise, carried him off, together with a few of his followers, to Kuching. There he was brought up for trial and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the capital, where he was employed with other gangs of convicts to keep the roads in order.

His term of imprisonment over, he went back to his people, who had, however, been ordered by the Rajah to leave their home in the mountains and to migrate to the banks of a wider river, within reach of the Rajah's gun-boats.

Profiting from certain observations he had made during his imprisonment in the town, Lang Endang turned his energies to safer and more lucrative purposes than head-hunting. At the present time he is one of the most successful traders in the country.

I am told that he looks back upon his prison life with feelings free from any bitterness, and that he often describes to an admiring circle of his followers the irons he was made to wear round his ankles, and the manner in which he was taught to work by the white men during his residence in the capital.

From a] THE COURT-HOUSE, KUCHING. *[Photograph.*

At any rate, I do not think that he feels much remorse for his misdeeds, and it is chiefly by the discomfort he was made to go through, by losing his property and his home in the mountains, that he was brought to better things.

Still, he does not appear to have lost any of his personal dignity. With the air of an Emperor I see him hail a passing canoe and, together with some of his friends, get into it, and they all go off wobbling in the tiny, flat-bottomed boat towards the shore for a stroll in the bazaar.

In the very early morning the whole place seems to smoke. Balls of fog rise off the

surface of the river, the roofs of the houses in the bazaar exude smoke from their kitchens down below, the steam of cooking-pots from boats at anchor floats off to mingle with the vapours on the river-banks. Thin and jagged circles of mist rest on the branches of the trees. The earth sends forth great puffs of watery breath. But soon a shaft of sunlight dissolves it all away, and it is then that the bustle of day commences for Kuching.

Some Chinamen dressed in loose cotton drawers and jackets are moving about the streets. They wear conical straw hats, and, balancing a pole on their shoulders, go at a jog-trot down the street in search of customers. On either end of the pole are strung boxes of rice newly boiled and parcels of salt fish. Coolies and some Chinese of the poorer class purchase their breakfast at these perambulating restaurants, and eat it in the street.

The bazaar is more a Chinese street than anything else. Its houses are one or two storeys high, and they are built of bricks. Some of them have sloping, red-tiled roofs, and others have flat tops surrounded by balustrades, made of pale green perforated earthenware tiles, inside which stand pots of flowers and vegetables. Then, on the front of the houses facing the river are coloured wreaths of porcelain flowers surrounding the windows and doors. Here and there little pictures of people and animals are inserted. Such things as green or blue dragons, with immense protruding eyeballs, glare at you from corners, and two favourite subjects are an old man with a white beard leaning on a stick, and a white horse standing alone in the midst of an intricate pattern of leaves and flowers. I should much like to know the meaning of these things, used as they are by the Chinese as ornaments. There must be a motive for painting a white horse over a window or inserting the portrait of a sage over a doorway. Chinese do not resemble us in our insane habits of sticking fragments of symbolic ornaments all over our houses and public buildings with no more thought of the meaning attached to them than a new-born child would have. But I much doubt whether any Chinaman in Sarawak or anywhere else in the world would give us white people the key by which to unlock certain corners of his soul. Nevertheless, in spite of such sphinx-like characteristics, the Chinese are absolutely necessary to the development of a tropical country.

The many plantations of gambier and pepper, covering some thousands of acres of land, are brought under cultivation in Sarawak by the Chinese. China provides workmen for the Sarawak mines. Its labourers cultivate vegetables for sale at the markets in the town. They buy fresh fish from the villages on the coast, and bring it up the river to Kuching with each turn of the tide. They are adepts at imitating European goods, and can thus become boot-makers, hatters, tailors, linen-drapers with the greatest facility to the Europeans in Sarawak. Their energy is amazing, and their power of work something extraordinary. They are a curious people; both cruel yet kind, generous yet miserly, clever yet stupid, energetic yet stolid, honest yet cunning. The Malays, however, like them and show their affection by borrowing money from them, for which they have to pay a high interest. Some persons there are who call them the Jews of the tropics. The Dyaks of Sarawak look upon them as inferior beings, take their heads when they can do so without being found out, and insult their enemies by likening them to a Chinaman.

The mail steamer has just come in from Singapore, and one can see the energy with which the Chinese coolies are unloading her cargo at the Borneo Company's wharf close by. This is the moment when they swarm all over the place. They rush noisily down the streets, rattling along little hand-carts to carry away the bales of goods just arrived, or canter on their way from the steamer carrying heavy bags of grain on their heads to some trader in the town. Sometimes they convey great bales of silks or muslins from India to the "Marshall and Snelgroves" of the bazaar; or they stagger under the weight of blue, white, or green jars which come from China, and are destined for some Malay residing in Kuching, and used by him for storing his rice or his cocoa-nut oil.

This diminutive fragment of commercial life appears most strange in the midst of profound solitudes, for north, south, east, and west, beyond the limits of the town, there are forests and forests, and again forests, interspersed with great rivers rushing through them to the sea.

Kuching and its bazaars, its streets of blacksmiths, of silversmiths, of native tailors, its Catholic mission schools and church, its Protestant cathedral, its Malay mosques, its Hindu temples, and its Government buildings, only covers some few square miles of land.

Far away on the horizon mountains frame the picture. Overhead blazes the eastern

sun and the sky is gloriously blue. Yet this magnificence is somewhat tempered by the clouds which are for ever hovering in these equatorial regions. In the earlier hours of the day they are entangled amongst the mountains, then later in the afternoon they descend in showers to cool the land.

As the morning advances the chiefs will soon be here to escort the Rajah to the council held in the court-house on the other side of the river.

I can see them now, for they are just coming up the last few steps leading into the garden from the landing-place below. They are four "most potent, grave, and reverend signiors," and ably help the Rajah to hold the reins of State.

They are all Malays, and are nearly related to one another. The one who leads the way is the Datu Bandar. He is the senior in age and also in office.

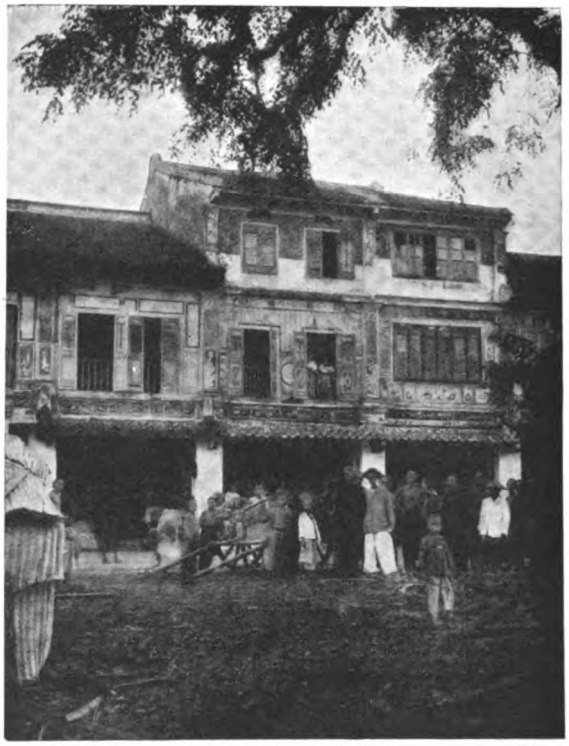
I do not think you can call any Malay face beautiful according to our European standards. They have high cheek-bones, wide nostrils, rather flat noses, restless eyes, and somewhat thick lips. But their particularly kind expression makes their features appear beautiful to those who know them and love them well.

As the Rajah is not yet ready to start for the council I go forward to say a few words to the Datus before they leave.

I think a Hadji's dress is the most becoming costume a man can wear. It is dignified and exceedingly beautiful. First of all there is the turban, which can only be worn by those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Almost everyone must know the head-dress and its great mass of folds, which frame the head as in a glory. A soft silken robe is worn under a great, dark-coloured coat, which covers the whole dress excepting in front, where it is left open, showing the silken robe beneath. A long staff made of ebony, inlaid with silver, ivory, and gold, completes the costume.

On looking at the group I am irresistibly reminded of the coloured pictures of patriarchs which ornamented a Bible I had as a child.

The conversation does not last long, nor is it very exciting. Malays have not the gift of small talk, nor can they begin a conversation at a moment's notice. Empty words do not appeal to them, although, when time is no object, their conversation is very interesting. But, after all, we are old friends, and they condescend to respond graciously to my inquiries about their wives and children.



From a] A STREET SCENE IN KUCHING. *[Photograph.*

As the Rajah appears at the other end of the veranda a sudden thought seems to strike them all, and the four turbans bend forward simultaneously. They look at me in a deprecating way and say in chorus, "May I be permitted go?" I touch their fingers, after which they lift their hands to their foreheads, stroke their chests, then, walking away with their knees very much bent, straighten themselves at the doorway and hurry to join the Rajah at the foot of the stairs.

The Rajah crosses the threshold first, followed by the Malay who carries the yellow umbrella. The Rajah walks so fast and the umbrella is so heavy that it is with the greatest difficulty its bearer manages to keep the canopy over his master's head.

At a little distance follow the chiefs.

From a] SOME MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL. *[Photograph.*

Their draperies fly from side to side in their haste to reach the landing-stage in time to help the Rajah into his boat.

But the procession is not yet at an end, for a crowd of old men and young men, little boys and children, suddenly emerge from apparently nowhere. These wear clothes and sarongs that are much the worse for wear. There are perhaps one or two turbans amongst the smoking-caps, fezes, and handkerchiefs that do duty for head-gear. The crowd belongs respectively to the households of the chiefs, and I have been told that some of their relations are amongst these people. They are employed in different capacities. Some paddle in the chiefs' boats, others take care of the small children and the babies, others again are sent on various errands, etc., whilst the very young are much spoiled by their elders, and are a regular nuisance in consequence.

And there they go, the old men chewing sirih, the young men smoking cigarettes, small boys pushing one another or ordering everybody about and making rude remarks to some of the older people, who, however, pay no attention to their insults. And so, swinging their arms and smoking, chewing betel-nut and spitting it out again, the motley crowd follows its betters until the steps hide them from view. Then the garden, with its palms and flowers, is left alone again in the sunshine.

But now the shadows lengthen, and the rain-storm that fell an hour ago has cooled the air. Let us go for a walk through one of the Malay suburbs. My great friend Datu Sahada, the wife of Datu Bandar's eldest son, will come with me. She and I are of the same age, and when I arrived in Sarawak for the first time, some thirty years ago, we became great friends, and this friendship has never changed. Whenever I return to Sarawak, after however long an absence, I meet with the same affection and kindness as in former years. The same subjects interested us both, and together we learned to read and write in the Arabic characters. In our youthful days she taught me to embroider raised flowers in gold on silk and satin stuffs, and to thread the blossoms of the Cape jasmine in intricate patterns to wear round our necks instead of gold or jewels. Sometimes we made tassels of the same flower to wear in our hair. But, alas! those days are gone with the flowers of yesteryear, and our grandchildren now fashion those fragrant chains. In these later days when I am in Kuching my friend and I are content to potter over knitting-needles, teaching the young girls to knit woollen jerseys to preserve husbands or fathers from the evil effects of morning and evening dew. Sometimes we decipher Malay legends written in Arabic, with spectacles on our noses.

What I have said about Datu Sahada may be applied to nearly all Malay women. If one takes trouble to know them at first, one is amply repaid by their unswerving friendship and devotion.

Here comes Datu Sahada at the head of her four married daughters. What a charming smile she has as she comes forward to take my hands in both of hers! She then lightly touches her breast and forehead and, managing her silken draperies with infinite grace, leads her daughters forward, who go through the same kind of greeting.

I suppose one ought to describe here what my friend looks like, but it is always difficult to give a description of a person one really loves. When I try to conjure up the face I know so well I mostly remember those eyes

full of sincerity, intelligence, insight into people, and, last but not least, a gleam of humour, which latter quality, inherent in most Malays, greatly helps to make them as nice as they are.

The same remarks I made about the looks of the men are applicable here, but this want of beauty does not really matter, for there are so many things to compensate for its absence. For instance, a Malay woman's hair is superb, and remains so until she is somewhat advanced in years. Her hands and feet are almost always beautiful, with delicate wrists and ankles and long, tapering fingers. She is graceful and noiseless, and when young a Malay woman's walk has the flowing, easy movement of a panther. The dress also is very pretty. A gold-spangled veil is thrown over the head, and a gaily-coloured petticoat reaches to the ground. It is worn under a satin jacket dark in colour, upon which are sewn ornaments of pure gold. The jacket is closed at the neck by great wings of pure gold, and out of doors a silk scarf, wide and long, envelops the head and shoulders and can be worn to hide the face at the wearer's will. The older women adopt sombre clothes, but the younger ones look like brilliantly-coloured flowers as they move about in groups. The veils are red, blue, pink, or green. The colours of the jackets are also exceedingly bright, and the petticoats are made of dark or of light red silk.

DATU SAHADA.
From a Drawing by Mrs. S. C. Pennefather.

One of the delightful signs of a Malay woman's presence is the pretty music made as she moves about a room. Her silk draperies rustle like the fronds of an areca palm stirred by the breeze, and her gold and silver bangles tinkle like little bells.

And now we start for our walk. I am requested to lead the way, and as I do so I cannot help thinking that I must be a dreadful blot on the landscape.

I wear ordinary European clothes, shaped in at the waist, and a hat pinned uncomfortably on the top of my head. Although my gown comes from Doucet's and my hat from the Maison Lewis, I feel they must both look horrible under existing circumstances. I wonder what my friends really think about my clothes! Of course, I have never asked them, and if I did they would not tell me the truth. What a blessing it is for them that the bad taste of Europe has not been able to alter their lovely dress, fashionable, perhaps, in days as far remote as when Asoka, the great Emperor, reigned over half the East! I cannot understand why English women who come to live for some years in Sarawak do not adopt the Malay dress; it is so much cleaner, cheaper, and far more comfortable than their own.

Although the garden-paths are wide, my Malay friends walk in single file; this is with them a matter of etiquette. Under such circumstances conversation is rather difficult, and you very seldom, if ever, see Malays talking together when out walking. But my European habits get the better of me and I occasionally throw out some remarks. "Tired?" I ask, in a tone of polite inquiry. They all hear and all answer in chorus, bending down as they speak, "Oh, no; it is beautiful to eat the air."

Now we cross a wooden bridge over a creek, and, leaning over the rail, we see the water-lilies in full bloom. These flowers are beautiful; their scent is exquisite; they grow on a long grassy stalk, and their great crowns

of white stars bend and sway over bright green leaves.

Then on again, past the fort, the commandant's house, and the flagstaff, on which floats a flag with the Sarawak colours—a red and blue cross on a pale yellow ground.

A little farther we come to a steep descent, down which we go to the Malay campong, which lies on this side of Kuching. I think most persons would agree that these summer cities are exceedingly pretty. The roofs and walls of the houses are made of sylvan stuff, such as palm fronds, and the flooring is lifted some feet off the earth to keep the inmates free from the visits of such things as snakes or noxious insects.

It might be amusing to try one's hand at architecture in these countries, where nibung palms, rattans, etc., grow in such profusion. In one morning's walk you might collect enough material to build a house in the afternoon, which you could finish off carefully in the evening, and live in the next day!

It is, perhaps, needless to point out the absence of plan which characterizes these flimsy towns. Each householder arranges the wooden pillars of his house at whatever angle suits him best, but I am always in a state of wonder as to the grove of fruit trees by which each house is surrounded. I have never seen Sarawak Malays attend to their gardens in any way. I can only imagine that the seeds of mangoes, mangosteens, papayas, and custard apples are dropped there by birds, the hot sun and excessive moisture doing the rest.

We now follow the path all the way down the campong by the river-bank, and its condition depends on the goodwill of its inhabitants. To-day the grass has been cut and the puddles filled in, with bamboos, cut in short lengths, laid side by side over them. So far walking is easy, had not the recent rain made the narrow track between the grass somewhat slippery. From one of the houses a woman has caught sight of us; she rushes indoors, calls her female relations, carries her children out, and the whole family comes down the ladder leading from the house and follows us. Then other women from neighbouring houses do likewise, and soon a mob of people is following at our heels. Of course, no men form part of this procession, as we are in a Mohammedan country. The women are dressed in the same fashion as my friends, only in their case cotton stuffs replace the silk brocades.

Datu Sahada is delighted at the number of people following us. Malays always love crowds, and she is no exception to the rule. She keeps looking back at the long string of people and saying, "Our hearts are happy now!"

Then we come to a ditch—a great yawning ditch measuring some yards across, and full of sticky black mud. A narrow pole of wood does duty for a bridge, and we become somewhat excited as to whether I can cross it without tumbling in. The sad thing is that there are a good many more houses the other side of the ditch, and we can see the women there waiting to join us. It is out of the question that they should come to us did we not pass their houses. So we resolve to do our best and try. Datu Sahada takes charge of the affair and picks out a woman from the crowd whose house is close to the ditch. *She* walks across the bit of wood several times a day, so she ought to know its ways. With a great deal of decision Datu Sahada steps first on to the pole, and I follow her cautiously. She then puts her hand under my left arm-pit. The other lady holds my right elbow very carefully in both her hands, as if it were very brittle. All the women say, "Take care; take *very* great care." The children also gravely repeat the words, and in this manner, with crab-like movements, I eventually get across.

But now a strange idea seizes the women. They suddenly rush towards any bright-coloured flowers that are growing near—such things as hibiscus and allamandas. They tear the blossoms stalkless from the shrubs, and thrust them into the little knobs of hair neatly twisted on the top of their children's heads.

The thing is so sudden and spontaneous that I ask Datu Sahada what it means. She points towards the heavens, and I see a great rainbow in the sky, with its ends colouring the trees. She does not seem surprised at the behaviour of her countrywomen, and repeats the words they say as they look at the glorious thing: "Hail, my Lord! We wear bright colours too, and we came out walking to meet you in the sky."

I thought the scene very pretty, so full of the poetic fancy characteristic of these people. I could not get them to give the most remote idea why they acted in this manner, but I imagine it to be some obsolete superstition whose meaning has been lost in the mists of Time.

Suddenly a blast like that of a trumpet is heard a little way off. "The six o'clock calling for us to go home," the women say. The sound comes from a cicada, a kind of

From a] H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK AND SOME OF HER ATTENDANTS. *[Photograph.*

grasshopper, who makes these loud noises at sunset. The Malays trust to these insects' punctuality more than they do to the white people's clocks.

Therefore, in obedience to the grasshopper, we go no farther, but turn our steps homewards. The crowd of women and children come with us as far as the limits of the town, where a great ceremony of leave-taking is gone through. I have to touch the fingers of every hand held out to us, and the children and babies flourish their little paws at me and insist on the same attention being given to their chubby fingers. "Come back soon!" they all say. "Don't forget to come back soon!"

And now we go away. But before us the road makes a sudden bend to the right, so we turn for one last look, and we see our friends standing where we left them, shading their eyes from the slanting rays of the sun and watching us as we go.

We have soon reached the palace, where Datu Sahada and her daughters take their leave. Looking into her eyes, and realizing the happiness which she and her people have brought into my life, I take both her hands in mine and say: "You and all your race are among the most charming people that God has put into the world."

And as she disappears into the sadness of the sunset I am left alone, and go upstairs to the uncovered veranda which looks out on the lawn, and there I stand whilst the day burns itself away.

Overhead great bats fly in a long procession across the river to the orchards beyond the town. Their wings make little black and jagged lines across the salmon-coloured sky.

Away over the wooded plain, Mount Matang, wide and rugged and high, stands against the sunset. At this hour a sullen purple glow spreads over its great mass, and the ravines and precipices worn down its sides by torrents of rain look like the folds of velvet in an imperial mantle. From behind this gloom great shafts of colour, like a rainbow split in pieces, reach half across the sky. Below the tide has turned, and the river, in flowing to meet the sea, carries on its surface broken reflections of the glories above. A boy paddling in a canoe sings a plaintive tune in a minor key to the rhythmical accompaniment of water. Two humble little people in a boat are borne swiftly by on the ebbing tide, flinging from off their paddles great drops of water sparkling like precious stones. For one moment we live in Fairyland. . . .

Suddenly all the colours fade into a sombre blue. Great stars rush out, and far away the Southern Cross hangs over the Tegora Mountains. The trees by the riverside are ablaze with fireflies, and opposite the lights are appearing in the town.

A wind from the south passes by fresh and fragrant, laden with the perfume of a multitude of trees. The bamboos near the house rustle with a sound like falling rain A fruit drops on to the grass below.

The happy coolness of night has come to the land, and another day in Sarawak has gently passed away.

MY DAY OF VENGEANCE

By

E. R. PUNSHON.

IT was on the tenth of June at about four o'clock in the afternoon that I locked the door of my room, flung away the key, and set out to commit the murder I had planned so long and carefully. Every detail of my scheme I had arranged with infinite cunning and forethought, choosing this particular time because I knew that to-day the old housekeeper would be away and Joel Unsworth alone in his solitary and ancient home.

I did not knock when I arrived, for fear my enemy might see who it was and so take the alarm. I crept very cautiously round to the rear of the house, and there found it easy enough to break in the crazy old back door, whose fastenings Joel was too miserly to repair.

The kitchen was empty, as I had expected, and on silent feet I crept up the stairs. But in the hall above, when I was not more than three yards away from the door of the room where I knew he generally sat, my foot caught in a hole in the oilcloth and I stumbled and fell forward on my hands and knees.

Evidently my noisy fall alarmed him, for I heard his door open quickly, and then I heard a low, frightened exclamation, and then the door was banged to and the key hurriedly turned in the lock.

"Open!" I cried, and I dashed myself against the door with a wild fury. "Open!" I cried again. "No power on earth can save you now"; and I struck my foot with such violence against the lower panel that I broke it in with a great noise of rending wood.

I heard a shrill, faint scream at that, very thin and weak, and the sound was music to my ears, for it told my quarry was within. I drew back for another rush, and then the wavering and uncertain barrel of a revolver was poked through the hole I had made in the door. That pleased me, for I was glad he should be armed and I have nothing but my naked hands wherewith to execute my vengeance. Once or twice the hesitating pistol pointed straight at me, but I did not move, and when at last it exploded I was not surprised to see the bullet strike the wall

three or four yards away. Had Joel Unsworth been at the head of an army there was that in me which told I should still have slain him. I laughed a little at his foolish shooting, and then, stepping forward, with one swift blow I struck the pistol from a hand too guilty to hold with firmness any honest weapon.

"You have a man to deal with this time," I cried through the door, and then I beat upon it with both my hands, with all the quivering strength of my indignant rage, with all the gathered force of my long-contemplated vengeance.

The whole house seemed to shake with the violence of my blows, and I could hear plainly how there was someone inside running to and fro as though in extreme bewilderment and terror. Then the hinges gave and the door fell in with a crash, and across it I strode into the room it had guarded.

This was a large apartment, furnished with substantial, old-fashioned furniture, and on the great oak table was a pile of money and papers, the arrangement and counting of which it seemed I had interrupted. But of Joel Unsworth himself I could see nothing, and at first I thought the room was empty, till at last my glance fell on a figure crouching down in a corner, so small and fragile that I, searching for a stout and big-built man, almost overlooked it.

I said nothing. I could only stare in amazement as gradually I made out that this was a young and very lovely girl who crouched there, watching me with a kind of fascinated horror from great, terrified eyes of a singularly deep and clear blue. I moved across the room to her and pulled her to her feet. She screamed out very pitifully as I laid my hand on her, and I have no doubt I looked formidable enough with my dishevelled hair and great black beard, that had gone untrimmed now for many days, with my clothes old and disarranged, and my eyes glittering wildly in a face as pallid and as ghastly as her own. She was trembling so violently that she would have fallen if I had not held her, and when I asked her where Joel Unsworth was the poor, trembling creature could not frame a word in reply, though I saw her strive again and again to make some answer.

"I am not going to hurt you," I said, as gently as I could. "It is Joel Unsworth I have business with. Where is he?"

Then she managed to stammer out an answer, though from such quivering lips and chattering teeth that I could barely understand her.

"Do not hurt me," she whimpered. "Oh, please do not hurt me. Take the money—take all the money"—she made a gesture with her trembling hand to the coins lying on the table—"only, please do not hurt me."

"The money!" I said, with anger, for I had a hundred thousand pounds in the bank that could not save Joel Unsworth's life—no, nor my own soul. "I don't want the money, unless it can buy me back the last three months." I pushed her into one of the great, old-fashioned chairs, where she lay, a quivering heap of terror unspeakable; and then I said, "Tell me where Joel Unsworth is."

"He is away," she said; "he has gone to Northbach."

I swore to myself under my breath, for this was indeed a misfortune. If he had gone there he was not likely to be back till midnight, and my already too long delayed revenge would have to wait another seven hours. I fell to walking up and down the room in angry perplexity, and I had altogether forgotten the very presence of the girl, till some vague sensation of discomfort made me turn to see her watching me very intently from those deep, clear eyes of hers, that, for all the terror they still held, yet retained something of their wonted peace and sincerity. She seemed to have got over her fear a little, though she still trembled slightly at intervals; but for some reason the close attention with which she watched me stirred in me a vague desire to defend myself, as though it were an accusation that she meant.

"I am not going to hurt you," I said again. "Only keep quiet; no harm is meant to you or any honest person."

She made no answer to that, but I saw her glance towards the door that lay shattered in its frame, and I felt myself flush a little.

"I thought Joel Unsworth was in here," I said, tugging at my beard.

"And if he had been?" she asked, in a voice that was very sweet and low, and yet very clear also.

"Then," I said, "by this he would have been dead"; and I resumed my sombre pacing to and fro, and she her thoughtful scrutiny of me, till at last I broke out angrily:—

"Don't look at me like that, girl."

"Why do you want to kill my uncle?" she asked. "You do not look like a murderer"; and then in a softer tone, as though musing to herself: "No, not at all like a robber or a murderer, only sad and worn, and very, very tired."

"I am Michael Carr," I said; "does that name tell you nothing?"

"No," she said, and shook her head; "why should it? What has my uncle done to you that you should wish to kill him?"

"He has turned my aged father into the streets to die of hunger," I answered; "he has sent my infirm and aged mother into the workhouse, to die there of shame and a broken heart."

"Oh, no," she cried, shrinking; "he would not do that—not if he knew. I know he is hard and cruel to people who owe him money, but he would not do that. No, no," she said, very eagerly; "you are mistaken—he would not do that for any debt."

"Yet he did do it,' I answered, "and for a debt that was already paid, as he well knew." I took a paper from my pocket-book and threw it on the table before her. "There is the receipt," I said; "and when he comes and my hands are about his throat I shall thrust that into his false mouth, that his own lie may choke him."

"Oh, no," she cried again; "there is a mistake—he could not have known."

"Three years ago," I said, for I felt a need to justify myself to this frail slip of a girl with the searching eyes, "I left here to seek my fortune abroad, and the night before I went I came to this house and paid Joel the money my father and I had borrowed from him. Then, when no news came of me and it was supposed that I was dead, he went to my father and lied to him, saying I had taken the money with me when I went away, instead of using it to pay the debt. And my poor father believed him. Wild and reckless he knew I had always been, and now he believed me worse. Every penny they could scrape together went into Joel Unsworth's greedy hands—my father and my mother toiling day and night to pay what was not owing. Then father fell ill, and to satisfy Joel they gave him a mortgage on their home—the little cottage that I had reckoned would be always a shelter for them. So they toiled here at home while I wandered from land to land seeking fortune, that I might give them the comforts their old age needed. I would not write, for I had nothing but ill news to send them, and I grew old and worn, as you see me, with my constant failures, till people would take me for fifty, though I am little more than thirty. Then success came, for I discovered tin in West Australia. I sold the mine for a hundred thousand pounds, and hurried home, to find that two months before my arrival Joel Unsworth had foreclosed his mortgage and turned my father and mother into the street for this debt that I had paid him long before.

"'THERE IS THE RECEIPT,' I SAID."

In the streets, a few days later, my father fell down and died of hunger; my mother was taken to the workhouse. She was alive when I stood by her bedside, but she did not know me—I, her son, with a hundred thousand pounds in the bank that could not buy even a moment's recognition from her. Therefore, when Joel Unsworth comes, I shall strangle him."

I had spoken with a rushing fluency out of the bitterness of my heart, for this was the first time I had told my story to living ears, and it was a relief to unburden myself. When I finished I saw the girl was weeping softly to herself, and then I saw her, still crying softly, slide off her chair and stand up.

"I am going away," she said; "he is my uncle, but I would rather die of hunger in the streets like your father, or in the workhouse like your mother, than stay another minute in the house of a man who could do such a thing."

I said nothing, but I watched her making preparations, and full as was my mind of fierce and brooding thoughts, yet was it penetrated by a sense of the dainty lightness of her movements and the swift gracefulness of her every action. But it was her eyes that troubled me and drew my attention, for, dimmed as they were with the great tears that kept silently rising in them and brimming over down her cheeks, yet when they turned on me it seemed as though they pierced to my innermost heart. And the black fury that smouldered there was disturbed by their serene but searching glance.

"What else is it you intend to do?" I broke out very suddenly, warned, I know not how, of some other intention she had in her mind.

"You must not become a murderer," she answered. "I would save your dead parents that, at least. I shall warn my uncle not to come back here."

"Oh!" I said, fiercely. "So that is what your tears meant, eh? So you would save him, would you, and cheat me of my vengeance?"

"And save you from a crime," she answered, moving towards the door.

"Come back," I said, sullenly. "Justice is no crime. Do you think I have planned and contemplated this day after day, night after night, to be turned from my purpose by a girl? Come back."

And when she would not, but still tried to go, I picked her up in my arms—she weighed no more than a feather—and carried her back and put her down in her chair again.

"Oh, let me go," she implored. "If you do this you will be no better than he."

"What does that matter," I returned, "when all I want is my revenge?"

"And what," she asked, very softly and tenderly, "would the two who are dead think and feel if they knew their son had become a murderer?"

"At any rate," I answered, moodily, "they would know then he was not the liar and thief they died thinking him—that Joel represented him to be."

"And yet," she persisted, "you know——"

"I know nothing," I interrupted, "except that I am waiting for my enemy to slay him."

She made a little gesture of despair and then, on a sudden, she leapt up and ran so swiftly to the doorway that I was only just in time to stop her.

"Unless you promise," I said, as I held her back, "not to do that again, I will tie you to your chair."

"If you do," she answered, defiantly, "I will scream a warning to him when I hear him coming."

"Then I shall gag you," I answered. "Will you promise?"

"Never," she said. "I would rather you killed me."

She looked up at me as she spoke with serene and fearless eyes and firm-set lips, and she seemed such a tiny, fragile thing to set her will against mine that I was amazed, and the more amazed to contrast her present calm courage with the pitiful and anguished fear she had shown when I first broke my way in.

"Are you not afraid?" I asked. "How do you know I shall not join you with your uncle's fate? You were frightened enough just now."

"Oh, that," she answered, with a little gesture of disdain—"that was different; then I was just frightened for myself. I thought you were just a robber come to take that money on the table, and perhaps to murder me. But now," she said, passionately, "I would die this instant, most willingly and most gladly, if that would avail."

"You are a strange girl," I said, wonderingly, "to be so ready to die to save your uncle."

"That is not the reason," she answered, steadily; and I turned from her with a curse under my breath, for I understood very well what she meant.

I resumed my pacing to and fro, and all in a minute she was up and running again, and this time her hand was on the front

door before I caught her. I knew well that another moment would have seen all my plans ruined, for if she had escaped into the darkness outside, in a garden she knew and I did not, it was ten to one she would have got away and warned her uncle. I carried her back to the room, and finding some small cord I bound her hands behind her; and then I fastened her by a rope round her waist to the high-backed, heavy, old oak chair in which she had been sitting. She struggled a little at first, but soon I suppose she felt the uselessness of resistance and submitted to be tied in silence. When I had finished she said, with no trace of anger or resentment in her voice :—

"Mr. Carr."

"Well?" I said.

"Was your mother proud of you, I wonder?"

"Aye," I answered, as I thought of all her triumph in my childish successes; "poor soul, she thought no one was so wise and strong and clever as her son."

"And what would she have thought," interrupted my captive very quickly, "if she had known that one day you would use that strength she was so proud of to bind and insult a weak, helpless girl?"

"It is your own fault," I muttered, sulkily.

"Perhaps," she murmured, "it is as well that she is dead."

"Oh, be silent," I cried, with a threatening gesture.

"Because," she continued, "it is much better she should not know that you could do such things."

I took her own silk handkerchief then, that had been round her neck, and thrust it between her teeth, and fastened it there to prevent her speaking. But I could not gag her eyes nor my knowledge of what she thought, and presently I came back and took it out again.

"I would rather you talked," I said, "than look at me like that."

However, now she said nothing, but sat there in silence while I paced up and down in the room, longing for the hour when my enemy should return and battling with the thoughts and memories that girl's strange, deep eyes called up in me.

"The ropes cannot hurt you," I said, angrily, for her silence reproached me too. "I shall release you soon. Why do you insist on looking at me like that?"

"It is only that I am thinking, I suppose," she answered.

Simple words enough, but, for what obscure and hidden reason I know not, they seemed to sting me like a whip of scorpions. I snarled at her a sharp command to hold her tongue, unless she wanted to be gagged again; but, quite unheeding my threat, she continued in an odd, abstracted tone :—

"You see, I had a mother once myself."

"Oh! I understand very well," I cried, "that you wish to cheat me out of my just revenge."

She made no answer, but seemed to fall into a kind of deep and sad reverie, and I

"I WENT OVER AND STOOD BESIDE THE DOOR, WAITING FOR JOEL TO ENTER."

went on restlessly pacing to and fro. I think nearly an hour passed in complete silence, and then there was a fumbling at the front door, and I knew that at last my time had come. But the girl had heard the sound too, and her deep blue eyes looked into mine, shining with an inflexible resolution.

"By Heaven," I cried aloud, "you shall not," and I took her silk handkerchief again, and, though she cried out once that there was danger, I soon had it thrust into her mouth and fastened there so that she could not make a sound. As I drew back I saw how the slow, pitiful tears ran down her cheeks, and I went back and stooped down and said to her in a whisper:—

"Be satisfied! I shall not try to escape. Afterwards I will give myself up to the police and you shall see me punished."

Then I went over and stood beside the door, waiting for Joel to enter, and I could feel as by physical contact how she looked and longed at me with all her soul in her eyes, and her heart and her mind, all her being concentrated into the dumb pleading of her gaze.

Now the front door was open, and I heard Unsworth close it again and lock and bolt it with care, and then come along the passage till his eye fell on the broken door.

"Oh, my money!" he screamed at once, and running forward stood petrified on the threshold as his glance wandered from the money on the table to the bound and gagged figure of his niece, whose anguished eyes only I could interpret, and then at the broken door at his feet. He had a lighted candle in his hand, and, though there was a lamp on the table that illumined the room well enough, he held the candle over his head as he peered amazedly before him. He did not at first notice me, who stood motionless against the wall just at his side, but only gaped before him, and at last cried out, "Why, lass, what's to do? The money has not gone—what has happened?"

He took a step or two forward as he spoke, probably meaning to release her, and I moved in front of the open doorway. Hearing me he turned, and I saw a pallor come upon his face, for in spite of the beard I had grown he knew me at once.

"Yes; it is I," I said, "come back to account with you for your dealings with my father and my mother."

Not a word did he speak, but fell flat on his face at my feet as though I had struck him down, and he wallowed there, moaning to himself. The candle rolled into one corner of the room, near a heap of old clothes, spluttering noisily. I bent down and laid my hands about his throat as he lay, but the eyes of the girl compelled me, and I could not do it while she watched.

I took him by the collar—he was dazed with terror, for the moment he saw me he read my purpose in my face, and he just lay limply without making the least attempt to struggle—and dragged him into the hall. But it was as bad there, for it seemed to me that her eyes pierced through the walls and watched my every movement, and I even had an impression that she was standing by the doorway looking at me.

I knew how absurd this idea was, for I had bound her securely, but it was so strong that I went to look. Of course, she was still as I had left her, gagged and tied to her chair, unable to move an inch; but I stayed there fascinated on the threshold, gazing alternately at her and at the wretch who lay behind me, already half dead with fear. And as I looked at these two victims of mine—from her to him, from him to her—it seemed to me that on her right hand stood my dead father, and my dead mother on her left, and that they looked at her with approval, but at me not at all.

I went back and took Unsworth by the collar again, and dragged him like a sack into the room once more and flung him at her feet, and said:—

"There is the man who slew my parents; not quickly, with a painless pressure on the throat, but slowly, by lies and hunger and a broken heart. Have I no right," I asked, with passion, "to take his life in return?"

I think Unsworth had fainted, and though I saw the girl understood what I said, of course she could make no answer. I took a chair and sat down opposite to her, with Unsworth's prostrate and unconscious form lying between us. I did not look at her, but I knew very well her unwavering eyes were fixed on me with that clear and steady, very deep regard I could not face.

For a long time we sat thus, I with my head leaning on my hands, staring at my enemy lying in my power, whose only sign of life was a faint, half-heard moaning. Opposite was she whom I had gagged and bound and prisoned, whom I could have slain by a pressure of finger and thumb, in whose power it was not to raise a finger to hinder me, or to utter the least, lowest murmur of protest. But at her I dared never look. Many a time I tried, for I knew and she knew that if once I could meet her unwavering eyes with a

glance as steady, that if for so much as one second she failed to search my heart with her deep gaze, in that instant Joel Unsworth would be slain.

But she neither failed nor faltered in that silent battle for a man's life and a man's soul, and when the dawn came I rose from my place and I cut the ropes that bound her, and I said:—

"You have cheated me of my revenge and I will never forgive you," and I struck her on the cheek with my open palm.

"I WENT BACK AND TOOK UNSWORTH BY THE COLLAR AGAIN AND DRAGGED HIM LIKE A SACK INTO THE ROOM."

She did not wince, but I saw how her soft flesh reddened to the blow, and that pleased me, for I hated her and dreaded her with a hate more bitter and a dread more intense than I had ever felt in my life before. I strode from the room and the house, and on the threshold I cursed it and all that it held, and across the road I sat down beneath a great elm tree and, like a child, I wept with the bitter agony of my shame.

Weak and foolish and fickle, I had failed in my revenge as in everything else. In nothing had I ever succeeded till mere luck, as with careless contempt, threw a fortune in my lap too late to save my parents. Like a hundred thousand small devils, the thought of my hundred thousand pounds I had been so proud of taunted me with my inability to save them or even to avenge them. It seemed to me that nothing was left save to remove from the world one worth so little, so complete a failure. Fortunately, swimming is an accomplishment I have never been able to master, and from not far away the gleaming river beckoned me with a kindly and a friendly air. Weak as I had shown myself, as feeble to avenge as to save, I at least knew how and when to die. I started to my feet, and was already on my way when there came a light touch on my arm, and at my side stood that girl of the serene eyes.

"You!" I cried, with abhorrence; "what! will you never let me alone?"

She answered only by a gesture that seemed to invite my attention to the house, and, looking at it, I saw with amazement that it was on fire, with flames and smoke pouring from the windows, and even with sparks falling round us where we stood. Yet so absorbed had I been in my thoughts of shame and self-contempt, which had ended in the decision to die if I might not slay, that I had heard and seen absolutely nothing.

"It's on fire," I said, stupidly.

"It has spread with such rapidity that I had barely time to escape." She paused and looked at me. "My uncle, Mr. Unsworth," she said, "is in the room above the porch there. The stairs have fallen in, but a very strong and very active man might climb up by that water-spout, with the aid of the ivy, and possibly rescue him."

"That I'll not do," I cried, hotly; "let him die. Heaven has taken the task I failed in."

She said nothing, but I read in her eyes of what she was thinking; and I thought, as I knew that she desired, of my mother's gentle soul and wide-embracing love.

"Will you not," she said, as the flames shot up higher than before—"will you not try to save him?"

"You girl," I cried, "what right have you to ask such things of me?"

For answer she laid her hand upon her soft cheek, where plainly visible were the marks of my coward fingers. And as she made the gesture I saw, too, about her wrist the red scar of the cord with which I had bound her.

I ran—heavens, how I ran!—and clambered up the spout, clinging by the ivy that tore in my grasp; and I beat in the window and battled there with the flames and the stifling smoke till I found Joel Unsworth. Dragging him to the window, I tied a rope round his body under his arms and I lowered him to the ground.

By this time some of the neighbours had assembled, and the fools cheered me as I climbed down myself. Pushing through them I went to where the girl knelt on the ground, and I said to her:—

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"I TIED A ROPE ROUND HIS BODY UNDER HIS ARMS AND I LOWERED HIM TO THE GROUND."

She looked at me without speaking and I became astonished, for her face shone strangely. And again I was astonished, for now I knew that the burden of my vengeance had passed from me, nor was I any longer ashamed that I had failed in my revenge. For I understood that if the future lies with man the past is with God. Looking at the girl I said, slowly:—

"You have saved your uncle's life; you have saved mine too, I suppose; but I wonder if you knew how near you were to losing your own?"

"Oh, life," she said, with a certain lofty scorn. "I was not thinking of his life or of your life; no, nor of my own."

"Of what, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I do not know," she said; "but perhaps of your mother dying in the workhouse and your father broken-hearted in the street."

"Tell me your name," I whispered.

"Mercy," she answered, simply. "I am Mercy Fane."

I took both her hands and kissed them, and kissed, too, the red marks that encircled her wrists, and said:—

"Mercy, you have done much; do more—be merciful to me also."

Very sweetly and tenderly her eyes looked into mine, and while the people ran shouting to and fro about us and the doctors brought Joel Unsworth gasping back to life, and while the roaring flames destroyed the house where he had wrought iniquity, my wife Mercy and I kissed and plighted our troth one to the other.

"*My Best Piece of Light Verse.*"

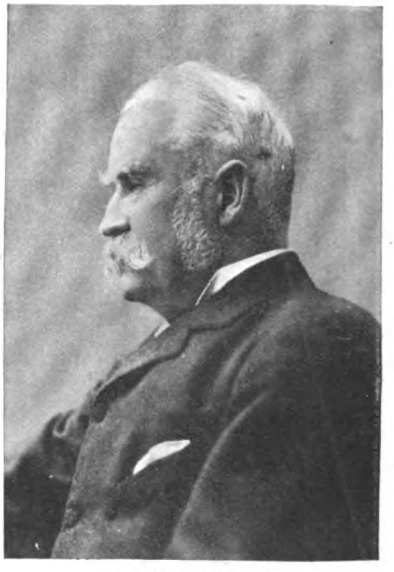
By Messrs. W. S. Gilbert, J. Ashby-Sterry, Austin Dobson, Owen Seaman, Adrian Ross, R. C. Lehmann, Mostyn T. Pigott, Captain John Kendall, A. W Busbridge, and Barry Pain.

IT is altogether a mistake to suppose that poetry is not popular. There are forms of verse which have always been held in high esteem by both the classes and the masses. It does not follow that what is called light verse or humorous poetry is easier of achievement than verse of a more serious kind. We may, as someone has said, have another Tennyson before we have another Calverley. No English literary period has been so prolific of excellent light verse as the present; nor, indeed, can the literature of any other country rival us in this respect. There is a whole galaxy of brilliant versifiers, including Messrs. W. S. Gilbert, Austin Dobson, Ashby-Sterry, and Owen Seaman, whose clever rhymes are welcomed wherever the language is spoken.

To the dozen leading humorous poets of the day we recently addressed the question: "What do you consider your best poem?" Even those who are familiar with the selections made will greet the verses warmly afresh, while those to whom they are unfamiliar may here make acquaintance with some real gems of literature, not, it may be, diamonds, but the sparkling rubies, the emeralds and sapphires of poetry.

That prince of the light romantic ballad and of humorous minstrelsy, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, selects as his own favourite his "I Have a Song to Sing, O!" from "The Yeomen of the Guard," and then, as an afterthought, thinks "Is Life a Boon?" a still better composition. But this latter hardly comes within the domain of light verse. The first runs thus:—

Point: I have a song to sing, O!
Elsie: Sing me your song, O!
Point: It is sung to the moon
By a love-lorn loon
Who fled from the mocking throng, O!
It's the song of a merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye.
Elsie: I have a song to sing, O!
Point: Sing me your song, O!
Elsie: It is sung with the ring
Of the songs maids sing
Who love with a love life-long, O!
It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud,
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,



Mr. W. S. Gilbert.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!
Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup, etc.
Point: I have a song to sing, O!
Elsie: Sing me your song, O!
Point: It is sung to the knell
Of a churchyard bell,
And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O!
It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble merrymaid, peerly proud,

Who loved that lord, and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

BOTH: Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
He sipped no sup, etc.

ELSIE: I have a song to sing, O!
POINT: Sing me your song, O!
ELSIE: It is sung with a sigh
And a tear in the eye,
For it tells of a righted wrong, O!
It's the song of a merrymaid, once so gay,
Who turned on her heel and tripped away
From the peacock popinjay, bravely born,
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble heart that he did not prize:
So she begged on her knees with downcast eyes
For the love of the merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

BOTH: Heighdy! heighdy!
Misery me, lackadaydee!
His pains were o'er, and he signed no more,
For he lived in the love of a ladye!

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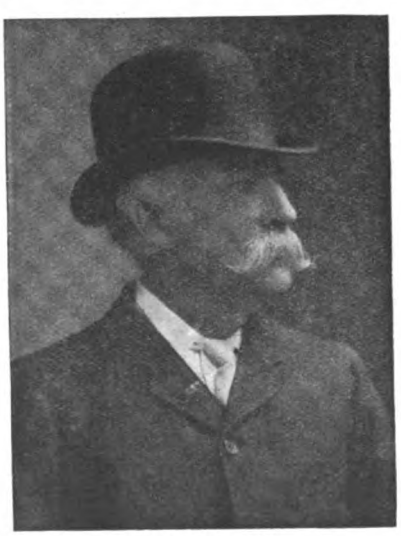
Mr. Ashby-Sterry, author of numerous volumes of light verse, including "Boudoir Ballads," "The Lazy Minstrel," etc., thus writes: "In reply to your kind letter, I beg to say it is by no means easy to fix on my favourite composition. I often find the one one likes best oneself the public don't care about. The enclosed book only represents



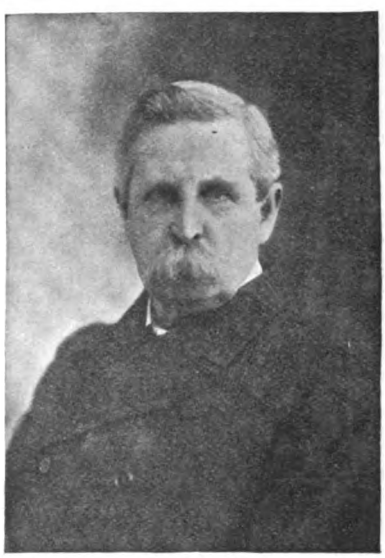
MR. ASHBY-STERRY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

a portion of the mass of verse I have written in various directions, and I can assure you I have a great difficulty in making a selection."

PET'S PUNISHMENT.

O, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!
If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.
If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses!
But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters.
And if she dared her lips to pout—
Like many pert young misses—
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

As for Mr. Austin Dobson, the talented biographer, and author of "Vignettes in



From a Photo. by] MR. AUSTIN DOBSON. *[Bassano.*

Rhyme," "Old World Idylls," etc., his well-known modesty forbids him to do more than to hint at a preference by declaring that "A Dialogue from Plato" is a "fair example of my distinctive manner."

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

"Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd."
—Claude Tillier.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming.
Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear—the next's in stronger style;
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more: "My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concoctors."

Then I: "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
Diana's apparition.'"

She blushed—this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a-walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential—
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

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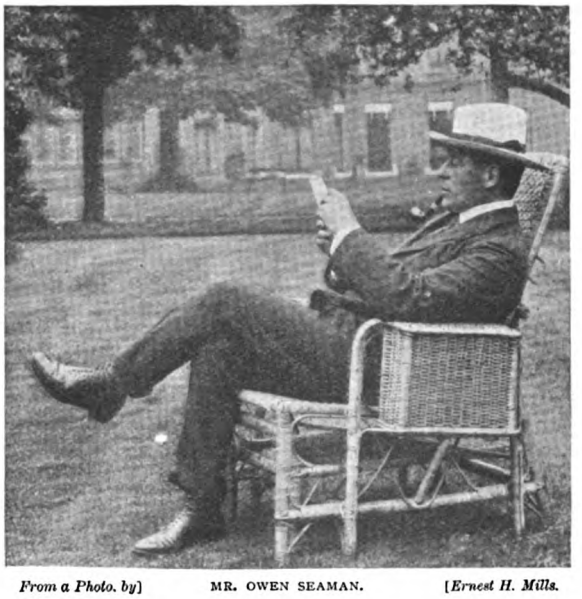
Mr. Owen Seaman, the brilliant versifier and the new editor of *Punch*, writes: "This is a very invidious distinction that you ask me to draw. For myself, I have a feeling of peculiar tenderness towards a parody of mine called 'At the Sign of the Cock' (from 'In Cap and Bells'), being an imitation of Mr. George Meredith's 'Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History.' Nobody but myself can understand a word of this parody, and I am, perhaps pardonably, rather proud of that distinction. Still, in view of the present *entente* I will not press its claims. Of other attempted parodies 'Elegi Musarum' ('The Battle of the Bays'), in imitation of Mr. William Watson; 'A Ballad of a Bun' ('The Battle of the Bays'), in imitation of Mr. John Davidson; and 'Among the Roaring Forties; or, the New Menagerie of Letters' ('In Cap and Bells'), after Mr. Swinburne, affect me, if I may say so, not unpleasantly. In the vein of satire 'The Literary Parasite' ('A Harvest of Chaff') is as passable a thing as I am likely to produce; and in light verse with a touch of seriousness I have perhaps contented myself most with some lines 'To Christine' (also from 'A Harvest of Chaff'). As a protest against being regarded by critics, otherwise too generous, as a writer of nothing but parodies, whereas not one thing in ten that I write is a parody at all, I think that, if I must choose one single poem to be judged by, I will take my chance with this last, 'To Christine.'"



From a Photo. by] MR. OWEN SEAMAN. *[Ernest H. Mills.*

TO CHRISTINE.

(An offering from her bachelor uncle, who, in default of the power to immortalize her through the intrinsic merits of his verse, consoled himself by enshrining her in the deathless pages of "Mr. Punch's Almanack.")

Child of the silk-soft golden hair,
The sweet, grave face, the hazel eyes,
Mother of dolls, a constant care
That makes you prematurely wise;
(Although your brother, younger yet,
Adopts an independent tone,
And begs you will not always set
Your wisdom up against his own)—
I take delight to touch with you
On divers themes, and well I may;
It is your charming habit to
Believe exactly what I say.
When you inquire with thoughtful brow
What any given object is,
Why it was made, and when, and how,
And other cognate mysteries;
When by your manner you imply
That nothing known to mortal men,
Or even seraphs up the sky,
Eludes my penetrating ken;
Forgotten hopes renew their bloom;
I feel I have not wholly failed;
"There still is one," I say, "from whom
My awful ignorance is veiled.

"As yet no disillusion saps
A faith pathetically stout,
And several seasons must elapse
Before she gets to find me out."
So from our converse I abstract
A sentiment akin to joy,
Fleeting, I own, and, as a fact,
Not unencumbered with alloy.

For memory probes an ancient sore
Connected with my distant youth;
I, too, should like to be once more
A quiet searcher after truth;
Once more to learn in various schools
The things rejected by-and-by
When I discovered certain rules
Which the exceptions stultify;

Found Nature with herself at strife
(To take a single case) and woke
To the depressing view that life
Must be regarded as a joke.
A blight possessed my eager soul;
My fancies took a fatal twist;
And I assumed the chronic rôle
Of what is called a humorist.

For you such fears are far away;
Your faith and your digestion thrive;
But then I'm forty, if a day,
And you, of course, are only five.
Still, here's the best I can in rhyme;
And when (how rare the angels' calls!)
You come again at Christmas-time
To greet the dear familiar walls,

You'll take my verse for what it's worth,
And, though you find it barely sane,
You'll raise a decent show of mirth
To spare the author needless pain;
And lift your tiny silver mug,
Graven with mine, the giver's, name,
And toast my health, and bid me hug
The patient hope of coming fame;

And I shall answer, "Dear, you see,
My future lies behind my back;
But here's *your* immortality
In 'Mr. Punch's Almanack'!"

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Mr. Arthur Reed Ropes ("Adrian Ross"), a most prolific lyrist and librettist, among whose many successes we may mention "San Toy," "The Messenger Boy," "A Country Girl," etc., writes: "I do not know that I have a *chef d'œuvre* in humorous poetry. My best work in that line has never seen the foot-lights, nor has it been published. The best thing published is, I think, 'The Balance of Power,' which appeared long ago in the *Tatler*." This runs as follows:—

You take some States, not less than three;
We'll call them A and B and C—
Not Russia, France, or Germany,
But each a simple letter.
Supposing A should buy a gun,
Then B must purchase more than one;
And C, who cannot be outdone,
Will go a cannon better.
Now A, if not entirely mad,
Another gun or so must add,
As many as the others had,
Until he overtops them;
And B and C will order more,
Exactly as they did before,
And lay up implements of war
Till lack of money stops them!

For this is the Balance of Power,
Humanity's loveliest flower;
If we were not afraid
Of the guns we have made
We should all be at war in an hour.
The war clouds may threaten and lower,
But never will break in a shower,
For we haven't the cash
To do anything rash,
Upsetting the Balance of Power.

MR. ARTHUR ROPES ("ADRIAN ROSS").
From a Photo. by Ernest H. Mills.

Then B, on some convenient day,
Will make a secret league with A,
In which they practically say,
They'll go for C together;
The secret, being one of State,
Is certain to evaporate,
And C may soon anticipate
Extremely sultry weather!
So C his neighbours will fatigue
With patriotic base intrigue,
Until he makes a secret league
With each of both the others;
So any two to fight are loth,
Because the third is bound by oath
To fight against and for them both
As enemies and brothers!

And this is the Balance of Power,
Diplomacy's climax and flower;
If we did not surmise
We were all telling lies
We should all be at war in an hour!
The war-clouds may threaten and lower,
But never will break in a shower,
For you cannot depend
On a foe or a friend
When it comes to the Balance of Power!

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"The question," writes Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., a former editor of the *Daily News* and a frequent contributor to *Punch*, "you propose to me is not an easy one to answer. If the word 'humorous' is to be strictly interpreted in its conventionally limited sense, my personal preference amongst my own pieces of verse would either go to 'To the Master of Trinity,' originally published in 'The Granta' and republished in 'Anni Fugaces' (John Lane), or to 'The Duke of Donnybrook and Bow,' originally published in *Punch* and republished in 'Crumbs of Pity' (Blackwood). If, however, you include verse which is, perhaps, better described as light than as strictly humorous, I should select either 'To Rufus, A Spaniel,' originally published in *Punch* and republished in 'Crumbs of Pity,' or 'Inter Amicos,' originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and republished in 'Crumbs of Pity.' But, even as I write, other pieces suggest themselves, and in any case I am certain I could name pieces by other writers that I prefer to any I have written myself."

TO RUFUS, A SPANIEL.

Rufus, a bright New Year! A savoury stew,
Bones, broth, and biscuits, is prepared for you.
See how it steams in your enamelled dish,
Mixed in each part according to your wish.
Hide in your straw the bones you cannot crunch—
They'll come in handy for to-morrow's lunch;
Abstract with care each tasty scrap of meat,
Remove each biscuit to a fresh retreat
(A dog, I judge, would deem himself disgraced
Who ate a biscuit where he found it placed);
Then nuzzle round and make your final sweep,
And sleep, replete, your after-dinner sleep.
High in our hall we've piled the fire with logs
For you, the *doyen* of our corps of dogs.
There, when the stroll that health demands is done,
Your right to ease by due exertion won,
There shall you come, and on your long-haired mat,
Thrice turning round, shall tread the jungle flat,
And, rhythmically snoring, dream away
The peaceful evening of your New Year's day.

Rufus! there are who hesitate to own
Merits, they say, your master sees alone.
They judge you stupid, for you show no bent
To any poodle-dog accomplishment.
Your stubborn nature never stooped to learn
Tricks by which mumming dogs their biscuits earn.
Men mostly find you, if they change their seat,
Couchant obnoxious to their blundering feet;
Then, when a door is closed, you steadily
Misjudge the side on which you ought to be;
Yelping outside when all your friends are in,
You raise the echoes with your ceaseless din,
Or, always wrong, but turn and turn about,
Howling inside when all the world is out.
They scorn your gestures and interpret ill
Your humble signs of friendship and goodwill;
Laugh at your gambols, and pursue with jeers
The ringlets clustered on your spreading ears;
See without sympathy your sore distress
When Ray obtains the coveted caress,
And you, a jealous lump of growl and glare,
Hide from the world your head beneath a chair.
They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far;
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
In short, in one anathema confound
Shape, mind, and heart, and all my little hound.
Well, let them rail. If, since your life began,
Beyond the customary lot of man
Staunchness was yours; if of your faithful heart
Malice and scorn could never claim a part;
If in your master, loving while you live,
You own no fault or own it to forgive;
If, as you lay your head upon his knee,
Your deep-drawn sighs proclaim your sympathy;
If faith and friendship, growing with your age,
Speak through your eyes and all his love engage;
If by that master's wish your life you rule—
If this be folly, Rufus, you're a fool.

Old dog, content you; Rufus, have no fear;
While life is yours and mine your place is here.
And when the day shall come, as come it must,
When Rufus goes to mingle with the dust
(If Fate ordains that you shall pass before
To the abhorred and sunless Stygian shore),
I think old Charon, punting through the dark,
Will hear a sudden friendly little bark;
And on the shore he'll mark without a frown
A flap-eared doggie, bandy-legged and brown.
He'll take you in; since watermen are kind,
He'd scorn to leave my little dog behind.
He'll ask no obol, but instal you there
On Styx's further bank without a fare.

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN.
From a Photo. by Moyse & Co., Putney.

There shall you sniff his cargoes as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb—
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land.

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Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott, whose work is well known to readers of *The World* and *The*

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.
From a Photo. by Ernest H. Mills.

Grand Magazine, writes: "'*Chef d'œuvre*' is hardly the term I should myself have applied to the enclosed, but, as it is about the only thing I ever wrote that attracted general notice, I enclose it. It was written in the lurid days of the 'Bodley Head,' when Vigo Street sent out the 'Yellow Book' with its Aubrey Beardsley illustrations and its 'daring' prose and verse—verse and prose, I ought to say."

THE SECOND COMING OF ARTHUR.

(A certain Past adapted to a possible Future.)

'Twas rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mimble in the cafe;
All footly were the Philerotes,
And Daycadongs outstrafe.

Beware the Yallerbock, my son!
The aims that rile, the art that racks,
Beware the Aub-Aub Bird, and shun
The stumious Beerbomax.

He took Excalibur in hand:
Long time the canxome foe he sought-
So rested he by the Jonbul tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

Then, as veep Vigo's marge he trod,
The Yallerbock, with tongue of blue,
Came piffling through the Headley Bod,
And flippered as it flew.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
Excalibur went snicker-snack!
He took its dead and bodless head
And went jucunding back.

And hast thou slain the Yallerbock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy!
Oh, brighteous peace! Purlieu! Purlice!
He jawbled in his joy.

'Twas rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mimble in the cafe;
All footly were the Philerotes,
And Daycadongs outstrafe.

Captain John Kendall, known to fame as "Dum-Dum" of *Punch*, writes: "Of my re-published work, 'To an Elephant,' from 'Rhymes of the East,' has, I think, been about the most acceptable to my reviewers and may be taken as the best. For parody, 'To Mandalay—Greeting,' a Kipling-Whitman piece, or 'Sairey,' seem to be approved. Personally, I prefer 'The Last Hockey,' after Tennyson. Many of my best pieces have not yet appeared in book form. I have omitted these from consideration, partly because they have not been overhauled, and partly because I have yet to learn the opinions of the wise on their comparative merits or failings."

TO AN ELEPHANT.

On His Tonic Qualities.

Solace of mine hours of anguish,
Peace-imparting View, when I,
Sick of Hindo-Sturm-und-Drang, wish
I could lay me down and die,

Very present help in trouble,
Never-failing anodyne
For the blows that knock us double,
Here's towards thee, Hathi mine!

As, 'tis said, the dolorous Jack Tar
Turns to view the watery Vast,
When he mourns his frail charàc-tar,
Or deplores his jagged l'ast,

Climbs a cliff, and breathes his sighs on
That appalling breast until,
Borne from off the far horizon,
Voices whisper, "Cheer up, Bill!"

So when evil chance or dark aspersions crush the bosom's lord,
When discomfort rends the car-cass,
When we're sorry, sick, or bored,

When the year is at its hottest,
And our life with sorrow crowned,

CAPTAIN JOHN KENDALL ("DUM-DUM").
From a Photo. by Wayland, Blackheath.

Gazing thee-wards, where thou blottest
Out the landscape, pulls us round,
Gives us peace, some nameless modicum of cheer to mind and eye :
Something that can soothe a body
Like a blessed lullaby.

Sweet it is to watch thee, Hathi,
Through the stertorous afternoons,
Wond'ring why so stout a party
Wears such baggy pantaloons :
Sweet, again, to steal a-nigh and
Watch thee, ere thy meals begin,
Deftly weigh th' unleavened viand,
Lest thou be deceived therein :

Sweet to mark thee gravely dining :
Grand, when day has nearly gone,
'Tis to view yon Orb declining
Down behind thee, broadside on :
Ay ! and when thy vassals tub thee,
And thou writhest 'neath the brick
Wherewithal they take and scrub thee
'Twere a sight to heal the sick !

Not a pose but serves to ward off
Pangs that had of yore prevailed ;
E'en the stab of being scored off
Owns the charm, old Double-Tailed !
But, O Thou that giv'st the flabby
Strength, and stingo'st up the weak—
Restful as a grand old Abbey—
Bracing as a Mountain Peak :—

All the bonds of Age were slackened,
And my years were out of sight,
When I burst upon thy back end
As thou kneeled'st yesternight !
Head and frame were hidden. Only
Loomed a black, colossal Seat,
Taut, magnificent, and lonely,
O'er a pair of suppliant feet.

To th' astounded mind conveying
Dreams from which my manhood shrank,
Of a very fat man praying,
Whom a boy would love to spank.
And I felt my fingers twitching,
And my sinews turned to wire,
And my palm was itching, itching,
With the old, unhallowed fire.

While the twofold voice within me
Urged their long-forgotten feud,
One to do thee shame would win me—
One that whispered, "Don't be rude !"
Till, by heaven ! thy pleading beauty
Drove those carnal thoughts away,
And the friend that came to scrutinise was left behind to pray :—

For I shamed thee not, nor spanked thee ;
But to rearward, on the plain,
Hathi, on my knees I thanked thee
That I felt a boy again !

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A really talented and prolific bard, Mr. A. W. Busbridge ("A. W. B."), writes as follows :—

MY MASTERPIECE ?

My masterpiece ? Oh, yes, I will comply,
And carry out the Editor's instructions ;
I'll let him have the very best of my
Productions.

MR. A. W. BUSBRIDGE.
From a Photo. by De Ath, Ashford.

Come, little webs of fancy, lightly spun,
And sent to court acceptance—or rejection—
And let me see which most from me has won
Affection.

Nay ; for that foolish metaphor I pray
You will extend to me a gracious pardon ;
You are the flowers making sweet and gay
My garden.

Come ! Let me choose ; which is the one I want ?
This modest bud, or that more forward blossom ?
This humble daisy, or that proud odontoglossum ?

Which organ shall decide ? The eye or nose,
Between sweet thyme and glaring daffodilly ?
Which make comparison between the rose
And lily ?

Stupendous task ! To set your glories down,
And have them duly ticketed and graded ;
Restore the primal tint in what is brown
And faded ;

Bring back the fragrance of a yesterday,
The brilliance of past summers to remember,
Or raise again, to give a charm to May,
December!

Impossible ! Success might bring me bliss,
But, oh ! I know that I can never see it ;
I cannot choose a masterpiece, so this
Must be it !

The name of Mr. Barry Pain is well known to most readers as a writer of light verse. He chooses the following as representing his high-water mark :—

THE POETS AT TEA.

1. MACAULAY.

Pour, varlet, pour the water,
The water steaming hot !
A spoonful for each man of us,
Another for the pot !
We shall not drink from amber,
No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
With port at thirty-six ;

MR. BARRY PAIN.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Whiter than snow the crystals
Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield;
For ever let Britannia wield
The teapot of her sires!

2. TENNYSON.

I think that I am drawing to an end:
For on a sudden came a gasp for breath,
And stretchings of the hands, and blinded eyes,
And a great darkness falling on my soul.
O Hallelujah! . . . Kindly pass the milk.

3. SWINBURNE.

As the sin that was sweet in the sinning
Is foul in the ending thereof,
As the heat of the summer's beginning
Is past in the winter of love:
O purity, painful and pleading!
O coldness, ineffably gray!
O hear us, our handmaid unheeding,
And take it away!

4. COWPER.

The cosy fire is bright and gay,
The merry kettle boils away
And hums a cheerful song.
I sing the saucer and the cup,
Pray, Mary, fill the teapot up,
And do not make it strong.

5. BROWNING.

Tut! Bah! We take another case—
Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill; notice the capsule.
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
Reliance on trade-marks, sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
Light poised—bah, it's spilt in the bed!—well, let's on go—
Hold Bohea and sugar, sir; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

6. WORDSWORTH.

"Come, little cottage girl, you seem
To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream?
Now, tell the truth to me."
She had a rustic woodland grin,
Her cheek was soft as silk,
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
A little drop of milk."
"Why, what put milk into your head?
'Tis cream my cows supply";
And five times to the child I said,
"Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"
"You call me pig-head," she replied;
"My proper name is Ruth.
I called that milk"—she blushed with pride—
"You bade me speak the truth."

7. POE.

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance brings to me!
Oh, from out the silver cells
How it wells!
How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune
To the tintinnabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavour
Now, now to sit, or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
Tea to the *n* — th.

8. ROSSETTI.

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.
She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost);
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

9. BURNS.

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
Fore ane or ither;
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you,
Mix a' thegither.

10. WALT WHITMAN.

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will drink together,
O hand-in-hand! That teaspoon, please, when you've done with it.
What butter-colour'd hair you've got. I don't want to be personal.
All right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-cadaver.
Eighteenpence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formules.

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Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

IV.

"OLD MEN AT PEVENSEY."

"IT has nought to do with apes or devils," Sir Richard went on, in an undertone. "It concerns De Aquila, than whom there was never bolder nor craftier, nor more hardy knight born. And, remember, he was an old, old man at that time."

"When?" said Dan.

"When we came back from sailing with Witta."

"What did you do with your gold?" said Dan.

"Have patience. Link by link is chain-mail made. I will tell all in its place. We bore the gold to Pevensey on horseback—three loads of it—and then up to the north chamber, above the great hall of Pevensey Castle, where De Aquila lay in winter. He sat on his bed like a little white falcon, turning his head swiftly from one to the other as we told our tale. Jehan the Crab, an old sour man-at-arms, guarded the stairway, but De Aquila bade him wait at the stair-foot, and let down both leather curtains over the door. It was Jehan whom De Aquila had sent to us with the horses, and only Jehan had loaded the gold. When our story was told, De Aquila gave us the news of England, for we were as men waked from a year-long sleep. The Red King was dead—slain (ye remember?) the day we set sail—and Henry, his younger brother, had made himself King of England over the head of Robert of Normandy. This was the very thing that the Red King had done when our Great William died. Then Robert of Normandy, mad, as De Aquila said, at twice missing this kingdom, had sent an army against England, which army had been well beaten back to their ships at Portsmouth. A little earlier, and Witta's ship would have rowed through them.

"'And now,' said De Aquila, 'half the great barons of the north and west are out against the King between Salisbury and Shrewsbury, and half the other half wait to see which way the game shall go. They say Henry is overly English for their stomachs, because he hath married an English wife and she hath coaxed him to give back their old laws to our Saxons. (Better ride a horse by the bit he knows, *I* say.) But that is only a cloak for their falsehood.' He cracked his finger on the table where the wine was spilt, and thus he spoke:—

"'William crammed us Norman barons full of good English acres after Senlac. *I* had my share too,' he said, and clapped Hugh on the shoulder; 'but I warned him—I warned him before Odo rebelled—that he should have bidden the barons give up their lands and lordships in Normandy if they would be English lords. Now they are all but princes both in England and Normandy—trencher-fed hounds, with a foot in one trough and both eyes on the other! Robert Shortboots' (for so we called Robert of Normandy) 'has sent them word that if they do not fight for him in England he will sack and harry out their lands in Normandy. Therefore Clare has risen, FitzOsborne has risen, Montgomery has risen—whom our First William made an English earl. Even D'Arcy is out with his men, whose father I remember a little hedge-sparrow knight nearby Caen. If Henry wins, the barons can still flee to Normandy, where Robert will welcome them. If Henry loses, Robert, he says, will give them more lands in England. Oh, a pest—a pest on Normandy, for she will be England's curse this many a long year!'

"'Amen,' said Hugh. 'But will this war come our ways, think you?'

"'Not from the north,' said De Aquila. 'But the sea is always open. If the barons gain the upper hand Robert will send another army into England for sure, and this time I think he will land here—where his father, the Conqueror, landed. Ye have brought your pigs to a pretty market! Half England alight, and gold enough on the ground'—he stamped on the bags beneath the table—'to set every sword in Christendom fighting.'

"'What is to do?' said Hugh. 'I have no keep at Dallington; and if we buried it, whom could we trust?'

"'Me,' said De Aquila. 'Pevensey walls are strong. No man but Jehan, who is my dog, knows what is between them.' He drew

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a curtain by the shot-window and showed us the shaft of a well in the thickness of the wall.

"'I made it for a drinking well,' he said, 'but we found salt water, and it rises and falls with the tide. Hark!' We heard the water whistle and blow at the bottom. 'Will it serve?' said he.

"'Needs must,' said Hugh. 'Our lives are in thy hands.' So we lowered all the gold down except one small chest of it by De Aquila's bed, which we kept as much for his delight in its weight and colour as for our needs.

"In the morning, ere we rode to our manors, he said: 'I do not say farewell, because ye will return and bide here. Not for love nor for sorrow, but to be with the gold. Have a care,' he said, laughing, 'lest I use it to make myself Pope. Trust me not, but return!'"

Sir Richard paused and smiled sadly.

"In seven days, then, we returned from our manors—from the manors which had been ours."

"WE RODE BACK TO PEVENSEY."

"And were the children quite well?" said Una.

"My sons were young. Land, rule, and governance belong by right to young men." Sir Richard was talking to himself. "It would have broken their hearts if we had taken back our manors. They made us great welcome, but we could see—Hugh and I could see—that our day was done. I was a cripple and he a one-armed man. No!" He shook his head. "And therefore"—he raised his voice—"we rode back to Pevensey."

"I'm sorry," said Una, for the knight seemed very sorrowful.

"Little maid, it all passed long ago. They were young; we were old. We let them keep the manors. 'Aha!' cried De Aquila from his shot-window, when we dismounted. 'Back again to earth, old foxes?' but when we were in his chamber above the hall he put his arms about us and said, 'Welcome, ghosts! Welcome, poor ghosts!' . . . Thus it fell out that we were rich beyond belief, and lonely. And lonely!"

"What did you do?" said Dan.

"We watched for Robert of Normandy," said the knight. "De Aquila was like Witta. He suffered no idleness. In fair weather we would ride along the marsh between Bexlei on the one side, to Cuckmere on the other—sometimes with hawk, sometimes with hound (there are stout hares both on the marsh and the downland), but always with an eye to the sea, for fear of fleets from Normandy. In foul weather he would walk on the top of his tower, frowning against the rain—peering here and pointing there. It always vexed him to think how Witta's ship had come and gone without his knowledge. When the wind ceased and ships anchored, to the wharf's edge he would go and, leaning on his sword among the stinking fish, would call to the mariners for their news from France. His other eye he

kept landward for word of Henry's war against the barons..

"Many brought him news — jongleurs, harpers, pedlars, sutlers, priests, and the like; and, though he was secret enough in small things, yet, if their news misliked him, then, regarding neither time nor place nor people, would he curse our King Henry for a fool or a babe. I have heard him say aloud by the fishing-boats: 'If I were King of England I would do thus and thus'; and when I rode out to see that the warning beacons were laid and dry, he has often called to me from the shot-window: 'Look to it, Richard, do not copy our blind King, but see with thine own eyes and feel with thine own hands.' I do not think he knew any sort of fear. And so we lived at Pevensey, in the little chamber above the hall. One foul night came word that a messenger of the King waited below. We were chilled after a long riding in the fog towards Bexlei, which is an easy place for ships to land. De Aquila sent word the man might either eat with us or wait till we had fed. Anon Jehan, at the stair-head, cried that he had called for horse, and was gone. 'Pest on him!' said De Aquila. 'I have more to do than to shiver in the great hall for every gadling the King sends. Left he no word?'

"'None,' said Jehan, 'except'—he had been with De Aquila at Senlac—'except he said that if an old dog could not learn new tricks it was time to sweep out the kennel.'

"'Oho!' said De Aquila, rubbing his nose, 'to whom did he say that?'

"'To his beard, chiefly, but some to his horse's flank as he was girthing up. I followed him out,' said Jehan the Crab.

"'What was his shield-mark?'

"'Gold horseshoes on black,' said the Crab.

"'That is one of Fulke's men,' said De Aquila."

Puck broke in very gently, "Gold horseshoes on black is *not* the Fulkes' shield. The Fulkes' arms are——"

The knight waved one hand statelily.

"Thou knowest that evil man's true name," he replied, "but I have chosen to call him Fulke because I promised him I would not tell the story of his wickedness so that any man might know it I have changed *all* the names in my tale. His children's children may be still alive."

"True—true," said Puck, smiling softly. "It is knightly to keep faith—even after a thousand years."

Sir Richard bowed a little and went on:—

"'Gold horseshoes on black,' said De Aquila. 'I had heard Fulke had joined the barons, but if this is true our King must be of the upper hand. No matter, all Fulkes are faithless. Still, I would not have sent the man away empty.'

"'He fed,' said Jehan. 'Gilbert the clerk fetched him meat and wine from the kitchens. He ate by Gilbert's table.'

"This Gilbert was a clerk from Battle Abbey, who kept the accounts of Pevensey. He was tall and pale-coloured, and carried those new-fashioned beads for counting of prayers. They were large brown nuts or seeds, and hanging from his girdle with his penner and inkhorn they clashed when he walked. His place was in the great fireplace. There was his table of accounts, and there he lay o' nights. He feared the hounds in hall that came nosing after bones or to sleep on the warm ashes, and would slash at them with his beads—like a woman. When De Aquila sat in hall to do justice, take fines, or grant lands, Gilbert would so write it in the manor-roll. But it was none of his work to feed our guests, or to let them depart without his lord's knowledge.

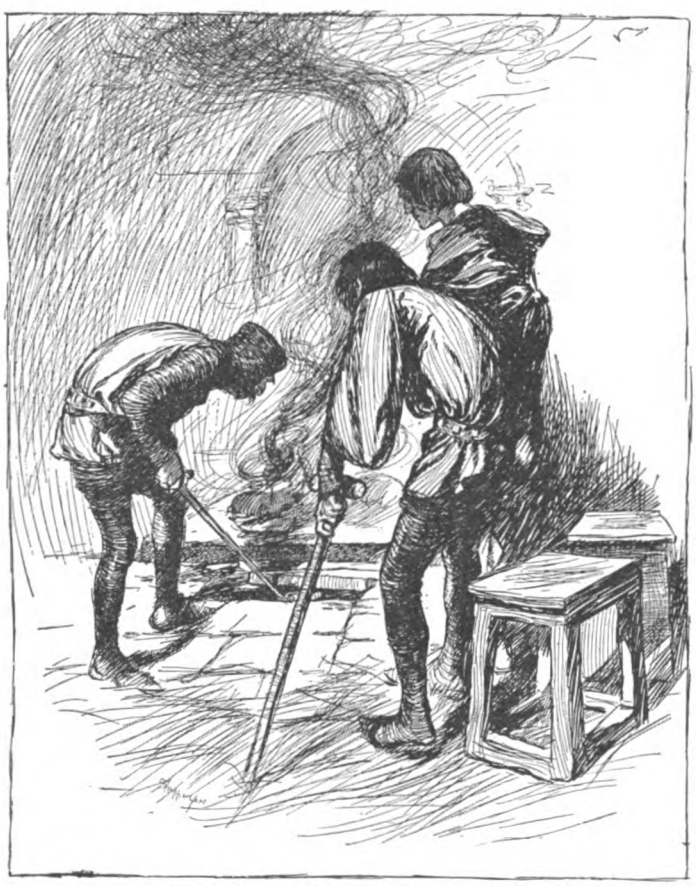
"Said De Aquila, after Jehan was gone down the stair: 'Hugh, hast thou ever told my Gilbert thou canst read Latin hand of write?'

"'No,' said Hugh. 'He is no friend to me, or to Odo my hound either.' 'No matter,' said De Aquila. 'Let him never know thou canst tell one letter from its fellow, and'—here he jerked us in the ribs with his scabbard—'watch him both of ye. There be devils in Africa, as I have heard, but by the Saints there are greater devils in Pevensey!' And that was all he would say.

"It chanced, some small while afterwards, a Norman man at arms would wed a Saxon wench of the manor, and Gilbert (we had watched him well since De Aquila spoke) doubted whether her folk were free or slave. Since De Aquila would give them half a hide of land, if she were free, the matter came up at the justice in great hall before De Aquila. First the wench's father spoke; then her mother; then all together, till the hall rang and the hounds bayed. De Aquila held up his hands. 'Write her free,' he said to Gilbert by the fireplace. 'A God's Name write her free, before she deafens me! Yes, yes,' he said to the wench that was on her knees at him; 'thou art Cerdic's sister, and own cousin to the Lady of Mercia, if thou wilt be silent. In fifty years there will be neither Norman nor Saxon, but all English,'

said he, 'and *these* are the men that do our work!' He clapped the man-at-arms, that was Jehan's nephew, on the shoulder, and kissed the wench, and fretted with his feet among the rushes to show it was finished. (The great hall was always bitter cold.) I stood at his side; Hugh was behind Gilbert in the fireplace making to play with great rough Odo. He signed to De Aquila, who bade Gilbert measure the new field for the new couple. Out then runs our Gilbert between man and maid, his beads clashing at his waist, and the hall being empty, we three sit by the fire.

"Said Hugh, leaning down to the hearth-



"DE AQUILA DIGGED IN THE ASHES WITH HIS SWORD; THE STONE TILTED."

stones, 'I saw this stone move under Gilbert's foot when Odo snuffed at it. Look!' De Aquila digged in the ashes with his sword; the stone tilted; beneath it lay a parchment folden, and the writing atop was: 'Words spoken against the King by our Lord of Pevensey—the second part.'

"Here was set out (Hugh read it us whispering) every jest De Aquila had made to us touching the King; every time he had called out to me from the shot-window, and every time he had said what he would do if he were King of England. Yes, day by day had his daily speech, which he never stinted, been set down by Gilbert, tricked out and twisted from its true meaning, yet withal so cunningly that none could deny who knew him that De Aquila had in some sort spoken those words. Ye see?"

Dan and Una nodded.

"Yes," said Una, gravely. "It isn't what you say so much. It's what you mean when you say it—like calling Dan a beast in fun. Only grown-ups don't always understand."

"'He hath done this day by day before our very face?' said De Aquila.

"'Nay, hour by hour,' said Hugh. 'When De Aquila spoke even now, in the hall, of Saxons and Normans, I saw Gilbert write on a parchment, which he kept beside the manor-roll, that De Aquila said soon there would be no Normans left in England if his men-at-arms did their work aright.'

"'Bones of the Saints!' said De Aquila. 'What avail is honour or a sword against a pen? Where did Gilbert hide that writing? He shall eat it.'

"'In his breast when he ran out,' said Hugh. 'Which made me look to see where he kept his finished stuff? When Odo scratched at this stone here, I saw his face change. So I was sure.'

"'He is bold,' said De Aquila. 'Do him justice. In his own fashion, my Gilbert is bold.'

"'Overbold,' said Hugh. 'Hearken here,' and he read: 'Upon the Feast of St. Agatha, our Lord of Pevensey, lying in his upper chamber, being clothed in his second fur gown reversed with rabbit——'

"'Pest on him! He is not my tire-woman!' said De Aquila, and Hugh and I laughed.

"'Reversed with rabbit, seeing a fog over the marshes, did wake Sir Richard Dalyngridge, his drunken cup-mate' (here they laughed at me) 'and said, "Look out, old fox, for God is on the Duke of Normandy's side."'

"'So did I. It was a black fog. Shortboots could have landed ten thousand men, and we none the wiser. Does he tell how we were out all day riding the marsh, and how I near perished in a quicksand, and coughed like a sick cow for ten days after?' cried De Aquila.

"'No,' said Hugh. 'But here is the prayer of Gilbert himself to his master Fulke.'

"'Ah,' said De Aquila. 'Well I knew it was Fulke. What is the price of my blood?'

"'Gilbert prayeth that when our Lord of Pevensey is stripped of his lands on this evidence which Gilbert hath, with fear and pains, collected——'

"'Fear and pains is a true word,' said De Aquila, and sucked in his cheeks. 'But how excellent weapon is a pen! I must learn it.'

"HERE IS THE PRAYER OF GILBERT HIMSELF TO HIS MASTER FULKE."

"'He prays that Fulke will advance him from his present service to that honour in the Church which Fulke promised him. And lest Fulke should forget, he has written below, "To be Sacristan of Battle."'

"At this De Aquila whistled. 'A man who can plot against one lord can plot against another. When I am stripped of my lands Fulke will whip off my Gilbert's foolish head. None the less Battle needs a new Sacristan. They tell me the Abbot Henry keeps no sort of rule there.'

"'Let the Abbot wait,' said Hugh. 'It is our heads and our lands that are in danger. This parchment is the second part of the tale. The first has gone to Fulke, and so to the King, who will hold us traitors.'

"'Assuredly,' said De Aquila. 'Fulke's man took the first part that evening when Gilbert fed him, and our King is so beset by his brother and his barons (small blame, too!) that he is mad with mistrust. Fulke has his ear, and pours poison into it. Presently the King gives him my lands and yours. This is old,' and he leaned back and yawned.

"'And thou wilt surrender Pevensey without word or blow?' said Hugh. 'We Saxons will fight your King then. I will go warn my nephew at Dallington. Give me a horse!'

"'Give thee a toy and a rattle,' said De Aquila. 'Put back the parchment, and rake over the ashes. If Fulke is given my Pevensey, which is England's gate, what will he do with it? He is Norman at heart, and his heart is in Normandy, where he can kill peasants at his pleasure. He will open England's gate to our sleepy Robert, as Odo and Mortain tried to do, and then there will be another landing and another Senlac. Therefore I cannot give up Pevensey.'

"'Good,' said we two.

"'Ah, but wait! If my King be made, on Gilbert's evidence, to mistrust me, he will send his men against me here, and, while we fight, England's gate is left unguarded. Who will be the first to come through thereby? Even Robert of Normandy. Therefore I cannot fight my King.' He nursed his sword—thus.

"'This is saying and unsaying like a Norman,' said Hugh. 'What of our manors?'

"'I do not think for myself,' said De Aquila, 'nor for our King, nor for your lands. I think for England, for whom neither King nor Baron think. I am not Norman, Sir Richard, nor Saxon, Sir Hugh. English am I.'

"'Saxon, Norman, or English,' said Hugh, 'our lives are thine, however the game goes. When do we hang Gilbert?'

"'Never,' said De Aquila. 'Who knows he may yet be Sacristan of Battle, for, to do him justice, he is a good writer. Dead men make dumb witnesses. Wait.'

"'But the King may give Pevensey to Fulke. And our manors go with it,' said I. 'Shall we tell our sons?'

"No. The King will not wake up a hornet's nest in the south till he has smoked out the bees in the north. He may hold me traitor; but at least he sees I am not fighting against him, and every day that I lie still is so much gain to him while he fights the barons. If he were wise he would wait till that war were over before he made new enemies. But I think Fulke will play upon him to send for me, and if I do not obey the summons that will, to Henry's mind, be proof of my treason. But mere talk, such as Gilbert sends, is no proof nowadays. We barons follow the Church, and, like Anselm, we speak what we please. Let us go about our day's dealings, and say naught to Gilbert.'

"'Then we do nothing?' said Hugh.

"'We wait,' said De Aquila. 'I am old, but still I find that the most grievous work I know.'

"And so we found it, but in the end De Aquila was right.

"A little later in the year, armed men rode over the hill, the Golden Horseshoes flying behind the King's banner. Said De Aquila, at the window of our chamber: 'How did I tell you? Here comes Fulke himself to spy out his new lands which our King hath promised him if he can bring proof of my treason.'

"'How dost thou know?' said Hugh.

"'Because that is what I would do if I were Fulke, but *I* should have brought more men. My roan horse to your old shoes,' said he, 'Fulke brings me the King's Summons to leave Pevensey and join the war.' He sucked in his cheeks and drummed on the edge of the shaft, where the water sounded all hollow.

"'Shall we go?' said I.

"'Go! At this time of year? Stark madness,' said he. 'Take me from Pevensey to fisk and flyte through fern and forest, and in three days Robert's keels would be lying on Pevensey mud with ten thousand men. Who would stop them—Fulke?'

"The horns blew without, and anon Fulke cried the King's Summons at the great door that De Aquila with all men and horse should join the King's camp at Salisbury.

"'How did I tell you?' said De Aquila. 'There are twenty barons 'twixt here and Salisbury could give King Henry good land service, but he has been worked upon by Fulke to send south and call me—*me!*—off the gate of England, when his enemies stand about to batter it in. See that Fulke's men lie in the big south barn,' said he. 'Give them drink, and when Fulke has eaten we will drink in my chamber. The great hall is too cold for old bones.'

"As soon as he was off horse Fulke went to the chapel with Gilbert to give thanks for his safe coming, and when he had eaten—he was a fat man, and rolled his eyes greedily at our good roast Sussex wheatears—we led him to the little upper chamber, where Gilbert had already gone with the manor-roll. I remember when Fulke heard the tide blow and whistle in the shaft he leaped back, and his long down-turned stirrup-shoes caught in the rushes and he stumbled, so that Jehan behind him found it easy to knock his head against the wall."

"Did you know it was going to happen?" said Dan.

"Assuredly," said Sir Richard, with a sweet smile. "I put my foot on his sword and plucked away his dagger, but he knew not whether it was day or night for a while. He lay rolling his eyes and bubbling with his mouth, and Jehan roped him like a calf. He was cased all in that new-fangled armour which we call lizard-mail. Not rings like my hauberk here"—Sir Richard tapped his chest—"but little pieces of dagger-proof steel overlapping on stout leather. We stripped it off (no need to spoil good harness by wetting it), and in the neck-piece De Aquila found the same folden piece of parchment we had put back under the hearthstone.

"At this Gilbert would have run out. I laid my hand on his shoulder. It sufficed. He fell to trembling and praying on his beads.

"'Gilbert,' said De Aquila, 'here be more notable sayings and doings of our Lord of Pevensey for thee to write down. Take penner and inkhorn, Gilbert. We cannot all be Sacristans of Battle.'

"Said Fulke from the floor, 'Ye have

"IN THE NECK-PIECE DE AQUILA FOUND THE FOLDEN PIECE OF PARCHMENT."

bound a King's messenger. Pevensey shall burn for this.'

"'Maybe. I have seen it besieged once,' said De Aquila, 'but heart up, Fulke. I promise thee that thou shalt be hanged in the middle of the flames at the end of that siege, if I have to share my last loaf with thee; and that is more than Odo would have done when we starved out him and Mortain.'

"Then Fulke sat up and looked long and cunningly at De Aquila.

"'By the Saints,' said he, 'why didst thou not say thou wast on the Duke's side at the first?'

"'Am I?' said De Aquila.

"Fulke laughed and said, 'No man who serves King Henry dare do this much to his messenger. When didst thou come over to the Duke? Let me up and we can smooth it out together.' And he smiled and becked and winked.

"'Yes, we will smooth it out,' said De Aquila. He nodded to me, and Jehan and I heaved up Fulke—he was a heavy man—and lowered him into the shaft by a rope, not so as to stand on our gold, but dangling by his shoulders a little above. It was turn of ebb, and the water came to his knees. He said nothing, but shivered somewhat.

"Then Jehan of a sudden beat down Gilbert's wrist with his sheathed dagger. 'Stop!' he said. 'He swallows his beads.'

"'Poison, belike,' said De Aquila. 'It is good for men who know too much. I have carried it these thirty years. Give me!'

"Then Gilbert wept and howled. De Aquila ran the beads through his fingers. The last one—I have said they were large nuts—opened in two halves on a pin, and there was a small folded parchment within. On it was written: '*The old Dog goes to Salisbury to be beaten. I have his Kennel. Come quickly.*'

"'This is worse than poison,' said De Aquila, very softly, and sucked in his cheeks. Then Gilbert grovelled in the rushes, and told us all he knew. The letter, as we guessed, was from Fulke to the Duke (and not the first that had passed between them); Fulke had given it to Gilbert in the chapel, and Gilbert thought to have taken it by morning to a certain fishing-boat at the

wharf, which trafficked between Pevensey and the French shore. Gilbert was a false fellow, but he found time between his quakings and shakings to swear that the master of the boat knew nothing of the matter.

"'He hath called me shaved head,' said Gilbert, 'and he hath thrown haddock-guts at me; but for all that, he is no traitor.'

"'I will have no clerk of mine mishandled or miscalled,' said De Aquila. 'That seaman shall be whipped at his own mast. Write me first a letter, and thou shalt bear it, with the order for the whipping, to-morrow to the boat.'

"At this Gilbert would have kissed De Aquila's hand—he had not hoped to live until the morning—and when he trembled less he wrote a letter as from Fulke to the Duke, saying that the Kennel, which signified Pevensey, was shut, and that the old Dog (which was De Aquila) sat outside it, and, moreover, that all had been betrayed.

"DE AQUILA RAN THE BEADS THROUGH HIS FINGERS."

"'Write to any man that all is betrayed,' said De Aquila, 'and even the Pope himself would sleep uneasily. Eh, Jehan? If one told thee all was betrayed, what wouldst thou do?'

"'I would run away,' said Jehan. 'It might be true.'

"'Well said,' quoth De Aquila. 'Write, Gilbert, that Montgomery, the great Earl, hath made his peace with the King, and that little D'Arcy, whom I hate, hath been hanged by the heels. We will give Robert full measure to chew upon. Write also that Fulke himself is sick to death of a dropsy.'

"'Nay!' cried Fulke, hanging in the well-shaft. 'Drown me out of hand, but do not make a jest of me.'

"'Jest? I?' said De Aquila. 'I am but fighting for life and lands with a pen, as thou hast shown me, Fulke.'

"Then Fulke groaned, for he was cold, and, 'Let me confess,' said he.

"'Now, this is right neighbourly,' said De Aquila, leaning over the shaft. 'Thou hast read my sayings and doings—or at least the first part of them—and thou art minded to repay me with thy own doings and sayings. Take penner and inkhorn, Gilbert. Here is work that will not irk thee.'

"'Let my men go without hurt, and I will confess my treason against the King,' said Fulke.

"'Now, why has he grown so tender of his men of a sudden?' said Hugh to me; for Fulke had no name for mercy to his men. Plunder he gave them, but pity, none.

"'Té! Té!' said De Aquila. 'Thy treason was all confessed long ago by Gilbert. It would be enough to hang Montgomery himself.'

"'Nay; but spare my men,' said Fulke; and we heard him splash like a fish in a pond, for the tide was rising.

"'All in good time,' said De Aquila. 'The night is young; the wine is old; and we need only a merry tale. Begin the story of thy life since when thou wast a lad at Tours. Tell it nimbly!'

"'Ye shame me to my soul,' said Fulke.

"'Then I have done what neither King

nor Duke could do,' said De Aquila. 'But begin, and forget nothing.'

"'Send thy man away,' said Fulke.

"'That much can I do,' said De Aquila. 'But, remember, I am like the Danes' King; I cannot turn the tide.'

"'How long will it rise?' said Fulke, and splashed anew.

"'For three hours,' said De Aquila. 'Time to tell all thy wickednesses. Begin, and Gilbert—I have heard thou art somewhat careless—do not twist his words from their true meaning.'

"So—fear of death in the dark being upon him—Fulke began, and Gilbert, not knowing what his fate might be, wrote it word by word. I have heard many tales, but never heard I aught to match the tale of Fulke, his black life, as Fulke told it hollowly, hanging in the shaft."

"Was it bad?" said Dan, awestruck.

"Beyond belief," Sir Richard answered. "None the less, there was that in it which forced even Gilbert to laugh. We three laughed till we ached. At one place his teeth so chattered that we could not well hear, and we reached him down a cup of wine. Then he warmed to it, and smoothly set out all his shifts, malices, and treacheries, his extreme boldnesses (he was desperate bold), his retreats, shufflings, and counterfeitings (he was also inconceivably a coward), his lack of gear and honour, his despair at their loss, his remedies, and well-coloured contrivances. Yes, he waved the filthy rags of his life before us, as though they had been some proud banner. When he ceased, we saw by torches that the tide stood at the corner of his mouth, and he breathed strongly through his nose.

"We had him out, and rubbed him; we wrapped him in a cloak, and gave him wine, and we leaned and looked upon him, the while he drank. He was shivering, but shameless.

"Of a sudden we heard Jehan at the stairway wake, but a boy pushed past him, and stood before us, the hall rushes in his hair, all slubbered with sleep. 'My father! My father! I dreamed of treachery,' he cried, and babbled thickly.

"'There is no treachery here,' said Fulke. 'Go,' and the boy turned, even then not fully awake, and Jehan led him by the hand to the great hall.

"'A God's Name!' said De Aquila, 'Why didst thou bring the child here?'

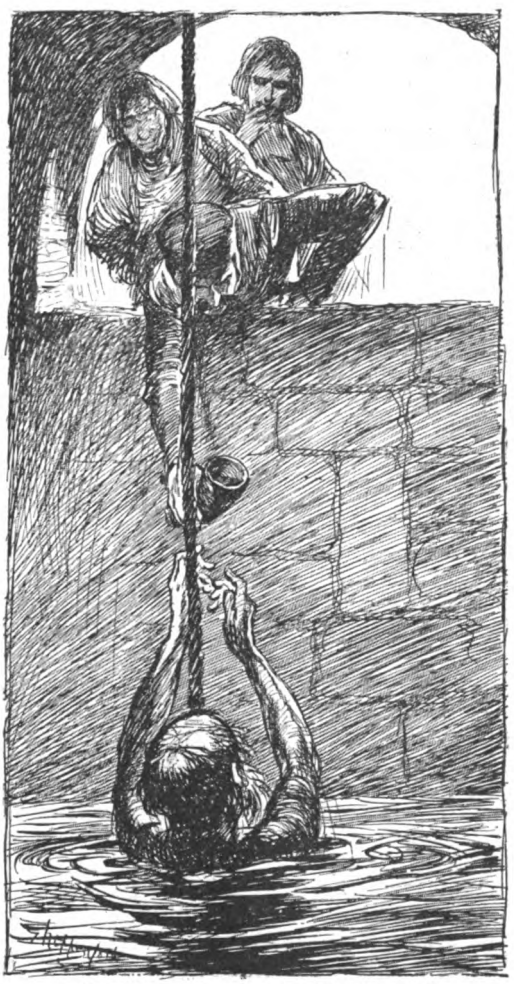
"'He is my heir. I dare not trust him to my brother,' said Fulke, and now he was ashamed. De Aquila said nothing, but sat weighing a wine cup in his two hands—thus. Anon, Fulke touched him on the knee.

"'Let the boy escape to Normandy,' said he, 'and do with me at thy pleasure. Yea, hang me to-morrow, with my letter to Robert round my neck, but let the boy go.'

"'Be still,' said De Aquila. 'I think for England.'

"So we waited what our Lord of Pevensey should devise, and the sweat ran down Fulke's forehead.

"At last said De Aquila: 'I am too old to judge, or to trust any man. I do not covet thy lands, as thou hast coveted mine; and whether thou art any



"WE REACHED HIM DOWN A CUP OF WINE."

better or any worse than any other black Angevin thief, it is for thy King to find out. Therefore, go back to thy King, Fulke.'

"'And thou wilt say nothing of what has passed?' said Fulke.

"'Why should I? Thy son will stay with me. If the King calls me again to leave Pevensey, which I must guard against England's enemies; if the King sends his men against me for a traitor; or if I hear that the King in his bed thinks any evil of me or my two knights, thy son will be hanged from out this window, Fulke.'"

"But it hadn't anything to do with his son," cried Una, startled.

"How could we have hanged Fulke?" said Sir Richard. "We needed him to make our peace with the King. He would have betrayed half England for the boy's sake. Of that we were sure."

"I don't understand," said Una. "But I think it was simply awful."

"So did not Fulke. He was well pleased."

"What? Because his son was going to be killed?"

"Nay. Because De Aquila had shown him how he might save the boy's life and his own lands and honours. 'I will do it,' he said. 'I swear I will do it. I will tell the King thou art no traitor, but the most excellent, valiant, and perfect of us all. Yes, I will save thee.'

"De Aquila looked still into the bottom of the cup, rolling the wine dregs to and fro.

"'Ay,' he said. 'If I had a son, I would, I think, save him. But do not by any means tell me how thou wilt go about it.'

"'Nay, nay,' said Fulke, nodding his bald head wisely. 'That is my secret. But rest at ease, De Aquila, no hair of thy head nor rood of thy land shall be forfeited,' and he smiled like one planning great good deeds.

"'And henceforward,' said De Aquila, 'I counsel thee to serve one master—not two.'

"'What?' said Fulke. 'Can I work no more honest trading between the two sides these troublous times?'

"'Serve Robert or the King—England or Normandy,' said De Aquila. 'I care not which it is, but make thy choice here and now.'

"'The King, then,' said Fulke, 'for I see he is better served than Shortboots. Shall I swear it?'

"'No need,' said De Aquila, and he laid his hand on the parchments which Gilbert had written. 'It shall be some part of my Gilbert's penance to copy out the savoury tale of thy life, till we have made ten, twenty, an hundred, maybe, copies. How many cattle, think you, would the Bishop of Tours give for that tale? Or thy brother? Or the Monks of Blois? Minstrels will turn it into songs which thy own Saxon serfs shall sing behind their plough-stilts, and men-at-arms riding through thy Norman towns. From here to Rome, Fulke, men will make very merry over that tale, and how Fulke told it, hanging in a well, like a drowned puppy.'

"Fulke hid his face and groaned.

"'Bones of the Saints!' said De Aquila, laughing. 'The pen cuts deep. I could never have fetched that grunt out of thee with any sword. Yes, open shame and laughter and scorn in every tongue in Christendie, Fulke, shall be thy punishment, if ever I find thee double dealing with thy King any more. Meantime, the parchments stay here with thy son. Him I will return to thee when thou hast made my peace with the King. The parchments never.'

"'But so long as I do not anger thee, my tale will be secret?' said Fulke.

"'Just so long. Does that comfort thee, Fulke?' said De Aquila.

"'What other comfort have ye left me?' he said, and of a sudden he wept hopelessly like a child, dropping his face on his knees."

"Poor Fulke," said Una.

"I pitied him also," said Sir Richard.

"'After the spur, corn,' said De Aquila, and he threw Fulke three wedges of gold that he had taken from the little chest by the bedplace.

"If I had known this,' said Fulke, catching his breath, 'I would never have lifted hand against Pevensey. Only lack of this yellow stuff has made me so unlucky in my dealings.'

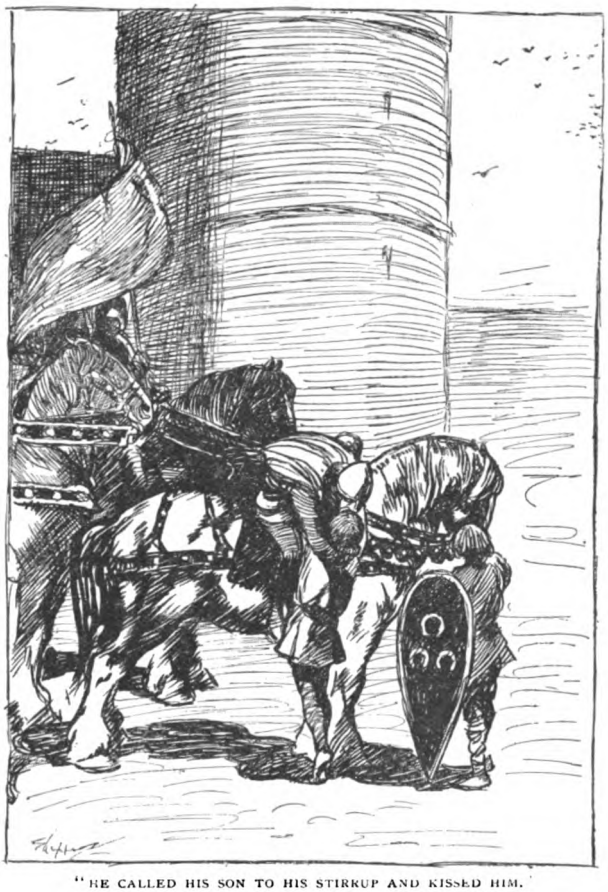
"It was dawn then, and they stirred in the great hall below. We sent down Fulke's mail to be scoured, and when he rode away at noon under his own and the King's banner very splendid and stately did he show. He smoothed his long beard, and called his son to his stirrup and kissed him. De Aquila rode with him as far as the New Mile landward. We thought the night had been all a dream."

"But did he make it right with the King?" Dan asked. "About your not being traitors, I mean?"

Sir Richard smiled. "The King sent no second summons to Pevensey, nor did he ask why De Aquila had not obeyed the first. Yes, that was Fulke's work. I know not how he did it, but it was well and swiftly done."

"Then you didn't do anything to his son?" said Una.

"The boy? Oh, he was an imp. He turned the keep doors out dortoirs while we had him. He sang foul songs, learned in the barons' camps—poor fool; he set the hounds fighting in hall; he lit the rushes to drive out, as he said, the fleas; he drew his dagger on Jehan, who threw him down the stairway for it; and he rode his horse through crops and among sheep. But when we had beaten him, and showed him wolf and deer, he followed us old men like a young, eager hound, and called us 'uncle.' His father came the summer's end to take him away, but the boy had no lust to go, because of the otter-hunting, and he stayed till the fox-hunting. I gave him a bittern's claw to bring him good luck at shooting. An imp, if ever there was!"



"HE CALLED HIS SON TO HIS STIRRUP AND KISSED HIM."

"And what happened to Gilbert?" said Dan.

"Not even a whipping. De Aquila said he would sooner a clerk, however false, that knew the manor-roll than a fool, however true, that must be taught his work afresh Moreover, after that night I think Gilbert loved as much as he feared De Aquila. At least he would not leave us—not even when Vivian, the King's Clerk, would have made him Sacristan of Battle Abbey. A false fellow, but, in his fashion, bold."

"Did Robert ever land in Pevensey after all?" Dan went on

"We guarded the coast too well while Henry was fighting his barons; and three or four years later, when England had peace, Henry crossed to Normandy and showed his brother some work at Tenchebrai that cured Robert of fighting. Many of Henry's men sailed from Pevensey to that war. Fulke came, I remember, and we all four lay in the little chamber once again, and drank together. De Aquila was right. One should not judge men. Fulke was merry. Yes, always merry—with a catch in his breath."

"And what did you do afterwards?" said Una.

"We talked together of times past. That is all men can do when they grow old, little maid."

The bell for tea rang faintly across the meadows. Dan lay in the bows of the *Golden Hind;* Una in the stern, the book of verses open in her lap, was reading from "The Slaves' Dream":—

> Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
> He saw his native land.

"I don't know when you began that," said Dan, sleepily.

On the middle thwart of the boat, beside Una's sun bonnet, lay an oak leaf, an ash leaf, and a thorn leaf, that must have dropped down from the trees above; and round the bend of the brook the water chuckled as though it had just seen a joke.

(To be continued.)

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.

In the above group a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

X.

OUR Chairman at the last meeting of the Club was to have been "Charivaria" Emanuel, the pungent paragraphist of *Punch*. It turned out, however, that Bolman had to take Emanuel's place at the head of the board, and in due course the following wholly regrettable communication was read out to the members :—

Lily Villa,
Stretcham.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to be unable to attend the meeting of the Strand Club owing to indisposition (to attend it). It occurs to me, however, that the following curious phenomenon may interest such of the members as are garden lovers. Some months ago I decided that a *Lilium Auratum* would improve the appearance of my garden, which had hitherto only had a few buttercups (and those not very hardy ones), so I planted the necessary bulb and marked it with the regulation board. I watered the ground every day. No lily, however, appeared, *but*—and this is the phenomenon — the *board* has gone on growing and growing until it almost entirely blocks the view from my house, and, frankly, I am getting frightened, and fear I shall have to move if the nuisance continues. Perhaps some garden-loving member can tell me what I ought to do.—Yours always truly,

WALTER EMANUEL.

THE REGULATION BOARD ON THE FIRST DAY.

AT END OF FIRST MONTH.

AT END OF SECOND MONTH.

AT END OF THIRD MONTH.

WALTER EMANUEL'S DIAGRAM OF HIS PHENOMENON.

After Emanuel's letter had been read and the tumult of indignation which its flippancy evoked had partially subsided, Boyd began by telling a story of a couple of good Scotch Samaritans who, strolling through the streets late at night, saw the figure of an inebriate on a certain doorstep. He was a most pitiable-looking object, but in spite of his appearance they were able to recognise in him the owner of the house. So they rang the bell and banged away at the door, and after a time the door was opened.

"Well, gentlemen," said the owner of the house, "what is it you want?"

"Oh, good evening, Maister McPhaerson. You're hame after all!"

"Hame! Yes, o' course I'm hame. Why shouldn't I be hame?"

"Nothing," murmured Samaritan Number One, humbly, keeping a firm hold of the scarecrow at his side. "Only, ye see, Maister McPhaerson, we thocht *this* was you!"

Here is Boyd's sketch of the incident.

BOYD'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITANS' LITTLE MISTAKE.

Baumer told a yarn of a charming lady who had answered an advertisement in the *Morning Post* for a "baby for adoption." She duly called at the address given, and was confronted by a most corpulent matron and the "baby."

Baumer: This is the sort of scene that occurred. (Rapidly sketches in several figures shown in the top drawing.) "'Ere's the sweet child, mum. An' I'm sure nobody would ever know he weren't your own, mum!" I might only add, gentlemen, that the project of adoption fell through.

The Chairman called on Boyle, who related the following as "the best story yet heard."

Boyle: An evil-looking rough accosted a gentleman late one night and asked the time. Thinking the man contemplated stealing his watch,

BAUMER'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE HIS OWN ANECDOTE OF THE BABY THAT WASN'T ADOPTED.

the belated pedestrian, who was somewhat handy with his fists, promptly delivered a good right-hander. "It has struck one," he said.

"Right you are, guv'nor," murmured the fellow, wiping his face. "All I can say is—it's a lucky thing for me I didn't ask you an hour ago!"

How McCormick did justice to Boyle's story in the short space of six minutes by the clock may be seen by the appended sketch.

MCCORMICK'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY OF THE MUSCULAR PEDESTRIAN AND THE TRAMP.

MONNIER'S IDEA OF THE WAR-HORSE OF THE FUTURE.

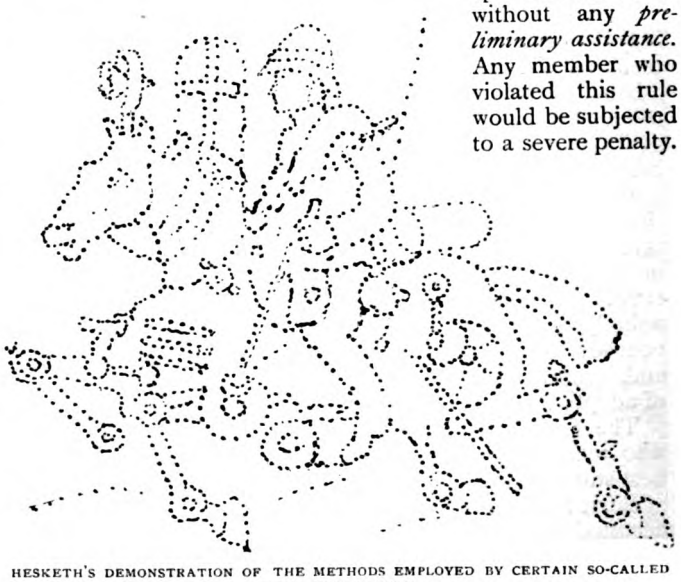
Then came the second untoward incident of the evening. Muttle told a story of a motor-car and Hesketh told a story of another motor-car. Then Monnier said: "*Sapristi*, gentlemen, I do not believe the automobile will always keep its present form. We shall have it adapted to the form of that noble animal, the horse. In the future we shall have the fiery charger made of steel and actuated by petrol. If you will allow me I will show you the sort of thing I mean."

So far all was well and we all applauded vigorously. Then the artist proceeded to the easel, and in hardly more time than it had taken McCormick to do his rough sketch he produced the above really finished design. "Marvellous! Extraordinary! Stupendous!" arose on every hand.

Hesketh: Speaking of spontaneity, do you know how some of these music-hall lightning-sketch artists would have managed? A man explained to me the other day. He said in public:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you my word the paper is entirely clean. There is no vestige of chalk or pencil mark to guide me." He was perfectly truthful. Here is how he negotiated the trick.

Hesketh approached Monnier's drawing and proceeded to prick over the outlines with a pin. Then he removed the sheet of paper and directed our attention to the sheet underneath. "There is nothing here visible," said he, "but as I draw I would touch these pin-holes with my blackened finger and they would eventually come out in this fashion." Needless to say, all present were greatly shocked, and there were loud cries of "Shame! Shame!" and the Chairman thought the present moment a propitious one to state that by an original rule of the Club the drawings must be spontaneous and achieved on the spur of the moment without any *preliminary assistance*. Any member who violated this rule would be subjected to a severe penalty.



HESKETH'S DEMONSTRATION OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED BY CERTAIN SO-CALLED LIGHTNING ARTISTS.

Dolamore: I will relate an actual occurrence. I overheard it at Waterloo this morning. Will Mr. E. J. Clarke kindly delineate a somewhat irate old gentleman?

The artist thus called upon immediately obliged.

Dolamore: The old gentleman is addressing a railway porter of cheerful and benign aspect, who has just succeeded in smashing part of his luggage.

"Why, what d'ye mean?" demands the infuriated traveller. "Can't you see that box is marked 'Fragile'?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I say *fragile*. F-R-A-G-I-L-E!"

"Why, lor' bless me, sir," returns the porter, in placid surprise from amidst the

CLARKE'S SKETCH TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY OF THE IRATE OLD GENTLEMAN AND THE PORTER.

wreckage, "now you come to mention it, sir, *so it is!*"

Billson and Waters rose simultaneously. "Speaking of railways——" they began, and then, each becoming aware that there was "another Richmond in the field," stopped and glared ferociously. "It's not fair," complained Waters; "I myself told Billson this story only half an hour ago, and now he wants to take the credit of it."

There were loud cries of "Shame!" during which Billson resumed his seat in confusion and Waters took up the interrupted thread of his narrative.

WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE OLD LADY AND THE GUARD.

Waters: Speaking of railways reminds me of a little incident that happened to me personally not so very long ago. I was travelling to Bournemouth, and there was a dear, funny old lady in the train. "How long does the train stop here?" the old lady asked the guard. "Stop here?" answered the functionary. "Four minutes. From two to two to two-two." "I wonder," mused the old lady, turning to me, "if the man thinks he is the whistle?" You try it yourselves and see how funny it sounds.

When the laughter had subsided the Chairman called upon Waters to supply an illustration to his story, the request being productive of the above sketch.

FRED BUCHANAN'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE WOULD-BE FASHIONABLE MILLIONAIRE.

Lorrison being called upon promptly obliged with the following.

Mr. Nurich, the latest society multi-millionaire, has installed himself in a Park Lane palace. To him enter his new butler, and while discussing the *ménage* of the establishment:—

Butler: And what time will you dine, sir?

THE COMBINED EFFORT OF FRANCIS BARRAUD AND EDGAR WOOD.

Nurich: Er—what time do the best people dine?

Butler: Oh, at different times, sir.

Nurich: Good; then I'll dine at different times.

To further illustrate this anecdote Fred Buchanan dexterously produced the sketch at the bottom of the previous page.

Emberton: Some members of a Volunteer Corps were going through their annual autumn manœuvres. In the midst of a (more or less) exciting charge they found their progress impeded by a couple of elderly females. In vain they yelled and gesticulated, and one of the old ladies was heard to observe to the other, "What in the world are they actin' like that for?"

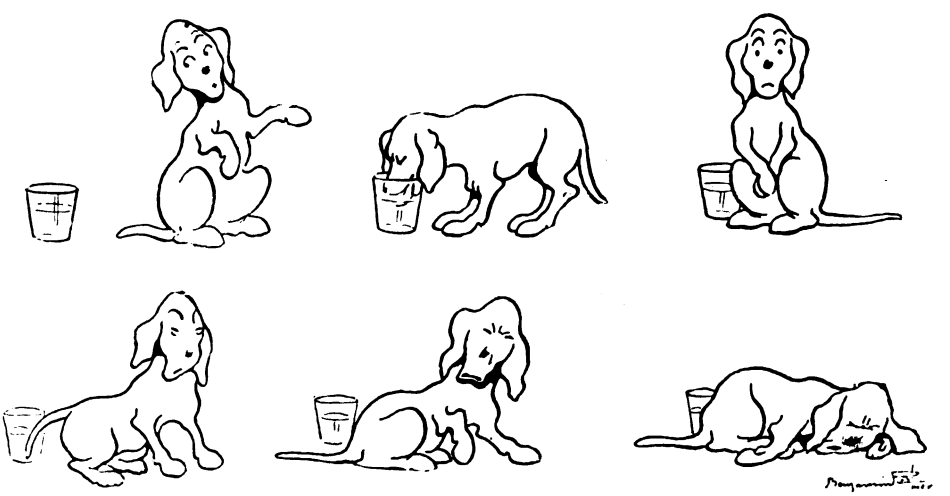
"Don't you go an' be frightened, my dear," was the reply. "Bless my soul, they wouldn't hurt a fly."

"But what *are* they running and shouting like that for?"

"Oh, they're just training their-selves to startle the enemy."

Amidst much laughter the Chairman called upon Francis Barraud to supply the figures of the old women in the foregoing reminiscence and Edgar Wood the Volunteers, with the accompanying result.

In conclusion, one of our cleverest foreign members, M. Benjamin Rabier, produced the appended extremely amusing study in six chapters of a dog which has unfortunately consumed a draught that did not prove entirely agreeable to the canine constitution.



A TRAGEDY IN SIX CHAPTERS AS RELATED BY M. BENJAMIN RABIER.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.B.

BORN in 1852, General Sir John French, K.C.B., is now nearly fifty-four years of age. He served in the Militia, and when he was lieutenant he entered the Army, joining the 8th Hussars in February, 1874, and changing to the 19th in the following month. Six years later, in 1880, he received his captain's commission, and became a major in 1883. The next year he saw active service for the first time, as he took part in the Soudan Expedition. During that time he attracted the attention of Lord Wolseley, who did not fail to notice his ability, especially when he was employed in reconnaissances and in doing outpost duty.

When Lord Wolseley determined to send the expedition under Sir Herbert Stewart across the Bayuda Desert, to avoid the great bend in the Nile, in the hope of rescuing Chinese Gordon at Khartoum, Major French was one of the men who accompanied the commander. Then occurred one of his greatest experiences—perhaps the most startling which has fallen to the lot of the conqueror of Colesberg.

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Bowen & Carpenter.

When the regiment had been out nearly three weeks it came upon the Arab forces at Abu Klea, and the famous engagement took place. The British forces advanced to meet the enemy, which charged pell-mell, and at the very moment when it was most needed the only Gardner gun jammed. On came the Arabs like a hurricane, but, though they succeeded in penetrating the square which was formed to receive them, they were completely routed, and retired leaving eight hundred of their comrades dead on the field. Their intrepidity was, however, rewarded by the loss they inflicted, although they suffered a signal defeat.

For his services on that day Major French—for it will be remembered he was still major at the time—was mentioned in General Stewart's despatches, and for his bravery in Egypt he wears the medal with two clasps and the bronze star.

Major French and his regiment took part in the Battle of Metemmeh, which, as the world knows to its sorrow, was reached too late for communication with General Gordon. When the news reached the Army that Gordon was dead, Major French suffered a terrible shock, and those who know him say that he has been heard to declare that nothing in the way of public news ever moved him so strongly as the tidings of the death of Gordon. It was at this time that Major French met Sir Redvers Buller, and the association of those days developed into a strong feeling of regard on the part of the older soldier for the young and brilliant comrade, who was at that time a comparatively junior officer, with only ten years' service at his back.

In 1885 Major French was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and four years later he became colonel. Among his appointments on the staff was that of colonel in command of the Cavalry Brigade in the South-Eastern

District during the years 1897, '98, and '99. During the autumn manœuvres of 1898 he was once more associated with Sir Redvers, when commanding the Southern Brigade of that officer's army corps.

As a tactician he gave a splendid account of himself. Opposed to him, as the holder of a similar post on the Duke of Connaught's force, was Major-General Talbot, whom he constantly outmanœuvred and checked. At the fight at Yarmbury Castle he made a notable hit when he surprised some batteries of Horse Artillery dismounted, and made prisoners of the lot.

His first chance in the Boer War came with Elandslaagte. In the earlier engagements General White had noted, as he could not fail to note, the cleverness with which General French handled his men, and more than once he had the command.

From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *[A. Bassano.*

AGE 39.
From a Photo. by Lambert, Weston & Son, Folkestone,

"This is your turn," General White is reported to have said to General French on that memorable day, and he took full advantage of the opportunity then, although he will be best remembered by a grateful country as the man who relieved Kimberley.

General French takes great interest in his men, and is always perfectly willing to share their hardships. As a writer who knows him well has recently said, "He takes everything quietly—the rough with the smooth—but he is always on the spot." Incidentally, he throws a vivid light on one attribute which is invaluable in a general on the field of battle. He is always willing to wait, even when waiting is the most difficult thing for a man to do; but when the time comes for acting he is "still more ready to act with tremendous effect."

GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, K.C.B.—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gale & Polden.

The Last Love-Feast.

By Basil King.

WE had spoken of it for a few days previously as "the last love-feast," for it was to be the end of our long series of daily reunions around the table of Désiré Beaurain, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. Our work was done. Louis Philippe had fallen. He and his crew had stolen away, like Sennacherib in the night, leaving France as spoil in our hands. We, who only ten days before had been but a band of conspirators, were now not merely ruling France, but treating on equal terms with the Queen of England and the Czar. Though our heads were not turned, we were new to the art of ruling; and it is not strange that Louis Bonaparte should have come and snatched the badge of liberty from our grasp. But up to the present all was well. Marc Cassaudière, the ribbon designer, was Prefect of Police; Albert, the mechanician, was installed in splendour in the Luxembourg; Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, and Louis Blanc were in the Ministry; the rest of us had posts according to our merits, or were to have them within the next few days.

For Léonce Raymond and myself nothing as yet had been found. It was agreed among the younger men that Raymond should have one of the most splendid positions the Government had to give. With his distinguished presence, his tact, his charm, he would grace one of the great embassies—say, London or St. Petersburg. That I, his friend, should go with him as attaché or secretary was the limit of my hopes. I had known him ever since his first arrival in Paris from somewhere in the south. He was a writer of the clever political songs and satires for which in the forties there was a marked popular taste. In the first years of our acquaintance he had been poor. Then he inherited money and lived with some little display. It was understood that he had married a widow with children, but, as our political friendships rarely passed into the domain of domestic affairs, I had never met his wife.

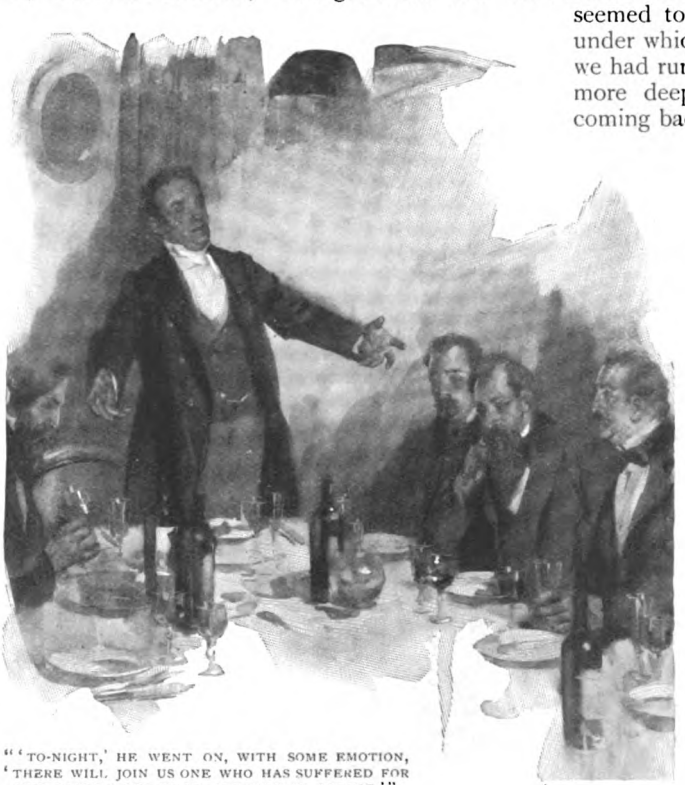
For the last ten years Raymond had been not only the poet of our party, but its soul. Without the ability of a Lamartine or a Louis Blanc, he had that sympathy which is as the very oil of human intercourse. It was he who had held together those who, through divergent interests, would have fallen apart. It was he who gained us new recruits and converted them to our aims. It was he who brought in handsome Victor Pilhes, who died as Governor of the Elysée. It was he who won over big-hearted Ferdinand Flocon, afterwards Minister of Commerce. It was he who introduced to our midst Charles Lagrange, the Don Quixote of our group. Duthiel the Egyptologist, Augier the bibliophile, Auguste Luchet, Pierre Joigneaux, Charles Mala, twenty or thirty others whose names meant something in their day but are now forgotten—they were all Léonce Raymond's converts. Republicans by their own convictions, Raymond made them work and march together. His songs inspired them, his wit amused them, while the something winning in his nature and noble in his bearing put mere pettiness to shame. We were often lacking in sympathy with each other, but in Raymond all our hearts seemed to find a common neutral ground.

So when, three or four years before, he had organized the daily dining-club at Désiré Beaurain's, he drew us more closely about him. A more genial element entered into our political ardour under the influence of the pipe and the mug of beer together. Most of us were young, and few of us had homes. We were journalists, painters, actors, authors, or business men in subordinate situations. We were all poor, and Beaurain's offered us a refuge from the somewhat sordid shifts to which we were put to live. With Raymond at the head of our table we maintained a kind of dignity which in no wise dampened the flow of anecdote, the sparkle of repartee, the outburst of political tirade, or the general atmosphere of jollity. The fact that at any minute we might be betrayed by some of Louis Philippe's herd of spies into the hands of the police only added zest to our enjoyment. Most of us had been in prison for our views already, and were not afraid to go there again. In those last years before the monarchy fell we developed thus a spirit of friendship which had not hitherto been an element in our campaign; and, though no man entered into his neighbour's private life, we were conscious of tightened ties between us.

But now that France had fallen into our hands, and we were all in high positions, or on the way to them, the daily love-feast had no further reason for existing. With a certain sadness we resolved to eat our last, just ten days after Louis Philippe had fled. We

were all there—over thirty of us. In addition, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and Lamartine, who rarely joined us, had been induced to come. We were not gay. It was as if we were weighted by a sense of responsibility and success. Moreover, Marc Cassaudière, the new Prefect of Police, had made an announcement, at the very beginning of dinner, which had awed us into silent expectation.

"My friends," he said, rising in his place—a big, jovial figure, imposing in size and manliness—"my friends, I have just a word to say. For the first time since we have held our gatherings around this table we have no fear of leaving it for prison. For the first time in the life of any of us France is free. For the first time there are no paid spies in the land and no political victims in the galleys. It has been my privilege to sign the decree that has opened the iron doors and given back to life those whose only crime was love of country. And to-night," he went on, with some emotion, "to-night there will



"'TO-NIGHT,' HE WENT ON, WITH SOME EMOTION, 'THERE WILL JOIN US ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED FOR THE CAUSE MORE THAN ANY MAN IN FRANCE.'"

join us one who has suffered for the cause more than any man in France. Five years ago he was a worker among us. Since then he has been nothing but a great memory We have only known that he was bearing all the hardship tyranny could mete out to him. When there was mercy for others there was none for him. When others were chastised with whips, he was scourged with scorpions. And the tyrants were right. He was their ablest enemy. If he had not been delivered up to them by some unknown treachery he would long ago have dragged them down. I have no need to name him. You have already recognised our old friend, our brave and brilliant comrade—Jules Cartier."

He ceased and sat down. There was an attempt at applause, but it died away feebly in a kind of sigh. Many of us had been concerned in the plot of which Jules Cartier was the leader and the one victim. We had gone free while he had been the scapegoat. We did not reproach ourselves for that. Vicarious suffering is a principle accepted by all conspirators, and each of us was ready to take his turn. But on this night of the last love-feast the reappearance of Jules Cartier seemed to bring home to us the strain under which we had lived and the risks we had run. We could not have been more deeply moved if he had been coming back from the dead, instead of from his dungeon in La Roquette.

Glancing up at Raymond I was not surprised to notice that he was pale and that he moved uneasily. No man among us seemed just what he had been ten minutes before. Presently we were all listening to Cassaudière's account of Cartier's release from prison. It had taken place a week before, but he had not presented himself at once among us. He had waited to make a few elementary preparations before reappearing in the ordinary life of men. Now he had taken a position Cassaudière had given him in the Prefecture of Police. He was working there to night, but would join us before we parted.

We were sipping the coffee and puffing at our cigars when the door was pushed open and a man, apparently old and feeble,

shuffled in. We had seen too often the effects of prison on the young and strong to be quite surprised to know that this was the Cartier of old, and yet none of us could be free from a sense of horror at the change. The distorted frame, the brutalized features, the knotted hands with the finger-nails worn down to the quick, the shambling gait made more marked by the brand-new, ill-fitting clothes, were signs that something was stamped out of the man that would never come back. He carried under his arm a black portfolio bulging with papers, and stood for a second gazing at us as if stupefied. It was only a second, for as soon as we had recovered from our surprise we were on our feet with cries of welcome. Chairs were pushed back, hands were outstretched, glasses were raised, everyone spoke at once. But Cartier shrank back towards the door, looking from one to another with a blank stare that reduced us to a wondering silence. It was Raymond who mastered the situation first. Stepping forward, he took Cartier's hand, to lead him to the place that had been made for him between Cassaudière and Louis Blanc.

"Come, Cartier, come," he said, gently. "Come and drink with us to France and Liberty."

Raymond spoke with his usual grace, but the released prisoner sprang back from his touch, wrenching his hand away. For the first time an expression of life came into his features and his dull eyes blazed.

"Not with traitors!" he cried. "Not with spies!"

There was a startled movement among the men standing around the table.

"He's mad!" shouted Victor Pilhes.

"There are no spies here," came angrily from Charles Lagrange.

"CARTIER TOOK THE GLASS INTO HIS STUBBED, WORK-WORN FINGERS, AND WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT DASHED THE CONTENTS INTO RAYMOND'S FACE."

"La Roquette has turned his wits," Auguste Luchet exclaimed, with a pitying shrug of the shoulders.

"Come, come, Cartier," Cassaudière said, coaxingly. "You're among friends here—your old friends and comrades. Come and drink with us. Here, take this seat beside me."

In response to this gesture Cartier came slowly forward, his portfolio under his arm. Raymond at the same time slipped back to his place at the head of the table. No one but myself observed that he was anxious and trembling, for all eyes were fixed on the newcomer. Lamartine drew the portfolio from beneath Cartier's arm, placing it on a chair behind him.

"Fill all glasses, friends," Cassaudière cried, jovially, "and drink to the Republic and Jules Cartier!"

"The Republic and Jules Cartier! The Republic and Jules Cartier!"

The toast went round enthusiastically, to the sound of glasses clinked together.

Raymond himself filled a glass for Cartier, holding it out towards him. "Drink, old comrade, drink!" he exclaimed. "Drink to the new reign of liberty which your own sufferings have helped to usher in."

Cartier took the glass into his stubbed, work-worn fingers, and with a quick movement dashed the contents into Raymond's face. The next second the glass itself fell with a silvery crash to the floor. Raymond staggered back into his seat with a smothered "My God!" and, seizing his napkin, wiped the drops of champagne from his eyes and beard. Around the aggressor there was a general rush of alarm. "He's mad! He's

mad!" was the cry on all sides. Mala and Joigneaux pinioned him by the arms, while Duthiel felt his pockets in search of hidden weapons. Cartier wrenched himself from their grasp and backed against the wall.

"I'm not mad!" he shouted, above the din. "Stand away from me. Sit down. Let me explain."

"Stand back, friends," Cassaudière ordered. "Let us hear him. There is something behind all this. Every man to his place and sit down."

There was a new movement, with a pushing of chairs and a rattling of plates and glasses. Those whose backs were turned to Cartier wheeled their seats round so as to face him. He had seized his portfolio again and stood erect. As if by some magic change his lost youth flashed back into his features, and the man we used to know reappeared beneath the havoc of the prison years.

"I'm not mad," he repeated. "I'm not mad. But what I have to tell you might well make senses reel, if we had not all fathomed the depths of human turpitude."

We listened breathlessly. His voice, low at first, regained its old volume as he went on.

"Come back with me," he continued, "to six years ago—when we met in the little Café de Sainte Agnes. We were fewer and younger and poorer than you whom I see before me now. I miss some of the old faces. I miss Rigaud and Autard and Magnier and Latouche. Some are dead, some are in exile, some are renegades, and some, like myself, have been broken in the galleys. Most of you to whom I speak are strangers to me; but you were there, Duthiel, and you, Mala, and you, Luchet, and you, Lagrange. And you, too, were there, Raymond," he added, with a sudden turn towards the head of the table.

Raymond was bent forward, his lips parted, his eyes staring, but when attention was directed towards him he made a supreme effort after self-control.

"We were young and enthusiastic," Cartier went on, "but we were not without the prophetic instinct. We saw the moment coming when France could be free. We saw the stupid Orleans trembling, and we knew that with an effort on our part he would fall. It was necessary that someone should brave everything—prison, death, or whatever else might be the issue—in order to make the attempt. I was the one chosen to do it. I was free. I had made myself free on purpose. I had had ties, sacred ties—but I broke them. I had cut myself off from everything, in order to consecrate myself to France and the Cause. You remember the nights of counsel spent in the Café de Sainte Agnes. You remember the care with which we laid our plans and the secrecy with which we met. For once we believed ourselves safe from betrayal; and yet night by night the reports of all we did or said or intended went in to the Prefect of Police."

There was a quick start among the hearers, with a succession of half muttered oaths.

"When I was arrested," Cartier continued, "that much was plain to me. I knew we had been sold by some one among ourselves. But by whom? There is the question that has tortured me for the past five years. Who among those who seemed so trusty could have been an Iscariot? It was as easy to suspect one as another. I thought of you, Cassaudière, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Duthiel, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Mala, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Raymond," he added, with another abrupt turn towards the head of the table, "and I acquitted you. I thought of you the last and I acquitted you the first. 'Whoever it was,' I said, 'it is not he.' But I took an oath with myself that if ever I came up alive from the hell into which they had sent me down I should know who the traitor was. And I do know. The secret has been well kept, but the God of Justice has torn its flimsy veil apart and flung it at my feet. Cassaudière sent me yesterday to work in the archives of the Prefecture of Police, and I have found this."

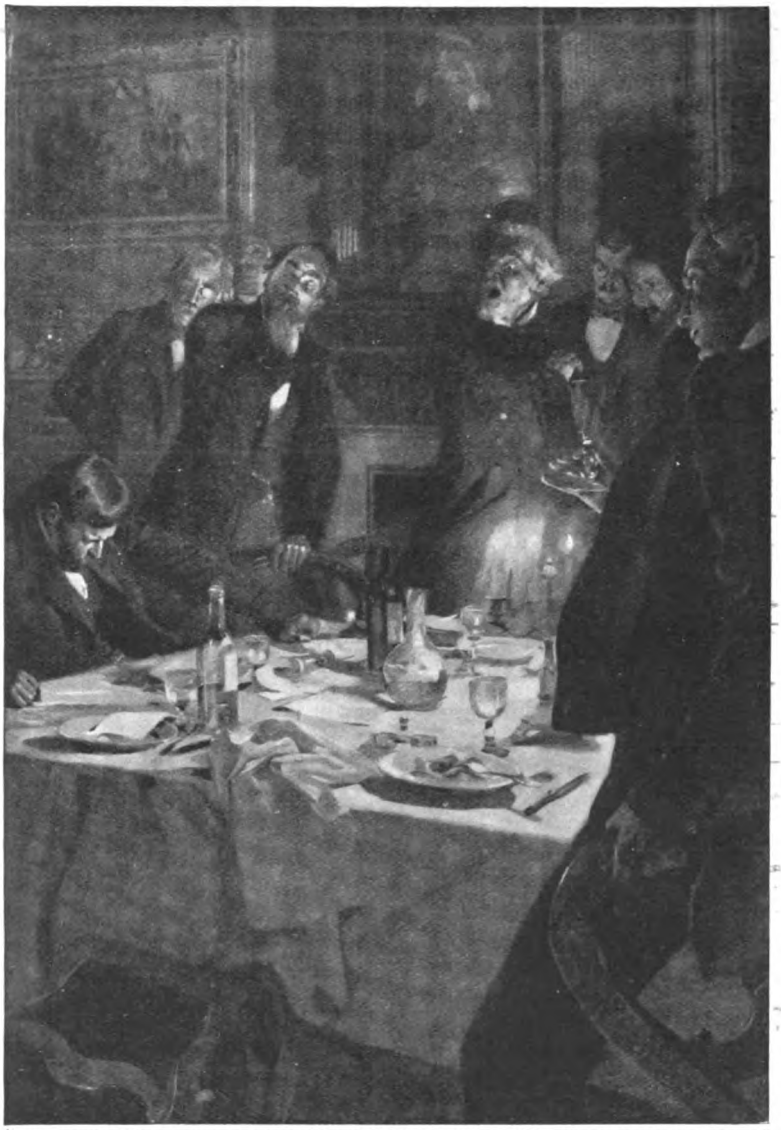
He held up the black portfolio, bulging with papers.

"All our names are in it," he hurried on. "Yours is there, Proudhon, and yours, Louis Blanc, and yours, Cassaudière, and yours, Lamartine, and yours, Ledru-Rollin, and yours, Pilhes. The powers against which you fought could have sent you all to the galleys when they pleased. Your name, too, is there, Raymond; only you were safe. You were safe because you had bought your immunity—for thirty pieces of silver."

"It's a lie!" Raymond shouted, with a spring from his seat like that of an animal writhing from a shot. Then he fell back panting, the blood rushing into his face, which up to this instant had been pale.

"A lie, is it?" Cartier echoed, with a laugh. "Then look at these."

With one gesture of his hand, like that of a sower casting grain, he scattered the contents of the portfolio up and down the long table among the plates and candlesticks.



"YOU WERE SAFE BECAUSE YOU HAD BOUGHT YOUR IMMUNITY—FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER."

The papers fluttered out with a swish and a crackle and fell before us in hundreds. We had only to put out our hands and take them by the score. As we glanced at them it was clear that most of them were brief and of slight importance, except for the fact that day by day and step by step they gave the story of our little band for the past six or seven years. They were too numerous to collate or compare, but it was easy to see that under the seal of intimacy our blood had been systematically sold. Not one of us was spared. Even I, who would have given Raymond all that friendship has to give—I was delivered up with the rest.

For a few minutes we were too heavily stunned for speech, or exclamation, or active thought. The very sense of the outrage upon us was slow to come. We could only bend over the hastily-scribbled papers and pass them along from one to the other. It was impossible to identify the Raymond who had written them with the Raymond we had known and loved.

It was not until, by a common impulse, we pushed them from us into a heap in the centre of the table and raised our heads that the sense of the situation came over us. Cartier was standing motionless and upright, his eyes looking from one to another in his eagerness to read the verdict. Raymond was sitting with his hands limply clasped and his head sunk forward on his breast, like one who has died in his place.

There was a long minute of silence, in which all human emotions struggled confusedly in our hearts together. It was Cassaudière who broke the silence first. He spoke with the gentleness and self-control of strong and sympathetic manliness.

"Raymond," he said, quietly, "is this your handwriting?"

There was a tremor in the limp frame, and the head was lifted just enough to show the terrified eyes.

"Yes," came the barely audible answer.

"You betrayed us?"

"Yes."

"For six years and more? Ever since the days of the Café de Sainte Agnes?"

"Yes."

"And afterwards you brought us together in the daily love-feast, to watch over us more closely?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

The question fell on the stillness with a certain solemnity. Raymond lifted his head still more, and looked at Cassaudière with the awful frankness of a soul that has no more secrets to hide.

"Because I was poor," he stammered.

"But we were all poor."

"I was starving."

"But we would have fed you"

"And I loved a woman who was starving, too—a woman who had been betrayed and abandoned by some enthusiast in this same cause. He was the father of her children. I've never known his name. She would never tell me. For aught I know, he may have been one of you."

The haggard eyes shot out one last desperate glance of mingled defiance and appeal. Cries and oaths broke out around the table, and three or four men sprang up together. Cassaudière stilled the tumult with a calm word or two and turned again towards Raymond.

"We're not here to judge you," he said, in the same quiet voice. "I suppose we have no right to judge you—certainly none such as the law allows. But there's a justice above that of law. There's a sentence more binding than any that was ever delivered by a tribunal of men. And," he continued, significantly, "I think it has been passed already. Hasn't it?"

The last two words came out with a nervous jerk. Raymond looked up again, more firmly than before.

"Yes," he answered, simply.

"Then, here!" said Cassaudière, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Here! Go into the next room. You know what you have to do."

Raymond took the pistol mechanically, pushed back his chair, and rose. For an instant his eyes wandered slowly round the table.

"I want to say," he began, in a dead voice, "that I'm sorry. It isn't much to say, but it's all that's left to me—before I go. I did believe in the Cause. I did give myself to it in sincerity. I sacrificed everything to it at first, and I was in prison for a year. After that my friends forsook me, and I could find no work to do. You thought me successful because the journals published my political jibes and my songs were sung all over France. But my wife and I were starving. I bore it, hoping for the great dream to come true, but it was so slow of realization that my courage failed. Then I sold myself—myself first and you afterwards."

"That was the inheritance you came into," someone cried.

"Yes; but it's spent now. I'm only another disappointed Judas, who hasn't had the patience to wait till the Kingdom of Heaven came in its own way. Now that it's here, I've forfeited my place in it and so I have to go. But if it be possible I should be glad to have my wife and children kept from knowing just how and why—I went."

Before anyone could speak there was a sound of voices and hurrying footsteps in the hall outside.

"Quick!" Cassaudière cried. "Quick! Do it. Someone's coming."

But on the instant the door was flung open and, in spite of the waiter's efforts to keep them out, a woman and two children threw themselves into the room. The children were crying. The boy was about seven and the girl slightly older. The woman was tall and dark, with traces of great beauty. Her wild eyes, her dishevelled hair, and her torn clothing gave her an air of tragic desperation.

"Where is he?" she demanded, haughtily. "Where is my husband? What have you done to him?"

"Is that he?" Cassaudière asked, pointing to Raymond.

"Papa! Papa!" burst from the children, who ran to him, clinging to his waist and arms.

"Take care," he muttered, impatiently. "The pistol is loaded. Madelon, take them away."

"Oh, Léonce," she cried, springing to his side, "what are you doing? What does it mean? Are you going to kill yourself? Have you condemned him to that?" she added, turning fiercely towards Cassaudière, but including us all in her glance.

"We have not condemned him, madame," Cassaudière began to explain. "He has condemned himself."

"But he has no right to condemn me," she exclaimed, wrenching the pistol from Raymond's grasp and handing it back to Cassaudière. "He has no right to condemn

his children. The shot that strikes his heart strikes mine and theirs."

"But, madame," Cassaudière tried to say calmly, "there are circumstances of which you know nothing——"

"I do know them," she broke in. "All Paris is ringing with the story. That is what has brought me here. I knew he had come among you and that you wouldn't spare him. There's no sympathy now but for Jules Cartier's wrongs and the treachery that betrayed him. There's no one to say a word of my wrongs and Jules Cartier's treachery that betrayed *me*."

Cassaudière started, looking about among us, as if silently taking counsel.

"Jules Cartier is there," he said to the woman, after a second's pause. "He can speak for himself."

"There? Where?" she questioned, with a sudden change of tone.

"There," Cassaudière said again. "Over there against the wall."

She peered across the table at the man, who glared silently back at her.

"That?" she asked, at last, pointing at him. "That broken, brutalized old man! Is that Jules Cartier who, nine years ago, deceived me and then turned me out with my two children—his two children—*these* two children—to starve in the street? Is that Jules Cartier? If so, the galleys and La Roquette have done their work well, and there's more justice in Heaven than I've believed in since the day he deserted me."

Seizing a candle from the table she strode forward and held it up to his face. For a long minute she examined his features silently. When she had finished, she turned away with a sigh, putting the candle back in its place again.

"It's he," she said, more quietly than she had spoken yet, as she returned to Raymond's side. "It's he. It's he. Oh, gentlemen," she burst out, with a noble gesture of the hands, "I have nothing to say against him. I have nothing to charge him with. I've tried to forgive him long ago. Life is so hard and complicated, and there's so much good ever mingled with the evil, that I've tried to keep myself from judging even him. I've been silent about him—silent to the very man who has loved and protected both me and Jules Cartier's children. I've borne my burden with mute lips, and if I open them now it's only in the hope of convincing you that no man is wholly bad—that even in the blackest case there is often room for a little mercy. Jules Cartier betrayed me and cast me out. Well, I say no more about him.

"SEIZING A CANDLE FROM THE TABLE SHE STRODE FORWARD AND HELD IT UP TO HIS FACE."

But Léonce Raymond found me and took me in. He took me in honour and made me his wife. He took my disowned and nameless children and made them his. He had nothing but a crust, but he denied himself of it that I and my babies might eat it. He had nothing but a pallet of straw, but he lay on the floor that we might be warm. When he could not support himself, he took another man's load upon his shoulders and tried to carry it. It was foolish and quixotic, if you like, but he did it, and he did it bravely. It was not until he staggered and fell and lay nearly dying — it was not until he saw us nearly dying beside him, that his courage failed. He had looked forward, we had both looked forward, to the day when human society could be so organized that it would suffer us to live. We were working for that and dreaming of it and toiling towards it as a goal—and the farther we dragged ourselves along the more the vision receded. It was like a light that leads you on, and then dwindles and goes out and leaves you in the dark. The day came when, instead of high dreams for the future of the human race, we had no dreams of any kind. There was nothing left to us but the bitter reality of starvation. Half the theatres in Paris were singing my husband's songs while we were going cold and hungry. You yourselves were making use of all he had to give, and offering him nothing but Utopian promises in return. Is it any wonder that we sold you? What were you to us? Nothing—nothing; and we were heaven and earth to each other."

"You say 'we,'" Cassaudière broke in, coldly. "Had you, too, a part in this betrayal?"

"Not at first," she answered, simply. "I believed the story of the inheritance. When the money came I was too grateful for it to ask many questions. It was only little by little, as the years passed, that the truth came to me."

"You knew, Madelon?" Raymond cried, in a tone of blank astonishment.

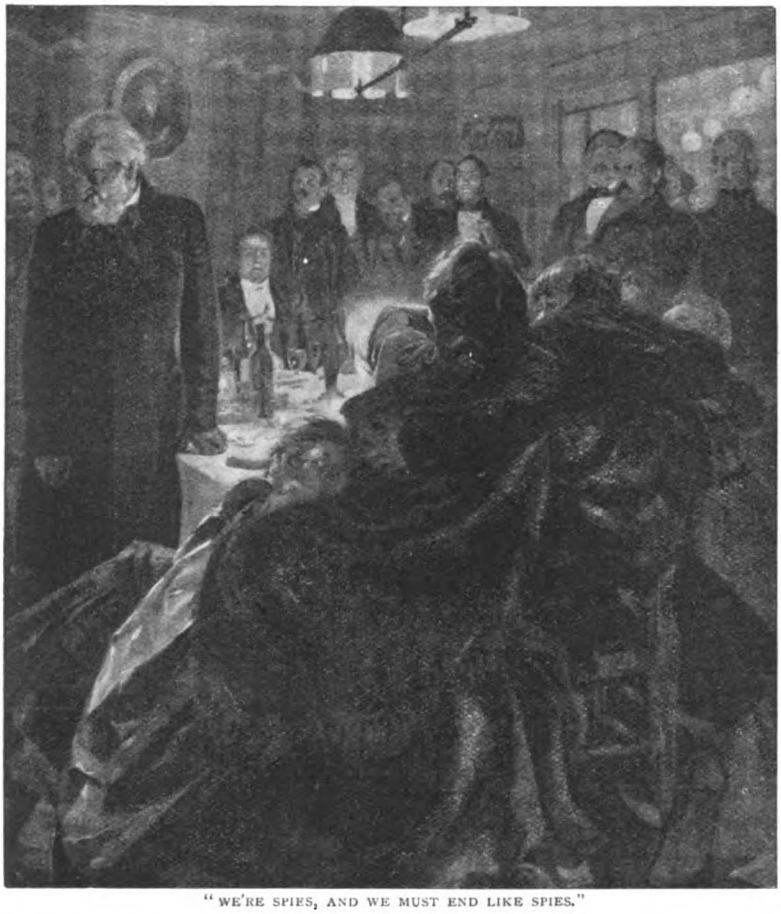
"Certainly I knew, Léonce," she returned, proudly. "Do you think any woman could live with a man as I've lived with you and not fathom his secrets? But I was your wife. I was part and parcel of your lot. When you became a spy I, too, became a spy. You had done so much for my children and me that I was glad to share even your dishonour. And I'm still glad. Whatever they do to you, whatever they make you do, no one shall ever take away from me the joy and the pride I have in declaring myself Léonce Raymond's wife. I've known what it is already. Look at my clothing. It was torn by the mob in the streets as I hurried here. They struck me and they struck the children—Jules Cartier's children; but the more furious they grew the more loudly we proclaimed that we belonged to you. None of your wives," she continued, turning, with another of her passionate gestures, towards the men seated about the table, "none of your wives stands more proudly by her husband's side, in this your hour of success, than I stand here beside mine, in this the moment of his downfall."

She threw her arm across his shoulders like a protecting goddess. Her torn draperies covered him, and he seemed to cower under them.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she went on, vehemently. "Does it surprise you? It wouldn't if you knew what your own wives would do for you. I know you're good men, as men go. But you're all probably hiding something for which you could be pilloried, as my husband is being pilloried now. It may not be so base, but it's base enough to make you eager to conceal it. Whoever you are—Cassaudière, Lamartine, Proudhon, Louis Blanc—whoever you are, excellent men and rulers of France as you've become, you're keeping your secrets and keeping them close, but you're not keeping them from the women who love you and who lie by your sides. They see through you—through and through. And if your turn should come, as his has come, they'd be with you as I'm with him. I knew you wouldn't spare him; I don't ask that he should be spared. For what we've done—he and I—we merit the reprobation of mankind. We're spies, and we must end like spies. I only beg you to remember, as he goes in there to carry out your sentence, that, just as heroes like Jules Cartier over there are not noble to the core, even so traitors like Léonce Raymond here may have had in them something with which justice must deal tenderly. Now, if you will, give him back the pistol, and my children and I will bid him good-bye."

When she ceased there was a confusion of voices, the older men advocating mercy, the younger demanding the traitor's death. Again Cassaudière hushed the din by rising, keeping the pistol in his own hand.

"Comrades," he said, "I hoped to have saved you from the necessity of passing anything like a sentence. The man who has



"WE'RE SPIES, AND WE MUST END LIKE SPIES."

betrayed us stands before us self-condemned. A few minutes ago he would have executed judgment on himself. That might have been better; but now this thing"—he held the pistol up—"is in my hands again. Shall I give it back to him, or shall I not? The woman has thrust on us the responsibility I hoped to evade. That he deserves death is without question. The fact that he has some good in him is no argument at all. There is some good in all of us. He's no exception in that whatever. It doesn't absolve him from the penalty. Under the old Hebrew law there was for ignominious crimes an ignominious punishment—it was death by stoning; and I can think of nothing more just than that for the man who sold the love and confidence we gave him. If he dies to-night it will be under the pelting of our contempt and fury."

From the younger men there was an outburst of approval, with renewed calls that the pistol should be given back.

"I'm ready now," Raymond cried, springing from beneath his wife's protecting draperies. "Give it to me. I'd rather do it."

"Wait," Cassaudière commanded, sternly. "After all it may be too easy a death for one like you. Each man among us shall have his chance for a fling at you. Each man among us," he continued, addressing those about the table, "shall speak in turn and say his say. It will be a reversion to the ancient, popular Biblical method of avenging treason; and he that is without sin among us shall cast the first stone."

There was a curious movement about the table. Lamartine's handsome eyes glistened. Louis Blanc's babe-like face twitched with a curious, cynical smile.

"What do you mean?" two or three voices asked at once.

"I mean only," Cassaudière explained, "that it will be easier for those of us who, as the woman says, are hiding something for which we could be pilloried as Raymond is being pilloried now—it will be easier for us to condemn when he speaks who is concealing nothing—no meanness, no cowardice, no treachery, nothing of which he would be ashamed were the rest of us to know it. Let him be the first to disown all fellowship with Raymond and say: 'Give the pistol back.'"

When he sat down we looked at each other wonderingly. There were whispered counsels: "You speak, Mala"; "You speak, Joigneaux"; "You speak, Duthiel." Presently all eyes turned towards Lamartine as the natural exponent of purity of life; but the poet shook his head. Louis Blanc's

cynical smile never left his face, and Proudhon turned himself heavily towards the wall, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the affair. The woman gazed eagerly up and down the table; the two children stopped crying and clung to their mother's skirts; Raymond stood, with bowed head, as Achan might have waited for the Israelitish missiles, when condemned by Joshua.

The whispering ceased at last and there was a long, painful silence. Two or three men smoked, affecting indifference, but most of us sat with eyes fixed on Cassaudière. When he rose again there was a perceptible stir of expectation.

"Does no man condemn him?" he asked.

There was no answer, and he repeated the question. Still there was no answer.

"Then, I suppose," he went on, "I may put this back?"

He slipped the pistol into the pocket from which he had taken it, and with the action a sigh of relief went up from us all — even from those who had been, a few minutes ago, most bitter against the traitor.

"Raymond," Cassaudière continued, quietly, "your life is given back to you. It is given back not because you deserve it, nor because a woman has worked upon our sympathies; it is given back because the Republic has set in, and the Republic means more than a form of government. It means a state of brotherhood, a state of sympathy, a state of mind in which men try to understand each other, in both the good and the evil that is in them; not for mutual indulgence, but for mutual help. The Republic means in this life that universal compassion and comprehension which, we are told, the Kingdom of Heaven means in the life to come; and just as we are given to understand there is a place in the Kingdom of Heaven for the repentant sinner, so in the Republic there must be a place even for the repentant spy. We realize that more fully than we did before this lady came and told us what is in you. A half-hour ago you would have blown your brains out, and we should have let you do it. She has saved not only you, but all of us, from that. She has helped us to see the mutual patience and forbearance which, under the Republic, men ought to show towards each other, even at the worst of times. We thank you, madame," he added, with a slight bow towards Raymond's wife. "Now," he continued, looking round about among us, "I suppose they may go?"

There was a general nodding of assent, but no word was spoken. Again the woman threw her torn draperies over her husband's shoulder and, as he tottered under them, they began to shuffle towards the door.

"THEY BEGAN TO SHUFFLE TOWARDS THE DOOR."

When the sound of their footsteps had died away Cassaudière rose again.

"My friends," he said, "it has been a principle among us from the first to enter into no man's private life. For that he stands or falls to his own conscience. We know nothing here of wives or children, of faithfulness or desertion. We know only what a man has done or suffered for the Cause. We have been saved from judging Raymond; let us show the same reserve towards— others. Therefore, I give you again the toast: The Republic and Jules Cartier."

We drank it standing, but in silence, while Cartier himself shrank farther away from the light and became again the broken old man he had been on entering.

Tauchnitz.

By Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

WHENEVER I pass the bookstall at Brussels, Cologne, or Frankfort station, and officious newsboys thrust copies of the latest sixpenny edition under my nose, I cannot help feeling distinct pangs of remorse if I buy one, as if I had been guilty of disloyalty to one of the travelling Briton's oldest friends—the Tauchnitz Edition.

Since my earliest childhood I have known those neat little volumes in the prim paper covers, which have a certain ascetic distinction. And for some reason or other, perhaps because I am a confirmed globe-trotter, almost every book seems more attractive and interesting to me when I read it in this foreign edition than it does in any other dress. It is so easy to hold when you are weary. On a long railway journey in Hungary or Spain, when the express is travelling at the bewildering rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, you must be feeling very sturdy to support for long an English-bound volume with heavily-weighted paper. Moreover, it adapts itself so accommodatingly to any crevice of your travelling bag; it curls like a whiting, and insinuates itself into the corner of the hold-all or bends gracefully to the curve of your ulster pocket.

BARON TAUCHNITZ, THE FOUNDER OF THE TAUCHNITZ EDITION, TO WHOM WERE ADDRESSED THE LETTERS FROM EMINENT AUTHORS INCLUDED IN THIS ARTICLE.
From an Engraving.

Now, when I have finished with my sixpenny volume my first idea is to throw it out of the window or leave it in the rack. My Tauchnitz, on the other hand, I simply long to keep. No doubt this is partly because I know I ought not to; but, in any case, it often gives me a terrible pang to be honest and leave it behind on the other side of the Channel. They tell me that there is a certain London publisher who owns an immense collection of Tauchnitz novels, and that these are not always the publications of his own firm. So if one of the princes of the trade can be a smuggler, I feel a certain salve to my conscience when I glance guiltily at my dozen or so of Leipzig literature. I always sympathize with the pretty girl who was so entirely engrossed in the last few chapters of a thrilling tale that she quite forgot to smuggle it away when she reached British soil. A stern Custom-house official pounced down upon her and was about to confiscate it. But she entreated him so earnestly and pleaded so piteously that at last he compromised by tearing the volume in half, casting the first part into the Channel and leaving her to devour the *dénouement* on her way up to town.

However, since the edition is published for Continental circulation only, on the understanding that it shall not be introduced into Great Britain, and since Baron Tauchnitz sets his face strongly against the habit, most fair-minded people will try to fall in with his wishes when they have thoroughly taken in what good friends the Baron and his father have been to the English author for over sixty years. In 1841, when the first volume of the series was published, there were no copyright treaties in existence between England and Germany, or, indeed, any Continental nation. Therefore the first Baron Tauchnitz was perfectly at liberty to reprint any English book without even asking the author's leave, much less paying him for it. Instead of taking advantage of this, the publisher behaved in a manner almost quixotic for a man of business, and not only treated his authors with great courtesy and consideration, but also paid them very liberally for their goodwill. In those days, without being too severe, one may say that publishers were not always the soul of honour. Some were inveterate pirates, and it was not so many years since Byron presented his friend the great John Murray with a Bible in which he had inscribed the famous words, "Now Barabbas was a publisher." In the first prospectus which Bernhard Tauchnitz sent out in 1841 he

writes: "Allow me to remark that I, as well as any publisher in Germany, have at present the right to embark in such undertakings without any permission from the authors, and that my propositions arise solely from a wish

THE PRESENT BARON TAUCHNITZ.
From a Painting by Mme. Parlaghy.

thereby to make the first step towards a literary relationship between England and Germany, and towards an extension of the rights of copyright, and to publish my editions in accordance with those rights." In this case there does not seem much doubt that honesty was the best policy, for, though many imitators of the famous edition have started up, they have never approached the popularity of the original, and most of them have faded away long ago into obscurity and oblivion.

A friend of mine was reading one day Lord Stanhope's "History of England" in the Tauchnitz Edition whilst travelling abroad. He fell into conversation with an old gentleman in the same carriage, and presently discovered that it was Lord Stanhope himself.

"I am much interested in your book," said my friend. "Do you mind its being in the Tauchnitz Edition?"

"Why should I?" returned his lordship, with an old-fashioned bow. "I received from Baron Tauchnitz a very handsome cheque for the Continental rights, and am always delighted to see it in the Leipzig edition."

This seems to be the tone taken by every author, and Baron Tauchnitz himself says that he has never had any of the difficulties with writers that some publishers complain of. Very rarely, even in early days, was there any reluctance to concede the Continental copyright. Now, of course, it is considered a great compliment to be included in the edition. Robert Louis Stevenson expresses this sentiment very gracefully in a letter to Baron Tauchnitz: "I am pleased indeed to appear in your splendid collection, and thus to rise a grade in the hierarchy of my art."

The first Baron Tauchnitz was born in 1816. His father was a Saxon landowner and his uncle a publisher in Leipzig. Being left fatherless when quite a boy, he joined his uncle and soon showed signs of the exceptional ability which later on made him famous. His memory was extraordinary, and he had a wide acquaintance with European literature. He was only twenty-one when, in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, he started his own publishing firm, with printing offices and stereotype foundry. At first he published chiefly legal works, which still continue one of the specialities of his house. In personal appearance Baron Tauchnitz was tall and very English-looking, and from his earliest years he was interested in the English language and literature. To begin with, he intended merely to produce English classics in a convenient form for German readers; then the idea expanded, and now we find that

THE PRESENT BARON'S ROOM—ON THE TABLE ARE THE LATEST ENGLISH NOVELS AWAITING JUDGMENT.
From a Photo. by [*Berta Thiele, Leipzig.*

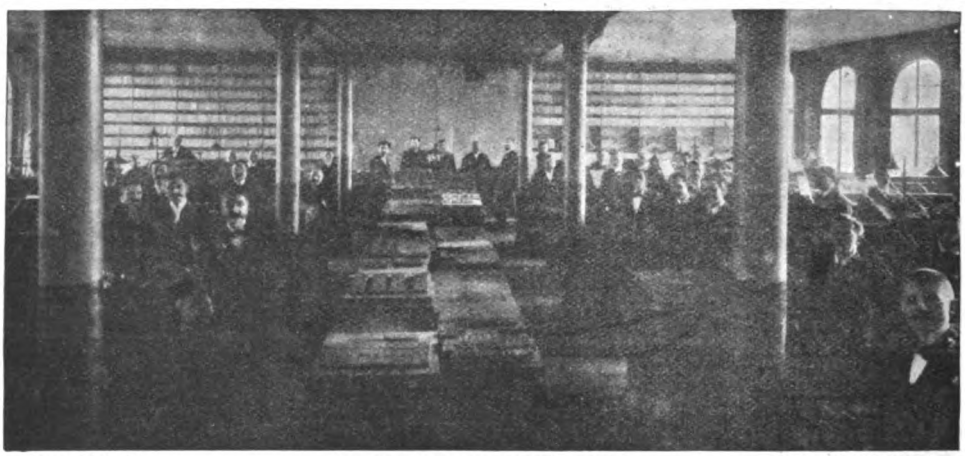
not only almost every classic is there, but also the lightest and most frothy of latter-day popular authors. Theological, biographical, historical, and philosophical works are also to be found in the Tauchnitz Edition, while the firm publishes, in addition, a large number of dictionaries, Greek and Latin classics, and works of other kinds.

The first volume of the Tauchnitz Edition so-called (*i.e.*, "Collection of British and American Authors") published was Lord Lytton's "Pelham," the next "Pickwick"; then came "Eugene Aram," and afterwards "The Spy," by Fenimore Cooper. The scheme caught on, and before long most of the favourite British authors of the day were appearing at Leipzig, as well as in London. In 1860 the five-hundredth volume of the series was published; in 1881 the two-thousandth; and now the number does not fall far short of four thousand, about eighty volumes being added every year. When I was taken into the reception-room of the British Consulate at Leipzig, where Baron Tauchnitz acts as our representative, the first thing that caught my eye was a big round table heaped up with every sort of volume, and I was told that these were the prisoners at the bar, awaiting judgment. Not only does almost every author send his books to Leipzig for admission to the collection, but the firm has also readers and advisers in England, who at once communicate with head-quarters if they find anything which they consider suitable. Sometimes, I am told, a book which has had a great success in England will be almost neglected on the Continent, and at other times a novel will be received with immense enthusiasm abroad which is hardly read at home.

Although the wages of printers and compositors have very nearly doubled since the early days of the venture, the price of the volumes has not been raised. The compositors are all Germans, and the excellent printing and very few mistakes made do them infinite credit. Both of the Tauchnitzes have always treated their workpeople with almost paternal consideration, and strikes are unknown.

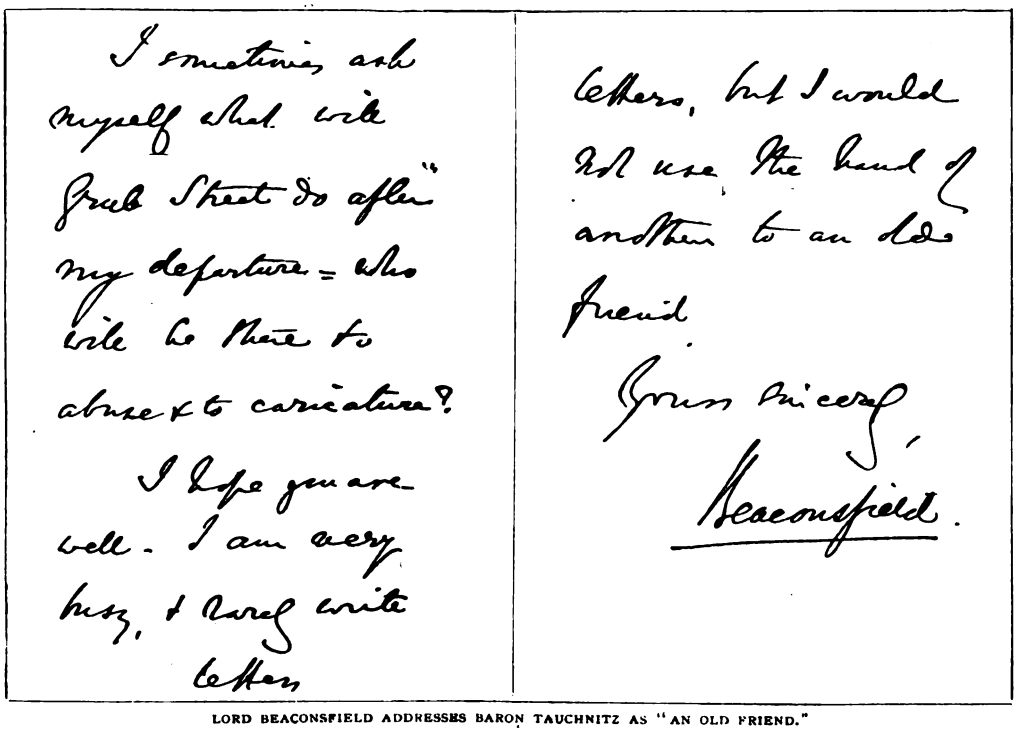
In 1895 the first Baron died after a long and admirable career, leaving his son to reign in his stead.

During the sixty-five years of constant communication with our country the Tauchnitz family has perhaps received a larger number of interesting letters from English celebrities than anyone in Europe. The collection of autographs at Leipzig is priceless. Owing to the courtesy of the Baron I am enabled to reproduce a variety of them, but the collection is so large that it seems difficult to make a choice.



From a Photo. by] IN THE TAUCHNITZ PRINTING WORKS. *[Berta Thiele, Leipzig.*

The correspondence with Lord Beaconsfield stretches over nearly forty years. One of the first letters contains an adaptation of Bacon, rendered in Dizzy's best style: "The sympathy of a great nation is the most precious reward of authors, and an appreciation that is offered us by a foreign people has something of the character and value which we attribute to the fiat of posterity." In 1858 he writes: "I am quite willing that you should publish those of my writings which are not already in your list, for your editions are truly excellent both for their appearance and their accuracy." In the passage reproduced he says, plaintively: "I sometimes ask myself what will Grub Street do after my departure — who will

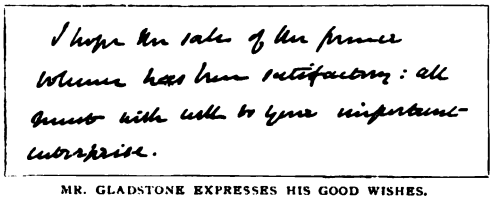


LORD BEACONSFIELD ADDRESSES BARON TAUCHNITZ AS "AN OLD FRIEND."

be there to abuse and to caricature? . . . I hope you are well. I am very busy and rarely write letters, but I would not use the hand of another to an old friend."

There are only two letters from Mr. Gladstone, but both are full of kindliness. "I am much gratified by your letter," he writes,* "and by the opinion implied in it, and coming from you with such high authority, that my three collected tracts are likely, in a popular form and in the original tongue, to command some sale in the Continental market.

"I hope the sale of the former volume

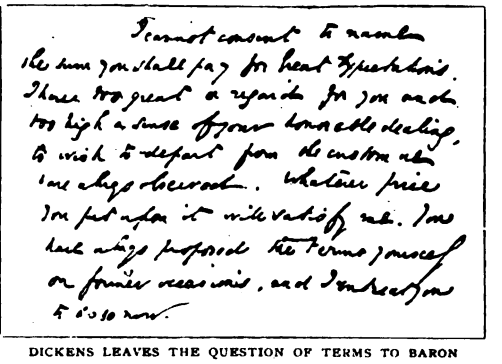


MR. GLADSTONE EXPRESSES HIS GOOD WISHES.

has been satisfactory: all must wish well to your important enterprise."

Dickens, with whom Baron Tauchnitz corresponded for twenty-seven years, writes in 1856 from Paris:—

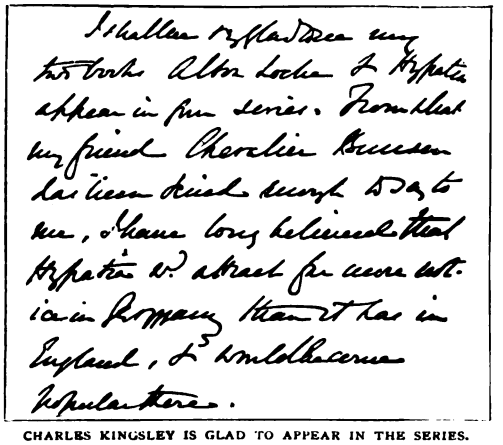
"Leipzig is at present among my castles in the air, *mes châteaux en Espagne*, but perhaps Germany and I may make a personal acquaintance yet." From Gad's Hill, in 1860, he writes the letter reproduced in facsimile.



DICKENS LEAVES THE QUESTION OF TERMS TO BARON TAUCHNITZ.

"I cannot consent to name the sum you shall pay for 'Great Expectations.' I have too great a regard for you and too high a sense of your honourable dealing to wish to depart from the custom we have always observed. Whatever price you put upon it will satisfy me. You have always proposed the terms yourself on former occasions, and I entreat you to do so now."

* *A propos* of the three tracts, "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanisms," and "Speeches of the Pope."



CHARLES KINGSLEY IS GLAD TO APPEAR IN THE SERIES.

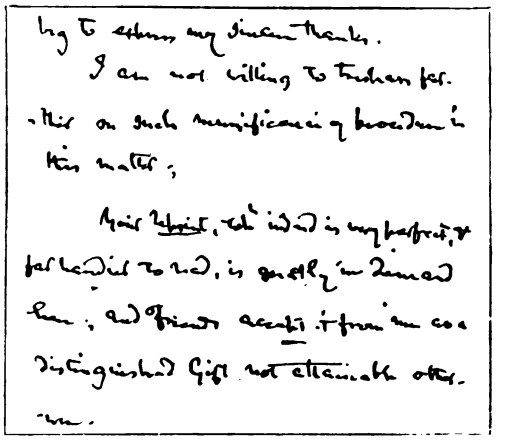
Kingsley was very anxious for "Hypatia" to appear in Germany, as many of his German friends had predicted a greater success for it there than it had at home. In 1857 it was published there, and Baron Tauchnitz received from him a letter from which a passage is reproduced: "From what my friend Chevalier Bunsen has been kind enough to say to me, I have long believed that 'Hypatia' would attract far more notice in Germany than it has in England, and would become popular there."

From Bideford he writes of "Westward Ho!": "I am much obliged for the review of 'Hypatia.' I am just bringing out a new novel — 'Westward Ho!' a story of Queen Elizabeth's times, bringing in all the remarkable characters of the day, and should be glad to know if you would like to engage to publish an *author's* edition, and what you would allow me for it."

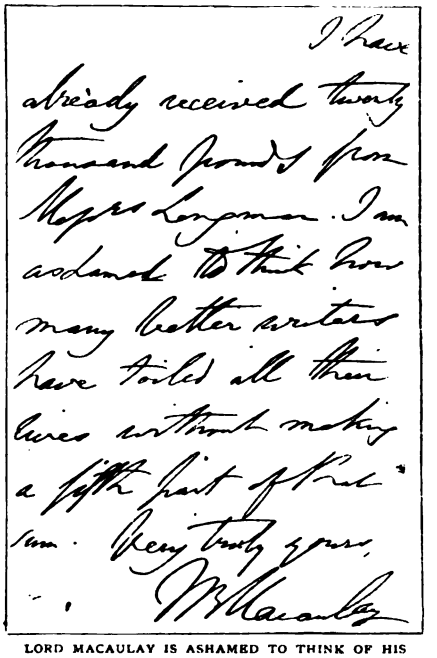
Macaulay writes always with great friendliness. "There will never be any misunderstanding between you and me." In 1859 he says, little foreseeing the future energy of the *Times* and the enterprise of the American advertising agent: "I wrote a few months ago an article on William Pitt, the younger, for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' The circulation of the article here has necessarily been small, as few people care to encumber themselves with a bulky and costly volume for the sake of a few pages."

The passage given in facsimile refers to his "History of England," which Longmans published: "I have already received twenty thousand pounds from Messrs. Longmans. I am ashamed to think how many better writers have toiled all their lives without making a fifth part of that sum."

Payment by results is one of the keynotes of the firm. "Trilby" was an immense success,



CARLYLE'S "SINCERE THANKS."



LORD MACAULAY IS ASHAMED TO THINK OF HIS OWN ENORMOUS PROFITS.

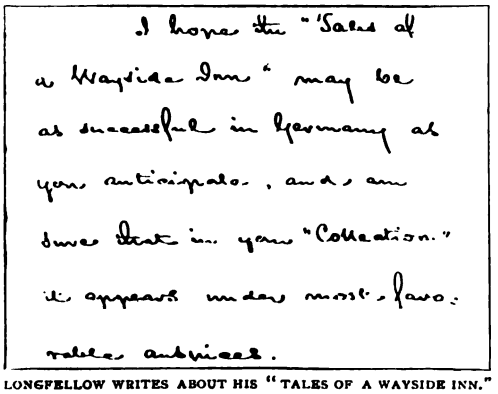
and in 1895 Du Maurier writes on receiving the offer of a further cheque: "I am much obliged to you for your kind letter and for your generous offer, which I am glad to accept. I am delighted that 'Trilby' should have proved so successful in your edition."

One does not associate Carlyle with gracious blandishments, but evidently the courtly Baron knew how to charm even the Scottish bear. Carlyle writes in 1865, from Cheyne Row, to this effect: "I am not willing to trespass farther on such munificence of procedure in this matter. . . Your reprint, which indeed is very perfect and far handier to read, is

greatly in demand here; and friends accept it from me as a distinguished gift not attainable otherwise."

Communications from George Eliot seem to be written by G. H. Lewes. In 1874 he writes: "Both Mrs. Lewes and myself preserve such agreeable recollections of you and of our relations with you that it would be at all times a pleasure to receive any direct communication from you, either on the subject of our books or anything else."

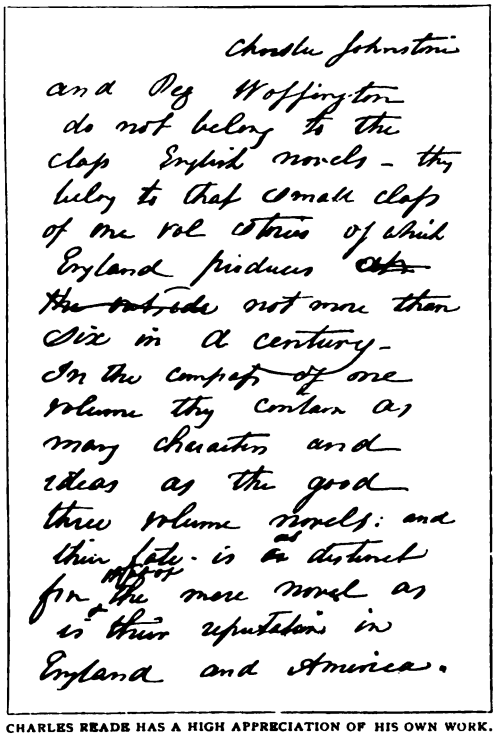
Touching on the possibility of Longfellow finding another publisher on the Continent, the poet gaily writes: "The contingency is



LONGFELLOW WRITES ABOUT HIS "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN."

about as remote as that in the case of one of Dickens's characters, who bought at auction a brass door-plate with the name 'Thompson' on it, thinking it possible that her daughter might marry a person of that name." And again: "I hope the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' may be as successful in Germany as you anticipate, and am sure that in your 'Collection' it appears under most favourable auspices."

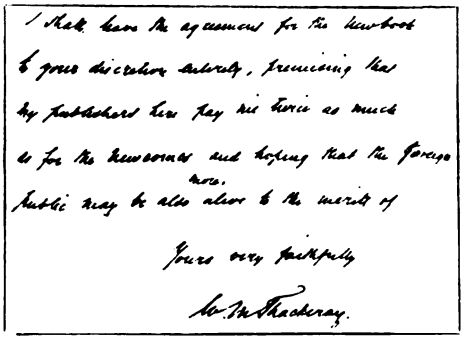
Charles Reade is deliciously vain in a perfectly frank and open manner. "Surely the Tauchnitz collection is not complete without my works? It is a noble collection, it contains many authors who are superior to me in merit and reputation, but it also contains the *entire works* of many writers who do not come up to my knee." Still louder his trumpet blows in the passage reproduced: "'Christie Johnstone' and 'Peg Woffington' belong to that small class of one-volume stories of which England produces not more than six in a century. In the compass of one volume they contain as many characters and ideas as the good three-



CHARLES READE HAS A HIGH APPRECIATION OF HIS OWN WORK.

volume novels, and their fate is as distinct from that of the mere novel as is their reputation in England and America."

For fifteen years Baron Tauchnitz corresponded with Thackeray, whose letters are often facetious. In 1856 he says: "Your letter of 26th March has only just found me on my return from America, where I made a prosperous voyage, though I have not yet quite reached the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states to be the present amount of my savings. Don't be afraid of your English—a letter containing —£ is always in a pretty style."

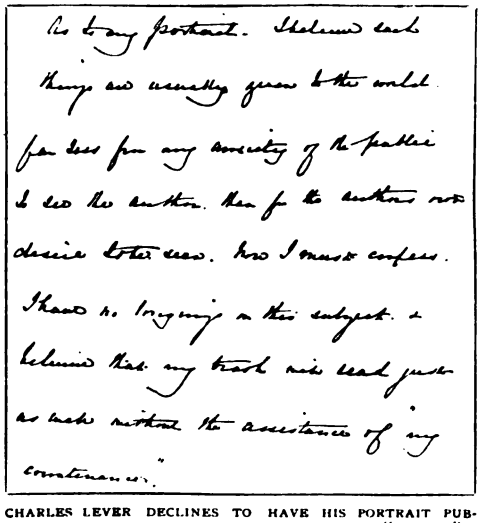


THACKERAY, LIKE DICKENS, LEAVES BARON TAUCHNITZ TO NAME HIS OWN TERMS.

The one reproduced says. "I shall leave the agreement for the new book to your dis-

cretion entirely, premising that my publishers here pay me twice as much as for 'The Newcomes,' and hoping that the foreign public may be also more alive to the merits of—Yours very faithfully, W. M. THACKERAY."

In 1857: "I am in a difficulty regarding 'The Virginians,' and don't quite know what move to make. Thus . . . *non inventus*, but holding my promise may be in a condition to deprive Germany of the benefit of 'The Virginians.' What a queer state of things! What a loss for the German nation!"



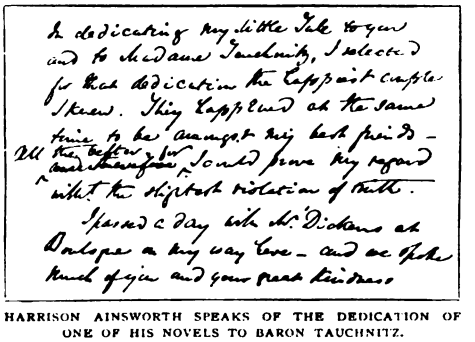
CHARLES LEVER DECLINES TO HAVE HIS PORTRAIT PUBLISHED, AND SPEAKS OF HIS OWN WORK AS "TRASH."

Browning was one of Baron Tauchnitz's correspondents. In one letter he says: "In any case you may print as much—or as little—of my poems as will answer your purpose, though I am naturally desirous to appear as advantageously as possible before a German public, should such an honour be accorded me."

The correspondence with Charles Lever lasted for twenty-seven years. In the last letter, written only two months before his death, Lever writes: "As to my portrait, I believe such things are usually given to the world far less from any anxiety of the public to see the author than for the author's own desire to be seen. Now I must confess I have no longings on this subject, and believe that my trash will read just as well without the assistance of my countenance.

"I am charmed to see myself in my new costume, and am once more reminded that to yourself is all the honour of that discovery by which a novel has been made easy to the wrist and pleasant for the eye. You permitting, I hope one of these days to be able to express to you *personally* the sincere respect and esteem with which I am, most sincerely, your CHARLES LEVER."

Harrison Ainsworth and Baron Tauchnitz were intimate friends for nearly forty years, and his famous tale, "The Flitch of Bacon," was dedicated to the Tauchnitzes. He says: "In dedicating my little tale to you and to Mme. Tauchnitz, I selected for that dedication the happiest couple I knew. They happened at the same time to be amongst my best friends. All the better, for I could prove my regard without the slightest violation of truth. I passed a day with Mr. Dickens at Boulogne on my way here, and we spoke much of you and your great kindness."



HARRISON AINSWORTH SPEAKS OF THE DEDICATION OF ONE OF HIS NOVELS TO BARON TAUCHNITZ.

Baron Tauchnitz seldom wants for defenders when unjustly attacked. James Payn becomes indignant at the thought of anyone maligning his German publisher. "I will look at the ——," he says, "which, as a rule, I do not see. If anyone should attack you again in it, I will give him a bit of my mind, and inform that periodical what are the opinions of yours most faithfully and obliged. I have never heard any English author speak anything but good of you, and with good cause."

I might go on for a hundred pages more, quoting from the letters of distinguished men who were at the same time warm friends of the famous publisher. But the above will, at any rate, be enough to prove that, whatever may be the political situation or the state of feeling between the Jingo Presses of England and Germany, there has never been and never can be anything but the friendliest *entente cordiale* between Baron Tauchnitz and his English authors and public.

A Royal Command.

By Winifred Graham.

SOCIETY papers were fond of alluding to the Countess of Clare's delightful smile. It was a kind of social search-light, which could illuminate the dullest function by its brilliancy and kindliness. She had handed down much of her gaiety and charm to her little eight-year-old daughter, Imogen. The child's eyes were like dancing sunbeams, and she laughed for sheer gladness of heart; in fact, she seemed in love with the whole world. But then Lady Imogen's world wholly deserved affection, since it was altogether a lovable affair.

The Earl and his wife did not approve of London for children, so their small girl spent her happy years at beautiful Castle Clare, the brightest, prettiest home in England's many picturesque shires.

Imogen always felt as if the hamlet of thatched houses nestling at the foot of the castle grounds belonged especially to her. She was the intimate friend of every man, woman, and child, both on and off the estate.

She made the gardeners her special care.

"If they look after the flowers I must look after them," she said, and so she kept a chronicle of all their birthdays, giving each the funniest little present year by year, made often with her own small fingers.

Mr. Ambrose, the head gardener, was a very important person. He lived in a cottage of such superior proportions, it had come to be called a villa. Lady Imogen particularly admired the yellow silk curtains displayed in the windows, and had confided to him she should have them copied exactly for her new doll's house.

"We shall be very busy next week, sha'n't we, Ambrose?" she said one morning, as she joined him in the orchid-house.

"Indeed we shall, my lady. It's no small job entertaining Royalty."

His manner as he spoke conveyed the idea that the weight of the visit rested chiefly on his shoulders.

"I shall like seeing the Prince and Princess," continued Imogen, in her confidential little way. "I am sorry, though, they are only ordinary people; I should have loved them to be fairies."

Ambrose laughed.

"To be sure, yes; in the fairy-tales there are plenty of princes and princesses."

"But just plain people like ourselves are very interesting too," continued Imogen, after a moment's reflection. "How is your son? Have you had a letter from him since he saved the boy from drowning and got a medal? I was thinking only last night how nice it must feel to have a hero for a son."

"He sent us a picture of himself in a paper," answered Ambrose, proudly. "His mother declared she wouldn't have known it if the name had not been underneath. They called him 'the gallant young man who rescued a life at the risk of his own while on his wedding trip.' We thought they ought to have put Alice in the paper; she's a deal better-looking than David."

"'I SHALL LIKE SEEING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS,' CONTINUED IMOGEN."

"I suppose he will be coming back soon?" said Imogen.

"In another four or five days. The villagers mean to give him quite a reception, and his mother can't sleep at night for thinking of it—she lays such store on public opinion. I don't think it does to cocker a young fellow up; but there, if it pleases the women, I've nothing to say."

"I don't suppose it will hurt him," said Imogen, wisely. (She had

a funny, old-fashioned way at times, which brought a smile to the gravest face.) "It doesn't seem to do the Prince and Princess any harm. Why, the village is to be illuminated the night they arrive, and cannons will be fired. Isn't that enough to make anyone feel proud?"

"Indeed it is," Ambrose acknowledged, eyeing a glorious spray of white orchids.

"Those," continued Imogen, "are the Princess's favourite flowers; she's called the 'Orchid Princess,' because she wears them so often. Mother wants to have the house full of orchids when she comes, and I am to give her a bunch of the very finest as she walks into the hall. You know, I'm having a new white satin dress trimmed with swansdown."

Ambrose replied that her ladyship was sure to look charming.

Later in the day Imogen interviewed Mrs. Ambrose, and learned to her great satisfaction the thrilling news that really quite a demonstration was expected in the village when David returned from his wedding trip.

"He is just coming here for one evening," Mrs. Ambrose declared, "before settling down in his new house."

"Will he wear his medal?" asked Imogen. "I should so love to see it."

"Well, he's sure to bring it to show us, anyway, and if you could look in, my lady, he and Alice would take it kind. They think a deal of you and your pretty face, if you'll excuse my saying so."

"Then of course I shall come," replied Imogen, enthusiastically.

She really meant what she said, for how could she guess that David would return on the very evening fixed for the arrival of the Royal Prince and Princess?

Mrs. Ambrose, a homely soul, never ceased wondering how her husband had worked his way up to being head gardener at such a place as Castle Clare. Yet if David had been made Prime Minister she would hardly have been surprised. It was quite touching to see the mother's pride in her only son. For David she would have made any sacrifice, but, oddly enough, the young fellow appeared in no way spoilt by the worship of this warm-hearted woman.

"You're making wonderful preparations for my boy," she said, pausing in the main thoroughfare of the village, and addressing Brown, a local workman, who was fixing an illumination over the door of a small public-house. "Won't there be a blaze of colour? And I do hear talk of a torch-light procession."

Brown was a bit of a wag in his own particular set, and his red face wrinkled with humour as he eyed the small, black-gowned figure of Mrs. Ambrose, crowned by a gaily-befeathered bonnet, blown slightly to one side.

"Bless you, marm, this isn't nothing to what you'll see. The town" (he called it town by courtesy) "don't mind what it spends on 'eroes. We can't expect to get chaps born on our native soil returning with the Royal Humane Society's medal every day."

Mrs. Ambrose went back triumphantly

"BLESS YOU, MARM, THIS ISN'T NOTHING TO WHAT YOU'LL SEE. THE TOWN DON'T MIND WHAT IT SPENDS ON 'EROES."

to her husband, and recounted the wonders of the reception the village of Pery was preparing for David and his bride.

Ambrose looked at her long and earnestly.

"Far be it from me," he said, "to throw cold water on your feelings, Molly. But the fact of the matter is, you're being carried off your feet over that medal. Brown was having one of his jokes. They are putting up those gimcracks for the Prince and Princess."

Mrs. Ambrose shook her head. She was not at all inclined to believe his theory.

"What had those Royalties done," she asked, hotly, "for the honour and glory of Pery? If they chose to come on the same night as David it couldn't be helped, but the folks knew well enough up the village that all this stir and bustle was really in honour of their boy."

Mr. Ambrose ceased to argue. He wondered if she willingly deceived herself, or whether the fond heart of a mother was capable of any amount of credulity.

In a small place like Pery the doings and sayings of the few inhabitants spread quickly. Before the day was out Brown's conversation with Mrs. Ambrose became the story of the hour. Her simple faith in Pery's welcome to David and his bride took hold on the people. Some scoffed, but without bitterness; others chuckled good-humouredly. A few ventured to chaff Ambrose, to his serious displeasure.

"Getting on with our preparations for your son's home-coming," said one of the station porters. "The red baize for the platform is all ready rolled up in the ticket office, and an awning ordered in case of wet. You'll be sending some palms down, maybe, from the castle, as a bit of a set-off?"

Mr. Ambrose received the chaff in withering silence, and repeated it later to his wife.

"You are making us the laughing-stock of the village," he informed her.

A delightfully soft expression stole over the mother's face; a sense of security in her own convictions made her bear lightly with her husband's unbelief.

She laid her hands on his shoulders, and gazed with infinite kindness into his eyes.

"Laddie," she said, calling him by the old name of their courting days, when she was a young girl fresh from Scotland, "you never would credit our boy with his full worth, and even now you can't help belittling him, when all Pery is rising up to do him honour. We are getting on in years, but I don't like to see you grudging the young folks the bit of fame which has walked their way. It most seems as if you were jealous of our David."

Her tenderness as she laid her cheek against her husband's brought back the old boyish smile which associated him with the "laddie" of long ago. What did it matter after all if Pery chuckled over a woman's fancy? Let Molly keep her fairy-tale in her heart, and hear the cannons booming for David and David alone.

So he whispered that perhaps it was just his jealousy after all, because folks never lighted coloured lanterns for him, though he had taken the finest prizes in the country for cut blooms.

Then the good soul, unused as she was to flattering her husband, made much of him with honeyed words and marked attentions, paid to soothe his wounded spirit and drive away the green-eyed monster. She did not so much as name David again, for fear of wounding his father's delicate susceptibilities, but instead laid special stress on the wonders of a new orchid—the glory of the Castle Clare collection.

Imogen could think of nothing but the Royal visit. The Prince and Princess would arrive at sunset, and later, from their windows, when darkness came, they would see at the foot of the hill the little village of Pery, a mass of gleaming lights, every house and window outlined with crimson lamps.

Inside the castle a large house-party made for gaiety, and Imogen, even at eight years old, was truly woman enough to wonder about the beautiful dresses the guests would display. She loved brightness and colour, the sound of merry voices, the sight of pretty faces. It is to be feared she had quite forgotten the smaller interest of David's home-coming. It was not until Mary the nursemaid was dressing her in the new white satin frock that the fact was brought suddenly to Imogen's mind.

"Some people," said Mary, "want taking down a peg."

Lady Imogen was regarding the length of her tiny skirt rather doubtfully in the glass.

"Yes, I do think it's too short," she replied. "Mother likes to see such a lot of my leg. But I can't grow smaller, or I would come down several pegs."

"Why, I wasn't meaning that, my lady," cried Mary, hurriedly, with apology in her voice. "I was alluding to Mrs. Ambrose. She's talking of her son David as if he were the Prince himself, and all the excitement in the village was over him."

"Well, you see, David's a hero," said Imogen, her eyes glowing. "He didn't think of his own life; he risked it for a poor little

boy he had never seen. You and I might not have done that, especially on a cold day, Mary."

"But all the same, Mrs. Ambrose needn't be so high-minded about it. As I remarked, she'll be taken down, for who is going to notice David Ambrose to-night?"

"He—he isn't coming to-night!" gasped Imogen.

She stopped easing on a long white silk stocking, and a little slipper balanced on her knee slid to the floor.

"Indeed he is; so no one is likely to take any notice of him," said Mary, triumphantly.

Lady Imogen's heart sank. She was just the kindest little soul alive, and the thought of anyone being disappointed filled her with dismay. She was genuinely fond of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, remembering her promise to "look in" upon David and his bride. She made no reply, for Mary's lack of sympathy came as a shock to her sensitive feelings. It seemed very terrible that Mary was actually glad the mother's pride should have a fall. Imogen liked only to see people happy and pleased; she could not understand the vindictive attitude taken by the young woman who gazed with such open admiration at her little ladyship's finery.

"'NO ONE IS LIKELY TO TAKE ANY NOTICE OF HIM,' SAID MARY."

The gaiety of the evening seemed clouded for the child; she hated to think she must break her word to Mrs. Ambrose. She pictured the woman waiting and listening for her knock on the door, telling David she knew their young lady wouldn't fail them.

When Imogen appeared in the great hall of the castle she looked like a little fairy stepped out of a picture. The sight of the child set everyone smiling, she was so amazingly pretty and taking.

She awoke to a kind of astonished realization of her own youthful power. It seemed she could please by just a friendly word, spoken unshyly, and yet she was not old enough to realize how fully she inherited her mother's magical charm and startling beauty. For the sake of this sweet, unconscious innocence, the Countess had kept Imogen as much as possible in the country, fearful lest the bloom should be brushed from the flower.

The Earl had gone to the station to meet the special train which would bring the Royal visitors; and while the house-party awaited their coming, Imogen amused them with her guileless prattle.

"I've never seen a princess," she said. "Isn't that funny? And mother has seen heaps and heaps of them; but then, of course, she goes about a lot."

The child held in both hands a magnificent shower bouquet of rare orchids, tied with white ribbon.

"I am to give this to the Orchid Princess to keep in her room," Imogen explained; "though, of course, there are lots of vases quite full already. Ambrose decorated it especially."

"Quite like a bride's bouquet," said one of the guests, little dreaming what a sharp sting the words implanted in the child's mind.

"A bride's bouquet!" And to-night David's bride, just back from that delicious, mysterious thing, a honeymoon, would be waiting for Imogen in vain. The small flaxen head bent over the flowers; an idea was forming in the child's mind.

Presently all was stir and excitement. Carriages came dashing up the drive, the huge doors of the castle were flung open, and the Royal party entered with their suite. Imogen thought she had never seen anything so lovely as

the Orchid Princess. She was dressed in the pale mauve of her favourite flower, and accepted the child's offering with such a gracious smile, bending to kiss the little upturned face, that Imogen secretly wondered if perhaps she was a fairy after all.

When the Royal lady had been conducted to her room Imogen felt the moment had come to act.

She waited till all was quiet, then crept on tip-toe along the corridor. She could hear the wild beating of her own heart; every step seemed to echo through the castle, though in reality her tiny satin slippers made no sound. Very softly she opened the door of the Princess's chamber. The tall figure stood by an oak table on which she had placed the bouquet with the white ribbon. A lady-in-waiting and a maid both hurried to the door at the sight of little Imogen.

"Don't send the child away. What does she want?"

The Princess spoke imperiously. She was very fond of children, and felt curious to hear the reason of this unconventional visit.

"DON'T SEND THE CHILD AWAY. WHAT DOES SHE WANT?"

Imogen, thus encouraged, ran to her side.

In a few gasping words she had told the story of David's home-coming and his act of valour, boldly asking if the Princess would send his bride one white flower from her bouquet.

The plea was made so feelingly, with all the simplicity of a child's faith in the good will of a great lady, that the Princess listened with unfeigned interest. Then she took the beautiful shower of flowers and replaced them in the child's hand.

"Send the bouquet, just as it is, to Mrs. David Ambrose," she said, graciously, "and to-morrow I will ask to see her husband, that I may congratulate him myself on his brave deed."

Imogen could hardly speak for pleasure. She never quite knew how she got out of the room. She tried to remember to curtsy and walk backwards by way of respect, and felt sure she had not forgotten to say "Madam." But one great fact alone remained uppermost in her mind—she had good news for David and his bride. She must carry it herself, unseen, unsuspected, through the darkness of the night.

The twilight had all gone. Outside the world looked black and threatening—Imogen was frightened of the dark.

"Oh, you little coward!" she said to herself as she crept down a side staircase, holding the flowers close to her heart, as if they could still its frantic beating.

To reach the house where Ambrose lived she must pass through the weird statuary garden, where white figures pointed ghostly arms. She pictured the dark, winding paths with a pang of genuine terror, stilled only by the thought of the sunshine her coming would bring at the end of the journey.

With head uncovered and no thought for the night dew, she slipped out in her small white shoes, like an elf, into the castle grounds. Every shadow held an ogre; the boughs of the trees were great arms from giant bodies, the big stone vases on the terrace a row of phantom forms marching towards her silently. The breeze rustling the shrubs became a bogy presence following her flight.

Once she almost turned back; surely

something had touched her on the shoulder! It was only a creeper detached from the wall, but it brought her to a terrified stand-still at the far end of the rose avenue. For a moment she shut her eyes with a sharp cry; then, as she opened them again, the village of Pery broke into a blaze of twinkling lights, like a wonderful illuminated picture.

The sight gave her courage. She stood transfixed by the beauty of the scene.

David and Alice congratulated themselves on arriving in time to see the Prince and Princess drive away from the station. They had stood with Ambrose senior in the crowd, helping to swell the hearty cheer which greeted the Royal faces.

As the newly-married couple passed up the village street many hands were stretched out to greet them, David's deed of heroism meeting with recognition on every side.

"The mother's well, I hope?" said David, a little surprised that she too had not come to meet his train.

"Ah! she's well enough," replied Mr. Ambrose, a slightly nervous tremor in his voice, "but she took my advice and remained indoors. I thought the excitement would be too much for her if she ventured to the station."

He paused, then added in an undertone: "She's taken a queer notion into her head, my boy; you and Alice had best know. She won't believe that all the to-do in Pery is not in honour of your home-coming."

David flung back his head and roared. Alice simpered quietly, blushing to the tips of her ears.

"Isn't that mother all over?" declared the delighted son, hugely enjoying the idea. "But don't let us hurt her feelings by letting her see us laugh."

"That's just what I was going to say," replied his father. "We've got to play up to it. Why, to-day, when I was making a bouquet for the Princess, she went and set a bowl ready on the side-table, convinced it was for Alice. The bowl's still there, though I told her it would remain empty. She answered: 'Best be prepared; maybe the Countess meant it for Alice after all.'"

A very merry trio reached the house with the yellow curtains, and Mrs. Ambrose clasped her son to the roar of the welcoming cannons.

"It's the greatest day in all our lives, David," she said, with tears of happiness in her eyes. "But I'm glad the crowd hasn't followed you here; it's good to hold you tight, and to be alone."

"SHE SLIPPED OUT IN HER SMALL WHITE SHOES, LIKE AN ELF, INTO THE CASTLE GROUNDS."

Ambrose senior and Alice slipped away, leaving the older woman to weep out her gladness in David's arms.

The little party of four were seated at the supper-table when Lady Imogen's knock came at the door.

Like a moonbeam straying through a casement, the dazzling figure of the beautiful child appeared in the family circle, an upright, dainty form in shimmering white satin, holding the flowers aloft, with their streamers of soft ribbon. She ran towards Alice, making the curtsy she had rehearsed for the Princess, and crying gleefully: "For you, Madam—a gift from a Royal hand."

Then, hardly able to speak fast enough in her excitement, she delivered the message from the Princess.

"She is going to ask to see David to-morrow, to congratulate him on his medal. He will have to come up to the castle and talk to her himself."

Trembling with joy, David's mother drew forward the bowl she had placed ready for the flowers, casting a triumphant look towards her husband. He knew she would never say, "I told you so!" but she could not help expressing the sentiment with a flash of her dear old eyes.

"A Royal command," she murmured, and her face shone. "A Royal command for David!"

The Life Story of a Horse-Chestnut Bud.

By John J. Ward,

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

AS spring draws near we look eagerly forward to that time when the buds of trees will put forth their livery of delicate green, for then we know that the season of short, dull, and dreary days has ended. We, of course, look to, and speak of, "the time of bursting buds" with gladness in our hearts, but even then it may be with little thought for the wonderful processes of Nature that are at work. How comparatively few of those who hail with delight the first glimpses of green that decorate tree or hedgerow have considered the wondrous means and mechanisms employed by Nature in carrying out this great annual process—a process which, but for its familiarity, would always fill us with astonishment, one which from its commencement changes almost hourly the aspect of the whole landscape! How marvellous it all is when we come to think of it! What mysterious force is it that brings about this stupendous change? What are these tiny buds that push aside the strong, brown, membranous covering scales, and from within reveal, first, tiny leaves, and later, from between these leaves, a minute branch which slowly lengthens out, leaving behind it, as its apex travels ahead, a wonderful display of fresh green leaves, all perfectly and orderly arranged about its axis, until by autumn it becomes quite a strong-looking twig on the parent tree? The material grows before our eyes, but of what is it built and whence come the materials for its growth? These are but a few of the questions that will suggest themselves to us the moment we begin to think of the bursting bud.

Fig. 1.—A magnified view of the heart or central part of a young horse-chestnut bud, showing the tiny leaves developing at the top of the growing axis. Outside are seen some of the membranous scale-leaves that protect the more tender tissues within.

Let us begin at the beginning. We will consider the bricks, so to speak, of which the bud is built, for a bud can no more be built without building material than can a house. The plant bricks, though, we must call "cells," for early observers with the microscope in the seventeenth century, when they discovered the units that build up plant structure, called them cells because, aggregated together, they resemble the cells of honey-combs. The individual cell, although extremely minute, yet possesses all the functions necessary to a living organism. It has nutritive powers; it can respond to external and internal stimuli, and it can reproduce itself by simple division.

If, by means of the microscope, we examine a thin slice or section cut longitudinally through a young leaf-bud, we find that the apical point, or growing tip (which occupies the centre of the bud), is built up of a mass of small-celled tissue, the cells of which are continually dividing to form others just like themselves, and so multiplying their numbers. In this way a mass of tissue is being heaped up in a perpendicular direction, and so the developing twig goes ahead. If this were all that happened, though, we should have only a long, straight stem or branch produced. But as the developing tissue increases the length of the stem, it occasionally leaves just behind its growing point, in regular succession, tiny portions of its dividing tissue, and these isolated parts of the tissue then grow rapidly in a lateral direction, forming the starting-points of leaves. However, if we examine the tissue ever so carefully to detect where the stem and the newly-formed leaf-tissue separates we shall find no distinction; at both points we find cells of identical appearance.

In illustration Fig. 1 is shown the central growing mass within the heart of a bud, crowned with two tiny newly-formed leaves, and below and outside these two slightly

FIG. 2.—A much more magnified view of the two youngest leaves seen occupying the centre of Fig. 1, showing the innumerable minute cells which, by their continual division, build up the plant structure. The woolly hairs which protect the young leaves should also be observed developing along with the cells.

older leaves may be seen springing from the sides; these leaves overtop the growing axis, and are beginning to assume the finger-like form characteristic of horse-chestnut leaves. In this way the leaves first formed protect the younger ones, and also the tip of the growing axis. In Fig. 2 is shown a further magnified view of the two youngest leaves, to reveal the minute developing cells of which they and the growing point are built.

Of the active forces within these tiny cells which cause them to continually reproduce

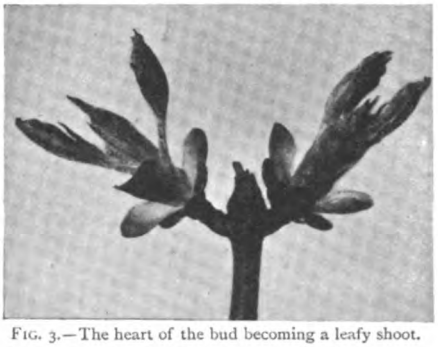


FIG. 3.—The heart of the bud becoming a leafy shoot.

themselves by division, and in this manner produce the "bricks" or cells which eventually differentiate to form the plant structure, we know nothing, and have to content ourselves with defining them as "life" forces; and of the phenomenon of life science has as yet advanced no plausible explanation.

In this way, by continual division and multiplication of the cells at the growing point, the leaves and branch structures are built up. Later, when the cells become very numerous, they begin to assume various permanent forms, and so become adapted to the different duties they have to fulfil in the economy of the whole; but growth consists in the formation of millions of cells, thus building up the hard and soft tissues of the bud and the branch that it gives origin to.

Having now grasped the idea as to how the young leaves of the bud originate from

FIG. 4.—The buds shown in Fig. 3 as they appeared the following day.

the growing point within, and then continue their own development, we may turn to external happenings.

In Figs. 3, 4, and 5 is shown the daily development of two leaf-buds, and a glance at these illustrations will make it obvious enough how the growing points within the buds have pushed themselves forward and are well on the way to form strong branches; while the newly-formed leaves are seen to be developing on their own account. However, the growing powers of the individual leaves are not unlimited, like those of the growing point, but are restricted to their own develop-

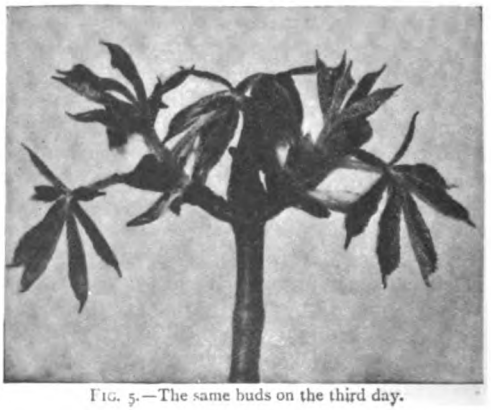


FIG. 5.—The same buds on the third day.

FIG. 6.—On March 25th the warm sun melted the sticky bud-glue, and the outermost scale-leaf slowly relaxed its hold.

ment, and when they have reached their full size they lose their growing power, and commence to work in the general economy of the plant—of which more anon.

Having now learned something of the method of growth, we may proceed with the life story of an individual bud, commencing at the beginning of events which are apparent to the eye.

The date was March 25th, the year need not concern us. It was a glorious morning, and the bright sun very welcome and cheering. Apparently, it was also cheering to the leaf-buds on a great horse-chestnut tree near by. At all events, the buds on the ends of the branches seemed so elated and full of energy that many of the strong, brown protective scales, which had so thoroughly resisted wet, cold, and frosts alike throughout the winter months, were now finding it very difficult to restrain the young green leaves within their keeping from bursting forth to greet the sunshine whose warmth they felt.

During the previous autumn, when the buds were formed, the last protective device of the plant was to convert the outside leaves of each young bud into strong membranous enveloping scales, and these scales were provided with curious glandular hairs which secreted a substance called "bud-glue," a mixture of gum and resin. By means of this bud-glue the scale-leaves firmly attached themselves around the outside of the bud, and a varnish-like coat of the same substance was also spread over their outer surfaces. Of course, at the end of the autumn the growing activities of the plant had almost ceased, and the young leaves were then not strong enough to resist the pressure brought to bear on them by the strong scale-leaves, so there they remained huddled together and securely protected by their strong outward armour.

Now, however, things were different. The warm sun had for several days past made its presence felt, and the tiny hairs on the roots of the tree deep down in the earth had responded to its life-giving warmth, and were all greedily absorbing moisture and conveying it to the cells of the roots to which they were attached. Now, many of these cells contained mineral salts having great affinities for water, and these salts quickly absorbed the water as it came their way. In due course these salts would have their fill, and then the salts in the cells above them would likewise attract the water, and so an upward current would be set up. Presently this current of crude sap would meet with tube-like tissues, which once were rows of cells standing upon each other like those we saw forming at the growing point, but later the transverse walls of these cells dissolved, and so these rows of cells became tubes or water-mains, as it were, which traversed the whole length of the plant, both through root and stem. When the sap current reaches these tubes it rushes upwards at a great pace, and soon every bud and growing part is plentifully supplied with the necessary sap to continue its development.

FIG. 7.—The next day the opposite scale-leaf gave way—and then matters went on apace.

All this had been going on very quietly for many days past, and now, on this lovely March morning, it told its tale. In fact, the outermost scale on one large bud at the tip of a branch could no longer resist the exuberance of the young leaves within. The warmth from the sun melted the sticky bud-glue and made the scale-leaves shine so much that they appeared to be perspiring profusely with their efforts to restrain the lively young green leaves they had to protect. But this scale-leaf was slowly relaxing its hold, as if fairly beaten (Fig. 6); although strands of the sticky bud-glue stretched from scale to bud as if endeavouring to still retain it. This, however, was only the beginning of greater events that were to follow.

Next morning, when I saw the bud, something more had taken place. The developing leaves, having to overcome an ever-lessening pressure from the scale-leaves

FIG. 8.—By the third day a second pair of scale-leaves had let go, and then the bud rapidly increased in size.

FIG. 9.—On the fourth day the inner scales began to bulge open, while the four that had previously opened were turning right back out of the way.

FIG. 10.—The first inner pair of scale-leaves to open proceeded on the fifth day to follow those turning back and——

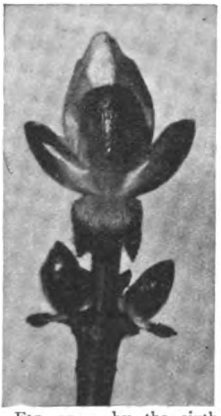


FIG. 11.——by the sixth day another inner pair had broken away also. Meanwhile, the two smaller buds below had commenced almost exactly the same movements.

FIG. 12.—On the seventh day a white mass of hairy leaves conspicuously occupied the centre of the bud.

without, had, in the course of the twenty-four hours, visibly increased in size, and the opposite scale-leaf had also released its hold (Fig. 7). Then matters went on apace; one could almost see the bud grow while watching it. On the third day the next pair of scale-leaves had given way (Fig. 8); and by the fourth day an inner and paler-coloured pair commenced to release their hold (Fig. 9). Meanwhile, the four outermost scales were turning right back out of the way, and, at the tip of the bud, some peculiar white hairy leaves were appearing. Also, we should note that the two smaller buds below are carrying out almost exactly the same movements.

On the fifth day the paler-coloured pair of scales had become quite free (Fig. 10); and by the sixth another pair inside these had broken away also (Fig. 11). By the seventh day the scale-leaves began to appear insignificant, for the white mass of hairy leaves now conspicuously occupied the centre of the bud (Fig. 12). On the eighth day the last and innermost pair of scale-leaves were rapidly pushed aside (Fig. 13); so that by the ninth day the true leaves of the plant were exposed to view, and forthwith began to open out from the growing axis; and here our bud makes startling changes, for it now begins to turn into a leafy branch (Fig. 14).

FIG. 13.—By the eighth day the last and innermost pair of scale-leaves were rapidly pushed aside.

We observed how carefully the plant protected the young leaf-buds in autumn by means of the strong, brown, varnished scale-leaves, and now as these leaf-buds develop in the spring we have revealed to us another wonderful protective contrivance. The young leaves at first are very tender, and need protection from both the warm sun of midday and also the cold and perhaps frost of night. Both requirements are beautifully and simply met by providing the developing leaves with a dense covering of woolly hairs, which shade them from the fiercest rays of the sun and likewise keep away the cold. By means of these woolly hairs all the green parts of the leaf are hidden from view for some time after the leaves have opened out from the axis, and Fig. 15 shows us the bud on the tenth day with the young leaves spreading out all wrapped in their woolly coats.

It will be remembered that horse-chestnut leaves are not, like elm or beech leaves, all in one piece, but are compound leaves, having generally five or seven finger-like leaflets. In Fig. 16 is shown the bud on the eleventh day, and the leaflets are then beginning to become detached from each other; but each leaflet, it should be observed, is still covered with its coat of protective woolly hairs. One other important thing should be noticed also. If we look at the tip of the bud—or shall we say branch, for it can scarcely be called a bud now—we observe a mass of little rounded

bodies pushing their way forward. What are these objects?

The bud we have watched develop is not like the bud illustrated in Figs. 3, 4, and 5, a leaf-bud only, but is a flower-bud besides, and, instead of developing into a leafy shoot, it will become a flowering branch. This also accounts for its comparatively large size during its early stages (see Fig. 6). The two leaf-buds simultaneously developing below it are leaf-buds only, and will develop, more or less, like those in Figs. 3, 4, and 5.

We will now neglect to visit our bud for a whole week, and then we shall see what a striking difference it presents. This is shown in Fig. 17; the bud is now no longer a bud, but a branch bearing leaves and buds—flower-buds. What was once the heart of the bud is now a group of flower-buds on the tip of a branch. The leaves, too, have now exposed their green surface, while the woolly hairs which protected them in their baby-hood are fast falling away.

Once more we neglect to visit our bud, and this time for three weeks. What a change meets our eye then! We can now no longer conveniently photograph it at natural size, but have to reduce it considerably (Fig. 18). The leaves have all lost their hairy covering, and stand out fresh and lovely, crinkled and bright green. The two smaller leaf-buds beneath have now also become leaves, while the flowering branch has elongated and exposed its clusters of flower-buds.

Again we leave an interval, and at the end of another fortnight we once more view our developing branch, which has now grown so large that it again has to be considerably reduced in photographing (Fig. 19). (N.B. — To form some idea of the amount of reduction, the thickness of the base of the branch should be carefully observed in each example illustrated.)

The leaves have now attained their full development and are engaged in spreading out their tissues to the fullest possible extent to the sun's rays, that they may absorb the light and energy those rays contain, and then utilize it in building the branches,

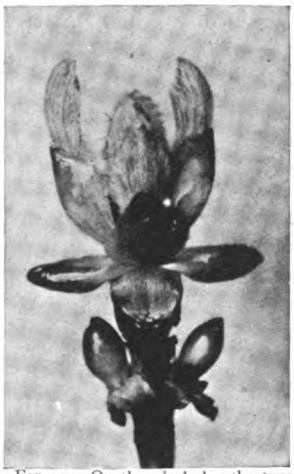


FIG. 14.—On the ninth day the true leaves of the plant were exposed to view, all wrapped in woolly hairs.

FIG. 15.—By the tenth day a pair of them were spreading themselves out to the light.

FIG. 16.—The finger-like leaflets became detached on the eleventh day and, at the tip of the bud, a mass of rounded bodies appeared to view.

FIG. 17.—A week later (April 12th) our bud had become a branch, bearing leaves and buds—flower-buds.

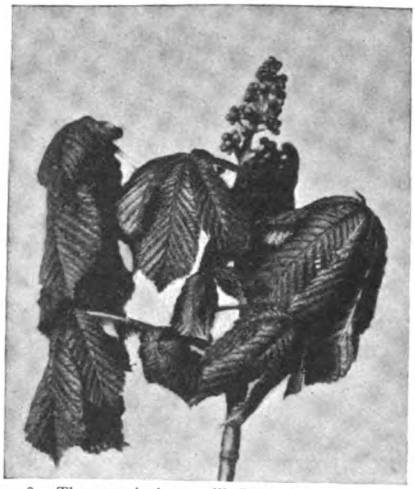


FIG. 18.—Three weeks later still (May 3rd) the leaves had all lost their hairy covering, and stood out fresh and lovely in bright green, while the flowering branch was rapidly developing. N.B.—The branch is, of course, now considerably reduced in size in the photographs.

flowers, and fruits of the tree; for sunlight is the motive power that supplies the energy necessary to the growth and development of both plants and animals.

The centre of each of these pretty flowers arranged along the flowering stalk is occupied with a tiny ovary, in which ovules or embryo seeds are produced. In due course the scent of the flowers attracts the early-wandering bees in their direction, and eventually the pale-coloured petals catch the eyes of the insects as they follow up the scent, and they immediately proceed to seek for the nectar or honey the flowers provide.

Of course, the horse-chestnut tree does not provide bees with nectar for nothing in return. Its stamens or pollen-producing organs are arranged so as to hang well outside the flower and form a landing-stage for the bee to alight upon; and amongst these stamens the stigma or sensitive surface of the ovary is placed. In this way, when the bee comes to rifle the flower of its nectar, its legs and body get dusted over with pollen dust of the stamens, which is the male fertilizing element of the flower. So the bee becomes an unconscious agent in the fertilization of the flowers, by conveying the pollen of one flower to the stigma of the next.

After the stigmas of the flowers have been

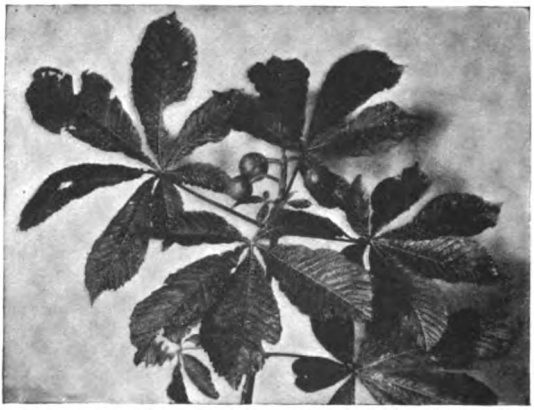


FIG. 20.—Two months later (July 17th) the ovaries of three of the lowest flowers had developed into smooth, green fruits which nestled amidst an expanse of more than two feet of leaves.

FIG. 19.—At the end of another fortnight (May 17th) the flowering branch had reached the height of its glory, and the large leaves were spread out to the sunlight.

pollinated in this manner, the substance of the tiny pollen grain finds its way to the ovule at the base of the ovary, and combines with it. The ovule then starts to rapidly divide its cells to form others. In short, this act of fertilization has started a new growing point; and as the numerous newly-formed cells accumulate they aggregate together, and soon a seed is produced. Hence the object of the flower was essentially that of reproduction. However, all the flowers do not produce seeds, for, if we watch the flowers after fertilization has taken place, we see most of them dwindle away and decay. Two or three, though, generally remain, and, as their petals shrivel up, their ovaries begin to swell into rounded bodies, while the top part of the stalk, which bore the other flowers, gradually dries up, all the energy of growth being now directed to the developing fruits with their seeds within. In Fig. 20 we see the branch two months later, when its leaves

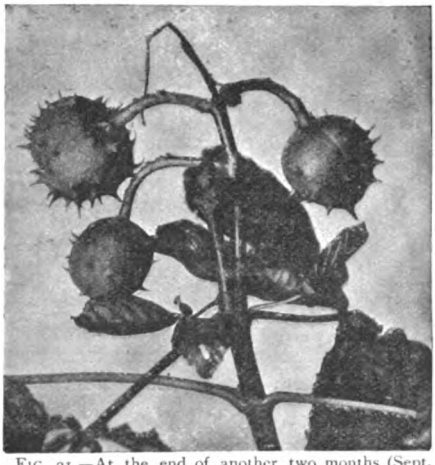


FIG. 21.—At the end of another two months (Sept. 17th) the fruits had almost ripened, and were protected with strong, prickly coats.

have an expanse of more than two feet, and centred amongst them are three ripening fruits.

At this stage, about the continually thickening wall of the ovary, which now forms the covering of the growing seed, sharp, strong prickles begin to develop, to protect the rich stores of nourishment contained in the seeds within from outside animal enemies that might prey upon them. Two months later still the fruits are fully armed, and appear as shown in Fig. 21, which, it should be observed, is only the fruit-bearing part of the branch, and has, therefore, permitted photographing on a little larger scale.

Two weeks later these prickly covers split, each into three valves, and disclose three cells, each of which should really possess a polished brown nut or seed. But it more often happens that one large nut develops at the expense of the other two—as it did in each case of the examples under observation.

The last illustration reveals the harvest of the bud that we have watched develop from early spring, when its first scale-leaf was pushed aside by the energy of the sun's rays, and out of whose heart we saw arise the woolly-protected leaves and, later, the shoot with its clusters of snowy-white flowers dashed with yellow and pink, which slowly changed from flowers to smooth, and then prickly, rounded fruits, whose valves burst apart to reveal some of the offspring of the tree.

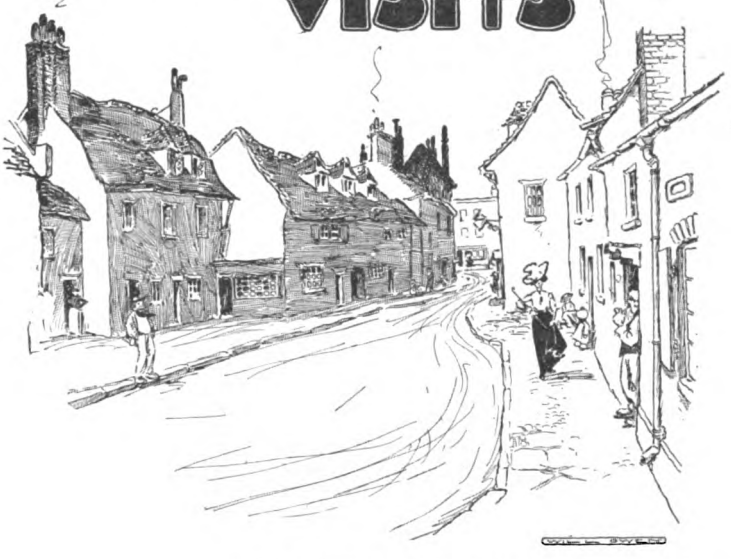
FIG. 22.—Two weeks later still (Oct. 1st) these prickly covers split, each into three valves, and exposed three shining brown seeds—the harvest of the bud and some of the offspring of the tree.

Yes, within that shining brown seed is a tiny plant, with a minute leaf-bud at its apex and a delicate root tip at its base, embedded in a rich store of nourishing starches and other food materials which shall nurture this embryo plant until its tiny bud opens out green leaves of its own to the sunlight, and so becomes able to sustain itself, and until its tiny root shall have developed so that it can plentifully supply with watery sap this first bud of a new horse-chestnut tree.

But there may be mishaps. Perhaps some wandering sheep, goat, or deer may meet with our three seeds as they lie fallen on the ground, and then their stores of energy-yielding starches may provide energy of another kind; it may become animal energy instead of plant energy, when, of course, no horse-chestnut tree can arise from the work of our bud. For although the bitter taste of these nuts protects them from being used as food by man, yet many animals will readily feed upon them. Or another sad fate that may befall our seeds is at the hands of the truant schoolboy, who, with a piece of string and a gimlet for boring holes, seeks for "konkers."

It only remains to add that, by the time the seeds have fallen, the leaves, once so tender, green, and lovely, have become tough, brown, shrivelled, and insect-eaten; they have performed their task, and soon the tree will throw them off. But before it does so, in the axil or joint of most of them it places a tiny bud, formed from a minute portion of developing tissue like that we first considered. When the leaf falls it leaves a "scar" where it has been (Fig. 6), but above that scar is the new bud, with all its potent possibilities for the following spring, when, if all goes well, it will itself start on such another series of wondrous changes and developments as I have recorded in these pages.

ANGELS' VISITS



W. W. JACOBS

MR. WILLIAM JOBLING leaned against his door-post, smoking. The evening air, pleasant in its coolness after the heat of the day, caressed his shirt-sleeved arms. Children played noisily in the long, dreary street, and an organ sounded faintly in the distance. To Mr. Jobling, who had just consumed three herrings and a pint and a half of strong tea, the scene was delightful. He blew a little cloud of smoke in the air, and with half-closed eyes corrected his first impression as to the tune being played round the corner.

"Bill!" cried the voice of Mrs. Jobling, who was washing-up in the tiny scullery.

"'Ullo!" responded Mr. Jobling, gruffly.

"You've been putting your wet teaspoon in the sugar-basin, and—well, I declare, if you haven't done it again."

"Done what?" inquired her husband, hunching his shoulders.

"Putting your herringy knife in the butter. Well, you can eat it now; I won't. A lot of good me slaving from morning to night and buying good food when you go and spoil it like that."

Mr. Jobling removed the pipe from his mouth. "Not so much of it," he commanded. "I like butter with a little flavour to it. As for your slaving all day, you ought to come to the works for a week; you'd know what slavery was then."

Mrs. Jobling permitted herself a thin, derisive cackle, drowned hurriedly in a clatter of tea-cups as her husband turned and looked angrily up the little passage.

"Nag! nag! nag!" said Mr. Jobling.

He paused expectantly.

"Nag! nag! nag! from morning till night," he resumed. "It begins in the morning and it goes on till bedtime."

"It's a pity——" began Mrs. Jobling.

"Hold your tongue," said her husband, sternly; "I don't want any of your back answers. It goes on all day long up to bedtime, and last night I laid awake for two hours listening to you nagging in your sleep."

He paused again.

"Nagging in your sleep," he repeated.

There was no reply.

"Two hours!" he said, invitingly; "two whole hours, without a stop."

"I 'ope it done you good," retorted his wife. "I noticed you did wipe one foot when you come in to-night."

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Mr. Jobling denied the charge hotly, and, by way of emphasizing his denial, raised his foot and sent the mat flying along the passage. Honour satisfied, he returned to the door-post and, looking idly out on the street again, exchanged a few desultory remarks with Mr. Joe Brown, who, with his hands in his pockets, was balancing himself with great skill on the edge of the kerb opposite.

His gaze wandered from Mr. Brown to a young and rather stylishly-dressed woman who was approaching—a tall, good-looking girl with a slight limp, whose hat encountered unspoken feminine criticism at every step. Their eyes met as she came up, and recognition flashed suddenly into both faces.

"Fancy seeing you here!" said the girl. "Well, this is a pleasant surprise."

She held out her hand, and Mr. Jobling, with a fierce glance at Mr. Brown, who was not behaving, shook it respectfully.

"I'm so glad to see you again," said the girl; "I know I didn't thank you half enough the other night, but I was too upset."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Jobling, in a voice the humility of which was in strong contrast to the expression with which he was regarding the antics of Mr. Brown, as that gentleman wafted kisses to the four winds of heaven.

There was a pause, broken by a short, dry cough from the parlour window. The girl, who was almost touching the sill, started nervously.

"It's only my missis," said Mr. Jobling.

The girl turned and gazed in at the window. Mr. Jobling, with the stem of his pipe, performed a brief ceremony of introduction.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Jobling, in a thin voice. "I don't know who you are, but I s'pose my 'usband does."

"I met him the other night," said the girl, with a bright smile; "I slipped on a piece of peel or something and fell, and he was passing and helped me up."

Mrs. Jobling coughed again. "First I've heard of it," she remarked.

"I forgot to tell you," said Mr. Jobling, carelessly. "I hope you wasn't hurt much, miss?"

"I twisted my ankle a bit, that's all," said the girl; "it's painful when I walk."

"Painful now?" inquired Mr. Jobling, in concern.

The girl nodded. "A little; not very."

Mr. Jobling hesitated; the contortions of Mr. Brown's face as he strove to make a wink carry across the road would have given pause to a bolder man; and twice his wife's husky little cough had sounded from the window.

"I s'pose you wouldn't like to step inside and rest for five minutes?" he said, slowly.

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, gratefully; "I should like to. It—it really is very painful."

She limped in behind Mr. Jobling, and after bowing to Mrs. Jobling sank into the easy-chair with a sigh of relief and looked keenly round the room. Mr. Jobling disappeared, and his wife flushed darkly as he came back with his coat on and his hair wet from combing. An awkward silence ensued.

"How strong your husband is!" said the girl, clasping her hands impulsively.

"Is he?" said Mrs. Jobling.

"He lifted me up as though I had been a feather," responded the girl. "He put his arm round my waist and had me on my feet before I knew where I was."

"Round your waist?" repeated Mrs. Jobling.

"Where else should I put it?" broke in her husband, with sudden violence.

His wife made no reply, but sat gazing in a hostile fashion at the bold, dark eyes and stylish hat of the visitor.

"I should like to be strong," said the latter, smiling agreeably over at Mr. Jobling.

"When I was younger," said the gratified man, "I can assure you I didn't know my own strength, as the saying is. I used to hurt people just in play like, without knowing it. I used to have a hug like a bear."

"Fancy being hugged like that!" said the girl. "How awful!" she added, hastily, as she caught the eye of the speechless Mrs. Jobling.

"Like a bear," repeated Mr. Jobling, highly pleased at the impression he had made. "I'm pretty strong now; there ain't many as I'm afraid of."

He bent his arm and thoughtfully felt his biceps, and Mrs. Jobling almost persuaded herself that she must be dreaming, as she saw the girl lean forward and pinch Mr. Jobling's arm. Mr. Jobling was surprised too, but he had the presence of mind to bend the other.

"Enormous!" said the girl, "and as hard as iron. What a prize-fighter you'd have made!"

"He don't want to do no prize-fighting," said Mrs. Jobling, recovering her speech; "he's a respectable married man."

Mr. Jobling shook his head over lost opportunities. "I'm too old," he remarked.

"He's forty-seven," said his wife.

"SHE SAW THE GIRL LEAN FORWARD AND PINCH MR. JOBLING'S ARM."

"Best age for a man, in my opinion," said the girl; "just entering his prime. And a man is as old as he feels, you know."

Mr. Jobling nodded acquiescence, and observed that he always felt about twenty-two; a state of affairs which he ascribed to regular habits, and a great partiality for the company of young people.

"I was just twenty-two when I married," he mused, "and my missis was just six months——"

"You leave my age alone," interrupted his wife, trembling with passion. "I'm not so fond of telling my age to strangers."

"You told mine," retorted Mr. Jobling, "and nobody asked you to do that. Very free you was in coming out with mine."

"I ain't the only one that's free," breathed the quivering Mrs. Jobling. "I 'ope your ankle is better?" she added, turning to the visitor.

"Much better, thank you," was the reply.

"Got far to go?" queried Mrs. Jobling.

The girl nodded. "But I shall take a tram at the end of the street," she said, rising.

Mr. Jobling rose too, and all that he had ever heard or read about etiquette came crowding into his mind. A weekly journal patronized by his wife had three columns regularly, but he taxed his memory in vain for any instructions concerning brown-eyed strangers with sprained ankles. He felt that the path of duty led to the tram-lines. In a somewhat blundering fashion he proffered his services; the girl accepted them as a matter of course.

Mrs. Jobling, with lips tightly compressed, watched them from the door. The girl, limping slightly, walked along with the utmost composure, but the bearing of her escort betokened a mind fully conscious of the scrutiny of the street.

He returned in about half an hour, and having this time to run the gauntlet of the street alone, entered with a mien which caused his wife's complaints to remain unspoken. The cough of Mr. Brown, a particularly contagious one, still rang in his ears, and he sat for some time in fierce silence.

"I see her on the tram," he said, at last. "Her name's Robinson—Miss Robinson."

"In-deed!" said his wife.

"Seems a nice sort o' girl," said Mr. Jobling, carelessly. "She's took quite a fancy to you."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to her," retorted his wife.

"So I—so I asked her to give you a look in now and then," continued Mr. Jobling, filling his pipe with great care, "and she said she would. It'll cheer you up a bit."

Mrs. Jobling bit her lip and, although she

had never felt more fluent in her life, said nothing. Her husband lit his pipe, and after a rapid glance in her direction took up an old newspaper and began to read

He astonished Mrs. Jobling next day by the gift of a geranium in full bloom. Surprise impeded her utterance, but she thanked him at last with some warmth, and after a little deliberation decided to put it in the bedroom.

Mr. Jobling looked like a man who has suddenly discovered a flaw in his calculations. "I was thinking of the front parlour winder," he said, at last.

"It'll get more sun upstairs," said his wife.

She took the pot in her arms and disappeared. Her surprise when she came down again and found Mr. Jobling rearranging the furniture, and even adding a choice ornament or two from the kitchen, was too elaborate to escape his notice.

"Been going to do it for some time," he remarked.

Mrs. Jobling left the room and strove with herself in the scullery. She came back pale of face and with a gleam in her eye which her husband was too busy to notice.

"It'll never look much till we get a new hearthrug," she said, shaking her head. "They've got one at Jackson's that would be just the thing; and they've got a couple of tall pink vases that would brighten up the fireplace wonderful. They're going for next to nothing, too."

Mr. Jobling's reply took the form of uncouth and disagreeable growlings. After that phase had passed he sat for some time with his hand placed protectingly in his trouser-pocket. Finally, in a fierce voice, he inquired the cost.

Ten minutes later, in a state fairly evenly divided between pleasure and fury, Mrs. Jobling departed with the money. Wild yearnings for courage that would enable her to spend the money differently, and confront the dismayed Mr. Jobling in a new hat and jacket, possessed her on the way; but they were only yearnings, twenty-five years' experience of her husband's temper being a sufficient safeguard.

"HE ASTONISHED MRS. JOBLING NEXT DAY BY THE GIFT OF A GERANIUM."

Miss Robinson came in the day after as they were sitting down to tea. Mr. Jobling, who was in his shirt-sleeves, just had time to disappear as the girl passed the window. His wife let her in, and after five remarks about the weather sat listening in grim pleasure to the efforts of Mr. Jobling to find his coat. He found it at last, under a chair cushion, and, somewhat red of face, entered the room and greeted the visitor.

Conversation was at first rather awkward. The girl's eyes wandered round the room and paused in astonishment on the pink vases; the beauty of the rug also called for notice.

"Yes, they're pretty good," said Mr. Jobling, much gratified by her approval.

"Beautiful," murmured the girl. "What a thing it is to have money!" she said, wistfully.

"I could do with some," said Mr. Jobling, with jocularity. He helped himself to bread and butter and began to discuss money and how to spend it. His ideas favoured retirement and a nice little place in the country.

"I wonder you don't do it," said the girl, softly.

Mr. Jobling laughed. "Gingell and Watson don't pay on those lines," he said.

"We do the work and they take the money."

"It's always the way," said the girl, indignantly; "they have all the luxuries, and the men who make the money for them all the hardships. I seem to know the name Gingell and Watson. I wonder where I've seen it?"

"In the paper, p'r'aps," said Mr. Jobling.

"Advertising?" asked the girl.

Mr. Jobling shook his head. "Robbery," he replied, seriously. "It was in last week's paper. Somebody got to the safe and got away with nine hundred pounds in gold and bank-notes."

"I remember now," said the girl, nodding. "Did they catch them?"

"No, and not likely to," was the reply.

Miss Robinson opened her big eyes and looked round with an air of pretty defiance. "I am glad of it," she said.

"Glad?" said Mrs. Jobling, involuntarily breaking a self-imposed vow of silence. "Glad?"

The girl nodded. "I like pluck," she said, with a glance in the direction of Mr. Jobling; "and, besides, whoever took it had as much right to it as Gingell and Watson; they didn't earn it."

Mrs. Jobling, appalled at such ideas, glanced at her husband to see how he received them. "The man's a thief," she said, with great energy, "and he won't enjoy his gains."

"I dare say—I dare say he'll enjoy it right enough," said Mr. Jobling, "if he ain't caught, that is."

"I believe he is the sort of man I should like," declared Miss Robinson, obstinately.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Jobling; "and I've no doubt he'd like you. Birds of a——"

"That'll do," said her husband, peremptorily; "that's enough about it. The guv'nors can afford to lose it; that's one comfort."

He leaned over as the girl asked for more sugar and dropped a spoonful in her cup, expressing surprise that she should like her tea so sweet. Miss Robinson, denying the sweetness, proffered her cup in proof, and Mrs. Jobling sat watching with blazing eyes the antics of her husband as he sipped at it.

"Sweets to the sweet," he said, gallantly, as he handed it back.

Miss Robinson pouted, and, raising the cup to her lips, gazed ardently at him over the rim. Mr. Jobling, who certainly felt not more than twenty-two that evening, stole her cake and received in return a rap from a teaspoon. Mr. Jobling retaliated, and Mrs. Jobling, unable to eat, sat looking on in helpless fury at little arts of fascination which she had discarded—at Mr. Jobling's earnest request—soon after their marriage.

By dint of considerable self-control, aided by an occasional glance from her husband, she managed to preserve her calm until he returned from seeing the visitor to her tram. Then her pent-up feelings found vent. Quietly scornful at first, she soon waxed hysterical over his age and figure. Tears followed as she bade him remember what a good wife she had been to him, loudly claiming that any other woman would have poisoned him long ago. Speedily finding that tears were of no avail, and that Mr. Jobling seemed to regard them rather as a tribute to his worth than otherwise, she gave way to fury, and, in a fine, but unpunctuated passage, told him her exact opinion of Miss Robinson.

"It's no good carrying on like that," said Mr. Jobling, magisterially, "and, what's more, I won't have it."

"Walking into my house and making eyes at my 'usband," stormed his wife.

"So long as I don't make eyes at her there's no harm done," retorted Mr. Jobling "I can't help her taking a fancy to me, poor thing."

"I'd poor thing her," said his wife.

"She's to be pitied," said Mr. Jobling, sternly. "I know how she feels. She can't help herself, but she'll get over it in time. I don't suppose she thinks for a moment we have noticed her—her—her liking for me, and I'm not going to have her feelings hurt."

"What about my feelings?" demanded his wife.

"*You* have got me," Mr. Jobling reminded her.

The nine points of the law was Mrs. Jobling's only consolation for the next few days. Neighbouring matrons, exchanging sympathy for information, wished, strangely enough, that Mr. Jobling was their husband. Failing that they offered Mrs. Jobling her choice of at least a hundred plans for bringing him to his senses.

Mr. Jobling, who was a proud man, met their hostile glances as he passed to and from his work with scorn, until a day came when the hostility vanished and gave place to smiles. Never so many people in the street, he thought, as he returned from work; certainly never so many smiles. People came hurriedly from their back premises to smile at him, and, as he reached his door, Mr. Joe Brown opposite had all the appearance of a

"THEY OFFERED MRS. JOBLING HER CHOICE OF AT LEAST A HUNDRED PLANS FOR BRINGING HIM TO HIS SENSES."

human sunbeam. Tired of smiling faces, he yearned for that of his wife. She came out of the kitchen and met him with a look of sly content. The perplexed Mr. Jobling eyed her morosely.

"What are you laughing at me for?" he demanded.

"I wasn't laughing at you," said his wife.

She went back into the kitchen and sang blithely as she bustled over the preparations for tea. Her voice was feeble, but there was a triumphant effectiveness about the high notes which perplexed the listener sorely. He seated himself in the new easy-chair—procured to satisfy the supposed æsthetic tastes of Miss Robinson—and stared at the window.

"You seem very happy all of a sudden," he growled, as his wife came in with the tray.

"Well, why shouldn't I be?" inquired Mrs. Jobling. "I've got everything to make me so."

Mr. Jobling looked at her in undisguised amazement.

"New easy-chair, new vases, and a new hearthrug," explained his wife, looking round the room. "Did you order that little table you said you would?"

"Yes," growled Mr. Jobling.

"Pay for it?" inquired his wife, with a trace of anxiety.

"Yes," said Mr. Jobling again.

Mrs. Jobling's face relaxed. "I shouldn't like to lose it at the last moment," she said. "You 'ave been good to me lately, Bill; buying all these nice things. There's not many women have got such a thoughtful husband as what I have."

"Have you gone dotty? or what?" inquired her husband.

"It's no wonder people like you," pursued Mrs. Jobling, ignoring the question, and smiling again as she placed three chairs at the table. "I'll wait a minute or two before I soak the tea; I expect Miss Robinson won't be long, and she likes it fresh."

Mr. Jobling, to conceal his amazement and to obtain a little fresh air, walked out of the room and opened the front door.

"Cheer oh!" said the watchful Mr. Brown, with a benignant smile.

Mr. Jobling scowled at him.

"It's all right," said Mr. Brown. "You go in and set down; I'm watching for her."

He nodded reassuringly, and, not having curiosity enough to accept the other's offer and step across the road and see what he would get, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked with exaggerated anxiety up the road. Mr. Jobling, heavy of brow, returned to the parlour and looked hard at his wife.

"She's late," said Mrs. Jobling, glancing at the clock. "I do hope she's all right, but I should feel anxious about her if she was my gal. It's a dangerous life."

"Dangerous life!" said Mr. Jobling, roughly. "What's a dangerous life?"

"Why, hers," replied his wife, with a nervous smile. "Joe Brown told me. He followed her 'ome last night, and this morning he found out all about her."

The mention of Mr. Brown's name caused Mr. Jobling at first to assume an air of indifference; but curiosity overpowered him.

"What lies has he been telling?" he demanded.

"I don't think it's a lie, Bill," said his wife, mildly. "Putting two and two——"

"What did he say?" cried Mr. Jobling, raising his voice.

"He said, 'She—she's a lady detective,'" stammered Mrs. Jobling, putting her handkerchief to her unruly mouth.

"A tec!" repeated her husband. "A lady tec?"

Mrs. Jobling nodded. "Yes, Bill. She—she—she——"

"Well?" said Mr. Jobling, in exasperation.

"She's being employed by Gingell and Watson," said his wife.

Mr. Jobling sprang to his feet, and with scarlet face and clenched fists strove to assimilate the information and all its meaning.

"What—what did she come here for? Do you mean to tell me she thinks *I* took the money?" he said, huskily, after a long pause.

Mrs. Jobling bent before the storm. "I think she took a fancy to you, Bill," she said, timidly.

Mr. Jobling appeared to swallow something; then he took a step nearer to her. "You let me see you laugh again, that's all," he said, fiercely. "As for that Jezzybill——"

"There she is," said his wife, as a knock sounded at the door. "Don't say anything to hurt her feelings, Bill. You said she was to be pitied. And it must be a hard life to 'ave to go round and flatter old married men. I shouldn't like it."

Mr. Jobling, past speech, stood and glared at her. Then, with an inarticulate cry, he rushed to the front door and flung it open. Miss Robinson, fresh and bright, stood smiling outside. Within easy distance a little group of neighbours were making conversation, while opposite Mr. Brown awaited events.

"What d'you want?" demanded Mr. Jobling, harshly.

Miss Robinson, who had put out her hand, drew it back and gave him a swift glance. His red face and knitted brows told their own story.

"Oh!" she said, with a winning smile, "will you please tell Mrs. Jobling that I can't come to tea with her this evening?"

"Isn't there anything else you'd like to say?" inquired Mr. Jobling, disdainfully, as she turned away.

The girl paused and appeared to reflect. "You can say that I am sorry to miss an amusing evening," she said, regarding him steadily. "Good-bye."

Mr. Jobling slammed the door.

"'I AM SORRY TO MISS AN AMUSING EVENING,' SHE SAID."

"*My Best Picture.*"

BY THE MOST EMINENT GERMAN PAINTERS

By Adrian Margaux.

THE art of Germany differs in one important respect from that of England or of France. The art of England is practically centred in London, and that of France in Paris; there are in both countries, of course, a few painters of eminence who draw their inspiration from some particular part of the national life, but to all intents and purposes the national art of the time can be fully studied in the two capitals. In Germany the condition of things is quite otherwise. Berlin, as an art centre, is excelled by Munich; and there are painters of power and distinction in such towns as Dresden, Düsseldorf, Leipzig, and Karlsrühe. It is to be remembered, of course, that Germany is a confederation of States, and the separate artistic life of Bavaria and Prussia, at least, continues to flourish, regardless of political changes. Throughout Germany there is no institution corresponding to our Royal Academy of Arts or the French "Académie des Beaux-Arts." Munich has its Artists' Association and the Secession Society, and in Berlin and the other chief cities there are organizations for holding annual exhibitions of new pictures. In all the cities I have mentioned there are excellent training-schools, and professorships of these institutions would appear to be a mark of distinction similar to membership of the R.A. in our own country.

Since the death of Adolphe von Menzel, the most eminent member of the Berlin artists is probably Ludwig Knaus—who has succeeded him as honorary member of our R.A.; whilst in Munich no one is more honoured than Franz Defregger. To these two artists accordingly first place is given in their answer to the question: "By which of your pictures, above all others, would you prefer to be introduced to the readers of The Strand Magazine?"

The choice of Herr Knaus, who is a

"THE UNSUCCESSFUL PEACEMAKER." By LUDWIG KNAUS.

Selected by the Artist as his Best Picture.

"THE LAST MUSTER." By T. DEFREGGER.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

veteran of seventy-six, wavered between three subjects—"The Peasants' Conference," "The Invalid," and "The Unsuccessful Peacemaker." The last-named picture, which we have reproduced, is characteristic of the artist's skill in depicting domestic incident, although lacking the humour which has made some of his other works very popular in Germany; and it was as presenting his art in the light in which it was most pleasing to him that Herr Knaus finally selected "The Unsuccessful Peacemaker."

It will be seen that the peacemaker, whose mediation has been so far unavailing, is the parish priest, and a glance at the good yet simple furnishing of the room in which he is sitting shows that it is in his own house that he is endeavouring to adjust the difference which has arisen between two young members of his flock who have apparently but recently married. The priest himself, long hookah in his hand, with which he is accustomed to enjoy an after-breakfast perusal of the newspaper, now lying neglected by his side, is a model of urbanity. Looking at the couple standing shamefacedly before him, one fancies that it is the man's surly temper which is prolonging the quarrel, and we can only hope that eventually it will yield to the cheerful admonition of the good Father. In the meantime the priest's servant, inquisitively peering in at the door, is an unsuspected onlooker at the scene. The whole picture, which was painted only a short time ago, gives us a realistic insight into a typical German interior.

Herr Knaus was born at Wiesbaden in 1829 and painted his first picture, "A Rustic Funeral," at the age of twenty-one. By Muther, the historian of the art of the last century, he is described as "a great master, one of the most justly famous of the modern German school."

"The Last Muster," the favourite child of Defregger's art, is typical of a number of pictures he has painted illustrating Tyrolese life and character. It represents an episode in the struggle for freedom against Napoleon, when young boys and old men were summoned for a desperate final effort to beat back the invaders.

The artist is himself a native of the Tyrol, whose heroism and romance he has most delighted to paint. He was born in 1835 in a farm among the mountains, and up to the age of fifteen he guarded his father's cattle on the pastures of Elderhof. It was in this occupation that the boy's instinct first

asserted itself, the long period of enforced leisure being occupied in sketching the surrounding scenery. At the age of twenty-three Defregger's father died; he then sold the farm, and left his native village to seek an art training, first in Innsbruck and then in Paris. For some time he was a pupil of Piloty, the great Munich painter.

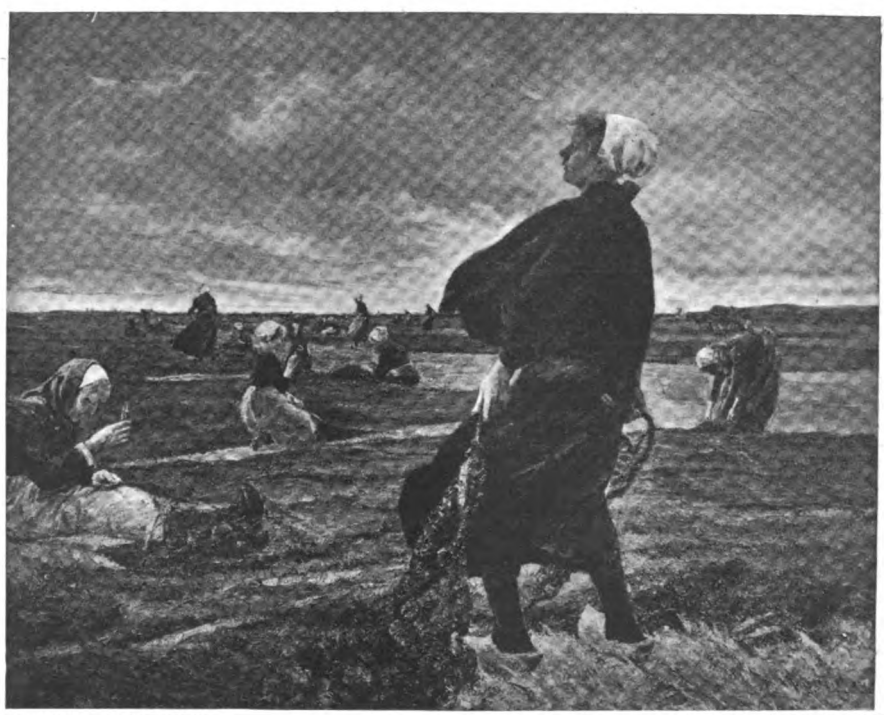
"The Last Muster," which was painted about 1872, made Defregger's reputation. It was followed by a sequel in 1876, "The Return of the Victor," which is almost as well known in Germany. Several of his other more celebrated pictures are devoted to incidents in the career of Andreas Hof, the William Tell of the Tyrol in the Napoleonic wars, and one of them hangs in the National Gallery at Berlin.

Max Liebermann, whose training as a student was partly in Barbizon, has been described as the Millet of Germany, and he at once made choice of a very Millet-like subject.

"I consider my picture, 'The Net-Menders,' to be the best I have painted. It gained the gold medal in the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and is now in the Hamburg Art Gallery."

Herr Liebermann selects this work as the most characteristic example of his characteristic style, but his many admirers would doubtless not all agree with him. Some would prefer the "Woman with Goats," in the Pinakothek at Munich; others, "Women Plucking Geese"; whilst not a few votes would probably be given to "The Bleach-yard." In other words, Max Liebermann has painted such a number of pictures of a similar kind with almost equal excellence that it is exceedingly interesting to have the master's own choice.

This painter was born in Berlin on July 29th, 1849; he was educated at its University, philosophy being his first choice, and he has always had his home there. But in the artistic sense he owes little or nothing to the German capital. As I have indicated, it was Barbizon which gave him inspiration, and the subjects of "The Net-Menders" and other pictures by which he has become famous are derived from the coast of Holland, where he regularly spends his summers. In Berlin he studied under Steffeck, a well-known painter of the last generation, and assisted him in the production of a picture of Sadowa. Under the Steffeck influence Liebermann's first picture was a "Christ in the Temple," with modern Hebrews for models. On these lines it is pretty certain that he would never have



"THE NET-MENDERS." By MAX LIEBERMANN.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

obtained the European reputation he now enjoys for his studies of picturesque rural industry.

Otto Kirberg, although living as far inland as Düsseldorf, has chosen for his brush subjects in some way associated with the sea. In his earlier life—the artist is in his fifty-sixth year—he was a merchant, and it was on

"A SEAMAN'S STORY." By OTTO KIRBERG.

By permission of the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

the voyages necessitated by his business that he developed his strong artistic interest in the mariner's life. For several years he gave all his leisure to the study of art, attending the Düsseldorf Academy under Wilhelm Sohn. His first important picture, "Cast Up By the Sea," was painted at the age of twenty-nine. It won the gold medal at the Berlin Exhibition, and was purchased for the National Gallery.

"A seaman who was employed on board a foreign vessel," says Herr Kirberg, in describing the picture which he prefers, "which at present is often the case in Holland, tells on his return to his family and friends what he has seen and what has happened to him." The sea itself is not brought into view in this picture, and to English eyes there is nothing particularly nautical about the young fellow who has just taken his pipe out of his mouth in order to emphasize some point in his narrative, the model ship on the shelf above him giving us a very slight clue to the artist's *motif*. But as a faithful picture of a present-day Dutch interior the picture is very interesting, and as such it will, I am sure, appeal to readers knowing little or nothing of Kirberg's reputation as a sea-painter among the German people.

"The best of my pictures for THE STRAND MAGAZINE," writes Professor A. Von Werner, one of Germany's leading historical painters, "is 'A Prisoner of War.' At the siege of Metz in 1870 one of the Prussian outposts took prisoner a married soldier, who was a native of the adjacent village of Tony-aux-Arches. On their way through that village they encounter the prisoner's wife, carrying their child in her arms. The kindly German soldiers permit husband and wife to have a few minutes' talk together, one of their number gallantly taking charge of the infant, in order that they may have the opportunity of a farewell embrace.

"I executed the sketch for the picture in 1870 during my stay at the head-quarters of the Crown Prince at Versailles, from details given to me by eye-witnesses of the incident. The scene is the chief street of Tony-aux-Arches, with the antique Roman aqueduct which crowns the street."

This picture is the more popular in Germany because of the comparative rarity with which its painters have found subjects in the great war that, on the other hand, has proved so prolific a source of inspiration to those of the vanquished nation. As Professor Von Werner indicates, he enjoyed exceptional facilities for painting such a picture as the guest of the Crown Prince of Prussia during the German occupation of the French capital. Not only did he hear the pathetic little scene described by the men who had taken part in it, but, living in the midst of an army, he was able to pick and choose his models from the most interesting and picturesque German military types of that period.

The Crown Prince had honoured the painter with this invitation in consequence of the great success he had then recently achieved with pictures founded on Schiller's poems and historical frescoes executed for the Gymnasium at Kiel. Von Werner was then a young man of twenty-seven, who had risen from obscure poverty. He was in his youth put to work as a house-painter, and was only enabled to study the higher art by the kindly aid of one or two artists in his native town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to whom his great talent happened to become known. He was sent to the Berlin Academy, and before completing his course of study had begun to produce the works whose number and variety have astonished his contemporaries. Compared with such great compositions as "Moltke's Entry Into Paris" and "Luther Before the Diet of Worms," the picture selected by the artist as his best is singularly modest and simple.

Having made his name by the decoration of the banqueting-hall at the Berlin Academy, and now holding the professorship of fresco painting in this institution, Hermann

"A PRISONER OF WAR." By A. VON WERNER.

By permission of F. Hanfstaengl.

SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Prell naturally refers to a work of this kind by way of reply to my question. His choice is of the fresco painting executed at the Palazzo Caffarelli, in Rome, by command of the German Emperor, as a compliment to Italy.

The whole cycle, as Professor Prell explains it to me, illustrates the year-myth of the earth according to the traditions of the Germanic Edda. Each of the four seasons is depicted, the picture which we reproduce

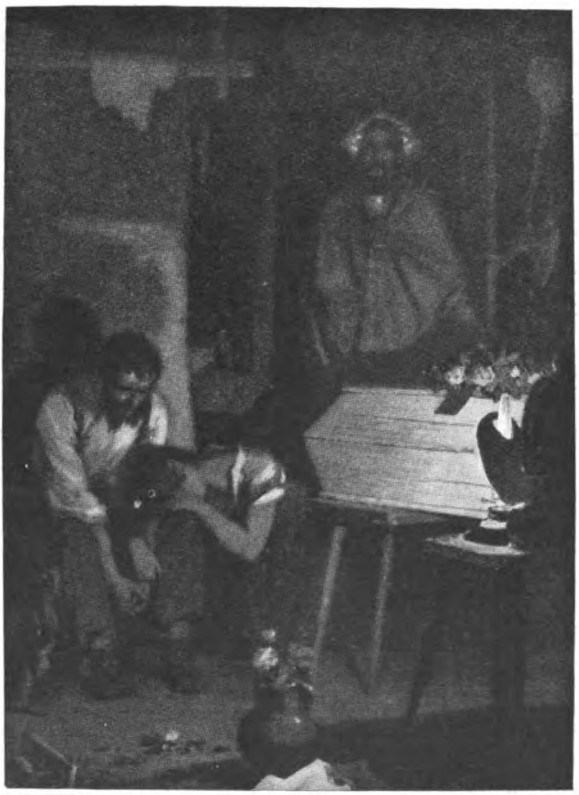
"SPRING." By HERMANN PRELL.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

showing Spring, the young God of the Sun, greeted by the swan maidens and asked to rescue the maiden of the earth, whom the giant of Winter is keeping in fetters.

"I should like this picture to be reproduced," he adds, "because it best gives an idea of the tendency of the art which I have executed in many museums and public buildings in Germany. In the Albertinium of Dresden I have produced similar frescoes in conjunction with sculpture."

Professor Prell, who was born at Leipzig just over fifty years ago and was trained at Dresden and Berlin, became famous as long ago as 1881-82 for this somewhat peculiar style of sculptural painting.

Herr Alexander Zick is a Berlin painter best known, I believe, for his mythological subjects, such as "Iphigenia" and "Psyche Conducted Across the Styx." But as his best picture he suggests "In the Hour of Suffering," one of a series of religious pictures which, under the inclusive title, "I Am With You Every Day," have attracted a good deal of attention from the German public in their black-and-white form. These pictures, as will be seen from "In the Hour of Suffering," require no explanation in the letterpress. They explain themselves, in all their faithful detail, with vivid force and emotional intensity.



"IN THE HOUR OF SUFFERING." By ALEXANDER ZICK.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Herr Zick, who was born at Coblentz, and first worked as a sculptor at Düsseldorf, studied painting under Ludwig Knaus, who is very proud of the success his pupil has achieved.

Fritz August von Kaulbach, with whose name is associated the striking study in feminine beauty,

"ROSARIO GUERRERO."
By F. A. VON KAULBACH.
By permission of F. Hanfstaengl.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

"Rosario Guerrero," belongs to a family of painters who for several generations have had a prominent share in German art annals. He was largely trained by his father, a distinguished portrait-painter of his day, although the Nuremberg Academy also claims some part in the cultivation of a talent which has been chiefly devoted to the portraying of beautiful femininity, albeit it has been mostly of the saintly style of Cecilia rather than the vivacious and sprightly embodied in "Rosario Guerrero." Besides that which he has chosen for reproduction in this Magazine, Herr von Kaulbach has produced another version of the "Guerrero"; painted as a dancer she is, in this other version, more daring and less conventional, but hardly more beautiful. Both pictures have become very popular in Germany—in this case the painter's taste apparently coincides with that of his public. The artist, who is in his fifty-sixth year, is very fond of the Sunny South, and it was in the Sunny South, I believe, that he found his model for the "Guerrero" pictures.

In rather different vein is the work of Arthur Kampf, a Berlin painter, who has chosen to be represented by "The Interval." At one time Herr Kampf was accused of being a "naturalist" and a "realist," and a well-known canvas of his, "The Last Deposition" — a workman, horribly wounded in a street brawl, giving his dying testimony to the police-officers— did something to justify this view. But there is no suggestion of this spirit in "The Interval," which is simply a clever study in artistic temperament. A violinist, probably the chief of an orchestra, is enjoying the few moments' interval in the concert, sitting with his instrument under his arm in negligent attitude, apparently chatting with an invisible companion, who is sharing the bottled refreshment by his side. It is only a slight piece of work, but it may well be that the delightfully free and careless figure better expresses Herr Kampf's art than any of his more elaborate compositions.

"THE INTERVAL." By ARTHUR KAMPF.
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.

Herr Kampf is a representative of the younger school of German painters, having only just passed his fortieth year. A native of Aix-la-Chapelle, he was at fifteen a distinguished pupil of the Düsseldorf Academy, and almost before he had left his teens behind him was painting the shockingly realistic works to which I have referred.

Professor Walther Firle, although only forty-six, has achieved something like a European reputation for his pictures of domestic life, usually tinged with religious feeling. He has received medals for these pictures in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Antwerp, etc., and one of them—"A Stronghold is Our God"—is to be seen in the Municipal Gallery at Glasgow. In Germany nearly every important town has acquired one or more of Professor Firle's works for its public collection.

"The Golden Wedding," by which he has chosen to be represented in this article, is quite a recent production, having been painted as lately as 1904. "I show a family gathering," says the Professor, in describing the picture, "that is not only festive and jubilant, but also full of the earnest feeling that such a celebration should bring with it. All ages are represented in the picture."

The son of a Breslau merchant, Professor Firle entered his father's office at the age of nineteen, but abandoned it in about a year to become a student of art at the Munich Academy. At the age of twenty-four he painted a picture, "Morning Devotion," which was purchased for the National Gallery at Berlin. For the last twenty years he has continued to reside in Munich, one of the most prosperous and prolific of German painters.

"The Golden Wedding" is a somewhat familiar theme in art, but it will be seen that Professor Firle has given his subject a distinctively German touch. National feeling and character, indeed, are to be observed in nearly all the pictures illustrating this article, and in this connection it may be noted that all these representative German artists received their entire training—with one or two unimportant exceptions—in their own native countries.

"THE GOLDEN WEDDING." By WALTHER FIRLE.

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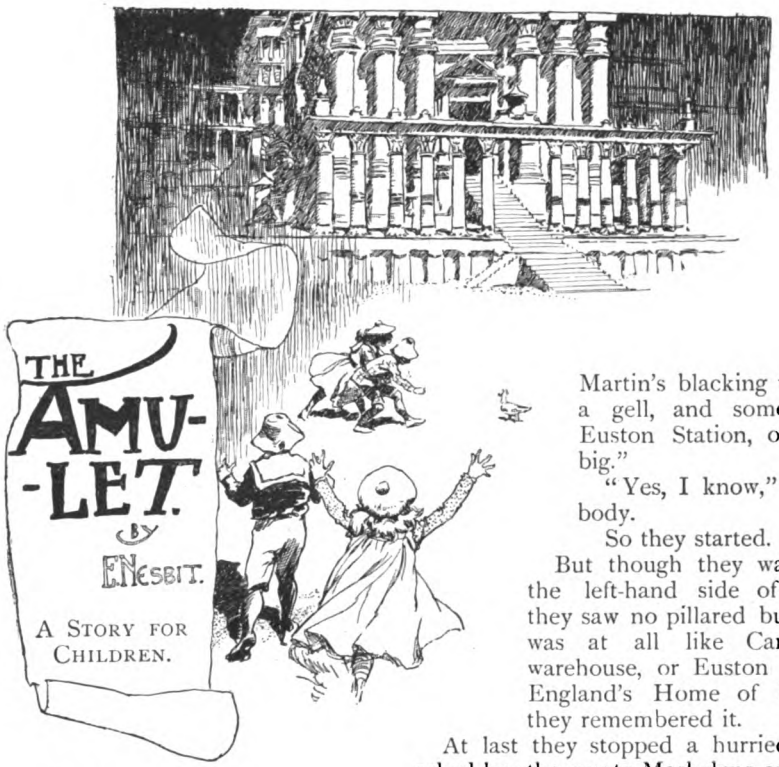
SELECTED BY THE ARTIST AS HIS BEST PICTURE.



CHAPTER XII.

THE END.

IF I only had time I could tell you lots of things—for instance, how, in spite of the advice of the psammead, the four children did, one very wet day, go through their amulet arch into the golden desert and there find the great temple of Baalbec, and meet with the Phœnix, whom they never thought to see again. But what I am now going to tell about is the adventure of Maskelyne and Cooke's and the unexpected apparition—which is also the beginning of the end.

It was nurse who broke into the gloomy music of the autumn rain on the window-panes by suggesting a visit to the Egyptian Hall, England's Home of Mystery. Though they had good but private reason to know that their own particular personal mystery was of a very different brand, the four all brightened at the idea. All children, as well as a good many grown-ups, love conjuring.

"It's in Piccadilly," said old nurse, carefully counting out the proper number of shillings into Cyril's hand. "Not so very far down on the left from the Circus; there's big pillars outside, something like Carter's seed place in Holborn, as used to be Day and Martin's blacking when I was a gell, and something like Euston Station, only not so big."

"Yes, I know," said everybody.

So they started.

But though they walked along the left-hand side of Piccadilly they saw no pillared building that was at all like Carter's seed warehouse, or Euston Station, or England's Home of Mystery as they remembered it.

At last they stopped a hurried lady, and asked her the way to Maskelyne and Cooke's.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said, pushing past them. "I always shop at the Stores." Which just shows, as Jane said, how ignorant grown-up people are.

It was a policeman who at last explained to them that England's Mysteries are now, appropriately enough, enacted at St. George's Hall.

So they tramped to Langham Place, and missed the first two items in the programme. But they were in time for the most wonderful magic appearances and disappearances, which they could hardly believe, even with all their knowledge of a larger magic, was not really done by magic after all.

There was a vacant seat next to Robert. And it was when all eyes were fixed on the stage, where Mr. Devant was pouring out glasses of all sorts of different things to drink out of one kettle with one spout, and the audience were delightedly tasting them, that Robert felt someone in that vacant seat. He did not feel someone sit down in it. It was just that one moment there was no one sitting there, and the next moment suddenly there was someone.

Robert turned. The someone who had suddenly filled that empty place was Rekhmarā—the priest of Amen!

Though the eyes of the audience were fixed on Mr. David Devant, Mr. David

Devant's eyes were fixed on the audience. And it happened that his eyes were more particularly fixed on that empty chair. So that he saw quite plainly the sudden appearance, from nowhere, of the Egyptian priest.

"A jolly good trick," he said to himself, "and worked under my own eyes in my own hall. I'll find out how that's done." He had never seen a trick that he could not do himself if he tried.

By this time a good many eyes in the audience had turned on the clean-shaven, curiously-dressed figure of the Egyptian priest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Devant, rising to the occasion, "this is a trick I have never before performed. The empty seat, third from the end, second row, gallery, you will now find occupied by an ancient Egyptian, warranted genuine."

He little knew how true his words were.

And now all eyes were turned on the priest and the children, and the whole audience, after a moment's breathless surprise, shouted applause. Only the lady on the other side of Rekh-marā drew back a little. She *knew* no one had passed her, and, as she said later, over tea and cold tongue, "it was that sudden it made my flesh creep."

Rekh-marā seemed very much annoyed at the notice he was exciting.

"Come out of this crowd," he whispered to Robert. "I must talk with you apart."

"Oh, *no!*" Jane whispered. "I did so want to see the Mascot Moth and the ventriloquist."

"How did you get here?" was Robert's return whisper.

"How did you get to Egypt and to Tyre?" retorted Rekh-marā. "Come, let us leave this crowd."

"There's no help for it, I suppose," Robert shrugged, angrily. But they all got up.

"Confederates," said a man in the row behind. "Now they go round to the back and take part in the next scene."

"I wish we did," said Robert.

"Confederate yourself," said Cyril. And so they got away, the audience applauding to the last.

In the vestibule of St. George's Hall they disguised Rekh-marā as well as they could, but even with Robert's hat and Cyril's Inverness cape he was too striking a figure for foot-exercise in the London streets. It had to be a cab, and it took the last money of all of them. They stopped the cab a few doors from home, and then the girls went in and engaged old nurse's attention by an account of the conjuring, and a fervent entreaty for dripping toast with their tea, leaving the front door open, so that while nurse was talking to them the boys could creep quietly in with Rekh-marā and smuggle him, unseen, up the stairs into their bedroom.

When the girls came up they found the Egyptian priest sitting on the side of Cyril's bed, his hands on his knees, looking like a statue of a king.

"Come on," said Cyril, impatiently; "he won't begin till we're all here; and shut the door, can't you?"

When the door was shut the Egyptian said:—

"My interests and yours are one."

"Very interesting," said Cyril; "and it'll be a jolly sight more interesting if you keep following us about in a decent country with no more clothes on than *that*."

"Peace," said the priest. "What is this country—and what is this *time?*"

"The country's England," said Anthea, "and the time's about six thousand years later than *your* time."

"The amulet, then," said the priest, deeply thoughtful, "gives the power to move to and fro in time as well as in space?"

"That's about it," said Cyril, gruffly. "Look here! It'll be tea-time directly; what are we to do with you?"

"You have one half of the amulet, I the other," said Rekh-marā. "All that is now needed is the pin to join them."

"Don't you think it," said Robert. "The half you've got is the same half as the one we've got."

"But the same thing cannot be in the same place and the same time, and yet be not one but twain," said the priest. "See, here is my half." He laid it on the Marcella counterpane. "Where is yours?"

Jane, watching the eyes of the others, unfastened the string of the amulet and laid it on the bed, but too far off for the priest to seize it—even if he had been so dishonourable. Cyril and Robert stood beside him ready to spring on him if one of his hands had moved but ever so little towards the magic treasure that was theirs. But his hands did not move—only his eyes opened very wide, and so did everyone else's. For the amulet the priest had worn quivered and shook, and then, as steel is drawn to the magnet, it was drawn across the white counterpane, nearer and nearer to the amulet warm from the neck of Jane. And then, as one drop of water mingles with

another on a rain-wrinkled window-pane, as one bead of quicksilver is drawn into another bead, Rekh-marā's amulet slipped into the other one, and behold there was no more but the one amulet.

"Black magic!" cried Rekh-marā, and sprang forward to snatch the amulet that had swallowed his. But Anthea caught it up; and at the same moment the priest was jerked back by a rope thrown over his head. It drew, tightened with the pull of his forward leap, and bound his elbows to his sides. Before he had time to use his strength to free himself Robert had knotted the cord behind him and tied it to the bedpost.

Then the four children, overcoming the priest's wrigglings and kickings, tied his legs with more rope.

"I thought," said Robert, breathing hard and drawing the last knot tight, "he'd have a try for *ours*. So I got the ropes out of the box-room, so as to be ready."

"THE PRIEST WAS JERKED BACK BY A ROPE THROWN OVER HIS HEAD."

The girls, with rather white faces, applauded his foresight.

"Loosen these bonds," cried Rekh-marā, in fury, "before I blast you with the seven secret curses of Amen-Rā."

"We shouldn't be likely to loose them *after*," Robert retorted.

"Oh, don't quarrel!" said Anthea, desperately. "We want to be friends. We want to help you. Let's make a treaty. Let's join together to *get* the amulet—the whole one, I mean. And then it shall belong to you as much as to us, and we shall all get our hearts' desire."

"Fair words," said the priest, "grow no onions."

"*We* say 'butter no parsnips,'" Jane put in; "but, don't you see, we *want* to be fair, only we want to bind you in the chains of honour and upright dealing."

"Will you deal fairly by us?" asked Robert.

"I will," said the priest; "by the sacred secret name that is written under the altar of Amen-Rā I will deal fairly by you. Will you, too, take the oath of honourable partnership?"

"No," said Anthea, on the instant, and added, rather rashly, "We don't swear in England, except in police-courts, where the guards are, you know, and you don't want to go there. But when we *say* we'll do a thing it's the same as an oath to us—we do it. You trust us and we'll trust you." She began to unbind his legs, and the boys hastened to untie his arms.

When he was free he stood up, stretched his arms, and laughed.

"Now," he said, "I am stronger than you. And my oath is void. I have sworn by nothing, and my oath is nothing likewise. For there *is* no secret sacred name under the altar of Amen-Rā."

"Oh, yes, there is!" said a voice from under the bed. Everyone started, Rekh-marā most of all. Cyril stooped and pulled out the bath of sand where the psammead slept.

"You don't know everything, though you *are* a Divine Father of the Temple of Amen," said the psammead, shaking itself till the sand fell tinkling on the bath edge. "There *is* a secret sacred name beneath the altar of Amen-Rā. Shall I call on that name?"

"No, no!" cried the priest, in terror.

"No!" said Jane, too. "Don't let's have any calling names!"

"Besides," said Rekh-marā, who had turned very white indeed under his natural brownness, "I was only going to say that though there isn't any name under——"

"There *is*," said the psammead, threateningly.

"Well, even if there *wasn't*, I will be bound by the wordless oath of your strangely upright land, and having said that I will be your friend—I will be it."

"Then that's all right," said the psammead, "and there's the tea bell. What are you going to do with your distinguished partner? He can't go down to tea like that, you know."

"You see we can't do anything till the third of December," said Anthea; "that's when we are to find the whole charm. What can we do with Rekh-marā till then?"

"Box-room," said Cyril, briefly, "and smuggle up his meals. It will be rather fun."

"Like a fleeting Cavalier concealed from exasperated Roundheads," said Robert. "Yes."

So Rekh marā was taken up to the box-room and made as comfortable as possible in a snug nook between an old nursery fender and the wreck of a big four-poster. They gave him a big rag-bag to sit on, and an old, moth-eaten fur coat off the nail on the door to keep him warm. And when they had had their own tea they took him some. He did not like the tea at all, but he liked the bread and butter and cake that went with it. They took it in turns to sit with him during the evening, and left him fairly happy and quite settled for the night.

But when they went up in the morning with a kipper, a quarter of which each of them had gone without at breakfast, Rekh-marā had vanished! There was the cosy corner, with the rag-bag and the moth-eaten fur coat, but the cosy corner was empty.

"Good riddance!" was naturally the first delightful thought in each mind. The second was less pleasing, because everyone at once remembered that since his amulet had been swallowed up by theirs—which hung once more round the neck of Jane—he could have no possible means of returning to his Egyptian past. Therefore he must be still in England, and, probably, somewhere quite near them, plotting mischief. The attic was searched to prevent mistakes, but quite vainly.

"The best thing we can do," said Cyril, is to go and tell the psammead and see what it says."

"No," said Anthea; "let's ask the learned gentleman. If anything *has* happened to Rekh-marā, a gentleman's advice would be more useful than a psammead's. And the learned gentleman'll only think it's a dream, like he always does."

They tapped at the door, and on the "Come in" entered. The learned gentleman was sitting in front of his untasted breakfast. Opposite him in the easy-chair sat Rekh-marā!

"Hush!" said the learned gentleman, very earnestly; "please hush! or the dream will go. I am learning—oh, what have I not learned in the last hour!"

"In the grey dawn," said the priest, "I left my hiding-place, and finding myself among these treasures from my own country I remained. I feel more at home here, somehow."

"Of course, I know it's a dream," said the learned gentleman, feverishly. "But, oh, ye gods, what a dream! By Jove——"

"Call not upon the gods," said the priest, "lest ye raise greater ones than you can control. Already," he explained to the children, "he and I are as brothers, and his welfare is dear to me as my own."

"He has told me," the learned gentleman began; but Robert interrupted. (This was no moment for manners.)

"Have you told him," he asked the priest, "all about the amulet?"

"No," said Rekh-marā.

"Then tell him now. He is very learned; perhaps he can tell us what to do."

Rekh-marā hesitated, then told; and, oddly enough, none of the children ever could remember afterwards what it was that he did tell. Perhaps he used some magic to prevent their remembering.

When he had done the learned gentleman was silent, leaning his elbow on the table and his head on his hand.

"Dear Jimmy," said Anthea, gently, "don't worry about it. We are sure to find it to-day, somehow."

"Yes," said Rekh-marā, "and perhaps with it, Death."

"It's to bring us our hearts' desire," said Robert.

"Who knows," said the priest, "what things undreamed of and infinitely desirable lie beyond the dark gates?"

"Oh, *don't!*" said Jane, almost whimpering.

The learned gentleman raised his head suddenly.

"Why not," he suggested, "go back into the past, at a moment when the amulet is unwatched? Wish to be with it, and that it shall be under your hand."

It was the simplest thing in the world! And yet none of them had ever thought of it.

"Come!" cried Rekh-marā, leaping up. "Come *now!*"

"May—may *I* come?" the learned gentleman timidly asked. "It's only a dream, you know."

"Come and welcome, oh, brother," Rekh-marā was beginning, but Cyril and Robert with one voice cried, "*No.*"

"You weren't with us in Atlantis," Robert added, "or you'd know better than to let him come."

"Dear Jimmy," said Anthea, "please don't ask to come. We'll go and be back again before you have time to know that we're gone."

"And he, too?"

"We must keep together," said Rekh-marā, "since there is but one perfect amulet, to which I and these children have equal claims."

Jane held up the amulet. Rekh-marā went first, and they all passed through the great arch into which the amulet grew at the name of power.

The learned gentleman saw through the arch a darkness lighted by smoky gleams. He rubbed his eyes. And he only rubbed them for ten seconds.

The children and the priest were in a small dark chamber. A square doorway of massive stone let in gleams of shifting light and the sound of many voices chanting a slow, strange hymn.

They stood listening. Now and then the chant quickened and the light grew brighter, as though fuel had been thrown on a fire.

"Where are we?" whispered Anthea.

"And when?" whispered Robert.

"This is some shrine near the beginnings of belief," said the Egyptian, shivering. "Take the amulet and come away. It is cold here in the morning of the world."

And then Jane felt that her hand was on a slab or table of stone, and, under her hand, something that felt like the charm that had so long hung round her neck. Only it was thicker. Twice as thick.

"It's *here!*" she said. "I've got it!" And she hardly knew the sound of her own voice.

"Come away," repeated Rekh-marā.

"I wish we could see more of this temple," said Robert, resistingly.

"Come away," the priest urged; "there is death all about and strong magic. Listen."

The chanting voices seemed to have grown louder, fiercer—the light stronger.

"They are coming!" cried Rekh-marā. "Quick! Quick! The amulet!"

Jane held it up.

"What a long time you've been rubbing your eyes," said Anthea. "Don't you see we've got back?" The learned gentleman merely stared at her.

"Miss Anthea — Miss Jane!" It was

"'THEY ARE COMING!' CRIED REKH-MARĀ."

nurse's voice, very much higher and squeakier and more excited than usual.

"Oh, bother!" said everyone, Cyril adding, "You just go on with the dream for a sec, Mr. Jimmy. We'll be back directly. Nurse'll come up if we don't. *She* wouldn't think Rekh-marā was a dream."

Then they went down. Nurse was in the hall, an orange envelope in one hand and a pink paper in the other.

"Your pa and ma's come home. 'Reach London eleven-fifteen. Prepare rooms,' and signed in their two names."

"Oh, hooray, hooray, hooray!" shouted the boys and Jane. But Anthea could not shout. She was nearer crying.

"Oh!" she said, almost in a whisper. "Then it *was* true. And we *have* got our hearts' desire."

"Mercy me!" said old nurse. "I shall have a nice to-do getting things straight for your pa and ma."

"Oh, never mind, nurse," said Jane, hugging her; "isn't it just too lovely for anything?"

"We'll come and help you," said Cyril; "there's just something upstairs we've got to settle up, and then we'll all come and help you."

"Get along with you," said old nurse, but she laughed jollily. "Nice help *you'll* be. I know you. And it's ten o'clock now."

There was, in fact, something upstairs that they had to settle—quite a considerable something, too. And it took much longer than they expected.

A hasty rush into the boys' room secured the psammead, very sandy and very cross.

"It doesn't matter how cross and sandy it is, though," said Anthea; "it ought to be there at the final council."

"It'll give the learned gentleman fits, I expect," said Robert, "when he sees it."

But it didn't.

"The dream is growing more and more wonderful," he exclaimed, when the psammead had been explained to him.

"Now," said Robert, "Jane has got the half amulet and I've got the whole. Show up, Jane."

Jane untied the string and laid her half amulet on the table, littered with dusty papers, and the clay cylinders, marked all over with little marks like the little prints of birds' little feet.

Robert laid down the whole amulet, and Anthea gently restrained the eager hand of the learned gentleman as it reached out yearningly towards the "perfect specimen."

And then, just as before on the Marcella quilt, so now on the dusty litter of papers and curiosities, the half amulet quivered and shook, and then, as steel is drawn to a magnet, it was drawn across the dusty manuscripts, nearer and nearer to the perfect amulet, warm from the pocket of Robert. And then, as one drop of water mingles with another when the panes of the window are wrinkled with rain, as one bead of mercury is drawn into another bead, the half amulet, that was the children's and was also Rekh-marā's, slipped into the whole amulet, and behold there was only one—the perfect and ultimate charm.

"And *that's* all right," said the psammead, breaking a breathless silence.

"Yes," said Anthea, "and we've got our hearts' desire. Father and mother and the Lamb are coming home to-day."

"But what about me?" said Rekh-marā.

"What *is* your heart's desire?" Anthea asked.

"Great and deep learning," said the priest, without a moment's hesitation. "A learning greater and deeper than that of any man of my land and my time. But learning too great is useless. If I go back to my own land and my own age, who will believe my tales of what I have seen in the future? Let me stay here and be the great knower of all that has been, in that our time, so living to me, so old to you, about which your learned men speculate unceasingly, and often, *he* tells me, vainly."

"If I were you," said the psammead, "I should ask the amulet about that. It's a dangerous thing, trying to live in a time that's not your own. You can't breathe an air that's thousands of centuries ahead of your lungs without feeling the effects of it, sooner or later. Prepare the mystic circle and consult the amulet."

"Oh, *what* a dream!" cried the learned gentleman. "Dear children, if you love me—and I think you do, in dreams and out of them—prepare the mystic circle and consult the amulet."

They did. As once before, when the sun had shone in August splendour, they crouched in a circle on the floor. Now the air outside was thick and yellow with the fog that, by some strange decree, always attends the Cattle Show week. And in the street costers were shouting. Jane said—for the last time—the word of power, "Ur-hekan-setcheh." And instantly the light went out, and all the sounds went out too, so that there was a silence and a darkness, both deeper than any

darkness or silence that you have ever even dreamed of imagining. It was like being deaf and blind, only darker and quieter even than that.

Then out of that vast darkness and silence came a light and a voice. The light was too faint to see anything by, and the voice was too small for you to hear what it said. But the light and the voice grew. And the light was the light that no man may look on and live, and the voice was the sweetest and most terrible voice in the world. The children cast down their eyes—and so did everyone.

"I speak," said the voice; "what is it that you would hear?"

There was a pause. Everyone was afraid to speak.

"What are we to do about Rekh-marā?" said Robert, suddenly and abruptly. "Shall he go back through the amulet to his own time, or——"

"No one can pass through the amulet now," said the beautiful terrible voice, "to any land or any time. Only when it was imperfect could such things be. And men may pass through the perfect charm to the perfect union, which is not of time or space."

"Would you be so very kind," said Anthea, tremulously, "as to speak so that we can understand you? The psammead said something about Rekh-marā not being able to live here, and if he can't get back——" She stopped. Her heart was beating desperately — in her throat, as it seemed.

"No body can continue to live in a land and in a time not appointed," said the voice of glorious sweetness; "but a soul may live, if in that other time and land there be found a soul so akin to it as to offer it refuge in the body of that land and time, that thus they two may be one soul in one body."

The children exchanged discouraged glances; but the eyes of Rekh-marā and the learned gentleman met, and were kind to each other, and promised each other many things, secret and sacred and very beautiful.

Anthea saw the look.

"Oh, but," she said, without at all meaning to say it, "dear Jimmy's soul isn't at all like Rekh-marā's, I'm certain it isn't. I don't want to be rude, but it *isn't*, you know. Dear Jimmy's soul is as good as gold, and——"

"Nothing that is not good can pass beneath the double arch of my perfect amulet," said the voice; "if both are willing, say the word of power and let the two souls become one for ever and evermore."

"Shall I?" asked Jane.

"Yes."

"Yes."

The voices were those of the Egyptian priest and the learned gentleman, and the voices were eager, alive, thrilled with hope

"THE CHILDREN CAST DOWN THEIR EYES—AND SO DID EVERYONE."

and the desire of great things. So Jane took the amulet from Robert and held it up between the two men, and said, for the last time, the word of power :—

"Ur-hekan-setcheh."

The perfect amulet grew into a double arch ; the two arches leaned to each other—making a great A.

"A stands for Amen," whispered Jane. "What he was a priest of."

"Hush!" breathed Anthea.

The great double arch glowed in and through the green light that had been there since the name of power had just been spoken ; it glowed with a light more bright yet more soft than the other light—a light that the children could bear to look upon—a glory and splendour and sweetness unspeakable.

"Come!" cried Rekh-marā, holding out his hands.

"Come!" cried the learned gentleman ; and he also held out his hands.

Each moved forward, under the glowing, glorious arch of the perfect amulet.

Then Rekh-marā quivered and shook, and, as steel is drawn to a magnet, he was drawn under the arch of magic, nearer and nearer to the learned gentleman. And, as one drop of water mingles with another when the window-glass is rain-wrinkled, as one quicksilver bead is drawn to another quicksilver bead, Rekh-marā, Divine Father of the Temple of Amen-Rā, was drawn into, slipped into, disappeared into, and was one with Jimmy, the good, beloved, and learned gentleman.

And suddenly it was good daylight, and the December sun shone. The fog had passed away like a dream.

The amulet was there, little and complete, in Jane's hand, and there were the other children and the psammead and the learned gentleman. But Rekh-marā—or the body of Rekh-marā—was not there any more. As for his soul——

"Oh, the horrid thing!" cried Robert, and put his foot on a centipede as long as your finger, that crawled and wriggled and squirmed at the learned gentleman's feet.

"*That*," said the psammead, "was the evil in the soul of Rekh-marā."

There was a deep silence.

"Then Rekh-marā's *him* now," said Jane, at last.

"All that was good in Rekh-marā," said the psammead.

"He *ought* to have his heart's desire too," said Anthea, in a sort of stubborn gentleness.

"*His* heart's desire," said the psammead, "is the perfect amulet you hold in your hand. Yes—and has been ever since he first saw the broken half of it."

"We've got ours," said Anthea, softly.

"Yes," said the psammead. Its voice was crosser than they had ever heard it. "Your parents are coming home. And what's to become of *me?* I shall be found out and made a show of, and degraded in every possible way. I *know* they'll make me go into Parliament—hateful place—all mud and no sand. That beautiful Baalbec temple in the desert! Plenty of good sand there, and no politics! I wish I were there, safe in the past, that I do."

"I wish you were," said the learned gentleman absently, yet polite as ever.

The psammead swelled itself up, turned its long snail's eyes in one last lingering look at Anthea—a loving look, she always said, and thought—and—vanished!

"Well," said Anthea, after a silence, "I suppose it's happy. The only thing it ever did really care for was *sand*."

"My dear children," said the learned gentleman, "I must have fallen asleep. I've had the most extraordinary dream."

"I hope it was a nice one," said Cyril, with courtesy.

"Yes—I feel a new man after it. Absolutely a new man."

There was a ring at the front-door bell, the opening of a door, voices. "It's *them!*" cried Robert. A thrill ran through four hearts. "Here," cried Anthea, snatching the amulet from Jane and pressing it into the hand of the learned gentleman, "here—it's *yours*—your very own, a present from us, because you're Rekh-marā as well as—I mean because you're such a dear."

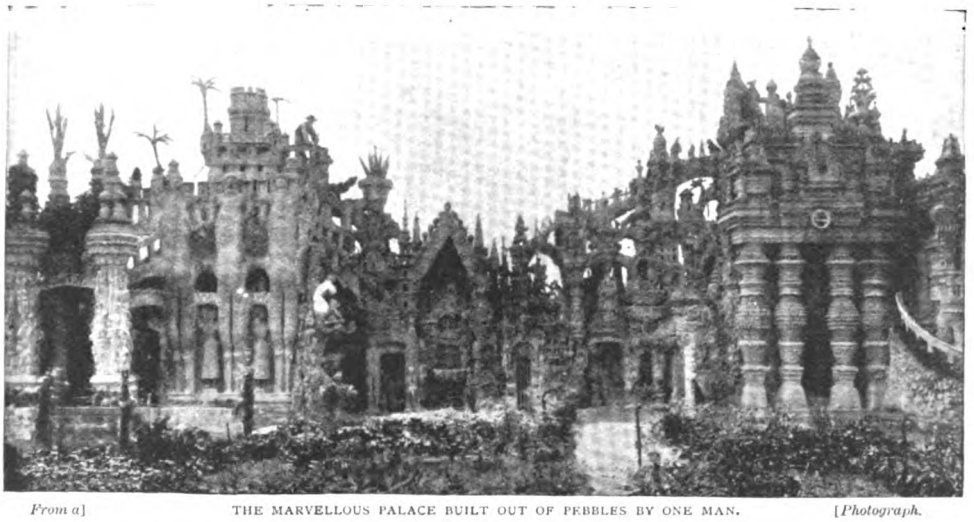
She hugged him briefly but fervently, and the four swept down the stairs to the hall, where a cabman was bringing in boxes, and where, heavily disguised in travelling cloaks and wraps, was their hearts' desire—threefold : mother, father, and the Lamb.

"Bless me!" said the learned gentleman, left alone ; "bless me! What a treasure! The dear children! It must be their affection that has given me these luminous *aperçus*. I seem to see so many things now—things I never saw before! The dear children! The dear, dear children!"

THE END.

A Postman's Palace.

By Geo. A. Best.



From a] THE MARVELLOUS PALACE BUILT OUT OF PEBBLES BY ONE MAN. *[Photograph.*

"I BUILT little by little, in a dream, a fantastic palace, with grottoes, towers, and sculptures—the whole so beautiful and picturesque that I treasured its living picture for ten long years before the first stone was laid."

Such is the builder's own description of a "castle in the air" which, instead of vanishing into space in the manner of the majority of fairy palaces, actually descended to earth and became materialized at the will of its creator. Abundant proof of the imposing dimensions of this marvellous temple is furnished by the accompanying photographs, and visitors to Hauterive, in the department of Drôme (famous as the birthplace of ex-President Loubet) may behold the palace, as it exists to-day, in all its natural colouring and wealth of fantastic detail.

The architect, builder, and owner of this strangely-fashioned pile is a recently-retired postman, by name François Cheval, who for the past thirty years has carried letters for the French Government. Every one of the millions of stones which the palace contains has been collected by the postman on his daily rounds, and every inch of the building was constructed by his own hands. It is Cheval's proud boast that the temple is a materialized fantasy which contains "all that a man is able to dream." Here, he says, "are represented in stone all the animals and plants both of ancient and modern times," and, although this assertion cannot be taken too seriously, it is a fact that the place is a veritable wonderland of grotesque creatures, some wrought by Nature, which had fashioned the stones into fabulous forms, and others sculptured by the hand of the builder, who constructed whatever figure was suggested by the shape and colour of the stones collected.

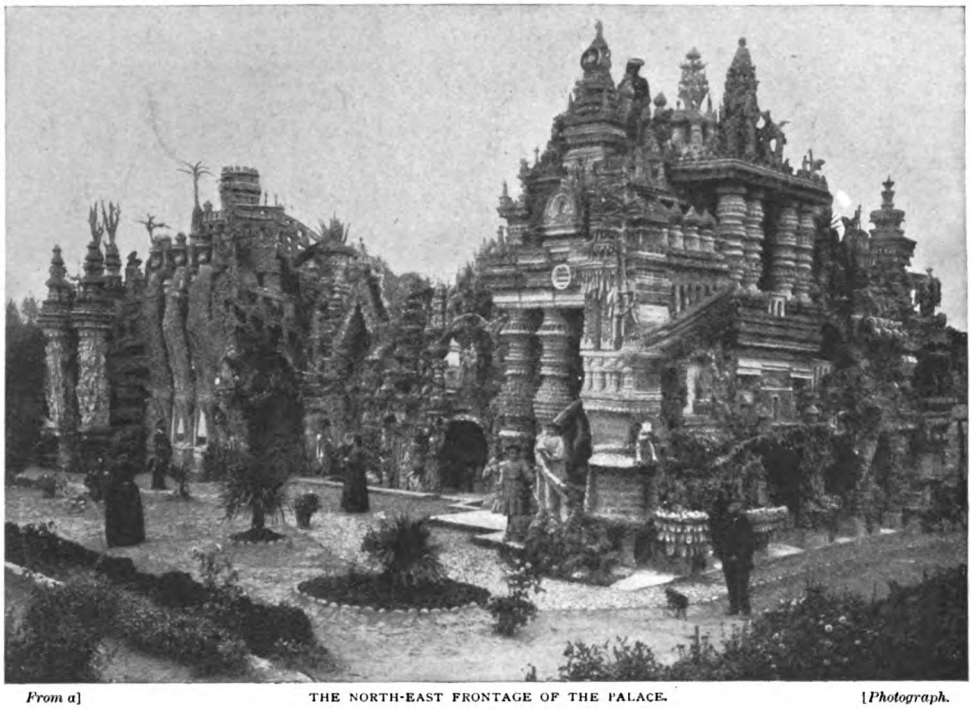
FRANÇOIS CHEVAL, THE FRENCH POSTMAN, WHO DESIGNED AND BUILT THE PALACE.
From a Photograph.

Cheval declares that every day for twenty-six years he carried to the site of his palace from sixty to eighty pounds of stones gathered from the land in its vicinity, which has been reclaimed from the sea, and that no less than three thousand five hundred sacks of cement, costing two hundred pounds, were employed in the construction. So the postman of Hauterive is not only a capitalist in a small way and an architect of no mean order, but he is also a labourer whose energy and determination are almost past belief.

An analysis of the architecture of this weird conception

is impossible; there are so many types embraced on each of its four frontages, while the total shows a jumble of ideas which, although by no means displeasing in their general effect, are scarcely capable of serious criticism at the hands of an expert. One frontage is suggestive of the East, inasmuch as it exhibits an Arabian mosque and a Buddhist temple; another brings us back to the West by an imitation of a Swiss châlet; and a third bristles with

plished by hard work and perseverance. When I first acquired the land and began to work, my neighbours were astonished; they thought I was mad! Now, however, they think differently. People come from all parts of the country to see the palace; the average number of visitors is fifty per day, and they include many English and Germans. Ex-President Loubet has heard of my work. I am hoping that one day he may come to see it and write his name in the visitors' book."



From a] THE NORTH-EAST FRONTAGE OF THE PALACE. *[Photograph.*

the slender spires of a pagoda which crowns a massive archway and stone balustrade. There are huge pillars supporting urns and pinnacles; battlemented towers and Venetian staircases. Quaint Egyptian gods rub shoulders with figures of the Evangelists; crocodiles, deer, and pelicans fraternize with weirdly-fashioned animals of prehistoric type. There are allegorical groups, angels, sarcophagi, devils, and Druids; subterranean passages display rude stone figures of elephants, bears, ostriches, flamingoes, and geese, and the faces of weird unknown gods, with heavy lips and half-closed eyes, peer down curiously from the walls of the catacombs.

"It was not my original intention to make the palace a dwelling-place for myself," replied Cheval, in answer to a question. "I only wished to show what might be accom-

Asked if he had ever studied architecture, Cheval replied in the negative. "I have no real knowledge in that direction," he admitted; "all my ideas came to me in dreams, and these strange dreams kept me continually at work, for I always found something new to add to the building. The middle of the eastern front was completed first; it represents a Swiss chalêt and is mostly composed of very small stones. Then followed the adjoining portion, which shows three gigantic Egyptian gods supporting a 'castle of the Middle Ages.' On the right-hand side of the same frontage are the four massive pillars which form part of an Arabian mosque."

These details will be found in our photograph of the eastern frontage at the head of this article.

The most impressive view of this weird

and wonderful structure is shown in the picture which represents the north easterly aspect, for it is here that the marvellous conglomeration of ideas blends most harmoniously and the multitudinous details are shown to the best advantage. In reply to a question as to how the larger stones were raised to the required altitude, Cheval replied briefly, "I put them on my back and used a ladder."

In this way, what is perhaps the quaintest and most remarkable building in the world grew slowly day by day until, twenty-six years after the first stone was laid, the Temple of Perseverance was completed in every one of those innumerable and complex details which its creator had planned, and the dream of a lifetime realized. Not until a quarter of a century had elapsed did the outside world learn of this marvellous achievement; and the fairyland palace, conceived when the postman was comparatively young and commenced at the period of middle age, was not declared open to the inspection of a wonder-loving public until its builder had nearly reached the allotted span of "three score and ten." Now he is quite a celebrity in his own country, and when François Cheval is laid to rest in that tomb which he has excavated deep down in the foundations of his own creation he will leave behind a living monument of industry such as no man of humble station has ever left before—a monument which, for the benefit of future generations, it is to be hoped that the fingers of man will treat with reverence and the hand of Time with gentleness.

The terrace on the roof is approached by four flights of stone stairs and decorated with gigantic urns and innumerable figures of animals and birds. From this another staircase leads the visitor to the highest point of the building in the form of a mediæval castle, the tower of which is no less than thirty-five feet from the ground.

What is, perhaps, the most gruesome feature of this somewhat nightmarish building is Cheval's own tomb, which is situated in the catacombs below, and is proudly exhibited by the ex-postman as the most elaborately-sculptured niche of the palace. Here the weirdest of graven images keep watch, and the neighbouring passages are densely populated with fantastic creations which are well in harmony with the darkness surrounding them. Over the gateway which forms the entrance to the catacombs there is a whole town of beautifully-sculptured buildings in miniature—in fact, every foot of the high wall above represents either a tiny castle, tower, or mansion.

On Cheval's death the palace will pass into the hands of his son—truly a strange legacy!

From a] THE ENTRANCE TO CHEVAL'S TOMB IN THE CATACOMBS UNDER THE PALACE. *[Photograph.*

Curiosities.

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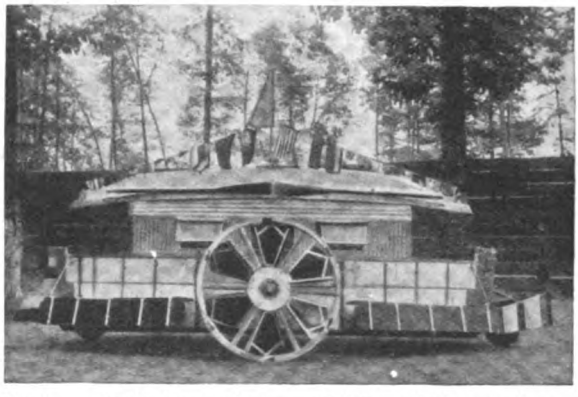
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

AN AMPHIBIOUS CARAVAN.



"To travel over land and water without change of conveyance is what Mr. Anton Schmidt claims for the curious but ingenious contrivance here illustrated. Mr. Schmidt, who is an ardent collector of insects, has been anxious for some time past to undertake an expedition in a remote country extending over several weeks, for the purpose of adding to his collection. But he has not been able to do so on account of the expense it would entail in having to procure a suitable caravan. Consequently he set to work to build this amphibious vehicle. The large wheels situate in the centre are 5ft. high, and built with only six spokes. Between the spokes are hinged flaps, which, when it is desired to take the water, are opened as shown in the illustration, and act as paddle-wheels. Carried in an inverted position on the roof of the cabin is a small rowboat capable of holding six persons. The caravan itself is capable of accommodating fifteen persons. Photograph by the Beltzer Studio."—Miss A. M. Steven, 132, Sabine Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

GROTESQUE GONGS.

"Grotesque figures like the one shown below are familiar sights in Java. They are made from logs of wood hollowed out, with an oblong opening down the centre, and when struck with a wooden club resound like a gong. Placed by villages and along the roadsides at intervals of one or two miles, they are struck by native watchmen at the hours of night, and to announce the times for the coolies to commence and to knock off work. They are also sounded in a peculiar way to indicate that a fire has broken out, and in another fashion to give public warning that some unfortunate native has run amuck. The special function of this particular one is to announce the approach of the train at Kraksaan, near Sourabaya."—Mr. Lionel E. Adams, Oak Hill, Chart Road, Reigate.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT'S CURIOUS WEDDING PRESENT.

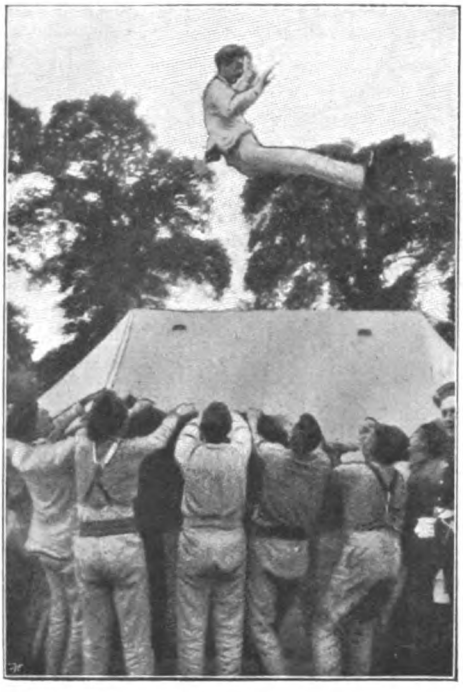
"The most curious of all Mrs. Longworth's wedding presents was a picture done in butterfly wings sent by an admirer in Milwaukee. About two thousand butterflies have been used to make the picture. The colours, needless to add, are extremely beautiful." — Mr. Percy Trenchard, 6,415, Saybrook Avenue, Philadelphia.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

Seeing a row of fishermen sitting side by side on the banks of the River Seine appears to have inspired the mind of an enterprising advertiser with the brilliant idea that, if he could persuade a set of such fishermen each to bear on his back a board with one letter of the name under which he traded, it would attract a good deal of attention, and prove an effective advertisement. Incidentally, also, the words "High Life Tailor" might be taken as further evidence of the "*entente*," and the readiness with which our Parisian friends adopt certain English phrases for current use. Photograph taken by Gribayedoff, and supplied by Nops, Limited.

"A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY."

"My snap-shot represents some men of a crack London Artillery Volunteer Corps throwing a comrade high in the air (by way of punishment) from a blanket. The curious part of this picture is that one man retained the sitting posture from leaving the blanket to the return."—Mr. A. James, 77, The Albany, Albany Road, Camberwell, S.E.



A HEN STORY.

"I send you a photo. that may amuse you. The hen whose tail you see protruding from the water-jug gets in there every day for the purpose of laying an egg. I carried the jug, hen, and all outside my room, and a friend took the snap-shot. How she proposes to sit on her eggs I don't know, as there is no horizontal room for her tail. I receive your Magazine every month. If it were not for publications like these we outside dwellers should indeed have many a dull evening."—Mr. E. B. Silva, Ingwavuma, Zululand, S. Africa.

A HUMAN ANVIL.

"I send you a snap-shot, taken at Marseilles, showing a man having a large piece of sandstone broken on his body and head. He had, first of all, a large piece of sandstone broken on his body; then one of the bystanders wielded the hammer and struck the stone till it broke in half. In the photo. the two halves may be seen falling."—Mr. Leslie H. Wilson, Castlehill, Ayr, N.B.

"AS SUREFOOTED AS A KID."

"A kid will highly entertain anyone who will take an interest in its gambols. The one whose photograph appears here, when let out of its stable, invariably turns a somersault or two and then rushes across the orchard to its perch in the tree, which it ascends from the opposite side. It is quite likely to

climb higher yet. The kid is of the Toggenburg variety, and its mother may be seen in the background of the picture."—Mr. W. Coleman, Moreton Morrell Vicarage, Warwick.

A FLY-CATCHING PLANT.

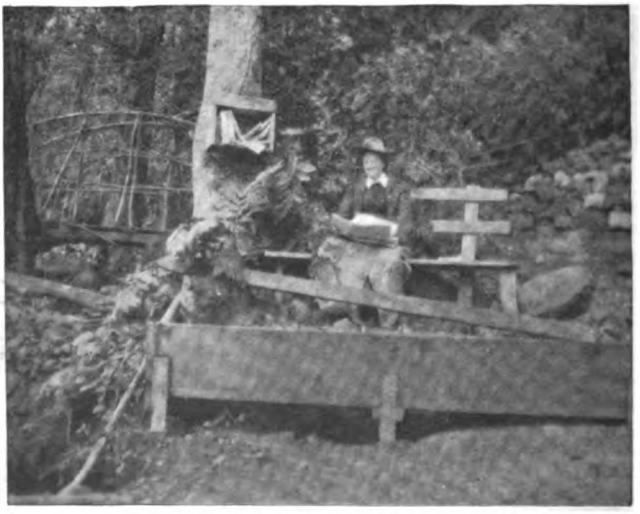
"This plant is the most remarkable fly-catcher in the world, and should any insect alight on its double-lobed leaves the two sides close up together as quickly as a trap. The Venus Fly Trap is possessed of a strange discriminating power, for although its leaves will enclose an inedible substance such as a stone, they will not retain this for more than an hour or so. On the other hand, when flies are captured the bodies of the insects are held for days, the plant in the meantime living on the juices (to a partial extent) of the captured creatures. The Venus Fly Trap is a native of the bog districts in North Carolina."—Mr. S. L. Bastin, Ivy House, New Road, Reading.

THE BOTTLE AND THE BRICK.

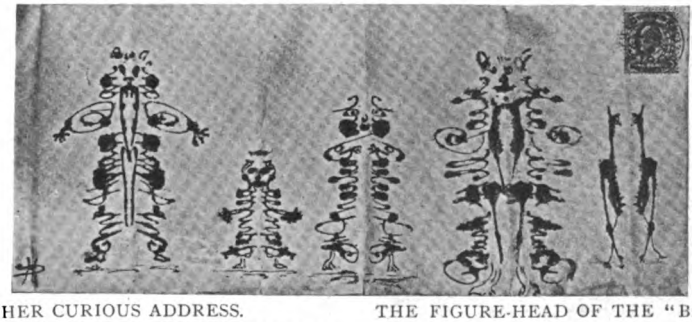
"My photograph is that of a pint bottle of Kops ale, found near a brick-kiln. The bottle is supposed to have been pressed into the curious shape shown by a hot brick, which must have fallen upon it. The bottle is not broken or even cracked."—Mr. R. Leon Watson, 39, Dover Street, Folkestone.

THE SMALLEST FREE LIBRARY IN THE WORLD.

"Far back in the Santa Barbara Mountains, California, is a snug little mountain camping ground called San Marcos Cold Springs. Above the welcome watering-trough, useful alike to man and beast, is a small wooden box nailed to a tree. On it is written 'Wanderers' Library.' A seat by the side tempts the weary wayfarer to pause and let his horse rest and drink, whilst he dismounts and sits down to enjoy the



lunch he invariably carries for the long ride. After taking a drink from the cold spring, using the bright tin cup provided, he can enjoy a feed for his mind till the horse is ready for a few more mountain miles. Departure is often delayed for an hour if the news be of the latest, or of a specially interesting quality. There was quite a variety of literature when I was there—including a Bible and papers not a week old, and some magazines, amongst them being a STRAND, from which I took my idea to send this for a Curiosity."—Mrs. Helen C. Sexton, Box 221, Santa Barbara, California.



ANOTHER CURIOUS ADDRESS.

"Here is a photo. of an envelope which was delivered to me by post this morning. These are not the ghosts of a tribe of cats, but a full postal address, which can be clearly read if held the right way, and if held up to a mirror in the opposite direction the address will be seen reversed."—Mr. Horace Dan, Fernlea, St. Mark's Road, Bush Hill Park.

CAN YOU NAME THIS STREET?

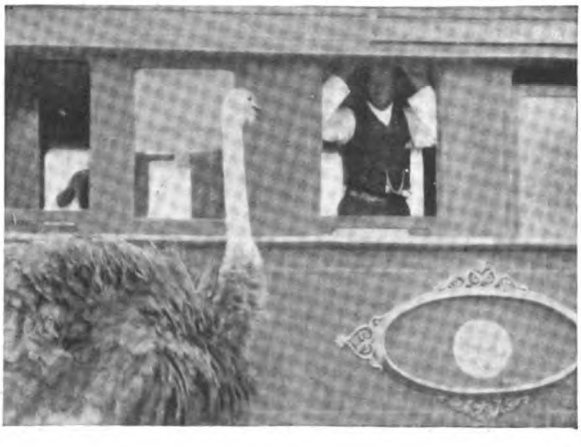
Many of our readers will see in the above only one of those curious old woodcuts of medieval towns which one comes across in works of topography and travel. The solitary question seems to be "What is the locality depicted?" Few would attempt to inquire further unless they were told seriously that the locality was not a medieval town, but London in the twentieth century; that they were perfectly familiar with it; and, not merely that, but they have seen this very picture scores and even hundreds of times. Many thousands see it every day upon the bookstalls; and perhaps it is a commentary upon the unobservant habits of the present generation that the many now regarding it again will actually be unable to recall that they have ever seen it before. Can any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE name this street?

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BELLEROPHON."

"The 'Billy Ruffian,' as it was nicknamed, has been lying forgotten for years in Portsmouth Dockyard. This famous ship took part, being the first line-of-battle ship engaged, in Lord Howe's action, 1794, in which she bore a distinguished part, as well as in Cornwallis's retreat, 1795; the Battle of the Nile, 1798; and the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805; and concluded the war as well as her own services by conveying Napoleon Bonaparte, after his defeat at Waterloo, 1815."—Mr. P. F. Westerman, 60, Bath Road, Southsea.

A MUCH-CIVILIZED OSTRICH.

"I send you a snapshot taken on a recent journey into Rhodesia. It is of a full-grown ostrich marching up and down a station platform, on the look-out for something edible."—Mr. W. T. Pike, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.



HUSBANDS, BEWARE!

"This is the picture of two ladies whose husbands constantly argued politics. After an unusually long and earnest debate the women undertook to show them how they looked 'as ithers saw them.' Mrs. A.'s whiskers are a shred of rope, held between her teeth. Their hair is tucked up under their hats. The delicate hands and pointed shoes tell the tale, but even they may go unnoticed. The picture was taken by the son of the lady sitting, and the whole thing was in the spirit of fun."—A Correspondent.

A BIG WAVE.

"I send you an interesting snap-shot taken by Mr. J. R. Moore, third engineer of the British steamer *Lewisham*, during a voyage from Bahia Blanca (Argentine Republic) to Santos; it was snapped just as the big wave was coming on board. Fortunately for all concerned there was absolutely no damage done, either to life or property. The photograph was taken from amidships, showing the steamer's stern." — Mr. Alfred Tweedie, Caixa 230, Santos, Brazil.

"THE QUIET WOMAN."

"A sign which is both quaint and amusing is that of 'The Quiet Woman,' at Earl Sterndale, a small Derbyshire village some five miles from Buxton. The origin of the sign can be safely said to have been derived in the following curious manner. A former

occupant of this wayside inn used to attend Longnor market weekly, and, being a man of regular habits, always returned punctually at the same hour. On one occasion, however, he was by some means delayed, and his wife, becoming anxious, sent to inquire after him. This gave him great annoyance, and on his arrival home he found that his better half was also equally annoyed, and the consequence was a hot debate — so hot that he left the house vowing that if he could not have a quiet woman *inside* he would *outside*. He went and ordered the sign to be painted and put up over the door." — Mr. W. H. Bowman, Eagle's Cliff, Acock's Green, Birmingham.

"QUICK, AYLWARD, QUICK!" HE SAID. "HE COMES—A KNIGHT-ERRANT COMES!"

(*See page* 493.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE COMRADES JOURNEYED DOWN THE OLD, OLD ROAD.

AND now the season of the moonless nights was drawing nigh, and the King's design was ripe. Very secretly his preparations were made. Already the garrison of Calais, which consisted of five hundred archers and two hundred men-at-arms, could, if forewarned, resist any attack made upon it. But it was the King's design, not merely to resist the attack, but to capture the attackers. Above all it was his wish to find the occasion for one of those adventurous passages of arms which had made his name famous throughout Christendom as the very pattern and leader of knight-errant chivalry.

But the affair wanted careful handling. The arrival of any reinforcements, or even the crossing of any famous soldier, would have alarmed the French and warned them that their plot had been discovered. Therefore it was in twos and threes, in the creyers and provision ships which were continually passing from shore to shore, that the chosen warriors and their squires were brought to Calais. There they were passed at night through the water-gate into the castle, where they could lie hid, unknown to the townsfolk, until the hour for action had come.

Nigel had received word from Chandos to join him at The Sign of the Broom-Pod in Winchelsea. Three days beforehand he and Aylward rode from Tilford all armed and ready for the wars. Nigel was in hunting costume, blithe and gay, with his precious armour and his small baggage trussed upon the back of a spare horse, which Aylward led by the bridle. The archer had himself a good black mare, heavy and slow, but strong enough to be fit to carry his powerful frame. In his brigandine of chain mail and his steel cap, with straight strong sword by his side, his yellow long-bow jutting over his shoulder, and his quiver of arrows supported by a scarlet baldric, he was such a warrior as any knight might well be proud to have in his train. All Tilford trailed behind them, as they rode slowly over the long slope of heathland which skirts the flank of Crooksbury Hill. At the summit of the rise Nigel reined in Pommers and looked back at the little village behind him. There was the old dark manor-house, with one bent figure leaning upon a stick and gazing dimly after him from beside the door. He looked at the high-pitched roof, the timbered walls, the long trail of swirling blue smoke which rose from the single chimney, and the group of downcast old servants who lingered at the gate—John the cook, Weathercote the minstrel, and Red Swire the broken soldier. Over the river amid the trees he could see the grim, grey tower of Waverley, and even as he looked the iron bell, which had so often seemed to be the hoarse, threatening cry of an enemy, clanged out its call to prayer. Nigel doffed his velvet cap and prayed also—prayed that peace might remain at home, and good warfare, in which honour and fame should await him, might still be found abroad. Then, waving his hand to the people, he turned his horse's head and rode slowly eastward. A moment later Aylward broke from the group of archers and laughing girls who clung to his bridle and his stirrup-straps, and rode on blowing kisses over his shoulder. So at last the two comrades, gentle and simple, were fairly started on their venture.

There are two seasons of colour in those parts—the yellow, when the countryside is flaming with the gorse blossoms; and the crimson, when all the long slopes are smouldering with the heather. So it was now. Nigel looked back from time to time as he rode along the narrow track where the ferns and the ling brushed his feet on either side, and as he looked it seemed to him that, wander where he might, he would never see a fairer scene than that of his own home. Far to the westward, glowing in the morning light, rolled billow after billow of ruddy heather-land, until they merged into the dark shadows of Woolmer Forest, and the pale, clear green

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"AYLWARD BROKE FROM THE GROUP OF ARCHERS AND LAUGHING GIRLS WHO CLUNG TO HIS BRIDLE AND HIS STIRRUP-STRAPS."

of the Butser chalk downs. Never in his life had Nigel wandered far beyond these limits, and the woodlands, the down, and the heather were dear to his soul. It gave him a pang in his heart now as he turned his face away from them, but if home lay to the westward, out there to the eastward was the great world of adventure, the noble stage where each of his kinsmen in turn had played his manly part and left a proud name behind. How often he had longed for this day! And now it had come with no shadow cast behind it. Dame Ermyntrude was under the King's protection. The old servants had their future assured. The strife with the monks of Waverley had been assuaged. He had a noble horse under him, the best of weapons, and a stout follower at his back. Above all, he was bound on a gallant errand, with the bravest knight in England as his leader. All these thoughts surged together in his mind, and he whistled and sang as he rode out of the joy of his heart, while Pommers sidled and curveted in sympathy with the mood of his master. Presently glancing back he saw from Aylward's downcast eyes and puckered brow that the archer was clouded with trouble. He reined his horse to let him come abreast of him.

"How now, Aylward!" said he. "Surely of all men in England you and I should be the most blithe this morning, since we ride forward with all hopes of honourable advancement. By St. Paul! ere we see these heather hills once more we shall either worshipfully win worship, or we shall venture our persons in the attempt. These be glad thoughts, and why should you be downcast?"

Aylward shrugged his broad shoulders, and a wry smile dawned upon his rugged face.

"I am indeed as limp as a wetted bow-string," said he. "It is the nature of a man that he should be sad when he leaves the woman he loves."

"In truth yes!" cried Nigel, and in a flash the dark eyes of Mary Buttesthorn rose before him, and he heard her low, sweet, earnest voice as he had heard it that night when they brought her frailer sister back from Shalford Manor—a voice which made all that was best and noblest in a man thrill within his soul. "Yet, bethink you, archer, that what a woman loves in man is not his gross body, but rather his soul, his honour, his fame, the deeds with which he has made his life beautiful. Therefore you are winning love as well as glory when you turn to the wars."

"It may be so," said Aylward, "but indeed it goes to my heart to see the pretty dears weep, and I would fain weep as well to keep them company. When Mary—or was it Dolly?—nay, it was Martha, the red-headed girl from the mill—when she held tight to my baldric, it was like snapping my heartstring to pluck myself loose."

"You speak of one name and then of another," said Nigel. "How is she called, then, this maid whom you love?"

Aylward pushed back his steel cap and scratched his bristling head with some embarrassment.

"Her name," said he, "is Mary Dolly Martha Susan Jane Cicely Theodosia Agnes Johanna Kate."

Nigel laughed as Aylward rolled out this prodigious title.

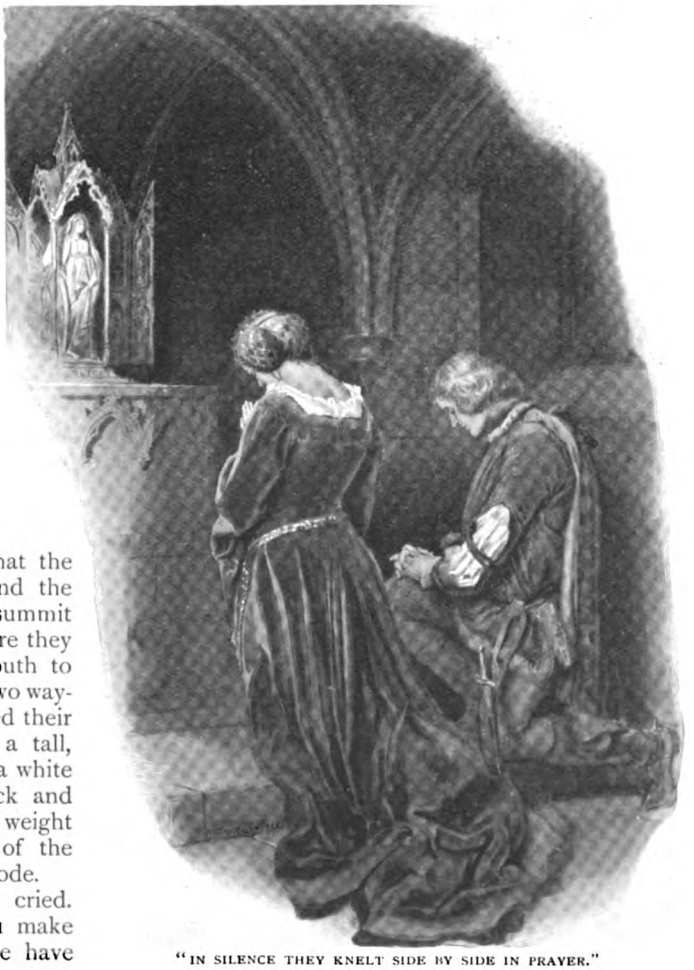
"I had no right to take you to the wars," said he, "for, by St. Paul, it is very clear that I have widowed half the parish! But I saw your aged father the franklin. Bethink you of the joy which will fill his heart when he hears that you have done some small deed in France, and so won honour in the eyes of all."

"I fear that honour will not help him to pay his arrears of rent to the sacrist of Waverley," said Aylward. "Out he will go on the roadside, honour and all, if he does not find ten nobles by next Epiphany. But if I could win a ransom, or be at the storming of a rich city, then, indeed, the old man would be proud of me. 'Thy sword must help my spade, Samkin,' said he, as he kissed me good-bye. Ah! it would indeed be a happy day for him and for all if I could ride back with a saddlebag full of gold pieces, and, please God, I shall dip my hand in somebody's pocket before I see Crooksbury Hill once more."

Nigel shook his head, for indeed it seemed hopeless to try to bridge the gulf between them. Already they had made such good progress along the bridle-path through the heather that the little hill of St. Catherine and the ancient shrine upon its summit loomed up before them. Here they crossed the road from the south to London, and at the crossing two wayfarers were waiting who waved their hands in greeting, the one a tall, slender, dark woman upon a white jennet, the other a very thick and red-faced old man, whose weight seemed to curve the back of the stout bay cob which he bestrode.

"What ho, Nigel!" he cried. "Mary has told me that you make a start this morning, and we have waited here this hour and more on the chance of seeing you pass. Come, lad, and have a last stoup of English ale, for many a time amid the sour French wines you will long for the white foam under your nose, and the good homely twang of it."

Nigel had to decline the draught, for it meant riding into Guildford Town, a mile out of his course, but very gladly he agreed with Mary that they should climb the path to the old shrine and offer a last orison together. The knight and Aylward waited below with the horses, and so it came about that Nigel and Mary found themselves alone under the solemn old Gothic arches, in front of the dark-shadowed recess in which gleamed the golden reliquary of the saint. In silence they knelt side by side in prayer, and then came forth once more out of the gloom and the shadow into the fresh sunlit summer morning. They stopped ere they



"IN SILENCE THEY KNELT SIDE BY SIDE IN PRAYER."

descended the path, and looked to right and left at the fair meadows and the blue Wey curling down the valley.

"What have you prayed for, Nigel?" said she.

"I have prayed that God and His saints will hold my spirit high and will send me back from France in such a fashion that I may dare to come to you and to claim you for my own."

"Bethink you well what it is that you say, Nigel," said she. "What you are to me only my own heart can tell, but I would never set eyes upon your face again rather than abate by one inch that height of honour and worshipful achievement to which you may attain."

"Nay, my dear and most sweet lady, how should you abate it, since it is the thought of you which will nerve my arm and uphold my heart?"

"Think once more, my fair lord, and hold yourself bound by no word which you have said. Let it be as the breeze which blows past our faces and is heard of no more. Your soul yearns for honour. To that has it ever turned. Is there room in it for love also, or is it possible that both shall live at their highest in one mind? Do you not call to mind that Galahad and other great knights of old have put women out of their lives that they might ever give their whole soul and strength to the winning of honour? May it not be that I shall be a drag upon you, that your heart may shrink from some honourable task, lest it should bring risk and pain to me? Think well before you answer, my fair lord, for indeed my very heart would break if it should ever happen that through love of me your high hopes and great promise should miss fulfilment."

Nigel looked at her with sparkling eyes. The soul which shone through her dark face had transformed it into a beauty more lofty and more rare than that of her shallow sister. He bowed before the majesty of the woman and pressed his lips to her hand.

"You are like a star upon my path which guides me on the upward way," said he. "Our souls are set together upon the finding of honour, and how shall we hold each other back when our purpose is the same?"

She shook her proud head.

"So it seems to you now, fair lord, but it may be otherwise as the years pass. How shall you prove that I am indeed a help and not a hindrance?"

"I will prove it by my deeds, fair and dear lady," said Nigel. "Here at the shrine of the holy Catherine, on this the Feast of St. Margaret, I take my oath that I will do three deeds in your honour, as a proof of my high love, before I set eyes upon your face again; and these three deeds shall stand as a proof to you that if I love you dearly still I will not let the thought of you stand betwixt me and honourable achievement."

Her face shone with her love and her pride.

"I also make my oath," said she, "and I do it in the name of the holy Catherine whose shrine is hard by. I swear that I will hold myself for you until these three deeds be done and we meet once more; also that if—which may dear Christ forefend—you fall in doing them, then I shall take the veil in Shalford nunnery and look upon no man's face again. Give me your hand, Nigel."

She had taken a little bangle of gold filigree work from her arm, and she fastened it upon his sunburned wrist, reading aloud to him the engraved motto in old French: "Fais ce que dois advienge que pourra c'est commandé au chevalier." Then for one moment they fell into each other's arms and, with kiss upon kiss, a loving man and a tender woman, they swore their troth to each other. But the old knight was calling impatiently from below, and together they hurried down the winding path to where the horses waited under the sandy bluff.

As far as the Shalford crossing Sir John rode by Nigel's arm, and many were the last injunctions which he gave him concerning woodcraft, and great his anxiety lest he confuse a spayad with a brocket or either with a hind. At last, when they came to the reedy edge of the Wey, the old knight and his daughter reined up their horses. Nigel looked back at them ere he entered the dark Chantry Woods, and saw them still gazing after him and waving their hands. Then the path wound amongst the trees and they were lost to sight, but long afterwards, when a clearing exposed once more the Shalford meadows, Nigel saw that the old man upon the bay cob was riding slowly towards St. Catherine's Hill, but that the girl was still where he had seen her last, leaning forward in her saddle and straining her eyes to pierce the dark forest which screened her lover from her view. It was but a fleeting glance through a break in the foliage, and yet in after-days of stress and toil in far-distant lands it was that one little picture—the green meadow, the reeds, the slow, blue-winding river, and the eager, bending, graceful figure upon the white horse—which was

the clearest and the dearest image of that England which he had left behind him.

But if Nigel's friends had learned that this was the morning of his leaving, his enemies, too, were on the alert. The two comrades had just emerged from the Chantry Woods and were beginning the ascent of that curving path which leads upwards to the old Chapel of the Martyr when, with a hiss like an angry snake, a long white arrow streaked under Pommers and stuck quivering in the grassy turf. A second whizzed past Nigel's ear as he tried to turn; but Aylward struck the great war-horse a sharp blow over the haunches, and it had galloped some hundreds of yards before its rider could pull it up. Aylward followed as hard as he could ride, bending low over his horse's neck, while arrows whizzed all round him.

"A LONG WHITE ARROW STREAKED UNDER POMMERS AND STUCK QUIVERING IN THE GRASSY TURF."

"By St. Paul!" said Nigel, tugging at his bridle and white with anger, "they shall not chase me across the country as though I was a frightened doe. Archer, how dare you to lash my horse when I would have turned and ridden in upon them?"

"It is well that I did so," said Aylward, "or by these ten finger-bones our journey would have begun and ended on the same day! As I glanced round I saw a dozen of them at the least amongst the brushwood. See now how the light glimmers upon their steel caps yonder in the bracken under the great beech tree. Nay, I pray you, my fair lord, do not ride forward. What chance has a man in the open against all these who lie at their ease in the underwood? If you will not think of yourself then consider your horse, which would have a clothyard shaft feathered in its hide ere it could reach the wood."

Nigel chafed in impotent anger.

"Am I to be shot at like a popinjay at a fair, by any riever or outlaw that seeks a mark for his bow?" he cried. "By St. Paul! Aylward, I will put on my harness and go further into the matter. Help me to untruss, I pray you!"

"Nay, my fair lord, I will not help you to your own downfall. It is a match with cogged dice betwixt a horseman on the moor and archers amid the forest. But these men are no outlaws, or they would not dare to draw their bows within a league of the Sheriff of Guildford."

"Indeed, Aylward, I think that you speak truth," said Nigel. "It may be that these are the men of Paul de la Fosse of Shalford, whom I have given little cause to love me. Ah! there is indeed the very man himself."

They sat their horses with their backs to the long slope which leads up to the old chapel on the hill. In front of them was the dark, ragged edge of the wood, with a sharp twinkle of steel here and there in its shadows which spoke of these lurking foes. But now there was a long moot upon a horn,

and at once a score of russet-clad bowmen ran forward from amid the trees, spreading out into a scattered line and closing swiftly in upon the travellers. In the midst of them, upon a great grey horse, sat a small, misshapen man, waving and cheering as one sets hounds on a badger, turning his head this way and that as he whooped and pointed, urging his bowmen onwards up the slope.

"Draw them on, my fair lord, draw them on until we have them out on the down!" cried Aylward, his eyes shining with joy. "Five hundred paces more, and then we may be on terms with them. Nay, linger not, but keep them always just clear of arrow-shot until our turn has come."

Nigel shook and trembled with eagerness as, with his hand on his sword-hilt, he looked at the line of eager, hurrying men. But it flashed through his mind what Chandos had said of the cool head, which is better for the warrior than the hot heart. Aylward's words were true and wise. He turned Pommers's head, therefore, and, amid a cry of derision from behind them, the comrades trotted over the down. The bowmen broke into a run while their leader screamed and waved more madly than before. Aylward cast many a glance at them over his shoulder.

"Yet a little farther! Yet a little farther still!" he muttered. "The wind is towards them, and the fools have forgot that I can overshoot them by fifty paces. Now, my good lord, I pray you for one instant to hold the horses, for my weapon is of more avail this day than thine can be. They may make sorry cheer ere they gain the shelter of the wood once more."

He had sprung from his horse, and with a downward wrench of his arm and a push with his knee he slipped the string into the upper nock of his mighty war-bow. Then, in a flash, he notched his shaft and drew it to the pile, his keen blue eyes glowing fiercely behind it from under his knotted brows. With thick legs planted sturdily apart, his body laid to the bow, his left arm motionless as wood, his right bunched into a double curve of swelling muscles as he stretched the white, well-waxed string, he looked so keen and fierce a fighter that the advancing line stopped for an instant at the sight of him. Two or three loosed off their arrows, but the shafts flew heavily against the head-wind and snaked along the hard turf some score of paces short of the mark. One only, a short, bandy-legged man, whose squat figure spoke of enormous muscular strength, ran swiftly in, and then drew so strong a bow that the arrow quivered in the ground at Aylward's very feet.

"It is Black Will of Lynchmere," said the bowman. "Many a match have I shot with him, and I know well that no other man on the Surrey marches could have sped such a shaft. I trust that you are houselled and shriven, Will, for I have known you so long that I would not have your damnation upon my soul."

He raised his bow as he spoke, and the string twanged with a rich, deep, musical note. Aylward leaned upon his bow-stave as he keenly watched the long, swift flight of his shaft, skimming smoothly down the wind.

"On him! on him! No, over him, by my hilt!" he cried. "There is more wind than I had thought. Nay, nay, friend; now that I have the length of you, you can scarce hope to loose again."

Black Will had notched an arrow and was raising his bow when Aylward's second shaft passed through the shoulder of his drawing arm. With a shout of anger and pain he dropped his weapon and, dancing in his fury, shook his fist and roared curses at his rival.

"I could slay him, but I will not, for good bowmen are not so common," said Aylward. "And now, fair sir, we must on, for they are spreading round on either side, and if once they get behind us then, indeed, our journey has come to a sudden end. But ere we go I would send a shaft through yonder horseman who leads them on."

"Nay, Aylward, I pray you to leave him," said Nigel. "Villain as he is, he is none the less a gentleman of coat-armour, and should die by some other weapon than thine."

"As you will," said Aylward, with a clouded brow. "I have been told that in the late wars many a French prince and baron has not been too proud to take his death-wound from an English yeoman's shaft, and that nobles of England have been glad enough to stand by and see it done."

Nigel shook his head sadly.

"It is sooth you say, archer, and indeed it is no new thing, for that good knight Richard of the Lion Heart met his end in such a lowly fashion, and so also did Harold the Saxon. But this is a private matter, and I would not have you draw your bow against him. Neither can I ride at him myself, for he is weak in body, though dangerous in spirit. Therefore, we will go upon our way, since there is neither profit nor honour to be gained, nor any hope of advancement."

Aylward having unstrung his bow had

"WITH A SHOUT OF ANGER AND PAIN HE DROPPED HIS WEAPON."

remounted his horse during this conversation, and the two rode swiftly past the little squat Chapel of the Martyr, and over the brow of the hill. From the summit they looked back. The injured archer lay upon the ground, with several of his comrades gathered in a knot around him. Others ran aimlessly up the hill, but were already far behind. The leader sat motionless upon his horse, and as he saw them look back he raised his hand and shrieked his curses at them. An instant later the curve of the ground had hid them from view. So, amid love and hate, Nigel bade adieu to the home of his youth.

And now the comrades were journeying upon that old, old road which runs across the south of England and yet never turns towards London, for the good reason that the place was a poor hamlet when first the road was laid. From Winchester, the Saxon capital, to Canterbury, the holy city of Kent, ran that ancient highway, and on from Canterbury to the narrow Straits where, on a clear day, the farther shore can be seen. Along this track as far back as history can trace the metals of the west have been carried, and passed the pack-horses which bore the goods which Gaul sent in exchange. Older than the Christian faith and older than the Romans is the old road. North and south are the woods and the marshes, so that only on the high, dry turf of the chalkland could a clear track be found. "The Pilgrims' Way" it still is called, but the pilgrims were the last who ever trod it, for it was already of immemorial age before the death of Thomas gave a new reason why folk should journey to the scene of his murder.

From the hill of Weston Wood the travellers could see the long white band which dipped and curved and rose over the green downland, its course marked even in the hollows by the line of old yew trees which flanked it. Neither Nigel nor Aylward had wandered far from their own country, and now they rode with light hearts and eager eyes, taking note of all the varied pictures of Nature and of man which passed before them. To their left was a hilly country, a land of rolling heaths and woods, broken here and there into open spaces round the occasional farmhouse of a franklin. Hackhurst Down, Dunley Hill, and Ranmore Common swelled and sank, each merging into the other. But on the right, after passing the village of Shere and the old church of Gomshall, the whole south country lay like a map at their feet. There was the huge wood of the Weald, one unbroken forest of oak trees stretching away to the South Downs, which rose olive-green against the deep blue sky. Under this great canopy of trees strange folk lived and evil deeds were done. In its recesses were wild tribes, little changed from their heathen ancestors who danced round the altar of Thor; and well was it for the peaceful traveller that he could tread the high open road of the chalkland with no need to wander into so dangerous a tract, where soft clay, tangled forest, and wild men all barred his progress.

But apart from the rolling country upon

the left, and the great forest-hidden plain upon the right, there was much upon the road itself to engage the attention of the wayfarers. It was crowded with people. So far as their eyes could carry, they could see the black dots scattered thickly upon the thin white band, sometimes single, sometimes several abreast, sometimes in moving crowds, where a drove of pilgrims held together for mutual protection, or a nobleman showed his greatness by the number of retainers who trailed at his heels. At that time the main roads were very crowded, for there were many wandering people in the land. Of all sorts and kinds they passed in an unbroken stream before the eyes of Nigel and of Aylward, alike only in the fact that one and all were powdered from their hair to their shoes with the grey dust of the chalk. There were monks journeying from one cell to another, Benedictines with their black gowns looped up to show their white skirts, Carthusians in white, and pied Cistercians. Friars also of the three wandering orders — Dominicans in black, Carmelites in white, and Franciscans in grey. There was no love lost between the cloistered monks and the free friars, each looking on the other as a rival who took from him the oblations of the faithful, so they passed on the high road as cat passes dog, with eyes askance and angry faces. Then, besides the men of the Church, there were the men of trade, the merchant in dusty broadcloth and Flanders hat riding at the head of his line of pack-horses. He carried Cornish tin, West-country wool, or Sussex iron, if he traded eastward; or if his head should be turned westward, then he bore with him the velvets of Genoa, the ware of Venice, the wine of France, or the armour of Italy and Spain. Pilgrims were everywhere—poor people for the most part — plodding wearily along with trailing feet and bowed heads, thick staves in their hands, and bundles over their shoulders. Here and there, on a gaily-caparisoned palfrey or in the greater luxury of a horse-litter, some West-country lady might be seen making her easy way to the shrine of St. Thomas. Besides all these a constant stream of strange vagabonds drifted along the road: minstrels who wandered from fair to fair, a foul and pestilent crew; jugglers and acrobats, quack doctors and tooth-drawers, students and beggars, free workmen in search of better wages, and escaped bondsmen who would welcome any wages at all. Such was the throng which set the old road smoking in a haze of white dust from Winchester to the narrow sea.

"HE RAISED HIS HAND AND SHRIEKED HIS CURSES AT THEM."

But of all the wayfarers those which interested Nigel most were the soldiers. Several times they passed little knots of archers or men-at-arms, veterans from France, who had received their discharge and were now making their way to their southland homes. They were half drunk, all of them, for the wayfarers treated them to beer at the frequent inns and ale-stakes which lined the road, so that they cheered and sang lustily as they passed. They roared rude pleasantries at Aylward, who turned in his saddle and shouted his opinion of them until they were

out of hearing. Once, late in the afternoon, they overtook a body of a hundred archers all marching together, with two knights riding at their head. They were passing from Guildford Castle to Reigate Castle, where they were in garrison. Nigel rode with the knights for some distance, and hinted that if either was in search of honourable advancement, or wished to do some small deed, or to relieve himself of any vow, it might be possible to find some means of achieving it. They were both, however, grave and elder men, intent upon their business and with no mind for fond wayside adventures, so Nigel quickened his pace and left them behind.

They had left Boxhill and Headley Heath upon the left, and the towers of Reigate were rising amid the trees in front of them, when they overtook a large, cheery, red-faced man with a forked beard, riding upon a good horse and exchanging a nod or a merry word with all who passed him. With him they rode nearly as far as Bletchingley, and Nigel laughed much to hear him talk, but always under the raillery there was much earnestness and much wisdom in all his words. He rode at his ease about the country, he said, having sufficient money to keep him from want and to furnish him for the road. He could speak all the three languages of England—the north, the middle, and the south—so that he was at home with the people of every shire, and could hear their troubles and their joys. In all parts, in town and in country, there was unrest, he said, for the poor folk were weary of their masters, both of the Church and State, and soon there would be such doings in England as had never been seen before. But above all this man was earnest against the Church, its enormous wealth, its possession of nearly one-third of the whole land of the country, its insatiable greed for more at the very time when it claimed to be poor and lowly. The monks and friars, too, he lashed with his tongue: their roguish ways, their laziness, and their cunning. He showed how their wealth and that of the haughty lord must always be founded upon the toil of poor, humble Peter the Ploughman, who worked and strove in rain and cold out in the fields, the butt and laughing-stock of everyone, and still bearing up the whole world upon his weary shoulders. He had set it all out in a fair parable; so now as he rode he repeated some of the verses, chanting them and marking time with his forefinger, while Nigel and Aylward on either side of him, with their heads inclined inwards, listened with the same attention, but with very different feelings—Nigel shocked at such an attack upon authority, and Aylward chuckling as he heard the sentiments of his class so shrewdly expressed. At last the stranger halted his horse outside the Five Angels at Gatton.

"It is a good inn, and I know the ale of old," said he. "When I had finished that dream of Piers the Ploughman which I have recited to you, the last verses were thus:—

> Now have I brought my little booke to an ende;
> God's blessing be on him who a drinke will me sende.

I pray you come in with me and share it."

"Nay," said Nigel, "we must on our way, for we have far to go. But give me your name, my friend, for indeed we have passed a merry hour listening to your words."

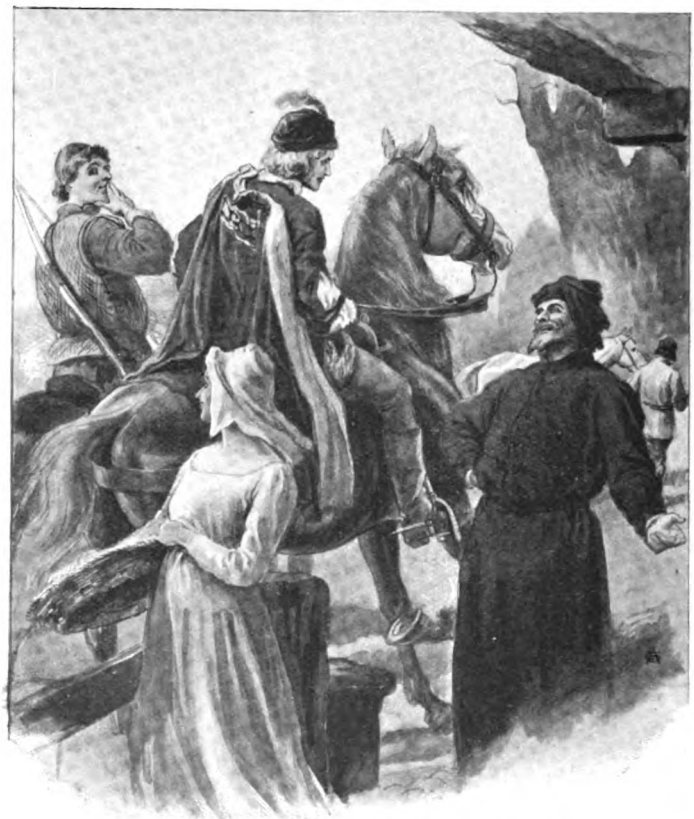
"Have a care!" the stranger answered, shaking his head. "You and your class will not spend a merry hour when these words are turned into deeds, and Peter the Ploughman grows weary of swinking in the fields, and takes up his bow and his staff in order to set this land in order."

"By St. Paul! I expect that we shall bring Peter to reason, and also those who have put such evil thoughts into his head," said Nigel. "So once more I ask your name, that I may know it if ever I chance to hear that you have been hanged."

The stranger laughed good-humouredly.

"You can call me Thomas Lackland," said he. "I should be Thomas Lack-brain if I were indeed to give my true name, since a good many robbers, some in black gowns and some in steel, would be glad to help me upwards in the way you speak of. So good day to you, squire, and to you also, archer, and may you find your way back with whole bones from the wars."

That night the comrades slept at Godstone Priory, and early next morning they were well upon their road down the Pilgrims' Way. At Titsey it was said that a band of villeins were out in Westerham Wood, and had murdered three men the day before, so that Nigel had high hopes of an encounter; but the brigands showed no sign, though the travellers went out of their way to ride their horses along the edges of the forest. Farther on they found traces of their work, for the path ran along the hillside at the base of a chalk quarry, and there in the cutting a man was lying dead. From his twisted limbs and shattered frame it was easy to see that he had been thrown over from above, while his pockets, turned outwards, showed the reason for his murder. The comrades rode past



"'YOU CAN CALL ME THOMAS LACKLAND,' SAID HE."

without too close a survey, for dead men were no very uncommon objects on the King's highway, and if sheriff or bailiff should chance upon you near the body you might find yourself caught in the meshes of the law.

Near Sevenoaks their road turned out of the old Canterbury way and pointed south towards the coast, leaving the chalklands and coming down into the clay of the Weald. It was a wretched, rutted mule-track running through thick forests, with occasional clearings in which lay the small Kentish villages, where rude, shock-headed peasants with smocks and galligaskins stared with bold, greedy eyes at the travellers. Once on the right they caught a distant view of the towers of Penshurst, and once they heard the deep tolling of the bells of Bayham Abbey, but for the rest of their day's journey savage peasants and squalid cottages were all that met their eyes, with endless droves of pigs who fed upon the litter of acorns. The throng of travellers who crowded the old road were all gone, and only here and there did they meet or overtake some occasional merchant or messenger bound for Battle Abbey, Pevensey Castle, or the towns of the south. That night they slept in a sordid inn, overrun with rats and with fleas, one mile south of the hamlet of Mayfield. Aylward scratched vigorously and cursed with fervour. Nigel lay without movement or sound. To the man who had learned the old rule of chivalry there were no small ills in life. It was beneath the dignity of his soul to stoop to observe them. Cold and heat, hunger and thirst, such things did not exist for the gentleman. The armour of his soul was so complete that it was proof not only against the great ills of life, but even against the small ones, so the flea-bitten Nigel lay grimly still while Aylward writhed upon his couch.

They were now but a short distance from their destination, but they had hardly started on their journey through the forest next morning when an adventure befell them which filled Nigel with the wildest hopes. Along the narrow winding path between

the great oak trees there rode a dark, sallow man in a scarlet tabard, who blew so loudly upon a silver trumpet that they heard the clanging call long before they set eyes on him. Slowly he rode, pulling up every fifty paces to make the forest ring with another warlike blast. The comrades rode forward to meet him.

"I pray you," said Nigel, "to tell me who you are and why you blow upon this trumpet?" The fellow shook his head, so Nigel repeated the question in French, the common language of chivalry, spoken at that age by every gentleman in Western Europe.

The man put his lips to the trumpet and blew another long note before he answered.

"I am Gaston de Castrier," said he, "the humble squire of the most worthy and valiant knight, Raoul de Tubiers, de Pestels, de Grimsard, de Mersae, de Leoy, de Bastanac, who also writes himself Lord of Pons. It is his order that I ride always a mile in front of him to prepare all to receive him, and he desires me to blow upon a trumpet, not out of vainglory, but out of greatness of spirit, so that none may be ignorant of his coming should they desire to encounter him."

Nigel sprang from his horse with a cry of joy, and began to unbutton his doublet.

"Quick, Aylward, quick!" he said. "He comes—a knight-errant comes! Was there ever such a chance of worshipfully winning worship? Untruss the harness whilst I loose my clothes. Good sir, I beg you to warn your noble and valiant master that a poor squire of England would implore him to take notice of him, and to do some small deed upon him as he passes."

But already the Lord of Pons had come in sight. He was a huge man upon an enormous horse, so that together they seemed to fill up the whole long, dark archway under the oaks. He was clad in full armour of a brazen hue with only his face exposed, and of this face there was little visible save a pair of arrogant eyes and a great black beard, which flowed through the open vizor and down over his breast-plate. To the crest of his helmet was tied a small brown glove, nodding and swinging above him. He bore a long lance with a red square banner at the end, charged with a black boar's head, and the same symbol was engraved upon his shield. Slowly he rode through the forest, ponderous, menacing, with dull thudding of his charger's hoofs and constant clank of metal; while always in front of him came the distant peal of the silver trumpet, calling all men to admit his majesty and to clear his path ere they be cleared from it. Never in his dreams had so perfect a vision come to cheer Nigel's heart, and as he struggled with his clothes, glancing up continually at this wondrous traveller, he pattered forth prayers of thanksgiving to the good St. Paul who had shown such loving kindness to his unworthy servant and thrown him in the path of so excellent and debonair a gentleman.

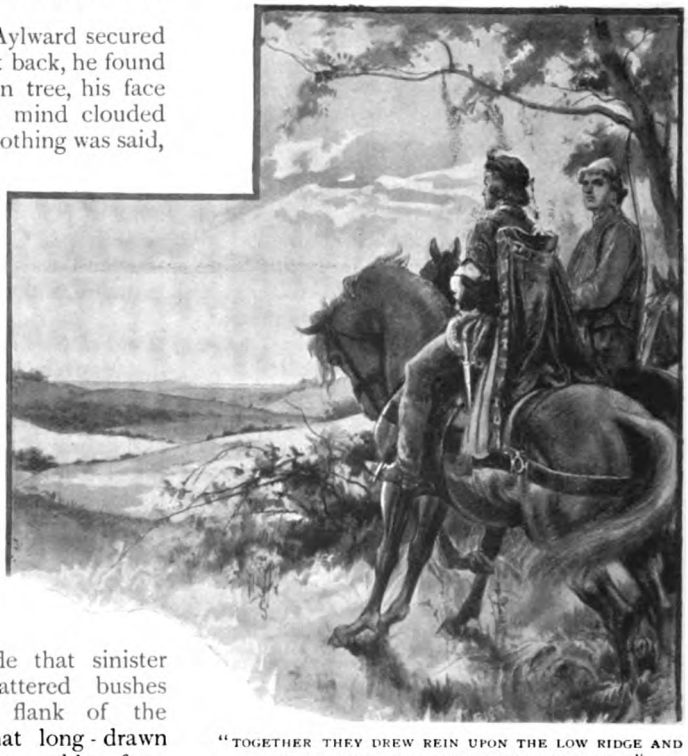
But, alas! how often at the last instant the cup is dashed from the lips! This joyful chance was destined to change suddenly to unexpected and grotesque disaster—disaster so strange and so complete that through all his life Nigel flushed crimson when he thought of it. He was busily stripping his hunting costume, and with feverish haste he had doffed boots, hat, hose, doublet, and cloak, so that nothing remained save a pink jupon and pair of silken drawers. At the same time Aylward was hastily unbuckling the load with the intention of handing his master his armour piece by piece, when the squire gave one last challenging peal from his silver trumpet into the very ear of the spare horse. In an instant it had taken to its heels, the precious armour upon its back, and thundered away down the road which they had traversed. Aylward jumped upon his mare, drove his prick spurs into her sides, and galloped after the runaway as hard as he could ride. Thus it came about that in an instant Nigel was shorn of all his little dignity, had lost his two horses, his attendant and his outfit, and found himself a lonely and unarmed man standing in his shirt and drawers upon the pathway down which the burly figure of the Lord of Pons was slowly advancing.

The knight-errant whose mind had been filled by the thought of the maiden whom he had left behind at St. Jean—the same whose glove dangled from his helmet—had observed nothing that had occurred. Hence, all that met his eyes was a noble yellow horse, which was tethered by the track, and a small young man who appeared to be a lunatic, since he had undressed hastily in the heart of the forest, and stood now with an eager, anxious face, clad in his underlinen, amid the scattered debris of his garments. Of such a person the high Lord of Pons could take no notice, and so he pursued his inexorable way, his arrogant eyes looking out into the distance and his thoughts set intently upon the maiden of St. Jean. He was dimly aware that the little crazy man in the undershirt ran a long way beside him in his stockings,

begging, imploring, and arguing. "Just one hour, most fair sir; just one hour at the longest, and a poor squire of England shall ever hold himself your debtor. Do but condescend to rein your horse until my harness comes back to me. Will you not stoop to show me some small deed of arms? I implore you, fair sir, to spare me a little of your time and a handstroke or two ere you go upon your way!" Lord de Pons motioned impatiently with his gauntleted hand, as one might brush away an importunate fly; but when at last Nigel became desperate in his clamour he thrust his spurs into his great war-horse and, clashing like a pair of cymbals, he thundered off through the forest. So he rode upon his majestic way until two days later he was slain by Lord Reginald Cobham in a field near Weybridge.

When, after a long chase, Aylward secured the spare horse and brought it back, he found his master seated upon a fallen tree, his face buried in his hands, and his mind clouded with humiliation and grief. Nothing was said, for the matter was beyond words, and so in moody silence they rode upon their way. But soon they came upon a scene which drew Nigel's thoughts away from his bitter trouble, for in front of them there rose the towers of a great building with a small grey, sloping village around it, and they learned from a passing hind that this was the hamlet and Abbey of Battle. Together they drew rein upon the low ridge and looked down into that valley of death, from which even now the reek of blood seems to rise. Down beside that sinister lake, and amid those scattered bushes sprinkled over the naked flank of the long ridge, was fought that long-drawn struggle betwixt two most noble foes, with broad England as the prize of victory. Here, up and down the low hill, hour by hour the grim struggle had waxed and waned until the Saxon army had died where it stood, King, Court, house-carle, and fyrdsman, each in their ranks, even as they had fought. And now, after all the stress and toil, the tyranny, the savage revolt, the fierce suppression, God had made His purpose complete, for here were Nigel the Norman and Aylward the Saxon, with good-fellowship in their hearts and a common respect in their minds, with the same banner and the same cause, riding forth to do battle for their old mother England.

And now the long ride drew to an end. In front of them was the blue sea, flecked with the white sails of ships. Once more the road passed upwards from the heavy-wooded plain to the springy turf of the chalk downs. Far to the right rose the grim fortalice of Pevensey, squat and powerful, like one great block of rugged stone, the parapet twinkling with steel caps and crowned by the Royal banner of England. A flat expanse of reeded marshland lay before them, out of which rose a single wooded hill,



"TOGETHER THEY DREW REIN UPON THE LOW RIDGE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THAT VALLEY OF DEATH."

crowned with towers, with a bristle of masts rising out of the green plain some distance to the south of it. Nigel looked at it with his hand shading his eyes, and then urged Pommers to a trot. The town was Winchelsea, and there amid that cluster of houses on the hill the gallant Chandos must be awaiting him.

(*To be continued.*)

Phantasms.

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF GHOSTLY VISITATIONS.

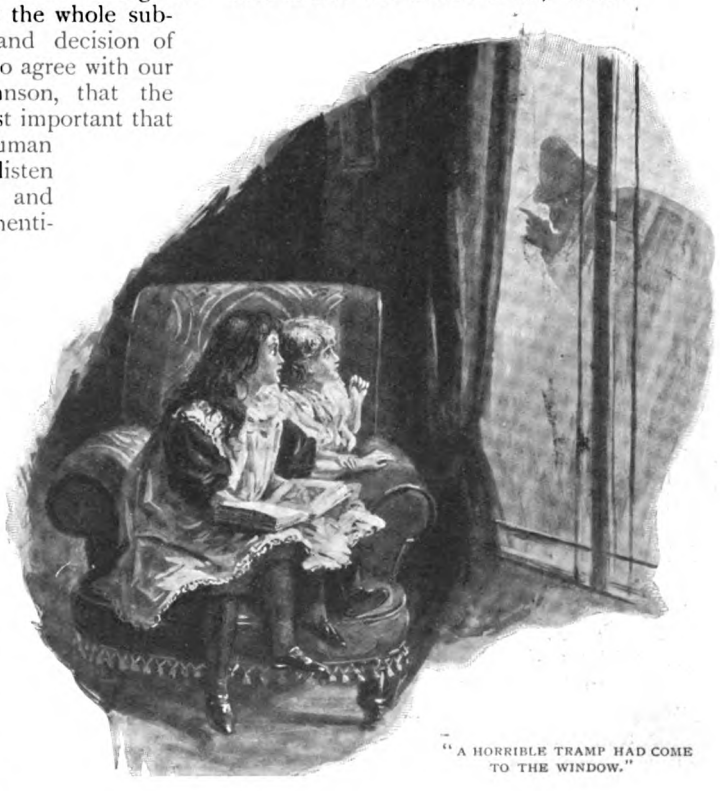
By Harold Begbie.

WHEN Dr. Johnson expressed regret that John Wesley did not take more pains to collect evidence concerning the Wesley ghost, "What!" cried Miss Seward, with an incredulous smile, warranted by Boswell, "What, sir—about a ghost?" To which we have the great man's answer thus set down by Boswell: Johnson (with solemn vehemence)—"Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

In some such frame of mind as this I would now invite the reader's obliging consideration of certain ghostly stories which have left more than a ghostly impression upon my own mind; not disbelieving them because they are occurrences outside of his own experience, nor yet hastening to ascribe the mystery of these tales to the infallible machinery of ghosts, and there ending the matter. No; but, leaving the whole subject to the exploration and decision of science, I would ask him to agree with our excellent friend Dr. Johnson, that the question is one of the most important that can come before the human understanding, and to listen with a tolerant, open, and humble mind to well-authenticated evidence for a larger science. For my own part, I tell the stories with no definite theory of explanation in my mind, but nevertheless persuaded that the present normalities of life are not the bounds of human experience. The reader can tug me to the side of a hundred hypotheses, but not over the line of bigotry.

It happens that one of my most interesting stories flows naturally out of an experience not, perhaps, of a sensational nature. But let me, like a cunning writer of fiction, conduct my reader into the chamber of horrors through the little, half-open postern of suggestion.

I was staying in a house once with two little girls of eight and seven. One morning they came running out of a room on the ground floor, where they had been sitting in a single arm-chair reading a book before breakfast, protesting that a horrible tramp had come to the window, made a diabolical face at them (which they imitated with great destruction of their beauty), and, after lifting a minatory finger, had passed on down the garden path to the back of the house. I was in a room immediately over the library in which they had been sitting, and had heard no sound of footsteps on the gravel path; but their tale was scarce out of their lips before I had made the descent of the stairs and was out in the garden at the back of the house. There I found the gardener and his boy placidly at work upon the flower-beds, and received from them every assurance that no tramp had shown his face round the corner of the house.



"A HORRIBLE TRAMP HAD COME TO THE WINDOW."

It was not until I told the children that they must have imagined the tramp that any theory of a phantasm occurred to my mind. But they were so pathetic in their protestations that he had come to the window and interrupted their reading, and were, moreover, both so exact in their description of his steeple hat, his malevolent yellow face, his black eyes, and his bent back curved under the load of a large pack clutched in its place by a yellow hand against the breast, that I was driven to think that these two fresh and healthy country children had indeed seen with human eyes one of those phantoms wearing mortal shape which sometimes visit, it is said, these pale glimpses of the moon.

With this idea in my mind—and impressed that both children, in the midst of their reading, should have seen the same figure—I presently sought out the gardener, referred to the occurrence again, and inquired of him whether there had ever been rumour concerning the haunting of the house.

He laughed away the supposition, and easily dismissed the equal vision of the children with the pleasant, if incredible, assertion that "the two young ladies must have been dreaming."

"No," he said, "there's no ghost here, and I hope there never will be. I've seen one, and that was enough to last me my lifetime"

Now, as a curious collector of ghost stories, I am well informed that the effect of a ghostly visitation is not, as it is too frequently thought to be, of a terrifying nature. On the contrary, we are told by people who have seen phantasms that in place of experiencing alarm, as they expected, a quite scientific curiosity consumed their being, and they studied the ghost with all the cool detachment of an interviewer.

Wherefore, finding before me a vigorous, deep-chested man, with clean eyes in a face baked brown by the open heavens, who confessed to me, in a voice full of agreeable strength and energy, that he had seen one ghost, and that that was enough to last him for the rest of his life, I immediately dragged out of him the story of his phantasm, and found myself at the end entirely of his opinion, that one such experience was enough for a lifetime. And this is his story.

He told me that he had once gone with his wife to look after a farm during the temporary absence of the farmer, a relation of his, and that he had gone into the house well knowing that there were ugly stories about it. "But," as he said, smiling into the face of heaven, "I was never yet afeared of any man, and I didn't look to be scared out of my senses by a banging door or a creaking wainscot."

As soon as they got into the house the bangings and the creakings began with disagreeable iteration. The gardener put it down to rats, and his wife to the innumerable draughts. But when they took the trouble to lock all the doors, and jam, so that they could not budge, all those which had neither lock nor fastening, the bangings and the creakings continued just as inconsiderately and irrationally as ever.

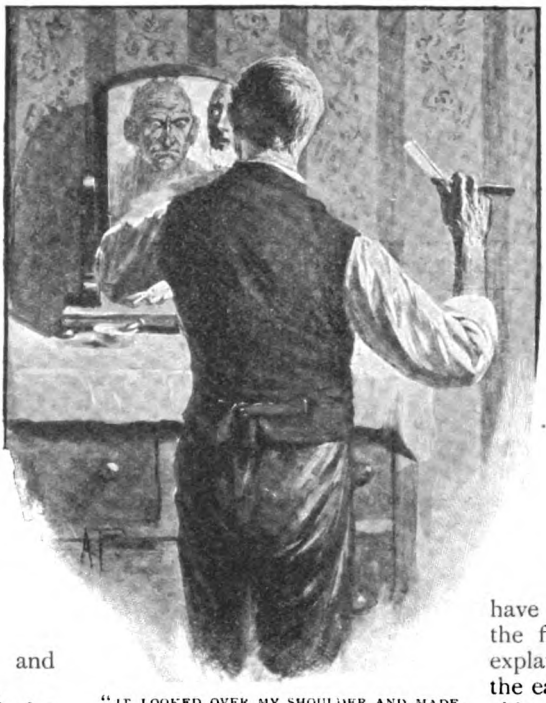
Now let me interpose for a moment to say that here was no case of the discredited Poltergeist. There was no servant in the house, no boy or girl — nobody but the gardener and his wife.

They were never afraid of the noises, and at last came to take no notice of them. At night they would hear doors downstairs clattering and echoing through the house, and they would turn over on the other side in their bed and say, "Drat them doors; why ever won't they let a person sleep?" Nor were they in the least dismayed in the morning to discover that the doors were all firmly latched and bolted. In a word, they got inured to harmless noises in the old house, and soon took no notice of them.

"One evening," said the gardener, "I came in late, and made haste upstairs to clean myself for a party we were invited to that night. My wife had gone on ahead, and I was in a hurry to follow her. Well, I saw the ghost—or whatever the blessed thing was—when I was shaving myself before the glass. I saw it *in the glass*. It came right up behind me, all of a sudden, looked over my shoulder, and made a face at me that was enough to curd milk. I whipped round, razor in hand—and there was nothing there. I said to myself, 'You must be dreaming,' and then, forgetting for the moment the disgusting face I had seen looking at me in the glass—and I saw it as plain as I saw my own—I said to myself, 'It was a reflection, or something of that sort,' and taking up the glass I carried it to another part of the room, and started on the job again. I had got fresh lather on my face, had given the razor another turn on my strop, and was just beginning to shave again, when over my shoulder in the glass appears the same face as wicked as before, and looks at me till I could feel the sweat bursting out on my chest and forehead.

"It didn't take me, I assure you, one

minute to pop my coat on and get down those stairs and out of the house. I didn't want to stop to see any more. I was as limp as a rag, and shaking all over like a horse with the megrims. And what a figure I must have made at the party; for I bounces in upon them with my tie and collar clutched in my hand, just as I had picked 'em up from the chest of drawers, and looking as white as a clean pocket-handkerchief!"



"IT LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER AND MADE A FACE AT ME."

Cardinal Newman has the startling figure of a man going to a looking-glass to consult his image, and seeing nothing. Next in alarm to such an experience, I take it, is to behold over one's shoulder, in the glass which reflects oneself, a face inhuman in its evil and inhuman in its verity.

The story is of the greater interest to me because I know the gardener well and am conversant with his tone of mind. Few men less likely to dream dreams or to see visions ever followed the trade of Adam. He is a man of vigorous thought and vigorous action; unlike most gardeners, a man quick on his feet, upright in his carrriage, swift in his movements—such a man as we take to be typical of a colour-sergeant in a regiment with fine traditions. He was glad to be done with his story, and turned impatiently to his spade-work as one who would make up for lost time. Not a credulous or gossiping man.

Now, whatever may be the explanation of this vision in the looking-glass, I can relate a story which the reader will assuredly rejoice in—firstly, because it can so easily be explained, and, secondly, because it calls for no dragging in of Heaven. For is it not true that since the Creator turned man out of a garden, man has been labouring to keep the Creator out of Nature?

A lady of my acquaintance arrived one day on the landing of her house, and, passing on towards her bedroom, saw, as she had often seen before, the family nurse emerging from the bathroom on her way to the night nursery. A minute after one of the children in the day nursery, seeing her mother pass by the open door, called to her to do some trivial service. "Ask nurse," the mother replied; "she is in the night nursery." "No, mamma, she isn't," answered the child; "she is in the garden with J—— and E——." And at that moment, dressed in her outdoor costume, the nurse made her appearance in the hall below and proceeded to climb the stairs with all the equanimity of an acclimatized mortal.

Now here, as we have said, is a case which the first stupid man will explain away for you in the easiest manner imaginable. There is here no need to "hazard a wide solution," as Sir Thomas Browne has it. The case is plain. The nurse was not dead; she did not die; she is not going to die for some considerable time; and the mistress continues to enjoy the robust health which is the delight and envy of her friends. Therefore there is nothing "supernatural" in the matter. No; it is merely a case of reflex action of the brain. The lady had seen the nurse going out of the bathroom a score of times before, and the spectacle so photographed on her brain happened to recur on this occasion. Therefore to all ladies who are in the habit of seeing their husbands smoking comfortably in an arm-chair and turning leisurely the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, we would say that when, as must so often happen, the brain repeats the familiar picture during the husband's absence from home, they are to throw a cushion at the phantom and say "Booh!" If that does not frighten it away let them try "reflex action of the brain!" and a poker.

For one moment let me dwell lovingly upon the word supernatural, which I have honoured with inverted commas in my predecessive paragraph. "Supernatural" is a term which means absolutely nothing unless we hold that man has exhausted the infinite fields of Nature. A thing is not natural because we understand it, but because in its verity it belongs to Nature. Because we do not understand a thing, it is not on that account supernatural. The universe is vaster than human experience; and even Shakespeare, whose intellect was of a comprehensive nature, and who seems to have reflected upon mortal destiny with a shrewd and ample spirit, suggests to the most ignorant of us that there may be things in heaven and earth which are not dreamed of in our philosophy. It is ever well to keep this possibility in mind, however vague and ridiculous it may seem, when that pestiferous little word "supernatural" runs to our lips like water seeking its own level.

And this caution, which I offer to the reader with all humility, knowing the temptations of a contented gnosticism, leads to a story which neither the sceptics of the Society for Psychical Research nor the too credulous enthusiasts of the Rational Press (whatever those good atheists may call themselves) shall explain with satisfaction to myself.

A friend of mine was staying at the riverside home of a foreign gentleman living in England. After dinner, on the first night of his arrival, he was sitting with his host in the library, smoking comfortably before the fire, when of a sudden the great German boar-hound lying outstretched between the two men on the hearth got upon his legs with a snarl, swung off into the middle of the room, and stood there barking furiously at nothing.

My friend looked over his shoulder, expecting to see a servant enter the room, and then, turning to his host, he asked with a smile what it was the dog made such an alarming fuss about. His host, who was also smiling, put a finger to his lips, signifying silence, and nodded his head towards the dog, as if to say, "Watch him; it is worth your while."

And then my friend saw what held him fascinated till the scene ended. He saw a huge dog barking at *Nothing*, making little furious rushes at *Nothing*, and, getting angrier and angrier, driving this said *Nothing* nearer and nearer to the curtained windows. The hound's eyes blazed with fury, his frothing lips disclosed teeth that dripped with the very violence of hate, and the whole lithe body, with the coat roughened by rage, was tense with enmity. To doubt that there was no *Thing* in front of him, inspiring all this fury, was impossible to my friend, and for the life of him he could not imagine why his eyes failed to discover it.

As soon as the hound had driven his enemy to the curtains he returned to the hearth, laid himself down again before the fire, but this time kept his head erect, with uneasy eyes fixed upon the curtains.

"HE SAW A HUGE DOG BARKING AT NOTHING."

"He does that nearly every night," said the host of my friend, smiling easily; "it is a great amusement to me, and it is instructive. It shows that animals see the world differently from human beings."

"But what does he see?"

"A ghost. Well, if you do not like the word, let us say an apparition. Yes, he sees an apparition. I have tried to see it many times, but"—shrugging his shoulders—"I do not fast sufficiently, perhaps! No; I have never seen it."

It came out that the house had long enjoyed the reputation of being haunted. The new owner had no belief in the legend when he took the house, and, indeed, gave up thinking about it till the hound sprang up from the hearth, almost night after night, and always at about the same time, and went through the extraordinary passion of anger which we have just described. My friend was amazed to find his host so callous to the uncanny influence of such a scene, but he assured him that he quite looked forward every evening to the passing of the spirit through the room, and was hopeful some day—if he could only bring himself to endure the Simple Life for a few weeks—of himself seeing the vision. But his chief interest lay in the hound, and he spent the rest of the evening in relating legends concerning ghosts which have appeared to dogs and not to human beings.

Now the reader may say to himself, if he is in the habit of reflecting as he goes, "These are interesting stories; they tend to confirm what I have always held to be the truth, that there are stranger things in the world than physical science takes account of; but what I should like to be told is a story which proves to me absolutely that personality persists after death—in other words, a properly-authenticated story of a ghost seen after death."

This is the desire of the world. There is no longing of the human heart comparable to this passion for light. Everything gives way before it. Christianity carried the whole world in its infant arms because it issued from an empty tomb. And the same desire is in the breast of humanity to-day; but it lies sleeping, lulled into unhappy and almost frightened slumber by the distortions of a period of agnosticism. Physical science has so enlarged man's conception of the universe that he is afraid to think of himself as other than a mere atom of the dust on which he crawls. But more and more philosophy is adjusting human reason to the new discoveries of science. We find on this earth love, compassion, self-sacrifice, justice; if they are here they belong to the universe. Arrogance could no farther go than to make evolving man the creator of love and justice. No; we must admit love into the universe. And if love—then a purpose and a goal. And we find on the earth a desire for life after death; the horror of annihilation (see the later letters of Huxley and Spencer) is all but universal among men. We cannot bring ourselves to think of ourselves as not being.

The hunger of the world for light was its first craving as it came through the cavernous regions of its origin and looked consciously upon the universe. "How came the universe into being? How is it that I stand here — seeing, hearing, feeling, hoping? I am conscious of myself. I know that I do not know. I know that I wish to know. Why? What does this all mean—the universe, the earth, and I myself? To what end? Again and again, day after day, age after age—why?" And this same passion, dormant to-day after a period of agnosticism, will revive. Again and again it will surge into the soul and demand its satisfaction. It belongs to the eternal verities. Science has its phases, society its upheavals, art and literature their revolutions; but through all the changes of this mortal life men lay their children in the dust and women stand at the grave weeping. Always—till we have been led into All Truth by the Spirit of the universe—man will desire to know what is the destiny of his soul.

And there are men and women in the world to-day who are more sure of the life beyond the grave than of anything else. The "ghost story" which all desire has been their own experience. They have seen their dead. But seldom will they speak of these revelations; they are at once too sacred and too inconceivable. Reader, confess that if a child returned to you from the grave, looked at you with eyes that you could understand, and made you feel by its presence some sympathy existing between you and the spiritual world outside of vision, you would not shout of it from the newspapers or readily submit yourself to the cross-examination of "psychical experts."

I know many people who have had these experiences. There are more men in the world, perhaps, who have seen ghosts than there are legends of ghosts. But their stories —so real to them—would be as little convincing to the world as the ordinary legend. You cannot put to the tests of the police-court these sublime experiences. If you do so, you end, as happened to poor Joan of Arc, by burning the visionary for a wicked witch.

Now there is one story of a ghostly appearance long after death which has in it so many convincing proofs of reality that even

the hardened sceptic, treasuring his unbelief as if it were the last shreds of his good name, must admit a value to it. I tell the story here as quickly as possible, and must ask the reader to believe that the evidence has been subjected to the most rigorous examination, and that the testimony of the man who saw the ghost is accepted, even by those who endeavour to give a physical explanation of the story, as unimpeachable.

A young man in America, a commercial traveller, was one day writing out his orders after a morning's successful work among the local merchants. In the midst of his writing, with his pen driving rapidly and a cigar between his lips, he experienced of a sudden an arresting sensation that he was not alone in the room. He lifted up his head, and there, sitting at the table beside him, one arm resting on the table's edge, young and soft with the bloom of her youth, sat his only sister whom he had mourned for nine years. So real was the vision that he sprang up to

"SO REAL WAS THE VISION THAT HE SPRANG UP."

greet and to clasp her. All the years of mourning were borne away on a wave of transcendent happiness which overswept his soul. Dead for nine years? Dead? No; not dead. It was the long time of mourning that seemed hallucination. His reason was suspended. His sister was there at his side.

But as he moved towards her she vanished, and he found himself back in reality, wondering what had happened. Had he dreamed? Impossible. The ink was still wet on his pen; his cigar still smoked between his fingers. He was awake and alert. Something he had seen—call it how he might—something that was the express likeness of his dead sister. He had seen *it* with human eyes. He had seen *it* in the midst of commercial work. In broad daylight. At midday, with the sun pouring into the room.

When he questioned himself the reality of the vision was strongly impressed upon his mind by one little thing he had noticed in his sister's face—*a blood-red scratch on one of her cheeks.* This disfigurement was so vivid and so certain in its effects upon his mind that he could not shake off from his consciousness the conviction that he had, in some mystical way, seen his dead sister in the flesh. Every article of her dress—the comb in her hair, the brooch at her throat, the stuff and colour of her gown—all were indelibly imprinted on his mind; but clearest memory of all, strongest and most convincing touch of reality, was the red scratch on the spirit's face.

Now, most remarkable confirmation of this vision was to follow, and he who saw the vision shall tell the sequel in his own language: "This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I had stated; but he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or scratch on the right-hand side of my sister's face, which I had distinctly seen. When I mentioned this my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister,

as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have, unintentionally, marred the features of her dead daughter, and that, unknown to all, she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of the family had detected it, and positively were unaware of the incident, yet *I saw the scratch as bright as if just made*. So strangely impressed was my mother that even after she had retired to rest she got up and dressed, came to me, and told me *she* knew at least that I had seen my sister. A few weeks later my mother died, happy in her belief that she would rejoin her favourite daughter in a better world."

Now the testimony of this witness is undeniable, and it has been received by those who refuse faith in the psychical verity of the ghost. There is no question on that point. What, then, is the "explanation"? We are asked to believe that the mother, sitting at home, and dwelling on the memory of her dead child, of a sudden came into telepathic communication with her son, and his brain received the image from hers.

For one moment let us consider this explanation, remembering Byron's remark about Coleridge's metaphysics: "I wish he would explain his Explanation."

The daughter had been in her grave nine years. Are we to suppose that the memory of this child was so vivid in the mother's mind that she could transmit it, unconsciously, to the mind of her son many miles away, and transmit it so definitely that he should see the child with a disfigurement of which he was unaware? Was the mother thinking of that sad mark? Then, why was not the image reflected on the son's mind the vision of his sister in her coffin? She was sitting at his side; she was dressed in every detail; her arm was resting on the table. Could the mother—however earnestly she was reflecting on that memory—fling so natural an image over all those miles? Further, let us remember that the son was not in trance, not even in a mood of idleness favourable to the reception of such thought-waves, but that he was busily engaged in entering up "orders," and smoking a cigar as he did so.

It is surely less difficult to believe—especially in the light of our knowledge that the mother died a few weeks later—that the sister, who had great sympathy with him during life, had power given her so to affect the mind of her brother that he was driven home in time to see his mother before she died, and perhaps to offer her the amazing consolation of assured communion with her daughter after death? But let us, in any case, not dismiss lightly a story of such remarkable interest, but rather hope that science may in time be able to offer us an explanation less unpalatable to our reason than that of telepathic communication between the mother and the son.

With one other story I will conclude this brief paper on phantasms. And my reasons for reserving till the end of my paper so picturesque a story I will give at the conclusion of the whole matter.

A lady named the Countess Eugénie Kapnist was staying at Talta in 1889 with her sister, the Countess Ina. At the house of a friend they met one evening a gentleman, Monsieur P——, who was there among the other invalids of that health resort, dying visibly of consumption. The Countess Ina was asked to play some music after dinner, and she sat down to the piano and played Mendelssohn's "Prélude." The first bars were hardly struck when Monsieur P—— got up from his seat, advanced to the piano, and regarded the player with the utmost anxiety. At its conclusion he told the Countess Ina that she had chosen a piece of music which was the especial favourite of his dead brother, and that she had played it with all the characteristics he associated so fondly with his brother's memory.

He was something of a spiritualist, and would have it that he had known Countess Ina before—"not in this world," he said, "that is impossible; but in other worlds." He became so enamoured of this idea that he promised her to return after death and manifest himself to her, with the assurance of a life beyond the grave.

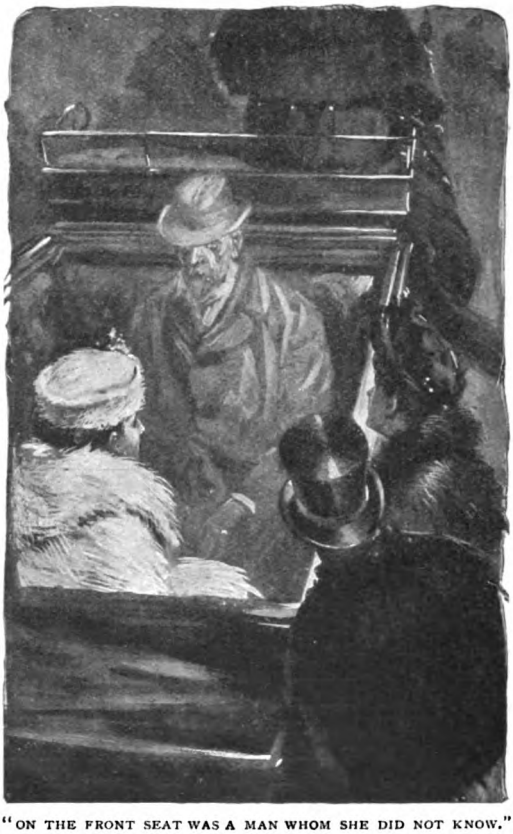
The two ladies thought little more of their odd fellow-guest. During their stay at Talta they saw him walking about with other people, and were amused by his quaint appearance, his reddish fringe of beard, and a peculiar coat the colour of hazel in which he always went clothed. They never became really intimate with him.

In March of the following year they were in St. Petersburg, and on a particular night they took a friend of theirs to see a performance of "Le Marchand de Venise." This

friend came from Tsarskoye Selo on purpose for the play, and made the return journey after the performance. Our two ladies, with their guest, changed their dresses immediately after the play, drove to the railway station, and saw their friend off by the train leaving at one o'clock.

On going down the stairs of the station Countess Ina was quicker than her sister, and, finding the carriage waiting for her, got in immediately. The Countess Eugénie was, perhaps, two minutes later than her sister in reaching the landau, at the open door of which stood a servant waiting to help her in. But as she put her foot upon the step she paused.

She felt that it was not her carriage. And she had good reason, for there on the front seat, sitting in a grey shaft of light, which might have been cast by a lamp, was a man whom she did not know—a pale man, with reddish hair, and clothed in a hazel-coloured coat. So long was the Countess Eugénie in regarding this person that the servant imagined her dress had caught on the step and sought to release it.



"ON THE FRONT SEAT WAS A MAN WHOM SHE DID NOT KNOW."

"Are you sure this is our carriage?" she asked of her sister.

"Of course it is," answered the Countess Ina. "What makes you doubt it?"

At this the vision vanished, and the sister entered the carriage and took her seat.

Then she told her sister what she had seen, and both ladies agreed that the description of the man was familiar to them. But so full of movement is a year in a busy woman's life that neither of them could name the familiar face.

Some time after, meeting a friend from Talta, they learned that Monsieur P——, "that odd man," had died two days after the appearance of the ghost in the carriage. "A ce nom, la figure pointue et le paletot noisette retrouvéront leur possesseur. Ma sœur reconnut en même temps que moi, grâce à ma description précise." At last they could put a name to the ghost.

In this story we have a phantasm which should have appeared after death appearing during life, while the person who had promised the vision was in a dying condition, and at that hour of the night was probably fast asleep. Moreover, the phantasm was invisible to the sister who had received the promise, and was manifest to the sister who had played no share in the compact.

I have saved this story to the end because, I think, it leaves the reader in exactly the state of mind which is beneficial to future inquiry. He knows not what to make of it. It forbids a theory. It overturns hypotheses as fast as they occur. In every particular it contradicts the well-ordered reasonableness of a nicely-adjusted problem in Euclid.

And is this not exactly what a phantasm should do? Anthropomorphism must surely lose its congenial conceit the farther man presses towards the secrets of the universe. Into your theory of telepathy or your theory of reflex action of the brain, into your police-court of logic and your schoolroom of natural causes, you shall never cajole the infinite nor entice the eternal. We know that we do not know, and that at present is the sum of our experience; but we hope that it lies in the purposes of human destiny, unlearning as we go, at last to be guided into All Truth, so that gradually we come more and more into sympathy with the might, the majesty, and the mystery of the universe in which we move upon this little earth, striving to understand.

By C. C. Andrews (Carl Swerdna).

THE train was just puffing into the darkness of the tunnel. For a moment the head and bonnet of Aunt Julia, frantically gesticulating, were visible, thrust out of window. Doubtless behind her an equally frantic maid also gesticulated. Despite her dismay Belinda laughed, dropping the magazine which, she told herself, she had been a perfect fool to get out and buy. But for it and her travelling-bag she was alone in the world.

She looked about her. If anybody else had left the train they had vanished already into the chilly grey vacancy beyond the station gate. Besides herself, a porter, and the bookstall boy, the only person on the platform was a plump, official-looking individual who was probably the station-master. She turned to consult him in a little confidential way she had, before which most men succumbed. Belinda was as pretty as a picture.

When was the next train to Carlisle? In six hours? Good gracious! She almost dropped the bag on the top of the magazine. Was there a waiting-room? Yes. A fire in it? No—nor yet a fireplace. How far was the village? A matter of three miles. Was there any conveyance that could take her there? No; and, moreover, in the village there was nothing in the way of an inn but a beershop, that was no sort of place for a lady. By this time the station-master had succumbed completely. He essayed comfort, rubbing his chin.

"They'd make you comfortable at the Black Horse, miss. And you'd get a shay there to bring you back in time for the train."

"Where is the Black Horse?" demanded Belinda, briskly.

It was a bit over two miles away across a corner of the moor, just off the North Road, and the station-master was cheerfully sure that she couldn't possibly miss it. As to its looking like rain, he was ready to pledge himself that it would "hold up" long enough for her to get there twice over. Belinda cast a forlorn glance at the surrounding greyness and looked prettier than ever. The porter, though a phlegmatic person, was moved to deliver a whisper into his superior's ear. The latter brightened.

"I quite forgot, miss. There's a trap outside that came to fetch away some parcels we had down from London. The gentleman will give you a lift to the Black Horse as lief as not, most likely."

"Is he going that way? How lucky! Oh, tell him he really must, please!" cried Belinda, eagerly.

The station-master probably told him he really must. Anyhow, Belinda presently found herself being tucked up on the back

seat of a stout dog-cart drawn by a skittish-looking bay mare. The driver, muffled in turned-up collar and peaked cap, was already in his seat—apparently a taciturn and incurious person, for he did not even glance round at his unexpected passenger. In a moment they were off, the rough moor road was under their wheels, and across the desolate grey waste the wind came rushing at them like something savagely alive. Belinda, snuggling down into her wraps, trying to accommodate herself to parcels beside her and parcels on the floor—parcels knobbier and fuller of sharp corners than parcels need be—wondered what Aunt Julia would say if only she could see her. Probably that it served her right, or, if she forbore to say it, she would think it and look it—Aunt Julia had a way of looking things that was not to be mistaken. She had looked volumes, for instance, over coming to Scotland for Christmas. But, of course, she had comprehended why home was absolutely unendurable at this particular time as perfectly as she had known why she (Belinda) had insisted upon this special day for the journey. If it had lain in her power to recast the calendar this date in December would have been left out of it. It made her cheeks flame to recall the last one. The lapse of a year had not made her a whit less indignant and implacable. In twenty more she would never——

"FOR A MOMENT TWO OF THE BLANKEST FACES IN THE WORLD STARED AT EACH OTHER."

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Belinda.

The ejaculation had been really bumped out of her. The road had suddenly led down into a wide, shallow valley; the descent was not steep, but the bay mare took it so very friskily, while one wheel jerked over a stone so particularly large that the whole concern was tilted sideways, and she had a scared sensation of having only just escaped flying over the driver's head. It was as they reached the level and came miraculously straight again that he spoke.

"There's no need to be nervous," he said. "The cart's built for this sort of thing and the mare knows her work. Hold on up the slope, it will keep you steadier, and——" He looked round—his eyes and mouth opened. Belinda's eyes and mouth were open already. For a moment two of the blankest faces in the world stared at each other.

"Really, I had no idea——" he began, stiffly.

"Neither had I, you may be sure!" Belinda retorted, with sharpness.

Silence. The bay mare, doing her best gallantly up the slope, probably wondered why she received a totally undeserved cut with the whip. Belinda, collapsing into her cloak and rug, tried to realize the stupendous, confounding fact that here, close enough to be touched if she put out her hand, was Dick Cazalet—Dick! What an impossible thing to have happened! Why had she not stayed at the station and got frozen, or walked to the Black Horse and lost herself? What would Aunt Julia say now? she wondered, staring blankly at the square shoulders in front of her. The idea of not knowing they were Dick's! She only saved herself upon the verge of an hysterical giggle by speaking again. She did it with a detached air of addressing the universe at large. "I suppose you are staying in the neighbourhood?"

"I'm living in it."

"Oh!" She cogitated. "I presume at Capheaton? That's the name, I think?"

"That's the name—yes. It lies about three miles beyond the Black Horse, off the North Road. I'm trying my hand at farming."

"Oh! I didn't know you understood farming." She was still detached.

"I don't. But I may make out to earn

my salt at it, which I find I can't do at the Bar."

"Oh!" said Belinda again. (At certain times what would be done without that hard-worked interjection?) "You know perfectly well," she said, coldly, "that it is quite your own fault if you have the slightest need to talk in that way."

"Thanks, I'm aware of it." He checked a half laugh. "I beg your pardon—I'm forgetting—permit me to dismiss myself." His tone changed. "May I venture to ask how it is that you are alone here?"

Belinda explained. It was an explanation without a superfluous word in it, but no doubt the point of the universe which she appeared to address—say the coast of Greenland—was sufficiently enlightened. His air of polite attention was at least as frosty.

"An awkward predicament, certainly," he remarked. "No doubt your aunt—I think you said your aunt?—will, as you say, turn back at Carlisle. I should imagine she would prefer that to either waiting or going on to Edinburgh without you. Luckily, Miss Dartford—I beg your pardon—I should say your aunt——"

"I think you are being perfectly absurd!" cried Belinda, with sudden temper.

"Absurd?"

"Absolutely ridiculous!" declared Belinda, impatiently.

"Indeed!" He shrugged. "I believed I was consulting your wishes," he said, coldly. "If my memory of our last interview serves me—and it's tolerably vivid—you expressed a wish that if we were so unlucky as to meet again it should be as strangers."

"I know I did. And I meant it," flashed Belinda.

"Exactly. You made that pretty obvious. Then I fail to see——"

"Under ordinary circumstances—yes," said Belinda. "But here—now—it's simply preposterous to behave as if we didn't know each other—as if you didn't know Aunt Julia! Farcical! It's quite—quite unbearable enough without that!" She gave a fierce little laugh. "On this day of all others, too!" she said, with scorn.

"This day?" He had twisted in his seat to look at her; his expression was politely puzzled, interrogative. "Of course—I'm forgetful—it's the twenty-third!" He, too, laughed. "Our anniversary promises to be about as pleasant as our wedding-day!"

"Worse!" declared Belinda, bitterly.

"You think so? Well, even that's possible, I suppose. But as we shall be at the Black Horse in twenty minutes you will at least get rid of me sooner."

"I am glad to hear it," said Belinda.

"Precisely," he returned.

His tone was unflatteringly acquiescent. Belinda took refuge in loftily disdainful silence. She laughed quite sardonically—not an easy thing to do when by nature you are round and rosy and altogether sweet and kissable. It was as she laughed, hoping that he heard—his square shoulders were abominably stolid and inexpressive—that she felt the first sting of the rain upon her face. As a prophet the station-master was a fraud; in a minute it poured as she had never seen it pour in her life, and the wind came screaming up to meet it with a fury that made its former violence a mere joke. The mare broke affrightedly into a gallop; the cart rocked and swayed over the stony road. Cazalet swung round; he had to shout to make her hear.

"Keep covered or you'll be drenched." He bent back and pulled the rug more closely round her. "I was afraid of this, confound it! That's why I came this way instead of by the road—it saves half the distance. We shall be over the river directly, and then a few minutes will get you to the Black Horse."

"The river?" echoed Belinda, blankly.

"Yes. There's a ford just below the footbridge; nothing to be nervous of—I've crossed it a dozen times."

Belinda said nothing; she was fully occupied in holding on, for the bumps and jerks were worse than ever, and the lash and shriek of wind and rain seemed to blind and deafen her. But for their tumult she would have been quicker to hear a third sound—the tearing roar of angry water. She uttered a cry of scared dismay as the mare, plunging and rearing, was brought to a standstill. Was this the river they must cross—this foaming, furious torrent? Was that frail, rickety thing over which it dashed the footbridge? Cazalet had jumped down to the mare's head. "We can never cross!" she gasped.

"Good Heaven, no!" Once more he had to shout; the mare plunged wildly as he tried to turn her head. "It's all right—she's a bit scared—sit tight a minute!" he cried.

Belinda sat tight; she also was a bit scared. How in a moment she got down from her perch she never fairly knew; the descent was accomplished somehow; she had a vague idea of an outline of some sort seen through the torrential rain as she was hurried

up some steps under a shelving penthouse roof; a door, knocked at vainly, yielded to a powerful thrust from Dick's shoulder, and she was under shelter with hardly breath enough to gasp, "Where are we?"

"In the mill. Lucky for us it's here. Pull off that cloak, it's drenched. I must see to the mare—she'll kick the cart to flinders."

"THE MARE PLUNGED WILDLY AS HE TRIED TO TURN HER HEAD."

He went. Belinda stared bewildered round a bare room containing little but a stove, a truckle-bed, a table, a cupboard, and a chair or two. A ladder in the centre led up through a trap to the floor above. There was a second door and a window. From the last she looked out upon the huge, slimy, green-mossed wheel, and the wicked white waters of the race dashing upwards in clouds of spray. She shuddered, glancing at the footbridge. Suppose she had walked from the station and had tried to cross those quivering, dripping planks, had slipped and fallen, been sucked into that horrible current and dragged down! She would have walked but for the still hardly-credible coincidence of Dick being there. To think that she should meet Dick again, and upon the very anniversary of the hateful day upon which she had married him! What a fool she had been a year ago; what a credulous, defrauded simpleton! And he—— The door rattled and he came in.

"The mare will do, I think," he said. "They use that shed arrangement for a stable, it seems. Is there anyone about? No? That's a nuisance! I hoped the miller's man would be here—off on account of its being holiday-time, no doubt. Well, it can't be helped, and we've conjointly committed burglary, I suppose!"

"We could hardly stay out in this deluge and be drowned," said Belinda, coldly.

"Just so." He hesitated. "I must apologize for having got you into this unpleasant predicament," he said, stiffly. "I had heard that the river is sometimes awfully swollen when there has been a sudden thaw after snow—the water rushes down from the hills, you see—but I never gave it a thought—like an ass!"

"It is most annoying, certainly." Her glance was a pointed endorsement of his last sentiment. "How long may I have to stay here?" she demanded.

"Hours, probably."

"Hours!"

"I should say so. When we get this sort of weather hereabouts we usually get plenty, and the mare won't face it, as you saw. Even if she would, you would be drenched in five minutes."

"You said the Black Horse was only a little way on the other side of the river. It can't go on raining like this for long. As soon as it lessens a little I'll go over by the bridge," said Belinda, resolutely.

"The bridge? Look at it! The first person who crosses that had better say his prayers! You'll do no such thing, rain or no rain."

Belinda gasped. Why, if he had ordered her about for the past twelvemonth—as no doubt he would have done, for of course he added bully and tyrant to his other pleasant qualities—he might have spoken in just such a tone as that. She would have essayed a crushing reply, only she was shivering so that

she could not trust her tongue to deliver it properly—the mill was as cold as a tomb. He saw it.

"Put this rug out of the cart round you—I don't think it's damp. I'll see if I can light a fire."

"Pray don't trouble for me," said Belinda, stiffly.

"You prefer to freeze, no doubt," he retorted. "But I can't allow even a stranger to do that, as it happens. And you need feel under no obligation, I assure you. I've no fancy for freezing myself, and should do it for my own sake if you weren't here."

Belinda disdained a reply. The rug by good luck remained on her shoulders, but she declined to assist it to stay there; she would not look round, but she heard him busily moving to and fro behind her, and presently a cheerful crackle of kindling wood. The fire was burning merrily, and he had found and lighted some candles when she spoke over her shoulder.

"Oh, it is snowing!" she exclaimed.

"So I see." He looked over her head; he was tall enough to do it easily. "Humph—I rather expected that—looked like it. We shall be lucky if we're not snowed up."

"Snowed up? Here?" cried Belinda, in consternation.

"It's possible—one never knows one's luck on the moors—I've been at Capheaton long enough to know that. It may work up into a respectable imitation of a blizzard, by the look of things."

"Why, that might keep us here all night!" She was round-eyed with dismay.

"Possibly." (His indifference, she told herself, was simply brutal.) "But even that would be preferable to being either frozen or drowned. And probably we sha'n't starve. We had better see what our friend the miller's man has got in that cupboard."

He ransacked the cupboard; they both ransacked the cupboard; even lions and tigers suspend hostilities when hungry, it is said. Luckily for them the miller's man had not left it bare; it yielded tea and sugar, butter and cheese, a pudding-basin full of eggs, and a huge loaf, not to mention a hunk of pork of so exceedingly bilious a complexion that they left it where it was. A truce was tacitly understood; they ate and drank, if not in good fellowship, at least peaceably. It even presently flashed into Belinda's head that this would have been very much more awful without Dick. She, for instance, could never have lighted the fire; he had accomplished it at once. Perhaps he always lighted the fires at Capheaton? Perhaps he had no servant there to do it for him? If so, it served him right. Nothing could be punishment too much for the way he had treated her!

She recalled it all. How eager she had been to welcome her adopted father's unknown nephew—the nephew he had refused to see during the lifetime of his estranged brother; how delighted when the grumpy old man liked him! She had tried her very best to bring them together; had even once ventured, with her heart in her mouth, to plead that at least some of the fortune she was to inherit should go to Dick, who, beyond a hundred or two a year and a gloomy old house up in the North somewhere that he had never even seen, had nothing. Why, she had cried—yes, absolutely cried—when he died a month afterwards to find that his will remained unaltered. She had tried to tell Dick how sorry she was, and then; like a little fool, broken down altogether in begging him to let her divide the money. In answer he had looked at her—only looked at her, and then—well, she had never known quite how it happened, but she was in his arms, and finished her crying on his shoulder. Did he mind her having so much when he had so little? she had whispered. He had laughed at that, telling her gaily that he would have married her if she had been twice as rich, and that a man was a fool who let money stand in his way with a woman. Then he had kissed her, and she, one shy, rosy flutter, had kissed him. Throughout their brief, delightful courtship they had never even mentioned the subject again; the lawyers had done what they liked and let them alone. Then there had come their wedding-day!

She stole a glance at him, clenching the hand that bore his wedding-ring. If only she had discovered what he really was in time to save her from her folly! But it was as she changed into her travelling-dress that Ethel, her chief bridesmaid, had brought her that half-sheet of paper in his handwriting, telling her with a laugh that she should not drop her love-letters about. She had glanced at the first lines, and the whole world had seemed to crash about her. "I don't repent. She has the money, my dear fellow; that's all I care about," he had written. She had read a little farther, enough to tell her that the letter of which this was part had been written to George Henderson, his best man; then thrust it into her pocket, saying nothing to Ethel and making no sign. Even

Dick had noticed nothing wrong, for it was not until they were alone in the railway carriage that she had turned upon him. She remembered how, when he came and sat beside her, slipping his arm round her waist, she had had a moment of contemptible weakness, of insane temptation to burn the wretched thing and forget it—had almost clung to him and returned his kiss. But the next she had pushed him away fiercely and put the paper in his hand.

Well, he had confessed that he had written it, and, moreover, had not attempted to deny that he was the shameless cheat and fortune-hunter she called him. It only added to her passion that he did not try to excuse himself, but listened in a stolid silence to all she chose to say. Certainly they would be strangers for the future since that was her opinion of him, he had said with a shrug when she was silent at last. So they had completed the wretched journey to Dover, and she had gone to an hotel and wired for Aunt Julia, and he had gone she didn't know where. She had heard nothing of him since but for the one letter he had written to her lawyers, refusing to take advantage of the marriage settlements to the extent of a penny. She had hoped that she might never be so unlucky as to see him again, and now —she glanced up to find him looking at her. He spoke as though he had followed her thoughts—perhaps he had.

"It makes no difference, of course," he said, abruptly; "but I've often felt curious to know who it was who gave you that letter."

"If it makes no difference—and it doesn't—I don't see why you should ask," said Belinda. "If you could deny having written it——"

"I've told you that I did not deny it, and certainly I am not going to do so now—I did write it." He paused, frowning. "You may as well tell me. Who was it?"

"Ethel—Miss Maitland."

"Oh!" He laughed shortly. "I thought as much!"

"What do you mean?" Belinda demanded.

"Oh, nothing!" He laughed again. "There are some things a man doesn't care to say about a woman!"

"What things?" She flashed a look at him and ostentatiously withdrew it in favour of the fire. "I suppose you think she was in love with you and did it out of spite?" she said, scornfully.

"Thank you!" He stared at her wrathfully—glared at her, she mentally called it. "Evidently there's nothing that a woman won't permit herself to say about a man!"

The truce was over. She withdrew in freezing silence to the extremest corner of the hearth and took refuge in a novel from her travelling-bag; he read a newspaper from his pocket. The fire had burnt down and been replenished twice before either spoke again. Then Dick rose, went to the door, and came back.

"It has stopped snowing and the wind has dropped," he announced, curtly. "The moon is getting up, and I know the way. I'll drive you to the Black Horse by road."

"Thank you, but the river is quieter—I've been listening. I'll cross by the bridge," said Belinda.

"I've told you once that you'll do no such thing! It's as rotten as touchwood—I wouldn't trust a dog on it after the strain it has had. You had better get ready while I harness the mare. And perhaps you will bar this door after me—it won't keep shut without."

The door was the one through which they had made their forced entry at the expense of breaking the lock. Belinda dropped the heavy bar into place again and went to the window. The river certainly was quieter and lower; the water no longer dashed over the bridge, as she could see. It looked frail enough, but surely it would bear her light weight? Should she venture? It was almost worth the risk if only because it would make Dick so horribly angry to find himself defied, the only drawback being that she would not be there to see it. It was as she thought so and moved to her cloak that she started and looked up to the trap in the ceiling through which the ladder led to the floor above. There was that faint, furtive rustling again, like something moving stealthily in straw, that she had been startled by while they were at their meal. Rats, Dick had explained, callously adding that no doubt the mill swarmed with them. Belinda shuddered—the noise was growing louder. Suppose some of the horrid things came down the ladder? Suppose——

She tried to scream. But the terror that held her motionless froze her tongue. Grasping the edge of the trap was a hand, peering downward was a face—such a face! The dim candle-light showed the cat-like agility of the gaunt figure as it descended the ladder, the fluttering rags of its unkempt dress, its long, wild hair, its awful eyes. As the man reached the ground he saw and made a darting step towards her. It broke the spell. Belinda shrieked as she had never in her life shrieked before.

"HE MADE A DARTING STEP TOWARDS HER."

"Dick! Dick! Come! come!" she screamed.

Dick's voice shouted in answer; he battered at the barred door. The sound diverted the attention of the figure; he wavered and glanced that way. In an instant Belinda darted to the opposite door, tore it open, and rushed out. The fearful thing followed—she heard the thud of its pursuing feet, its hoarse, inarticulate cries; knew that its claw-like hands were stretched to grasp her, and, mad with terror, ran upon the bridge. Her foot caught, she stumbled, clutched at the rail, and saw it spring headlong past her and fall. There was a cracking, crashing noise of violently rent wood, a frightful cry, and it was gone—the bridge was gone, and she was frantically clinging to the swaying, shattered rail, the hungry waters of the mill-race boiling below her. Then, above the tumult, came Dick's voice.

"Hold on! Hold on, for Heaven's sake!" he shouted. "You'll be swept into the race!"

She saw him dart upon the broken bridge, saw it bend and shiver under his added weight, felt his hands clutch her as the plank on which her own rested yielded and sank down, heard a wild yell of eldritch laughter, and then no more. Her eyes shut upon his horrified face, and she swooned away.

She was in the mill again when she opened them, lying back in the wooden arm-chair by the fire, and he was holding his flask to her lips. He stopped her as she tried to stand up, glancing about her in terror. "It's all right—you're safe. He isn't here," he said, soothingly.

"He—he was mad!" Belinda gasped.

"Yes, poor wretch—mad as a hatter." He stood up; he had been half kneeling. "You'll be all right now—you're not hurt, I think. How did it happen? Can you tell me?"

Belinda told, not without a shuddering turn of her eyes towards the trap and the ladder. Dick nodded.

"They call him Matt-o'-the-Moor," he said. "He's absolutely mad, of course, and I know he haunts the mill. The tale is that many years ago he accidentally shot his sweetheart here the day before their wedding, and the shock turned his brain. He is quite harmless—he wouldn't have hurt you—but it is one of his crazy ways always to run after those who run from him."

"Of course I ran." She shuddered again. "He must have hidden up there, I suppose?"

"Yes; to sleep. He lives more like an animal than a man. He's often about Capheaton; my people give him food. What made you run upon the bridge?"

"I don't know; I lost my head; I thought he'd clutch me. Was he drowned?"

"Drowned? Not a bit of it! He pitched forward out of the current of the race, as luck would have it, and scrambled ashore all right on the other side."

"I'm glad of that." She paused. "I suppose you have saved my life?"

"Something like it, I suppose." His tone—it had been as stiff as her own—changed. "Come, it's all over now; you mustn't cry."

"I—can't help it!" Belinda sobbed. "I know it's all over, but it was so awful!" Surely if ever a girl had a good excuse for breaking down she was the person—she cried and laughed together. "And it's so funny!"

she gasped, wildly. "It's our anniversary and we *are* k-keeping it! We've been nearly drowned, we've committed burglary, we're shut up together in this horrid place, I've been chased by a maniac and nearly killed, and you might have been killed in trying to save me! It's worse than our wedding-day a million times! Don't you see how f-funny it is?"

She sobbed and laughed with renewed vehemence; she looked the sweetest little figure of weeping woe. For a moment Dick eyed her gloomily; the next his arms were round her.

"There, there; don't cry, dear! It's all right now. Never mind what day it is—hang what day it is!—never mind anything." He kissed her. "Shall we say it's our wedding-day again and quite all right? Will you, darling?"

He kissed her again. Perhaps she didn't know it—hysterics are confusing—she was amazingly passive. But the next instant she wrenched herself free.

"How dare you?" she cried, fiercely.

"How dare I?" His temper was as quickly aflame as hers. "If you objected so much, it's a pity you let me!"

"I did not let you!"

"Oh! All right; it doesn't matter!" He shrugged. "You need not be afraid that I shall try again!"

"I hope not." Angry eyes met angry eyes. "I thought I had made you understand a year ago," she said, bitterly, "that I would never forgive you!"

"Certainly I shall never ask you!" he retorted, and laughed. "But, as in another fifty years we shall neither of us be wonderful specimens of antiquity, that opens a cheerful prospect!"

"If I thought," declared Belinda with energy, "that I should ever live to be anything so awful as seventy-two, I should wish you had let me be drowned!"

"Should you? If you do, I shall at any rate not be there to make it more unendurable. I suppose you intend to allow me to drive you to the Black Horse? Very well; I'll go and finish harnessing the mare. You had better get ready. The quicker we are the sooner you get rid of me, you know!"

He swung down his coat from the peg where it hung, put it on, and went out. Necessarily, being a man in a rage, he also banged the door. Belinda stood staring after him, her heart beating as it had not beaten since he had kissed her a year ago. Did he guess how nearly he had tempted her to be contemptible and weak again? He had wanted the money—he had married her for it, but surely he had loved her a little too—it could not have been all pretence! Suppose she had yielded, had said she would forgive; suppose——

Her face flamed suddenly. Could a kiss and a few soft words—could anything do away with that abominable letter? Nothing ever should, she thought, fiercely, turning to take up her cloak. It was as she did so that she saw on the floor something which must have dropped from his pocket as he took down his coat—a leather case that had not only opened in falling, but spilt part of its contents—a couple of letters folded together with something else that looked like a photograph. It was a photograph! She picked the little bundle up, turning it over.

Her photograph! Why should he carry her photograph, unless, to be sure, to look at it sometimes and think what a little fool he had made of her! Why was it folded with these two letters, as if they all belonged to each other? She glanced at one, glanced at the other, and began to shake all over. When Dick came in they were still in her hands, and she was whiter than the paper.

"The cart is quite ready if you——" He saw what she was holding. "Pardon me—my property, I think?"

"I—I know!" She held out the photograph. "It fell out of your pocket—I picked it up—I didn't know. And these—this—Mr. Henderson's answer to *that* letter. I've read it," she said, desperately.

"Oh!" His face was inscrutable. "Have you?"

"Yes; I couldn't help it when I saw what it was; I've read both—all of them." She stopped. "Is it really true that your uncle wanted to leave his money to you instead of to me, and was so angry when you refused that he would leave you nothing at all?"

"Quite true. You had been brought up to expect it, and so had the best right to inherit it; of course I refused. I would not have minded dividing it, but the old man wouldn't hear of that. He said it must be all or nothing—lost his temper—you know the sort of temper it was. So it was nothing. If I had had it I should have felt that I had robbed you."

"Is that what you meant when you wrote that my having the money was all you cared about?"

"If you have read the letters you must have seen what I meant—it was all I cared

about. Old George, as he says, thought I was rather a fool. But I happened to be thinking about—well, not the money!" He slowly tore up the letters. "I don't know why I've kept them—a fad. I think I had an idea that I might send them to you some time. But I don't suppose I should."

A silence. "If you had explained——" began Belinda, faintly.

"WHEN DICK CAME IN THE LETTERS WERE STILL IN HER HANDS, AND SHE WAS WHITER THAN THE PAPER."

"Explained! You gave me much chance of doing that!" He gave a laugh as hard as his angry eyes. "And I'm afraid I don't take over kindly to being called a cheat and a liar!"

"If you had really cared for me you would have explained!" cried Belinda.

"Should I? If you had cared for me you might have been a little less ready to dub me a scoundrel! But it's hardly worth our while to argue over that now, I think."

"I don't think it is," Belinda burst out, indignantly. "It is quite as well that we did—part like that, even if I was mistaken! We should only have quarrelled and been wretched and hated each other if we hadn't, it seems!"

"Judging from to-day I quite agree with you!" he retorted. His tone changed to one of indifferently cool formality. "The cart is waiting, and it is getting pretty late. It will be quite as well if we lose no time."

"I am quite ready," said Belinda, coldly.

She marched out. Staying only to extinguish the dying candles, he shut the door, followed, and silently helped her into her seat.

In another moment the dog-cart was off over the wild white waste of the moor, and the mill, the river, and the broken bridge were left behind them.

Belinda, muffled in rug and cloak, sat as absolutely silent as her charioteer. It was a quite fierce little face that peered out of her turned-up collar. For a whole year she had been telling herself that she would never forgive him, and now it turned out that she had been in the wrong—had had nothing to forgive. It was the other way about, indeed. She laughed to herself bitterly. Well, it made no difference, it seemed. Certainly she would make no attempt to ask him to forgive her, since he had made it so insultingly plain that he preferred things as they were. She would—— Dick looked round, breaking the silence for the first time since they had left the mill.

"You're cold, I'm afraid?"

"A—a little." She would not for the world have confessed that her supposed shiver had been a half-gulped sob of self-pity. "Is it far now?"

"The Black Horse? No; we shall see the lights directly—if they're not gone to bed, that is."

They had not gone to bed at the Black Horse; when its bulk loomed up black against the white, lights were twinkling here and there from its windows. They were close—closer; the cart slackened into a walk——

Belinda screamed. At the instant of their stopping a figure, with a shrill cry and a wild upflinging of its arms, sprang out from a clump of snow-covered bushes at the mare's very head. There was a rear, a frantic plunge that made the cart rock nearly to overturning, and the terrified creature was thundering down the road, the dropped reins dragging, and mad Matt, with a bound like a chamois, was clinging to the dashboard with a yell of laughter. She shrieked again, making a blind effort to spring out, and Dick's arm caught her.

"Sit still—hold on—keep your head and it will be all right!" He tried to force her back into her seat; the cart rocked and swayed as the frantic mare tore on. "I must get the reins again."

"We shall be killed!" gasped Belinda.

"No, no; the road's straight, and she'll slacken directly." He strove vainly to unfix the desperate fingers with which she clutched him. She was beside herself with terror. "Good Heaven! we're off the road—we're heading for Blackston Crags! Let me go, child; it's our only chance. We shall be dashed to pieces!" He made another futile effort to free himself. "Matt! Matt! get the reins—turn her head—back to the road—back! back!" he shouted, in despair. "We shall be over!"

A second scream of crazy laughter was the answer, but mad Matt understood. He dropped down upon the mare's back, clinging with feet and knees, and somehow caught and clutched the dragging reins. A moment, and he was astride on her withers; another, and he had turned the frenzied creature's head. It was a feat which not one sane man in a hundred could have attempted and escaped with a sound neck, but his strength equalled his monkey-like agility. He laughed again, waving an arm above his head as the cart thundered along the regained road. As yet there was no lessening of the wild pace; the white scene seemed to rush at them rather than they at it. If the dreadful race lasted a few minutes or an hour Belinda never afterwards felt that she knew. Something dark blotted the white; they whirled in between some gate-posts, there was another yell of laughter from Matt, the cart stopped with a jerk that almost flung her over the rail, he was capering fantastically in the snow at the head of the trembling mare, and Dick had lifted her down to blessedly firm ground, miraculously safe and living.

"You're not hurt?" His voice shook; it was hard to say which face was the whiter.

"No." She staggered as he released her, looking round vaguely. A solid stone house loomed out greyly from the white, its windows twinkling ruddily. "I am—all right," she said, faintly. "Where are we? What place is this?"

"This is Capheaton."

"Capheaton?" She looked bewilderedly from him to the poor mad figure dancing in the snow and back again. "Capheaton? He has brought us—here!" she said.

"HE LAUGHED AGAIN, WAVING AN ARM ABOVE HIS HEAD."

Her voice was awed. He did not answer. As they looked at each other the pride and temper of these two foolish young people fought a last battle. The capitulation was simultaneous—Belinda sprang with a little cry into the arms her husband held out to her.

"Oh!" she gasped, and sobbed and laughed as she clung to him, "it's a dreadfully long time since we were married this morning, Dick! And I'm so glad to be home!"

Somebody opened the door. As he lifted and carried her into the warmth and brightness that lay beyond, the midnight chimes of a distant church rang out across the snow-covered moor, proclaiming that their anniversary was over.

Across America by Motor-Car.

SOME REMARKABLE AND THRILLING TRANS-CONTINENTAL JOURNEYS.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THE idea of crossing the North American continent from New York to San Francisco by motor-car is sufficient to deter the most daring and skilful motorist. In this country one can travel from Land's End to John o' Groat's without very great discomfort, since there is a high road from end to end, though at places it may be only of indifferent construction. Furthermore, one is never completely cut off from civilization, and it is not possible to travel many miles without encountering some signs of life. But in America totally different conditions prevail, for vast distances separate the various towns and centres of civilization, while the roads in the most exposed and inhospitable regions exist in name only, and, to make matters worse, the tracks which exist to-day are completely obliterated to-morrow by shifting sand, washouts, and other playful tricks of Nature.

Despite these difficulties and the hardships that must be experienced, however, some half-a-dozen motorists have essayed the task, but have not all achieved success. The first attempt was made in May, 1901, by Mr. Alexander Winton, the head of the well-known American motor manufacturers of this name. In company with Mr. Charles B. Shanks, he left San Francisco in ideal weather, and for the first few miles the going was excellent. But the intrepid motorists soon realized the terrible nature of their journey, and finally the quicksand of Nevada proved the intrepid voyagers' Waterloo. The machine sank into the soft soil until the wheels could barely be seen, and after vain efforts to extricate the car the plucky riders lugubriously gave up their transcontinental attempt, foiled by natural conditions against which it was considered impossible to contend.

THE FIRST CAR TO CROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT, WITH DR. JACKSON AT THE WHEEL. *From a Photograph.*

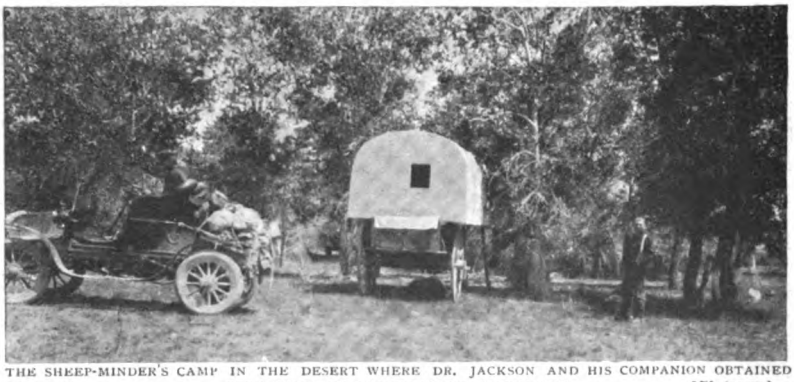
The abnormal difficulties experienced by Mr. Alexander Winton deterred other would-be travellers from repeating the attempt for two years. In 1903, however, Dr. H. Nelson Jackson and Mr. Sewall K. Crocker essayed the feat, a Winton car of twenty horse-power being selected for the experiment. Like the pioneer of these remarkable feats, they started from San Francisco. They made their way to Oregon, and boldly selected a route through that State in order to surmount the Rocky Mountains. It was a daring enterprise, since their way was quite isolated, being quite removed even from the railway track that climbs through these regions. Thus they were cut off from all communication with the outside world for several days, and if they had been unfortunate enough to encounter an accident they would either have had to walk to the nearest township for aid, or simply await the chance passing of a rancher and his horses.

The preliminaries imposed upon the riders who attempt such a journey as this may be gathered from the accompanying illustration, showing Dr. Jackson's car equipped for the journey. The kit must comprise, in addition to the general personal perquisites, shovels for digging out the car at difficult points, axes for removing fallen trees, hammers, rope and tackle for hoisting the car over parts otherwise impossible to negotiate, supplies for the machine—all of which have to be stowed somewhere.

The travellers soon learned that Mr. Alexander Winton had by no means exaggerated the difficulties that would have to be encountered. Of roads there were none,

only scarcely-visible horse-tracks, which gave more trouble than if the motorists had set off across untrodden ground. To cross the mountain torrents it was imperative to make the car temporarily amphibious, since there were no bridges. Then further difficulties arose. The stream was either deeper than estimated, or the car would foul a sunken rock and could not climb over it. In such cases there was only one remedy. The passengers had to alight and, up to their thighs in water, wade round the machine in the endeavour to remove the secreted boulder, or attach the hoisting rope and tackle and haul the machine over by sheer physical effort, slipping and tumbling in all directions, and on more than one occasion receiving an impromptu bath through missing their foothold.

No traces of civilization were met with and the party suffered terrible privations. On one occasion they exhausted their supply of fuel and were completely held up until a fresh supply of petrol could be procured. But in such a sparsely-populated country this was easier said than done. There was nothing for it but that one of the two must set out in an endeavour to find the nearest township.



THE SHEEP-MINDER'S CAMP IN THE DESERT WHERE DR. JACKSON AND HIS COMPANION OBTAINED FOOD WHEN ON THE POINT OF STARVATION.
From a] [*Photograph.*

Crocker set off on this expedition, and he had to walk twenty-nine miles to obtain a fresh supply. The travellers, however, accepted these adversities of fortune in the best of humour, though their zeal was sorely taxed when they ran out of food. Still, they plodded along in the vain hope of meeting a passing wayfarer, who might possibly spare a little with which to assuage their hunger, or striking a house or village. But it was a vain quest, and, to make matters worse, terrible country was encountered. The rock-strewn trails had given way to desert quicksand, in which the wheels stuck hard and fast. Faint, weary, and famished, and without a sign of life so far as they could see, there was no alternative but either to dig or haul the car out of the quicksand. At last, after being without a scrap of food for thirty-six hours, and almost exhausted, they struck the camp of a prairie sheep-herder, such as is occasionally met with in these parts, and by his hospitality they were able to refresh themselves and obtain some greatly-needed rest. The following photograph shows the nature of this camp.

Profiting by Mr. Winton's advice, these travellers selected a circuitous route so as to avoid the country which had brought the previous voyageur to a stop. In this they were fairly successful, but unexpected troubles were experienced in the "bad lands" of Wyoming. Travelling was extremely rough. The roads, which had previously been practically impassable, were now absolutely obliterated by several cloud-bursts, and they had to trust blindly to fate; but although driving was hard work and progress slow, still they made good headway without any undue hardships. The greatest difficulties in this county were encountered in climbing over the Elk Mountain, which taxed their resources to the utmost. At places they took the rough tracks of the horse-wagons, but these were abandoned as quickly as possible. The ruts were so deep that the axles of the car struck the crown of the trail, leaving the wheels spinning idly in the air. After leaving the rough country of Wyoming they passed on to the extensive rolling plain which stretches to the banks of the Mississippi. The journey was monotonous, but progress was fairly good. The worst part of the trans-continental trip was now covered, and Chicago was finally reached. The last thousand miles was now easy, in comparison with what they had experienced, and they made a good pace through Cleveland, Buffalo, and Albany to the premier American city, New York being reached on June 23rd, the first motor-car trip across the American continent from San Francisco

having been completed in nearly sixty-five days.

While Dr. Jackson was engaged on his journey two other daring motorists had essayed the same task. The first of these was Mr. E. T. Fetch, accompanied by Mr. Krarup as observer, on a twelve-horse-power single cylinder Packard car, which is shown in the accompanying photograph. This was a most hazardous enterprise, since the driver had decided upon making practically a bee-line from San Francisco to Denver, through California, Nevada, and Utah. This is the most direct and central route between these two points, some two thousand miles apart, and was practically the same as that followed in the first continental trip, which had to be abandoned.

MR. E. T. FETCH ON HIS PACKARD, THE SECOND CAR TO CROSS THE CONTINENT.
From a Photograph.

The party, however, had prepared themselves for all eventualities. In order to facilitate travelling over the treacherous sands of the American Sahara, and to prevent the wheels sinking in the loose soil and alkali marl, they carried long, wide strips of canvas, which they laid down under the wheels (see page 517). Carried under the car were shovels and other implements, while the space behind the seats was filled with personal and motoring necessities.

The travellers left San Francisco on June 20th, and they passed through the same experiences as had befallen the previous trans-continental motorists. In crossing the Sierras they had most exciting runs, the hills being so steep that it was impossible to drive the machine down them, and although the brakes were applied hard, locking the driving wheels, the vehicle slid down the declivities. Such incidents taxed the skill and presence of mind on the part of the driver to the utmost, for in several places the trail wound downwards in the most alarming manner, with a steep, precipitous mountain on one side and a yawning gulch on the other. In such descents the car swerved and swayed from side to side, and to negotiate the corners without swinging the wheels against a rock, which would either have rendered the car completely useless or have thrown the whole party into the gulch, considerable prowess and command of the vehicle had to be displayed. Especially exciting was the descent from the summit of the Divide, at an altitude of eight thousand feet, to Lake Tahoe below. At one point the track was so steep that it was found to be absolutely impossible to hold the car in, despite the application of all the powerful braking facilities with which it was equipped. Within a distance of two miles the road drops eight hundred feet, and the car slid the whole distance. For nine and a half minutes, which was the time occupied in covering this stretch, the party were completely in the hands of Fate, and vaguely speculated as to what the end would be, since the course of the machine was most erratic, swinging and swaying from side to side in the most alarming manner.

At another point the motorists, together with the car, narrowly escaped immersion in a river. The road, which was extremely soft, ran along the bank close to the water. The wheels sank up to their axles, but by dint of laborious hoisting and leverage, together with the liberal use of branches, the wheels were extricated, only to throw the car partly over the river bank. It had assumed an awkward list, and but little effort would have sufficed to have sent it sideways into the water. Fortunately the motorists were able to procure a long pole from a neighbouring farm. This they placed on a fulcrum improvised beneath the car, and one of the party sat upon the other end, thereby lifting the back of the vehicle bodily, while the other succeeding in warping the

From a] THE PACKARD CAR ALMOST FALLING INTO A RIVER. *[Photograph.*

car into a safe position, as may be seen in the above photograph.

During the journey of three hundred miles across the arid Humboldt Valley the men experienced considerable hardships. The summer sun blazed pitilessly upon them, and the torrid alkali rendered it painful to walk, while the baking atmosphere set up a terrible craving for water. The only vegetation in this inhospitable country is the prolific sage-brush, which was the cause of considerable trouble, since it completely concealed awkward pitfalls and gulches, into which the unsuspecting travellers were continually precipitated. The alkali marl tried the endurance of the motorists to the limit, since frequent stoppages had to be made owing to the wheels sinking into the loose, treacherous soil. In such cases there was no alternative but to dig the wheels out in the manner shown in the illustration, a by no means enviable task in the terrific heat. At places there was a complete absence of even the slightest signs of tracks, the shifting soil obliterating the usual trails. Consequently progress was appreciably delayed, owing to the party losing its bearings. At times tracks were found, but these only hindered instead of facilitating locomotion, as they were so deep that the wheels were lifted off the bottom and simply revolved in the air. A strenuous display of physical energy with the rope and tackle and other devices at such times became imperative, to rescue the car from the difficulties.

Frequently while travelling merrily along at a good pace for a desert road the motorists found themselves suddenly thrown into mid-air and then plunged with a nerve-racking bounce into a deep gulch, the presence of which could not be discerned owing to the monotonous nature and aspect of the country. Such positions as these were found to be by no means comfortable, since the sides of these miniature ravines were quite perpendicular, and it was no easy task to get out again. In such cases they put the nose of the machine to the opposite side, and repeatedly endeavoured to "jump" the climb by the momentum of the fly-wheel, in much the same way as a dog tries to gain the top of a wall by repeated leaps. After many efforts they would succeed in gaining the top of the bank, the car being perilously poised half in and half out of the gulch, the rescue being com-

DIGGING OUT THE CAR, WHICH HAS SUNK TO THE AXLES IN THE DESERT SAND.
From a Photograph.

pleted with rope and tackle. At other times the gulches were found impossible of crossing in this manner or by a flying leap, so a hunt was made for pieces of wood with which to improvise a bridge, the baulks of timber often being only just wide enough to carry the wheels, so that an impromptu tight-rope performance with the car had to be accomplished.

The mechanical troubles, however, were fortunately of a trivial nature and were quickly remedied when they developed, and when the party reached Denver, after covering the most arduous part of the journey, a halt was made for four days for rest and overhauling the vehicle. After leaving Denver progress became accelerated. Little difficulties were encountered, the worst obstacles being thick stretches of deep mud, barbed wire fences, with which they came into frequent collision, and hidden irrigation ditches, into which the front wheels fell and had to be lifted out again. The motorists entered New York City during the night, having completed the four thousand odd miles in sixty-two days, including the four days' rest at Denver.

LAYING DOWN STRIPS OF CANVAS TO PREVENT THE CAR FROM SINKING IN THE SAND OF THE GREAT DESERT. [*From a Photograph.*

Following hard on the trail of the Packard car was an Oldsmobile carrying Messrs. L. L. Whitman and E. L. Hammond, who left San Francisco on July 6th bearing a letter from the Mayor of the Pacific city to the Mayor of New York. Their route lay from Sacramento, Carson City, to Reno and Ogden in Utah State. This party on several occasions came across the wheel-tracks left by the Packard car which had left the Pacific coast sixteen days before. The alkali dust encountered on the Nevada desert entailed considerable suffering, though they were fortunately relieved of many of the tremendous difficulties and predicaments that had befallen similar motorists at this point, probably owing to the lighter and smaller nature of their car, which was an ordinary five-horse-power Runabout familiar in towns and cities, combined with the fact that it was only loaded with absolute necessities. For days and days the motorists saw nothing but arid sage-brush and sand, which extended on either side of them as far as they could see, and when they arrived at Ogden they were thoroughly fatigued.

At this point they had two days' well-earned rest, and then set out for Denver, which journey occupied some eight days. They followed the line of the railway, and this part of the trip proved to be one of the most difficult throughout the whole journey, especially through Wyoming. It rained incessantly, saturating their dust-laden garments and churning the always heavy roads into seas of mud, through which it was practically impossible to make any headway. At times the wheels became completely embedded in the morasses, and a halt had to be called until the wheels were cleared. On more than one occasion they had to pull up for the simple reason that there was no road upon which to travel, and spades and shovels had to be pressed into service to clear the mud and slime from the track until a section of more stable ground could be reached—a laborious undertaking under the terrible conditions prevailing. In the Wyoming canyons headway was very slow. The rain had disintegrated large boulders, which had fallen on the trail, and which required their combined efforts before they could be removed, and the mountain torrents

had torn wide gulches across the road, causing the car to oscillate in a most alarming manner.

They reached Omaha in torrential rains, covered from head to foot in mud, and presenting a sorry spectacle. At this city they decided to wait for a possible improvement in the weather conditions, which fortunately took place, so that after a nine days' delay they were able to set off once more. The roads quickly dried, and the six hundred miles to Chicago were clipped off in four days, which, considering the roads, was a meritorious achievement. Further rains and stretches of mud were now encountered, and these adverse conditions prevailed until Detroit was gained. The travelling conditions thenceforward to New York were, however, greatly improved, and fast time was maintained, a hundred and twenty-five miles being covered in one afternoon. The Atlantic coast was reached on September 17th, after seventy-four days' travelling through the worst possible weather.

In the following year Mr. L. L. Whitman, accompanied by C. S. Carris, essayed the journey once more, and accomplished a marvellous performance by covering approximately five thousand miles in thirty-three days, thereby cutting the previous trans-continental motor-car record almost in half. It was a remarkable trip, and on this occasion Mr. Whitman was able to turn the results of his previous journey some twelve months before to valuable advantage.

They set out from San Francisco on August 1st on a ten-horse-power Franklin car, and Mr. Whitman practically followed his previous route. The car and its driver are shown in the accompanying photograph. The going was hard through the mountains, but rapid progress was made, the first difficulties, as was anticipated, being met with on the deserts. They had a thrilling descent from the mountains to the plain, however, the total drop being one thousand two hundred feet in one mile. The slightest slip on the part of the driver during this passage would have hurled car and passengers into the ravines below.

MR. L. L. WHITMAN AND HIS FRANKLIN CAR, WHICH CROSSED AMERICA IN THE RECORD TIME OF THIRTY-THREE DAYS.
From a Photograph.

On the desert hard times were experienced, but Mr. Whitman had not crossed that arid spot before without profiting by his knowledge, and they crossed this six hundred miles of Sahara in the short time of seven days, which, considering the soft, sandy soil and innumerable difficulties encountered, was an excellent performance. More than once the travellers lost their way among the sage-brush, and they had to leave the car and explore the surrounding country until they again picked up the trail. The heat was terrific, and the glare of the summer sun upon the unrelieved colour of the ground was almost blinding. Of shelter there was not the slightest sign. At places where the road was found to be impassable the motorists, as a last resource, travelled along the railway line; and although the continual bumping of the car over the sleepers was not conducive either to comfort or speed, yet it was infinitely preferable to struggling on the sandy desert with rope and tackle in superhuman efforts to extricate the car from awkward predicaments.

The trip through Wyoming was exhilarating and full of incident. At one time the car was feeling its way between towering mountains, bumping and bouncing violently over huge stones, and then threading its way along the edge of a yawning chasm (such as may be seen in the next photograph), where the slightest turn of the steering-wheel would have plunged all into eternity.

The weather conditions which prevailed were ideal and they made a fast run to Omaha, which they reached in high spirits, the first half of the journey having been made well within record time. This fast travelling was maintained all the rest of the way to New York, which was reached on September 3rd, the journey having occupied thirty-three

days. The five thousand one hundred and fifteen miles covered by the car had been accomplished at the excellent average speed of one hundred and fifty-five miles per day, the highest day's run being three hundred and twenty-five miles; and the car, although travel-stained and covered with dust and mud, gave but little evidence of the trying ordeal through which it had passed.

THE FRANKLIN CAR ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE IN WYOMING, NEAR THE RED DESERT.
From a Photograph.

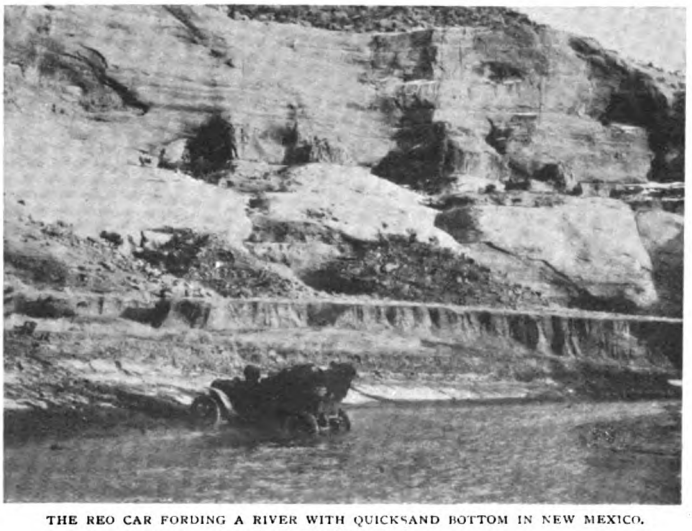
In all these efforts the journey had been from San Francisco to New York, but on August 19th Mr. Percy F. Megargel, on behalf of the American Motor League, accompanied by David Fassett, decided to make the journey in the reverse direction, and subsequently to return to the starting-point. This is the first attempt that has been made to cover the round trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and when completed it will constitute an unprecedented performance, since the car will have covered over twelve thousand miles, as the return trip is being made over a more southerly route. The first part of the journey from New York to the Pacific coast was successfully completed, though not without many thrilling and exciting experiences. The car selected by the motorists for this hazardous trip is a sixteen-horse-power Reo, which they have appropriately christened "Mountaineer."

The three thousand miles between New York and Wyoming were covered in excellent time, an average of one hundred miles a day being easily maintained, while the Red Desert of Wyoming, although difficult, was quickly crossed, the motorists having equipped themselves with special sand-tyres to facilitate their progress. It was not until the Rocky Mountains were met that their serious troubles commenced. Gales and blizzards of terrific fury raged, and hampered their progress to such an extent that six days were occupied in crossing the mountain range, travelling being exceptionally dangerous. When they reached Bitter Creek they were held up for four days owing to an unexpected rise of eight feet in the river, which ordinarily is easily fordable. Then, again, when passing over the Cajon Pass in California the party were nearly killed in an accident. They were proceeding at a merry pace over the sandy road when the machine suddenly swerved, skidded, got beyond the driver's control, turned over completely, and finished its mad career by plunging over a steep embankment. Strangely enough neither machine nor motorists were hurt, and the car was quickly hauled on to the road again and the journey resumed.

Though the difficulties encountered during the outward journey were exceptionally trying, they were as mere child's play compared with what they experienced on the return journey from San Francisco to New York *viâ* Arizona and New Mexico. The aroyos and ravines encountered almost reduced the travellers to the depths of despair. The mud clung to the wheels like glue, completely preventing their revolving, or else the latter sank to such a depth that they had to be dug out. Attempts to minimize the evil were made by binding the tyres with ropes, but with little success. Then, again, the sides of the ravines are almost perpendicular, and were only surmounted by the car driving itself at full speed, assisted with hoisting rope and tackle in front and laborious pushing behind.

The streams, too, almost brought the journey to an abrupt conclusion. The

majority of such river-beds have a rocky bottom, but in New Mexico they have been discovered to be of quicksand. Consequently when fording extreme care had to be observed that at the crossing point the bed was of a sound nature. More than once the car has been carefully driven into the water, and before the centre has been reached has commenced to sink into the treacherous quicksand foundation. Such is the plight of the car depicted in the photograph. In such emergencies the occupants have had to alight hurriedly and requisition the hoisting tackle.

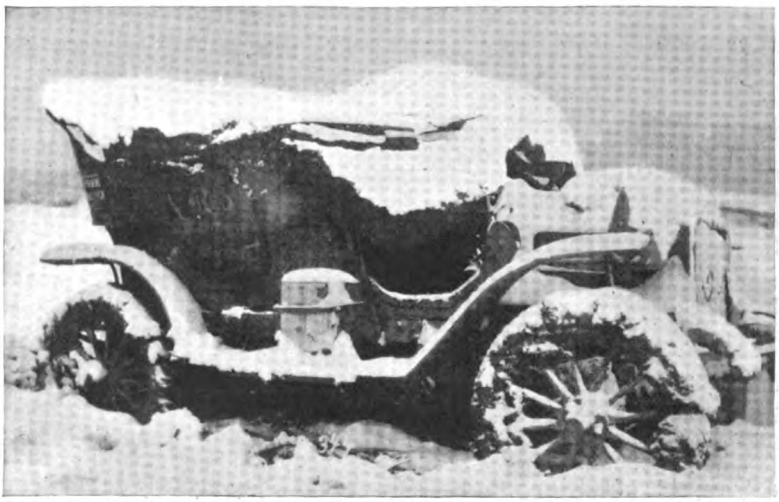


THE REO CAR FORDING A RIVER WITH QUICKSAND BOTTOM IN NEW MEXICO.
From a Photograph.

The daring motorists nearly came to a terrible end among the Arizona mountains. They left Williams town early in December for Flagstaff, some thirty-five miles distant, and, though the road is exceptionally heavy, they hoped to reach their destination within about four hours. About half-way they ran into one of the terrible blizzards indigenous to this bleak region and completely lost their bearings. Williams was left on the Friday evening, and in crossing the mountains they found the trail so rough that they decided to camp and await the coming of the frost to render the roads passable. In this they were disappointed, so at midnight they set off once more up the mountain side. It was tedious work, as the soft snow so clogged the wheels and, in drifting, so obliterated the faint trail that they had to cut their track with shovels. All day Saturday, Sunday, and Monday they ploughed their way in this tedious and difficult manner, only making a few miles progress. Frequently they pulled the car up in the nick of time on the brink of a precipice which they had not previously observed in the inky darkness.

On Monday the blizzard recommenced with redoubled fury. The compass was the only guide they possessed, and slowly they plodded along. The snow blinded them, and about noon, to add to their troubles, their supply of petrol gave out. Their straits were indeed desperate, and to add to their misery they had exhausted their supplies of food. They were completely held up, and had only a faint idea of their whereabouts. Nothing but snow surrounded them on all sides, and there was not a sign of civilization, while the possibility of meeting nomadic Indians or other human beings was very remote. They set off across the snow in the vain endeavour to find the railway track which extends through this region; but what they had believed to be the line in the distance they found to be merely a rocky ledge. Sorrowfully they retraced their footsteps to the stranded car, made a clearing, lighted a camp fire, and in their blankets endeavoured to woo sleep. But under the conditions such relief was impossible, and they awaited the approach of daylight with anxiety. The next morning found their boots frozen so stiff that an hour was passed in thawing them. Famished and weary, they set off once more to find the railway line, and while engaged in this task ran into the arms of a search party that had been sent out to look for them. The telegraph line was tapped and the party wired to the nearest town for a plentiful supply of petrol and food, which was dropped at this point by the first passing train. The motorists learned that news of their having perished in the snow had been telegraphed all over the country, and that six other unfortunate wayfarers in the region had been found dead, having been caught in the blizzard and lost their way—which, as the motorists stated, was most inspiriting news.

By dint of much effort they at last reached Flagstaff, replenished their supplies, and four days before Christmas set off for Winslow, over fifty miles distant. Snow was falling heavily



THE "MOUNTAINEER" STUCK IN THE SNOW AND MUD NEAR GALLUP, NEW MEXICO.
From a Photograph.

at the time, but as the trail was downhill and well defined by blazed trees they expected to cover the distance in three hours.

But they had reckoned without the elements. The snow increased in fury and the cold became intense, the thermometer registering fourteen degrees below zero. Their tinned food became frozen solid, so that it had to be thawed before they could eat it, while the water in the tanks became a solid block of ice. To travel the fifty-five miles occupied not three hours as anticipated, but nearly one hundred and thirty hours. While the great majority were spending Christmas Day in the warmth of their fireside, regaling themselves with the traditional Yule-tide fare, these motorists were struggling up the side of a precipitous canyon. Riding was impossible owing to the steepness of the trail, and they had to haul the car up inch by inch with the windlass by sheer physical energy. It was a terrible experience, for both motorists were suffering severely from frost-bite. On Christmas Day they had coffee for breakfast and nothing for dinner, while they would have gone supperless to rest had they not, by a stroke of good fortune, encountered the isolated hut of a railway workman, whose wife made them some steaming broth and permitted them to sleep on the floor of her parlour instead of in the snow, which they had confidently expected would have been their couch that night. The surmounting of the huge rocks that strewed their path, and over which the car had to be bodily pushed or pulled, played havoc with the vehicle. They broke a stay-rod and a spring, sprung the front axle, and bent the steering gear, each of which had to be hurriedly repaired before progress could be continued. At places the snow was five feet in depth, and the path had to be literally cut through with the shovels. Before they could recommence their journey the water in the radiator became a mass of ice and had to be thawed, which was accomplished by lighting a fire beneath it, and when the water tank required replenishing they had to melt the snow for the purpose, a most laborious and protracted operation. Food gave out once more, and for forty-eight hours not a morsel passed the lips of one of the party.

These hardships continued through New Mexico, and when they had almost reached Gallup they culminated in the car being stranded in two feet of thick mud, the viscous nature of which completely prevented the movement of the car. Its deplorable condition may be realized from the foregoing photograph. As soon as it was released it sank back again, while the drifting snow rapidly piled up against it. The work of digging the vehicle out proved too much for the motorists, accustomed though they were to such experiences. It was realized that there was no other alternative but to abandon the car until the ground either became sufficiently frozen to afford something of a purchase to the wheels, or the moderation of the weather. At the time of writing the motorists were watching with lynx-eyed eagerness for the first signs of a break in the weather, and will then immediately resume their perilous journey, which, however, they are sanguine of completing successfully. At any rate, they have broken all records in trans-continental travelling by motor-car, so far as the American continent is concerned, having already covered over eight thousand miles.

Dress Agencies.

HOW A LADY MAY DRESS IN THE BEST STYLE AT ONE-THIRD OF THE ORDINARY COST.

THAT money can do everything is a common belief, yet in nothing is this belief so flatly contradicted as in the matter of dress. There are thousands of women who have only moderate means at their disposal, and who, however good their taste may be, cannot afford the huge prices that are commanded by every really smart dressmaker, while among those with whom money is comparatively no object, there is a tendency to over-dress, which is utterly fatal to good style.

What most women want is someone not only capable of advising them as to what to wear and how to wear it, but of supplying them with dresses which, while being in the best style, are comparatively inexpensive; and that someone is to be found to-day at that eminently modern and useful institution, the dress agency.

Only a very few women know what a dress agency is, but as soon as its usefulness becomes more widely appreciated there is some hope that the wits of our leading dramatists may be sharpened upon something other than the Englishwoman's lack of taste. To describe it shortly, the dress agency is a kind of association, or club, to which women pay a yearly subscription that entitles them

Graceful matinée or tea gown of silk chiffon, with lace insertion and lace collar. A French model.
ORIGINAL COST, 20 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 6 GUINEAS.

not only to obtain advice as to how to dress, but to purchase smart frocks for extraordinarily small prices.

In these days of unlimited credit wealthy women are more or less obliged to order new frocks constantly, for if they wish to continue being well-dressed they must keep on the right side of their dressmakers. Consequently many frocks that cost a great deal of money are discarded after they have been worn hardly half-a-dozen times. Women of the last generation used to pass these discarded frocks on to their maids without giving a thought to their value; but to-day, when bridge and other forms of gambling often run away with a good deal of money, they send them to some fashionable dress agency, where they fetch prices which, if nowhere near their cost, are at any rate better than nothing. It is no unusual thing to-day for the woman of means to drive in her motor, or brougham, to the particular dress agency she patronizes, and to send the footman up with a box of gowns that may have cost her perhaps hundreds of pounds, but which she is glad to get rid of for eight or ten guineas apiece. In this way there are sometimes wonderful bargains to be picked up. It is no uncommon thing for frocks that cost sixty, eighty, and one hundred guineas, and were made by one or other of the world's most famous houses, to be sold for a ten-pound note, in just as good a condition as when they were new. At the Bond Street Dress Agency, for instance, a week hardly ever passes when there are not to be seen frocks by such famous makers as Doucet, Beer, Perdeaux, Block, and Virot, of Paris; Redfern, Jay, Paquin, Ernest, and Worth, of London; and by the most famous Viennese houses.

It must not be thought that the dress agency is in any sense of the word an old-clothes shop. It is nothing of the kind. For not only does it exclude all gowns except those that are practically new, but, in addition, it deals wholesale with most of the big dress-making firms, whose models it purchases in large numbers at a reduced price, which enables it to offer them to clients at little more than half what they would have cost if they bought them direct. The famous dress-making firms would not dare to dispose of one of their models to an ordinary customer at a reduced price because that would lower their

Pale heliotrope evening gown, net and sequins. Bodice trimmed chiffon. Quite new. By a smart Sloane Street firm.

ORIGINAL COST, 15 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 5 GUINEAS.

Exceptionally handsome evening gown of white satin, exquisitely trimmed with lace and pearls. Pink velvet belt and trimming of same down the skirt.
ORIGINAL COST, 60 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 10 GUINEAS.

prestige, but they have no objection to disposing of those models they have not got rid of to an agency at trade prices. Taking advantage of this fact, most agencies do a regular business of this kind not only with all the large dressmaking houses, but with such firms as supply underwear, which they can thus offer new and of the best quality at moderate prices, since all middlemen's profits are saved.

All is grist that comes to the mill of the dress agency. Hats, gowns, cloaks, furs, lace, feather boas, corsets, hose, boots, shoes, fans, and sometimes veils and gloves are to be had there, so that a woman can obtain a complete outfit at about one-third of what it would cost in the usual way and without the trouble of visiting six or eight different shops. Many agencies make it a special feature to supply outfits for India and the Colonies, and the wives of officers going abroad frequently avail themselves of this fact, and not only get their things very cheaply, but find out without any trouble exactly what they will want. For it is one of the chief offices of a dress exchange to advise its clients on all points connected with dress. The manageress in charge of such a concern must be a woman with so much experience and of such exceptional taste that not only can she tell those who come to her what sort of clothes they will want for every conceivable purpose, but can tell instantly what style of frock and scheme of colouring will best suit each individual. Nor do her qualities end there. Memory of a peculiar kind is also essential, for her mind must become automatically familiar with every garment that passes through her hands, so that, when a client requires a gown, one or more particular frocks suggest themselves at once as suitable, and these can be tried on straight away without the tiring necessity of looking through a large number of unsuitable dresses. Attached to every agency, also, is a dressmaking department, where the necessary alterations can be made by skilled dressmakers, for of course it is impossible to always find a gown to exactly fit a customer.

The actual system on which dress agencies are carried on is very simple. Those who occasionally have gowns to dispose of can become members of the agency by paying an annual subscription, just as they would to a club, such a subscription usually varying from half a guinea to a guinea per year. In addition to this the dress agency deducts a commission of half a

crown in the pound from whatever the goods disposed of fetch, while they are also able to show a good profit over the business that is done in new model gowns, underlinen, and so on. Very often many of the clothes disposed of at second-hand prices are actually new, for sudden bereavements, Court mourning, or unexpected journeys abroad are sometimes responsible for the necessity to dispose of absolutely new things at practically anything they will fetch, since it would not do to wait until someone who would pay a big price for them came along, in case by that time they were out of fashion. Usually those who send their things to a dress agency place a reserve price upon them for which they may be sold after two months if no better price has been offered for them in that time. One other point yet remains to be touched upon. It frequently happens that, owing to some slight mistake in the fitting, the dressmaking firms have left upon their hands gowns that have been sent back to them by rich clients whom they did not please. They cannot afford to offend such clients by insisting that they should pay for these, and consequently they are only too glad to get rid of them to an agency for what is very often only their cost price. The clients of the agency can thus sometimes buy for eight or nine pounds a new garment for which the maker would have charged his or her customer twenty or twenty-five guineas.

There is no end to the usefulness of the dress agency to the woman of moderate means. If she went to some fashionable house for her clothes she would have to pay such a fashionable price as from forty to perhaps a hundred guineas for a smart evening frock. By going to an agency she can get a gown which is as good as new—which, indeed, often *is* new—and which is very likely by the particular dressmaker whose style she likes best, for eight, ten, or fifteen guineas! The woman with less means still at her disposal can get frocks by dressmakers of somewhat smaller fame for as little as three or four guineas. There are, indeed, bargains in every department. To begin at the top, let us deal with hats. The woman with a large income thinks nothing of buying six or eight hats at a time, and of paying many guineas apiece for each. Very

Evening gown of white ninon, made in one piece, with Oriental satin band on skirt. Painted panne flowers. Hand painted by famous Dutch artist. Worn at Queen of Holland's Court. Bodice trimmed pale blue ribbon and panne flowers. Belt of tucked white satin with cluster of panne flowers.

ORIGINAL COST, 65 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 12 GUINEAS.

Golden brown net and sequin evening gown, with bands of lace and velvet. Deep velvet belt to bodice.

ORIGINAL COST, 45 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 12 GUINEAS.

often she gets tired of some of them and sends them off to the dress agency when they have been worn perhaps a half-dozen times. If they are by the leading makers, their style, apart from what they are trimmed with, may ensure their fetching perhaps as much as thirty shillings or two guineas — often less than a fourth of their cost. But if the name in the lining is not a very well-known one they go for as little as fifteen shillings. For five pounds the woman of moderate means can thus purchase the hats for which her richer sister paid thirty or forty guineas, while a touch from the deft fingers of the agency's milliner will make them as good as new.

In the matter of gowns of all sorts the bargains to be had are equally phenomenal. No matter for what purpose they are required, the dress agency, if it is a good one, will be able to supply what is wanted. The sporting girl will be able to get riding habits and boots, golf dresses and boots, shooting costumes and boots, as well as hats for the moors and for all such rough purposes. Motor coats and rugs, fishing boots, and yachting costumes will also be there for her, and, if she cannot find just what she wants, the manageress of the agency will probably know of some client who possesses something of the sort required and is willing to dispose of it.

The river girl will be able to buy for ten pounds or less such a stock of pretty muslins, hats, and parasols as will rouse the envy of all her friends. She who hopes to make a conquest at some important garden-party or other out-of-door function may be able to get for a five-pound note some dainty frock by Beer, Paquin, or Worth that must have originally cost twenty or thirty guineas, and which even her bitterest enemy will have to admit is a perfect dream. She who aspires to be the belle of the ball will find an immense variety of exquisite gowns to choose from, for, for some reason or other, rich women seem to get tired more quickly of their evening gowns than of anything else. As will be seen from some of the illustrations with this article, there are really exquisite evening costumes to be had for about ten pounds, but if this is too much there are plenty more by good makers, though of a rather simpler character, which can be had for half that amount, or even less.

Three or four pounds will purchase the smartest of outdoor dresses, while for the same amount are to be had exceedingly smart and stylish *matinées*, tea-gowns, and opera-cloaks. Where furs are concerned, the bargains to be had are particularly remarkable when it is considered that these are things which keep their value and wear much better

than dresses. It is no uncommon thing for the dress agency price of a really first-class set of exquisite sables—that is to say, a muff and stole—to be as little as fifty pounds, whereas their original cost was probably nearly three times that amount. To the woman of moderate means fifty pounds for a set of furs is too large an item to be considered, but there are plenty of other skins more suited to her purse which at some time or other pass through the dress agency's hands. The reduction, for instance, on ermine is much greater than on most other kinds of fur, while pretty sets of grey squirrel—always becoming and fashionable—can generally be had second-hand for quite a few pounds.

Having dealt with the system on which the dress agency works, and having given some slight idea of the bargains that are to be found there, it will be interesting to see how the expenditure of the wealthy woman compares with that of the one who can spend but a limited amount on dress. It is no exaggeration to say that there are women in London to-day who spend over five thousand pounds a year in clothes alone. Their everyday dresses frequently cost over fifty pounds, while for evening gowns one hundred guineas is quite a usual price. In addition to a large assortment of such dresses, suitable for use on all sorts of occasions, they must have furs of the most expensive kinds. Very often they can boast of several different sets, and under these circumstances a large piece will have gone from their five-thousand-pound dress allowance before they start buying frocks at all. At a moderate estimate they probably buy on an average one hat a week all through the year. To such women ten, fifteen, or even twenty guineas for a single hat is a mere bagatelle, and even if we reduce the average to the modest price of five pounds a hat, this little bill will amount to two hundred and fifty pounds for a single year—twice the income of many a hard-working man!

Even after all this enormous expenditure the wealthy woman is not always smart, because she generally relies on her own taste, which is frequently none too good. The woman of moderate means with an allowance which enables her to spend one hundred pounds a year on clothes alone can be actually better dressed, for at the dress agency she will be able to buy clothes of precisely the same quality, and will be guided in their selection by the manageress, whose good taste is guaranteed by the very position she holds. In order to give some idea to lady readers of THE STRAND as to how far an annual dress allowance of one hundred pounds would go if expended at a dress agency, the following list has been supplied by the manageress of the West-end establishment some of whose frocks furnish the illustrations for this article :—

Orange and green flowered chiffon afternoon gown, trimmed with lace and brown ribbon velvet, lined with silk.

ORIGINAL COST, 30 GUINEAS. AGENCY PRICE, 10 GUINEAS

WHAT EIGHTY POUNDS WILL BUY AT THE DRESS AGENCY.

	£	s.	d.
Six hats at 30s.	9	0	0
Six pairs of corsets at 25s.	7	10	0
Five dresses at £4 4s.	21	0	0
Three dresses at £6	18	0	0
Twelve blouses at 15s.	9	0	0
Winter coat	10	0	0
Theatre wrap	5	10	0
	£80	0	0

WHAT THE SAME THINGS WOULD COST IN THE ORDINARY WAY.

	£	s.	d.
Six hats at £4	24	0	0
Six pairs of corsets at £3 3s.	18	18	0
Five dresses at £15	75	0	0
Three dresses at £20	60	0	0
Twelve blouses at £2	24	0	0
Winter coat	30	0	0
Theatre wrap	15	0	0
	£246	18	0

This leaves a balance of £10 to be spent on underwear, the price of which, though less, differs only slightly at the agency, and a further £10 for veils, gloves, and similar trifles, which are better purchased new—in fact, the principal dress agencies do not touch them at all. Furs will probably be required once in two years, the same remark applying to the winter coat included in the above list, so that the £10 spent on that one year will purchase furs the next, and so on.

Not only do many wealthy women take advantage of the dress agency to help them in disposing of the frocks they do not want, but numbers of smartly-dressed people go there regularly for a very large portion of their wardrobe. One particular agency in the West-end supplied six different women with frocks for use during the last election campaign; and it is safe to say that no society function ever takes place at which there are not worn many smart gowns acquired in this way. Indeed, they frequently suit their second owners much better than they did their original purchasers, for about the dress agency there are none of the formalities of a shop, and the manageress becomes a sort of personal friend and adviser, and is always ready with hints and advice which dressmakers or milliners would not take the trouble to give.

The photographs illustrating this article were specially taken by Langfier, Limited, and the dresses were lent by the courtesy of the Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond Street.

IT was a foggy night, and the London streets were merged in the obscurity of autumn dusk; the hint of cold in the air made the passers-by quicken their movements; and the servant-girl, hurrying in pursuit of the joys of her Sunday out, looked red about the nose and chilly, in her smart silk blouse and summery hat.

Captain Dearle had never before penetrated into those gloomy districts of Notting Hill which call themselves Bayswater—districts in which the boarding-house flourishes like a—London plane-tree, and where folks, clinging hard to the fringes of gentility, struggle, and starve, and despair.

He was gazing at the names of the streets as he went hesitatingly along, and congratulated himself that he had put on his overcoat, and also on the completeness of his own qualifications for the post of a really good friend. "Not many fellows would take it on—don't half like the job," he whispered to himself under his breath. He was nearing a lamp-post at the moment, and as he advanced into its stream of light a girl, who was coming briskly from the opposite direction, with the assured step of one who knows every inch of the ground, also came within the sphere of radiance, and he saw her face.

It is not given to all to look upon one face in a crowd and know that for them it carries a message; but there are some who will understand the telegraphic suddenness with which that face etched itself upon Dearle's consciousness. Not that it was so beautiful, but because it was so expressive of all that he was in sympathy with, all that he needed. Perhaps the shock of surprise at seeing such a face in such a place gave extra value to the force of an impression that certainly seemed at the moment quite overwhelming. Her vivid eyes — eyes with a soul alight in them— looked him full in the face as she went by, with the attention that one gives to a human being who looms suddenly on the view in the mysteries of fogland. Then she passed on.

The young man stopped short in the road; a moment later, with no definite idea in his mind, he followed her as though she had called him. She moved on, straight and fleetly, the mist softening and etherealizing the graceful lines of her slender youth. He did not pause to think what he was doing, but went on after her, up one street and down another, till she reached the wide-flung door of a big church, and went in. Dearle's hat was off and he had followed her up the aisle before he so much as reflected where he was.

She went up the church as one who makes for an accustomed spot, and seated herself in a corner of the crowded building. The organ was playing softly, and it occurred to Dearle to wonder at such a large congregation on such an inclement night. The fog was in the church too, making pictures, altar lights, and flowers look dim and mysterious. The people were mostly shabby-genteel; signs of struggle were upon many faces; but here, apparently, they found something which for the time brought comfort. Dearle had ample leisure as the service proceeded to look at the girl he had followed, and study convinced him of the truth and insight of his

first impression. Presently, to his surprise, he found himself listening to the sermon. It was full of power and point—a sermon to make the idlest think awhile.

As the girl rose from her knees and turned to leave the church the radiance of her expression gripped him anew. It was that of one who, in the midst of a dull reality, holds the key to a happiness which can be neither explained nor denied. Her eye fell on Dearle. He thought she recognised him, but she passed out again into the fog and he followed helplessly.

How could he let her go? Yet what else was possible, seeing that he was a gentleman? At least he would find out where she lived. Meanwhile his attendance at Divine worship had so delayed him that the errand on which he was bound must wait till to-morrow, which would give him a reason for coming into the neighbourhood again.

But fortune, which ever favours the brave, did him a service to-night. The slight figure that he pursued turned up a street of tall, dingy houses; and, glancing at the name on the street lamp, he read "Shrewsbury Mansions." This, as luck would have it, was his own destination.

It was a chance he would not miss. No sooner did he see her set foot upon a flight of grimy doorsteps, as if about to enter the open door of the house to which they led, than he came up with rapid step, and spoke courteously and naturally, raising his hat as he did so.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I am on my way to visit a young lady living in Shrewsbury Mansions, but I do not know her number. I wonder if you can help me?"

She turned round, just within the doorway, the light of a hesitating gas-jet on her face. She flashed a quick look at him, and he thought he saw her realize that she had been followed, and prepare herself to be very cold, and yet feel some wonder that the man who addressed her should have, at least, the appearance of a gentleman. Hereupon he was overwhelmed with awkwardness; his flimsy fib was so evidently merely a manufactured excuse for addressing her. His heart beat ridiculously, but the lady seemed quietly equal to the situation.

"I think I know the names of all the people in the Mansions,' she said, with what was almost like condescension. "Whom do you wish to find?"

"A Miss Margery Wilmot."

She had the appearance of being arrested; of suddenly giving him her full attention. "Miss Wilmot? That is curious," she said.

"You know her?" Somehow he had not had the idea that Miss Wilmot's friends would be girls of this stamp.

"Yes, I know her rather well; in fact, she shares a sitting-room with me. Are you a friend of hers?"

"I am her friend's friend," he said. "Shall I find her at home?"

The girl's eyes plainly showed distrust. "No," she said, shortly.

He ascended the steps and stood beside her in the dingy passage. "It is just possible you may have heard her speak of me—Captain Dearle, of the Green Lancers, who came home from India last Friday."

The girl looked at him incredulously. "I do not think Miss Wilmot knows that the Green Lancers have arrived," she said, suspiciously.

"I know; we were not expected till next week. I—I may as well confess to you that I come on a very disagreeable errand——" He broke off, confused. "I am the bearer of a message."

She eyed him steadily. "A message to Miss Wilmot? From whom?"

He had a burst of confidence. "I wonder if you would be kind and give me some hint as to the sort of girl Miss Wilmot is——" He could not go on. He had reason to believe that Margery Wilmot was second-rate; somehow the clear, direct gaze of the girl before him was confusing to his mind.

He hardly expected her to reply to his half-formed question, but she did. "She's a very ordinary kind of girl; there's nothing remarkable about her," she said, simply.

"H'm! Now, do you think—judging by what you know of her—that she's the kind of girl to bring an action for breach of promise?"

The wonderful eyes opened wide. "An action for breach of promise?" she repeated.

"Yes; you may have heard that she's engaged?"

"I know she is—to Captain Manners-Langton."

"That's right; a good sort—good family, too. You see, his family do not—in fact, never have—liked it from the first. He met the girl at some holiday place, got engaged, as some fellows do, all in a hurry—taken clean off his feet. And she is an awfully nice girl, I dare say, but rather less than nobody, you know; and he has been in India ever since, never seen her, and he thinks, as all his set are dead against it, he had better be

off with it. But, now, do you think—— Positively, you being what you are, it isn't easy even to hint at such a thing. But, you see, it's like this. He knows she is very badly off, and he feels such a hound to be jilting her. It would salve his conscience a little if you thought that she could be induced to—to—take anything."

The girl had listened in breathless silence—it seemed to the man electrically charged with contempt. He dared not look at her now, but, with his eyes on the ground, sought to insert the point of his stick in the meshes of the door-mat.

"Do you mean anything in the nature of pecuniary compensation?" she asked at last, with delicate irony. He murmured a nervous assent.

"Captain Manners-Langton, I understand, asked you to come here to ascertain this?"

He assented again.

"I can easily imagine that Captain Manners-Langton was eager to break off relations with a girl whom he thinks capable of what you suggest," she said, with a kind of still sweetness which made Dearle writhe inwardly. "But, from what I know of her, I think he does her injustice; she is, as I told you, nothing remarkable, but I have always believed her to be a lady."

"You think such a thing had better not be suggested to her?"

"I think it would inflict unnecessary pain. But why need you interview her at all? If, as you say, you have a letter from her *fiancé*, why not let me deliver it, and save yourself unpleasantness? Do you want to gloat over her first moments of mortification?"

"Rather not," he said, heartily. "But Charlie was anxious to know how she took it. He's a soft-hearted chap, and hates to give pain."

She let her gaze wander from the young officer up the staircase, covered in dingy oil-cloth, which led to the flats above. "She is out of town to-night," she said, "so you could not see her now. What will you do?"

"I will deliver the letter to you for her," he said, "and call to-morrow about five for her answer."

She took the envelope from his hand with no more words, and stood aside for him to pass out. With an insane desire to prolong the interview he hesitated a moment, and at last dared to look once more in her face. He experienced a shock. All the joy, all the wondrous glow, had faded out of it like sunset out of a sky, leaving only the misty beauty of wan twilight. "Good night," she said, and walked away from him, up the stairs. He watched her as far up as he could see, and turned on his heel with a quick sigh.

"HE DARED NOT LOOK AT HER."

Captain Manners-Langton's emissary knew, as he found himself ascending the steep public staircase in Shrewsbury Mansions which led to No. 14B, that nothing but the hope of again meeting the girl who had so charmed him last night would have induced him to set foot in the place a second time. He had hated his errand from the first, but since last night he had felt himself an unexampled ruffian.

Manners-Langton and he were old friends; indeed, the ex-lover of Margery Wilmot was a very good fellow, in all those qualities which make up a man's claims to a man's regard—he was easy-going, good-tempered, generous. A certain lack of refinement of thought did not show up under canvas or on the march.

It had seemed to Dearle practicable for an unbiased person to go and interview the sort of girl that had emerged to his fancy from his friend's descriptions, and to ascertain, with a judicious mixture of flattery and sympathy, what salve her wounded feelings would demand. He understood that the defaulting

lover would not wish to meet her himself, and also that he thought a mere letter might sound cruel, or, at least, bald. He knew that Manners-Langton was desperately anxious that the "other one" should never know that he was an engaged man when she first came out to Simla last cold weather.

He had pictured a being so different from the girl who had last evening dawned upon him out of the mist. She seemed to stand continually before his mind's eye, pouring cool contempt on the sorry part he played. He devoutly hoped that Margery Wilmot was not so charming as her friend. "But, if she had been, Charlie would never have chucked her," he reflected, wisely.

He told himself all the way upstairs how unlikely it was that he should have a glimpse of his vision this afternoon. Doubtless she was away typewriting in some City office. What desecration! But he knew that her friend, the object of his visit, supplemented her small income by typewriting.

He was admitted by a middle-aged woman of most superior aspect, out of the stuffy atmosphere of the gritty stairway, into something that seemed like an oasis, and made him think absurdly of cool wells and shadowy trees. The sea-green corridor, hung with mezzotints, was restful to all his senses. In a minute he found himself in a large room which was evidently adorned with all that survived of some dignified and ancient home. Each piece of furniture was old and beautiful, harmonious, and redolent of culture and breeding. Two or three fine old portraits in oil looked down upon what they had come to, with serenity that had passed beyond earth's standards of judgment. The grand piano was by Erard; the Turkey carpet, though elderly, was luxurious. Brilliant chrysanthemums, in priceless Worcester bowls, enlivened the November air; in one window a large, business-like writing-table was heaped with papers. A small Dandie Dinmont, of the purest breed and excellently groomed, oddly suggested that he too sprang from that old, forfeited family home of which this London flat was all that survived. He welcomed the visitor with the easy good breeding that one expected from such a dog in such a place.

The perspiration broke out upon Captain Hugh Dearle's brow as he waited. He knew that everything he had thought of saying must remain unsaid; that Margery Wilmot, if she was like either her friend or her home, was a much-injured woman; and that he was playing the part of a cad.

The pause lengthened itself; his solitude was unbroken. The grandfather's clock ticked, like Longfellow's poem, "Forever—never!" in his burning ears. He strolled about, hardly controlling his nervousness, reading the titles of the rare editions in the oak bookshelves, admiring the pictures, and hearkening for an approaching footfall with heart that each moment was perceptibly nearer his boots. Just as he had decided to turn and fly the door opened, and the Lady of the Mist was before him.

She was not now dressed to face the weather on an inclement night; she wore something soft and trailing, about which all he was sure of was that it was the right thing to wear in that room. To him she seemed far more beautiful than he had believed her last night.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that Miss Wilmot declines to see you," she said, with a grave bow, on entering.

"Does she?" he echoed, in a relieved voice. "Oh, well, I've done all I could, haven't I?" Then, as the fact struck him in another light, "I hope that doesn't mean that she's taking it very hard?" he anxiously subjoined.

The girl crossed the room and took up her position near the fire. She neither sat down nor asked him to be seated. The lack of cordiality in her manner struck him with a sense of injury, though she had hardly spoken. She held a letter in her hand. At his question she glanced at him with a slight, negligent laugh, indefinably insolent.

"Oh, dear, no!" she said.

He approached cautiously, not too near. "She is not taking it hard?" he repeated, very desirous to draw hopeful conclusions from the fact, but doubtful because of a glint in the lady's eye.

"Miss Wilmot showed me her lover's letter. Any girl who could mourn the loss of the man who wrote that letter must be either a fool or — or — very hard up for a lover," said she, sedately, and her particularly delicate mouth curled in a way that it positively made him wince to witness.

There was a pause. "Well," he said at last, "since she takes it like that——"

"Exactly. Since she takes it like that there is obviously no more to be said," was the answer. The accompanying smile revealed very perfect teeth, but did not convey to the captain any idea of mirth.

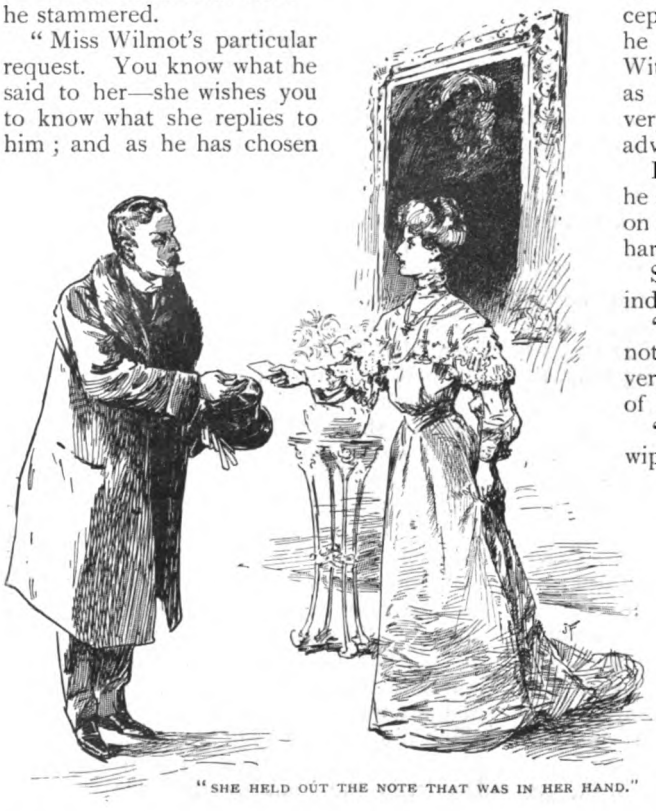
"Miss Wilmot," she went on, "believes that Captain Manners-Langton is likely to wish to have her concurrence in the breaking

of their engagement in writing. She would like you to read it. She does not allude to his final insult, of a suggested money compensation, because she hopes, if he thinks it over, he will realize that she has never given him any just cause to rate her so low." Her voice was very even and steady.

She held out the note that was in her hand.

"I—I am to read this?" he stammered.

"Miss Wilmot's particular request. You know what he said to her—she wishes you to know what she replies to him; and as he has chosen to act in this matter through a deputy, she feels you cannot be vexed or surprised at her deciding to follow his example."



"SHE HELD OUT THE NOTE THAT WAS IN HER HAND."

"No—decidedly no," he stammered. But his heart was aflame. In what a light was he appearing to this charming, wonderful woman, who had appealed to him as no other woman ever did! How was he to grasp any foothold—to achieve any kind of basis for an acquaintance, after this beginning? He began to hate Manners-Langton, and, as he fumbled with the note, hat in hand, he wished she would offer him a chair. But she did not. This was the note:—

"Miss Wilmot presents her compliments to Captain Manners-Langton, and desires to express her gratitude to him for giving her the opportunity of withdrawing from her engagement to him, before it is too late, by candidly showing her the stuff of which he is made. She can have no reproaches for him; these are all for herself, in that she has all this time been under the delusion that he was a gentleman—one holding the standards of honour and conduct usual in her class. She now forwards, by carrier, the presents which she from time to time accepted from him in the belief that he hoped to make her his wife. With these are enclosed his letters, as some of the earlier ones were very convincing, and he might with advantage make use of them again."

Dearle flushed crimson. "I say," he stammered, "isn't she laying it on too thick? Isn't she hitting too hard? Has he deserved this?"

She gave him a look of the most indescribable, soft, humorous scorn.

"You're a friend of his, are you not?" she asked, as though this very fact should explain every one of Dearle's limitations.

"By George!" he muttered, and wiped his brow. "Am I to carry him this?"

She was still studying him relentlessly.

"Is this the first time you have done his dirty work?" she asked, with faint surprise.

He seemed hardly conscious of the taunt. He stood with bent head, the letter in his finger-tips, as though it stung. The girl had crossed the beautiful room with her noiseless footfall, and seated herself at the writing-table, not as one who settles down to talk, but as proceeding to deal with a filed heap of correspondence. Apparently she considered the interview closed. He wavered for a minute or two, during which she narrowly watched the changes which passed across his open, almost handsome, not very introspective countenance. At last, with conviction, words burst from him.

"What a hound I feel!"

Dipping her pen in the ink, she said, over her shoulder: "It is to be supposed we neither of us enjoy conducting negotiations of this kind; but think how much unpleasantness we are saving our principals! And now I fear I must ask you to excuse me; I am very busy."

The man looked at her desperately; his

shame increased. He was not wont to be diffident or tongue-tied before women, but he felt curiously abject now. Yet he must make one effort. He slowly came over to where she sat.

"At least," he said, "you will tell me your name, won't you?"

She lifted her pale, astonished face and large, luminous eyes from her work; for a moment she looked at him, as she might have looked at a man who spoke to her in the street. Then she rose, walked to the door, and set it wide open.

"We judge people by their friends," said she. "Forgive me if I say that the fact of your friendship with Captain Manners-Langton deprives me of all wish to be further acquainted with you. I wish you a good afternoon."

There was nothing for the captain but to walk out like a beaten hound. With scarlet face, shaking with rage and shame, he made his escape, and exchanged the delicate, perfumed atmosphere of that charming room for the squalor of the public staircase.

Some two months after these events Captain Manners-Langton bestowed his hand and his pedigree upon Miss Gladys Hopper, whose father was a millionaire as the result of vast and successful sales of bootlaces. The funds thus acquired had enabled him to send his son into the Army and to dispatch his daughter out to India with a chaperon to visit the young subaltern and to see if she could not make such a match as should establish the family's social position upon foundations as secure as was its financial basis.

Old Mr. Hopper's son-in-law had, perhaps, hardly realized—for Gladys was very pretty and her dresses were a dream—how much interest his new relations intended to exact for the munificent settlements which accompanied the bride.

He imagined himself genuinely in love; yet somehow, in January, when a long frost had spoilt the hunting and reduced life in the shires to a solitude *à deux* with his bride, he felt an urgent necessity to run up to town for a few days, to look in at his club, and to call on Hugh Dearle, who had indeed been best man at the wedding, but had declined his subsequent invitations.

"What shall we do to-night? One of the halls?" asked the bridegroom, eagerly. "Jove! How jolly it feels to be on one's own! Marriage is awfully dull. I tell you that in confidence."

"Depends on the wife, that, I should imagine," muttered Hugh.

Manners-Langton did not heed; his eye was running down the list of entertainments. "A first night at the Hellenic. That is usually worth seeing. A new play by a girl—at least, Brownsmith has been collaborating with a girl, by all that's strange. Why do you look like that?"

"Thought you said one of the halls."

"Well, a first night at the Hellenic is more in your line, isn't it?"

"Of course, you know who the girl is?" asked Dearle, grimly, pointing to the headline, "By Clement Brownsmith and Margery Wilmot."

"The deuce!" said Margery Wilmot's late *fiancé*. "Well, but I always thought she might do something of the kind; she was that sort. Let's go and see her play."

Dearle had no kind of objection to offer. If his friend could go, why not he? Moreover, Miss Wilmot might be called on after the final curtain, and he had always such a keen desire to know what she was like. At any rate, she must be clever, or Brownsmith would never have allowed her effort to be coupled with his mighty name.

It was certainly a clever play. The husband of Gladys Hopper gloated over its merits between the acts.

"I'm not at all sure I didn't make a big mistake over my marriage, Hugh," he said, moodily. "I seem to have run clean through that girl Gladys already. It's bad to confess, but she bores me to extinction. Now, Margery was so full of life and ideas. Why didn't you hold me back from destruction?"

"It was nothing to do with me," said Dearle, in the sour, lowering way which he always adopted whenever his embassy to Notting Hill was under discussion. "I knew nothing of Miss Wilmot, one way or the other, only that you were tremendously sweet on the other one."

Charlie heaved a long sigh. "If she can do this at her age, she'll be a celebrated woman, at the top of the tree, long before I have succeeded in getting the mater to call on all Gladys's unpresentable relations."

His repinings were cut short by the rise of the curtain for the final act. When this was over, the calls for author broke forth with a good deal more than usual first-night vigour.

The drop-scene was slightly pushed aside, and the successful actor-manager led on a tall, willowy girl in white silk with a posy of red roses. And Dearle could have groaned aloud and cursed his folly and blindness;

"THE SUCCESSFUL ACTOR-MANAGER LED ON A TALL, WILLOWY GIRL IN WHITE SILK."

for, of course, anyone but himself must have seen through the thin pretence of the deputy, and have known that Margery Wilmot was one and the same with his Lady of the Mist.

She passed before the demonstrative audience, neither nervous nor self-confident, but with a composure that seemed to hold all this admiration cheap. To Dearle it all seemed to pass like a flash. He felt that his passionate gaze must draw hers; he could have sworn that it did—that her steady eye sought and found both him and his companion. Then he was gritting his teeth at the gesture of friendly intimacy with which Brownsmith, himself an unmarried man, was holding back the curtain for the departure of his beautiful companion.

Charlie gave a sigh that was almost a groan. "I hadn't seen her for three years," he said, huskily. "I had forgotten how lovely she is. If only I had gone to see her myself, instead of sending you, I should never have made this mess of it."

"That was not my fault," said Hugh, cheerfully.

His spirits were in a wild tumult. He declined supper, and ruthlessly left his grumbling friend to go back alone, while he went home and wrote a letter.

It was lengthy, and took a great while to compose. It was full of blots and erasures, and it had to be copied out fair more than once; it was two o'clock in the morning when he went out and dropped it in the post. Then he went home and spent the rest of that night wishing he had not sent it.

There was no answer for two days; then there came an envelope containing no letter, but a formal intimation, on a card, that Miss Margery Wilmot would be at home on Thursday afternoons in February, from four o'clock till seven.

This was much! It meant that she had reversed that cruel dismissal of him on account of his friendship with Manners-Langton. What a cad the fellow was, too, after all! Or else his marriage had debased him. It seemed wonderful to Hugh Dearle, with the light of Margery Wilmot streaming over his life, to realize that he had ever undertaken such an embassy for such a man.

She was still in Shrewsbury Mansions; and that room of poignant memories had already several guests in it when he arrived, as early as he dared, on the first Thursday in February. There was Brownsmith, whose distinguished head was the first he identified. Margery walked about among her guests with that same perfect poise, that namelessly good manner, which he had admired and felt and quivered under formerly. He knew, before he had been ten minutes in the room, that to get there at all was a privilege highly valued, eagerly coveted by many.

Presently she was at his side.

"I am glad you could come," she softly said. "May I introduce you to Miss——"

"No, for pity's sake, give me one minute first—after that I will hand tea-cups and talk to your friends till seven if you'll let me. I must know—were you angry with me for writing?"

She looked fully at him, her sweet eyes very kind. "I liked you for doing it. It was rather fine of you," she said, with a fleeting smile. "But there is one thing I should

like to know before we go on. Did you know, had you any idea, that Captain Manners-Langton has twice been to call here since the other night?"

His face of stupefied astonishment answered her.

"It is true he has had that assurance," said the girl, quietly. "Of course, he has not been admitted; but if you are to come here, it must be on condition that he does not know."

"I promise you that, or anything else you like to demand," he replied. "Just tell me one thing."

"Well, what is it? Nothing of importance, I trust, for I must go and welcome other friends."

"I change my mind, and will ask nothing," he said. "I prefer to trust my own powers of observation."

"Knowledge gained in that way is, after all, the most valuable," she smiled.

"I am going now," he said, two hours later. "I shall come again next Thursday, of course, to continue my observations. Tell me this one thing—did my letter surprise you?"

"Yes, a good deal. Are you in the habit of following young ladies home?"

"I told you in my letter I only did it that once. Oh, you were hard on me!"

She shook her head. "I don't see what I could have done. It would have been even more brutal to tell you my name then, wouldn't it?"

"So that, really, only a delicate concern for my feelings prompted you to kick me downstairs?"

"Have it so, if you like."

She had accompanied him out of the room, and she now opened the outer door of the flat so that the staircase, shabby as ever, came into view.

Suddenly the memory of her face that night, with all the light gone out of it, smote upon his heart.

"Oh, Margery," he broke out, seizing her hand in his, "can you ever forgive me that moment's anguish? Could you ever think well of the man who blundered so cruelly?"

If she noticed his daring, but wholly involuntary, use of her name, she gave him no rebuke. Her lashes, as she raised her eyes to him, were wet. "It doesn't seem as if I bore malice, does it?" she said, between laughing and crying. "I think I took my revenge."

He had her hand in both his, and he raised it to his lips.

Then an opening door and the voice of emerging guests warned her that their moment was over.

"Next Thursday," she hurriedly gasped, burning red, as she drew back within the doorway.

"Sooner than that!" he cried, in the tones of a conqueror. "A week is far too long to wait."

"HE HAD HER HAND IN BOTH HIS, AND HE RAISED IT TO HIS LIPS."

Some Rediscovered Paintings by Great Artists.

By Ronald Graham.

DOUBTLESS there are many forgotten masterpieces by deceased artists hidden away in obscure garrets and cellars throughout the kingdom. Others there are which are not exactly masterpieces, but which have a very strong human and pictorial interest, nevertheless, of their own. Such a series of pictures the writer came across recently, considerably defaced and deteriorated by time, covering whole walls of a house in St. John's Wood. The pictures were large frescoes in oil, executed by a band of the most distinguished painters and Royal Academicians of their day. That day was forty years ago, and they were executed as a tribute of love and esteem for one of their brother artists, J. E. Hodgson, R.A., who then occupied the studio. Time went on and the succeeding tenant, oblivious of these works of art and their associations with such men as Philip Calderon, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., Fred Walker, A.R.A., H. Stacy Marks, R.A., J. E. Hodgson, R.A., D. W. Wynfield, W. F. Yeames, R.A., and G. A. Storey, A.R.A., covered the paintings over with brown wall-paper. After a while their very existence was completely forgotten. The resurrection of these interesting souvenirs of the celebrated St. John's Wood Clique is due to Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, the distinguished sculptor, who is the present tenant of the house in Hill Road.

The paintings were begun by a body of painters known as the St. John's Wood Clique in the winter of 1864-5. "Hodgson's painting-room," says the late Stacy Marks, "was not a regular studio, but two ordinary rooms knocked into one. The house, which still exists, was then known as 5, Hill Road, Abbey Road. The road has since been renumbered. The subjects painted were all Shakespearean, with one exception. The figures were a little under life-size. The walls were covered with paper, and coloured in distemper of a uniform greenish-grey tint.

Calderon Yeames Leslie Marks Hodgson Wynfield Storey (standing)
The St. John's Wood Clique, about 1866.
Photographed by Wynfield. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

On this ground the decorations were painted in oil colour, in flat tones, with the least possible amount of shadow, and a definite outline. Leslie painted the duel scene from 'Twelfth Night'; Storey, Katherine and Petruchio. A scene from 'The Tempest' and Touchstone and Audrey fell to my share. The most elaborate composition, Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando, was by Yeames. Calderon occupied a space over the fireplace with portraits of Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson in Elizabethan costume."

What a splendid body of fellows those

DECORATING HODGSON'S STUDIO.
A CARICATURE BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

painters of the fifties and sixties must have been! What humour! What high spirits!

"There are," Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., writes to us, "only three members of what used to be called 'The St. John's Wood Clique' now living—Mr. Yeames, Mr. Storey, and myself. Mr. Stacy Marks, in his autobiography, gives a very fair account of this little band of artists, but I don't think he says quite enough about the delightful personality and lovable character of John Evan Hodgson, whose studio walls we decorated with scenes from Shakespeare. Our work was given to him as a personal mark of our love and esteem for the man. Amongst our whole body there were no hosts equal in popularity to Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson; at their house we all felt at home and were sure of a welcome at any time. For very many years it was our custom to meet at their house on all Saturday evenings during the winter months to play a Russian game of cards called 'Preference,' partaking also of caviare, kümmel, and other Russian delicacies.

"As to the decorations themselves, they were painted with ordinary oil colours, on the distemper ground, with turpentine. Those by Calderon and Yeames were never quite finished. I did four altogether. Besides the one illustrated there was its companion one; on the other side of the window Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Sir Toby, and on each side of another window figures of the Tragic and Comic Muses. I do not know whether these still exist.

"Hodgson was a first-rate linguist and an accomplished scholar, had a keen sense of humour and a great love of all manner of sport; but it was his generosity and sincerity above everything that endeared him to us all."

As to the other members of the clique, they are still familiar to art-lovers everywhere. Calderon was a most brilliant painter, whose pictures may be seen in many of our public galleries. His charming composition showing Hodgson and his wife, the former represented in the character of a Court painter of the sixteenth

PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. HODGSON.
BY PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

A Scene from "As You Like It."
By H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

century, is full of dignity and real charm. Colouring was one of Calderon's strong points. The likenesses, moreover, are admirable.

A humorist among painters was Stacy Marks. Some of his works, such as "The Ornithologists" and "Toothache in the Middle Ages," have become pictorial classics. Here he delineates Touchstone and Audrey in Shakespeare's "As You Like It"—one wearing a roguish expression and the other demure, with her eyes downcast.

"You would," remarked Wynfield, "have made a capital Touchstone yourself, Marks."

"Good!" cried Marks. "Then I'll show you how I look shaved, and I'll choose Mrs. X—— as my model for Audrey."

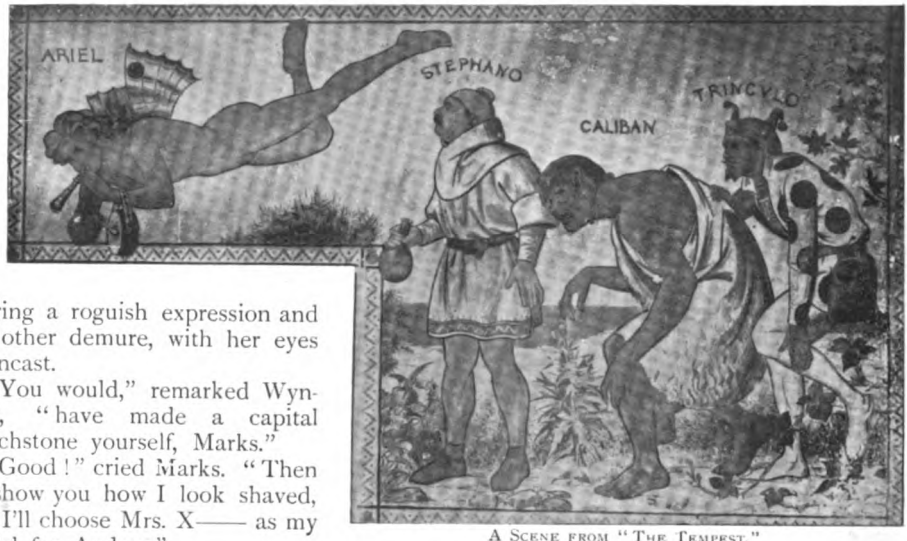
"I hope she will feel complimented," put in Calderon.

A quaint touch is given to the picture, which is full of many details, by the inclusion of a couple of goats with their kids, and the legend, "Audrey: Her Goats." Marks's second composition, in which the proprietor of a famous public-house in the neighbourhood is made to figure as Caliban, occupies another wall.

While executing his portion of the work it is related of Stacy Marks that he used to troll out several verses of a song of his own composition, entitled "Calderon's Health." The first verse ran as follows:—

> Of all the lucky fellows
> Who bask in Fortune's sunshine,
> None can compare with Philip Calderon,
> An old friend of mine;
> And though in the country
> He's brought us out to tea,
> Don't let us cease to growl at
> His pop-u-lar-i-tee!

Fred Walker made a striking sketch of Stacy Marks in one of his characteristic attitudes. "He used," remarks one of the



A Scene from "The Tempest."
By H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

A Caricature of H. Stacy Marks.
By FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

clique, "to fling himself down in a corner, clasp his hands behind his head, and cheerfully gibe us as we worked."

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., has a wall to himself devoted to a representation of Petruchio ministering at Katherine's banquet. Petruchio in the picture has, it is said, a strong resemblance to a well-known London picture-dealer of the time, while the still untamed Kate was a likeness of the wife of one of the members of the clique.

"I do not quite remember," writes Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., "how it came about that the so-called 'clique' took up the notion of decorating the studio of their dear old friend, unless it was at one of those convivial evenings we spent at each other's houses, especially at Hodgson's, that the idea was started. I remember we enjoyed doing the work as a kind of joke, or, as you say, a labour of love. Of course, I have many recollections of the 'Brotherhood,' for such it was."

One evening, Storey, who was also a poet and an exceedingly clever one, recited a poem called "The Gudgeon," as he has often, to his friends' delight, done since. It was supposed to be spoken by a fish of that species which had been captured by one of the clique on a recent stay at Hever Castle:—

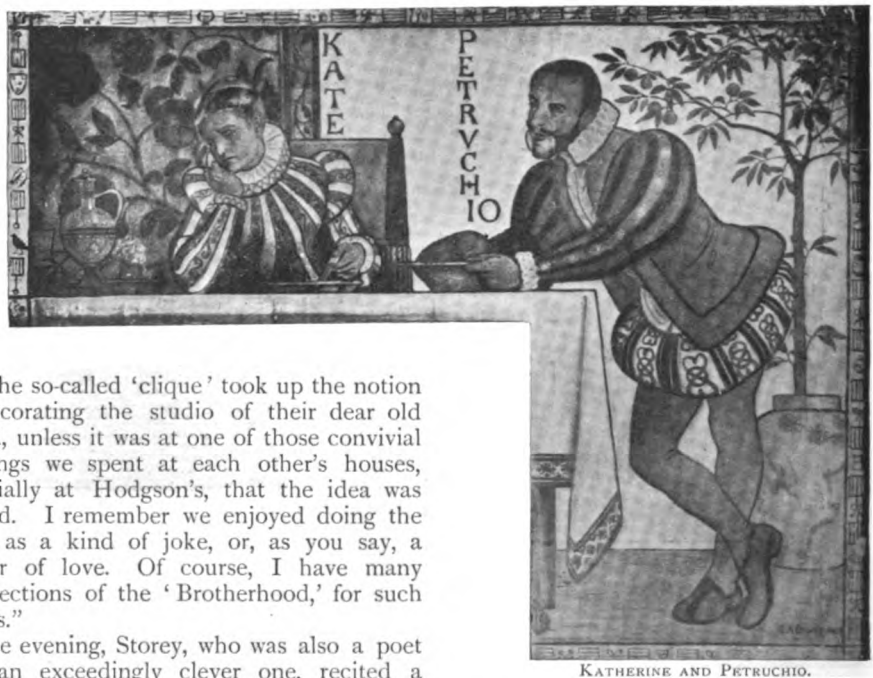
"I was a little gudgeon once
In the pellucid stream,
Playing about with pretty trout,
Young roach, and gentle bream."

And then the gudgeon goes on to describe why he wished he had stayed at home.

"For out from Hever Castle
Upon one morning fine
Came forth three gallant fishers,
With rod and hook and line.
And on that hook a gentle was
To tempt poor silly me,
Which I no sooner tasted
Than I found me up a tree.

"Jerked from the gentle river's bed
Full high into the air,
I came down like a thing of lead,
Oppressed with pain and care.
Oh! how, with meek, imploring look,
I eyed those fishers three—
Yeames, Calderon, and Wynfield—
And how they smiled on me! . . ."

With stuffing and with sherry sauce
They tried to force him down;
His flesh was not worth eating
They all were fain to own.
And then they wished among themselves
They'd packed him up in wicker,
And sent him, with their compliments
To glad the worthy vicar.



Katherine and Petruchio.
By G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

Wynfield's picture, believed to represent Anne Boleyn the night before her execution, is also a very striking composition.

ANNE BOLEVN, THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION.
BY D. W. WYNFIELD.

The idea was suggested by a visit which three members of the clique—Calderon, Yeames, and Wynfield—paid to Hever Castle in Kent, which the trio rented for three months. Hever is celebrated, apart from its having been the scene of sieges, Royal festivals, and feats of arms, as the abode of two of the wives of Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn lived there, and afterwards Anne of Cleves. Wynfield was much struck by the scantily-furnished room known as Anne Boleyn's bedroom, containing, according to tradition, the actual bed on which she slept.

Yeames painted "The Haunted Chamber" out of this bedroom of Anne Boleyn, in which two ladies in modern riding-habits appear startled by the noise made by some rats scuttling along the yellow tapestries of the bed. Wynfield made a number of studies and took many photographs. It is worth while recalling that this artist was one of the earliest to employ the camera. "He was," says Mr. Marks, "a very good and painter-like photographer. His series of heads of artists in characteristic hoods, caps, and bonnets were quite new at that time in the art."

Then were the evenings, as one of the clique testifies, merrily spent "with pipes, cigarettes, and the social glass of 'mallet,'" as whisky and water was known among the clique. This term would puzzle a good many artists to-day. It originated in a visit paid by Walker and Marks to a hostelry near Langham Chambers, in the bar of which was hung a painting of a dead dog, with the subjoined inscription in gilt letters :—

Poor Trust is dead and cold, you see ;
Bad pay the deed has done.
No mallet you'll expect of me ;
'Tis up with that 'ere fun.

HODGSON'S INVITATION CARD.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

If Mr. Yeames's picture was ever finished, its outlines have suffered much from the ravages of time and neglect, because Mr. Marks speaks of it as "the most elaborate composition of them all." The expressions on the faces of the two ladies, Rosalind and Celia, still, however, continue excellent. The models for these were also

ROSALIND, CELIA, AND ORLANDO AFTER THE WRESTLING SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."
BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

found in the households of the members of the clique.

The contribution of Hodgson himself will surprise many persons who do not regard him as a marine painter, for the work is a most vivid representation of a battle at sea, the effects of light and shade being especially remarkable.

It was in Hodgson's studio that the brilliant Fred Walker, A.R.A., achieved his wonderful caricature of the St. John's Wood Clique. Of this Mr. Leslie remarks:—

"In the spirited caricature by F. Walker, 'The Vision of the Clique,' I am the extremely long figure in child's dress (I went to one of our fancy dress evenings in such a costume and Marks was dressed as my nurse); Mr. Storey is seated on my arm; Mr. Yeames had been recently married, and he holds up a wedding-ring. Calderon has two little incipient horns; this refers to his nickname of 'The Fiend.' The snake gnawing a file is an allusion to a comic recitation that Mr. Marks used to give."

"Hodgson," writes Mr. Stacy Marks, "perhaps the least successful figure of the composition, in an Elizabethan dress, reclines beyond. In front we see D. W. Wynfield with a genealogical tree, for he was great on family histories, and an authority on heraldry and armorial bearings, accompanied by Yeames, gleefully displaying a wedding-ring, an allusion to his marriage, which took place that year. Two of the figures bear the

"A BATTLE AT SEA."
BY J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

Reproduced by courtesy of] "A VISION OF THE CLIQUE." *[Messrs. Chatto & Windus.*
BY FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

gridiron badge on their breasts. The serpent and the file refer to a sermon which I preached for many years and in many places from the well-known text, 'They shall gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lions roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for his first-born.'"

Mr. Leslie, whose beautiful riverside pictures boast so many admirers, came to paint the duel scene from "Twelfth Night," Mrs. Hodgson laughingly consenting to his painting the head of Viola from her own. The whole picture, although it has lost its pristine freshness of colour and outline, is, nevertheless, a very charming piece of work. It was at Hodgson's house, moreover, that Walker, who was a famous humorist, startled the inmates by appearing in the character of Orson, clad in a bear-skin and carrying a club of enormous proportions. As Walker was a little man, his appearance as a sort of pocket-Hercules was excruciatingly funny. Hodgson thought he had taken leave of his senses.

THE DUEL SCENE FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."
BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"It's all right, old fellow," explained Walker. "I am just going off to a fancy-dress ball at Long's, and I thought you and Mrs. H—— might like to see my costume. Rather pretty, don't you

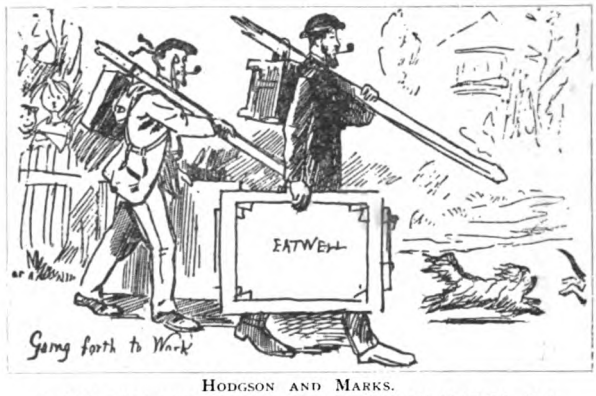
think? You needn't be afraid of my club; it's hollow."

It deserves to be mentioned that among the visitors to Hodgson's studio were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Burges, A.R.A., the architect, of whom the former wrote the celebrated nursery rhyme:—

An architect named William Burges,
From infancy scarcely emerges;
If you had not been told
He's disgracefully old,
You would offer some bull's-eyes to Burges!

The sort of conversation that went on while these works were being executed may be gathered from some remarks by Mr. Storey.

"We, naturally," he says, "discussed our prospects, our hopes and fears, and were pretty free in our criticisms of each other's work. Not only the pictures but the titles were discussed, and this led to pleasant nonsense and quaint suggestions characteristic of each speaker. Calderon, for instance, whose wit was *un peu malin*, proposes as a good title for one of Etty's pictures, 'Virtue Defending Innocence from the Attacks of Chastity.' Then Hodgson, always full of quaint, sly humour, thinks that 'The Albumens Throwing Off the Yoke, by Egg,' would be effective. George Leslie, with his own special line of fun, referring to the works of Inchbold, a pre-Raphaelite and poetical landscape painter, says that 'If you buy an "Inchbold" you're sure to want an "Elmore."' Marks, a disciple of Dr. Johnson, is inclined to groan at these shallow attempts at wit, but at the same time he adds, in a melodramatic tone, 'That the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom it would be gross flattery to call a coward.'"



HODGSON AND MARKS.
A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A.
Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Another name for the St. John's Wood Clique was the "Gridirons." It was by this title that they called themselves, and they even engraved a gridiron with the motto "Ever on thee" for their note-paper. The idea was, that while continuing to be the best of friends, to criticise each other's works in the frankest and most unsparing manner. The badge or order was a miniature brass gridiron, worn in the button-hole on all ceremonial or mock ceremonial occasions, as the installation of an associate or honorary member.

BADGE OF THE ST. JOHN'S WOOD CLIQUE.

When the artists were not employing their leisure in adorning Hodgson's studio they used to make up pedestrian parties for Willesden, Neasden, or Hendon.

Herewith we give a sketch by Stacy Marks of Hodgson and himself off on a tramp into the country. It is needless to remark how greatly the northern suburbs of London have changed since the days of the clique. As Mr. Storey points out, forty years ago St. John's Wood was quite on the confines of London, and a few minutes' walk from Marlborough Place brought the painters into the green fields and wooded lanes.

"It was a great delight, after being so long cooped up in the studio, working till we could hardly see, to feel free again, and we went forth like birds let out of a cage. We made our way through Willesden to a little roadside inn, called the Old Spotted Dog, with a pretty garden, a lawn, a bowling-green, and quaint arbours; and it was so retired, so rural, that we could fancy ourselves fifty miles away from London. Here we partook of a frugal meal, consisting chiefly of mutton-chops, vegetables, and pickles—especially pickles. The landlady was very strong on pickles—she made them herself, and seemed to have pickled everything she could lay her hands upon, from young onions to old cabbage-stalks. The homely tankard of ale served us in lieu of more costly liquor, and our own spirits were sufficient to keep us cheerful as we whiled away the day in pleasant chat or at the good old game of bowls."

The Two Bon-Bons.

By Fred M. White.

I.

THE little woman clung impulsively to Jim Stacey's hands as if they were buoys in a tempestuous sea and she drowning in the social gulf for want of a friend. And, indeed, Mrs. Arthur Lattimer was in a sorry case, as her pleading eyes would have told a less astute observer than her companion.

As to the scene itself, it was set for comedy rather than tragedy. Down below a new Russian contralto was delighting the ears of Lady Trevor's guests; the rooms were filled with all the best people; the little alcove where Stacey was sitting was a mass of fragrant Parma violets and cool, feathery ferns; the electric lights were demurely shaded; indeed, Lady Trevor always made a point of this discretion in her illuminations. There was no chance for the present of interruption, so that Stacey was in a position to listen to his companion's story without much fear of the inquisitive outsider. Gradually the look of terror began to fade from the grey eyes of Mrs. Arthur Lattimer.

"My dear lady," Stacey said, in his most soothing tones, "I shall have to get you to tell it me all over again. You see, I have been out of town for the last two or three days, and only received your hurried note an hour ago. You will admit that stating a case is not your strong point."

"What did I say?" Mrs. Lattimer asked. "I am half beside myself with trouble. Did I make it quite clear to you that I had lost the great Asturian emerald?"

"I gathered that," Stacey said. "I am also under the impression that the emerald was stolen."

"It was stolen," Mrs. Lattimer affirmed. "I was wearing it——"

"Wearing it?" Stacey echoed. "Surely that was a little indiscreet. But how came the Empress of Asturia's jewel in your possession at all?"

"I had better explain," Mrs. Lattimer went on. "As you know perfectly well, my husband is a dealer in precious stones. He is probably the greatest man in this line in Europe. You are also aware that the Empress of Asturia is in London at the present moment. She has a fancy to try to match that priceless stone; in fact, if possible, she wanted two more like it. She came very quietly to our house in Mount Street and saw my husband on the subject. Of course, he held out little hope of being able to execute the commission, but he said that he had heard of a couple of likely stones in Venice, and that, if Her Majesty would leave the emerald with him, he would see what he could do. To make a long story short the stone was left with him, and up to three or four days ago was locked away in his safe—a small safe that he keeps in his study."

"Lattimer showed you the stone, of course?"

"I have my husband pretty well in hand," Mrs. Lattimer laughed. "He showed me the emerald the next day, and a sudden fancy to wear it came over me with irresistible force. It was no great matter for me to get possession of the key of the safe. My husband was away, too, for a night, and on Monday evening I went to a bridge party at Rutland House, wearing the emerald as a pin. I was just a little frightened to find my borrowed gem so greatly admired. We were having supper about twelve o'clock—a sort of informal affair at a sideboard in the drawing-room—and I was induced to hand the stone round. Without thinking, I unscrewed it from the pin and stood there laughing and chatting keeping my eyes open all the same."

"Knowing something of the kind of woman who is a professional bridge-player?" Stacey laughed.

"Precisely," Mrs. Lattimer said. "There were one or two present whom I would not trust very far. Well, in some extraordinary way the stone was lost. Nobody seemed to know where it was; nobody would confess to having taken it. I am afraid I lost my head for the moment. I know I said a few hard things; but there it is—that stone is gone, and unless I can recover it by midday to-morrow I am ruined, absolutely ruined."

"Your husband?" Stacey hinted.

"Knows nothing. I have not dared to tell him. I have waited till the last possible moment on chance of the stone being recovered. You see, I stole the key of the safe and made my husband believe that he had lost it. It is a wonderful safe of American make, and no one in London can unpick it. My husband telegraphed to New York to the makers to send a man over, and he arrives by the *Celtic* to-night. Unless the stone can be found first——"

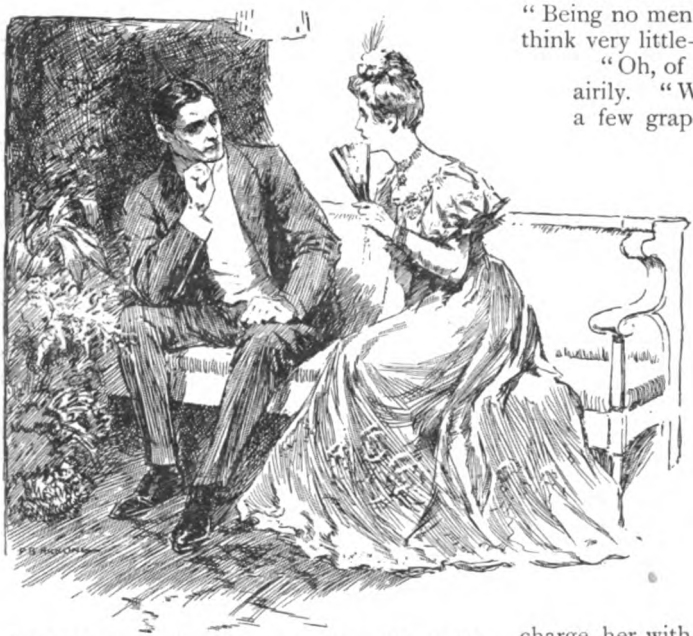
Stacey nodded sympathetically. He quite appreciated the desperate condition of affairs.

"I see," he said, thoughtfully. "If the stone turns up, you will contrive to find the lost key and restore the gem to its hiding-place. And now I must ask you if you suspect anybody."

The pretty little woman flushed slightly. She glanced about her as if afraid that the Parma violets might become the avenue that leads up to a libel action.

"Yes," she whispered. "It is Mrs. Aubrey Beard."

"Oh!" Stacey muttered. "So the wind sets in that quarter. My dear lady, this is a serious thing. Mrs. Aubrey Beard has a high reputation. She is the wife of a Cabinet Minister, and, so far as I know, has none of the society vices——"



"MY DEAR LADY, THIS IS A SERIOUS THING. MRS. AUBREY BEARD HAS A HIGH REPUTATION."

"Oh, hasn't she?" Mrs. Lattimer sneered. "Why, that woman is one of the most inveterate gamblers in London. It is an open secret that her bridge debts amount to over five thousand pounds—at least, they did last night, and I haven't heard that they were paid to-day. But this seems to be news to you?"

"Well, yes," Stacey admitted. "If Beard knew this there would be a separation. Now tell me, what grounds have you for making this accusation?"

"My dear Mr. Stacey, I am making no accusation whatever. I am merely telling you whom I suspect. To begin with, Mrs. Beard hardly touched the stone at all, though I could see her eyes flash strangely when she saw me wearing it. I have very little doubt that she guessed my little deception. You will remember that Mr. Aubrey Beard was in the Diplomatic Service at the Asturian capital, and that his wife would have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Royal jewels. At any rate, she hardly touched the gem, and seemed a great deal more interested in a dish of chocolate bon-bons in front of her. She is passionately fond of sweets."

"I suppose, practically, your supper consisted of that kind of thing?" Stacey asked. "Being no men present, you would naturally think very little——"

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Lattimer said, airily. "We had very little else besides a few grapes and a sandwich or two. Mrs. Beard was nibbling at her chocolates up to the very time we left. It was then that she dropped a remark which aroused all my suspicions. She said she hoped that I should find my emerald again, and that if the Empress of Asturia was seen wearing one very like mine I should not accuse her of theft."

"Really, now," Stacey said. "This is most interesting to a society novelist like myself. In other words, Mrs. Beard practically accused you of stealing the very thing that you charge her with appropriating. She let you know quite clearly that she guessed exactly what had happened. It was a hint to you that if you saw anything you would not dare to make it public. You have honoured me with a difficult problem to solve, and I have solved many. Mrs. Beard is a cleverer woman than I imagined; but suppose she has already disposed of the emerald?"

"But she hasn't," Mrs Lattimer whispered, eagerly. "If she had done so, she would have paid her bridge debts. You know how necessary it is to discharge obligations of that kind. I feel quite sure that the emerald still remains in Mrs. Beard's possession."

"Meaning that she has found no way of disposing of it?"

"Not yet. I have had her carefully watched, and I have come to the conclusion that her cousin, Ralph Adamson, is in the conspiracy. Of course, you know he is a great admirer of Mrs. Beard's; there is nothing wrong, but I am certain that he would do anything for her. I know he was at her house for a long time the day before yesterday, and that he subsequently paid a hurried visit to Amsterdam, where, I understand, it is a fairly easy matter to dispose of stolen jewels. If he had been successful with his errand, Mrs. Beard's bridge debts would have been paid by now. But what is the use of our talking like this? You know the whole story; you can see the dreadful position I am in. Is there any possible way of getting me out of the difficulty before to-morrow afternoon?"

"I have worked out some sort of a theme," Stacey said, thoughtfully. "Your letter was very incoherent, but now that I know all the facts I begin to feel sanguine. Tell me——"

"Oh, I will tell you anything. Your very presence gives me courage. I see that you are going to ask me a question of the utmost importance. What is it?"

"It is important," Stacey said, gravely. "I want you to try and remember exactly what sort of bon-bons Mrs. Beard was eating on the night that the robbery took place."

Mrs. Lattimer laughed in a vexed kind of way. "What a frivolous creature you are!" she said. "As if a trivial thing like that could possibly matter."

"My dear lady," Stacey said, in a deeply impressive manner, "the point is distinctly and emphatically precious. I pray of you not to speak at random. Was it not somewhere in the Far East that the accidental swallowing of a grape-stone changed the destinies of a nation? Think it out carefully."

"You are a most extraordinary man," Mrs. Lattimer said, almost tearfully. "So far as I can recollect, the sweets in question were chocolate fondants filled with almond paste. Yes, I am quite sure that that is a fact, for I remember Mrs. Beard saying that almond paste was her favourite sweet."

"We are getting on," Stacey said. "My education on the head of feminine gastronomy is somewhat limited, but I have a hazy kind of idea that these particular dainties are fairly large in size. They would be nearly as big as my thumb, I suppose?"

"Quite that," Mrs. Lattimer said, gravely.

"Ah! then your humble maker of romances is not to be baffled. My way lies clear before me. Now, one more question. Did I not understand from Lady Trevor that Mrs. Beard is going to put in an appearance here to-night?"

"So I believe," Mrs. Lattimer replied. "She is giving a dinner to semi-Royalty and will not be here till comparatively late. I feel certain she will come, because I saw Ralph Adamson just now listening to the new contralto."

Stacey rose gaily from his seat and fell to admiring the banks of violets with which the room was lined. He caught Mrs. Lattimer's reproachful eye and smiled.

"*À la bonne heure*," he said. "Give yourself no further anxiety. The curtain is about to go up, the play will commence. If that emerald is still in the possession of Mrs. Aubrey Beard, I pledge you my word it shall be restored to you before you sleep to-night. Smile as you were wont to smile, and come with me."

II.

THE great contralto had finished her song amidst the tepid applause which passes for enthusiasm in society, and for a moment the proceedings seemed to languish. In the great salon some two hundred of the chosen ones had gathered, waiting like children for someone to amuse them. A social entertainer followed, only to be received and dismissed in chilling silence, which it is to be hoped was somewhat compensated by the size of his cheque. Stacey came cheerfully forward and shook hands with his hostess.

"I began to think you were going to throw me over," she said. "So awfully good of you to offer to come here and amuse these people. Upon my word, society nowadays is worse than a set of school-children. What should we do without our society entertainers? You have such clever ideas! Is it possible that you have a new sensation for us to-night?"

Stacey intimated modestly that it was just on the cards. He noticed the reproachful way with which Mrs. Lattimer was regarding him. He sidled up to her presently.

"It is all part of the system," he said. "Like Mr. Weller's reduced counsels. It is not when I smile that I am at my joyous zenith. I am here to-night exclusively on your business, and if I do play the clown there will be a good deal of the tragedian behind it. I promise you that there is a large percentage of method in my madness."

There was a murmur among the languid audience, a kind of electric thrill which was in itself a compliment to Stacey. Apart from his literary fame, as an originator of

"STACEY CAME CHEERFULLY FORWARD AND SHOOK HANDS WITH HIS HOSTESS."

novel and frivolous amusements he had a reputation all his own. There was a good score of men and women present who could have told stories of his marvels, and who could have risen up and called him blessed had it been discreet to do so. There were others present who looked upon Jim Stacey as a mere society scribbler and charlatan, but these only added piquancy to the situation. At the earnest request of Lady Trevor, Stacey proceeded to do a few simple experiments in the way of thought-reading. An immaculate youth, utterly bored and *blasé*, lounged up to him and remarked with casual insolence that he had seen this kind of thing just as well done, if not better, at a country fair. Stacey smiled indulgently.

"I dare say," he said. "But, you see, I have apparently mistaken the intellectual level of a portion of my audience. If you like I will endeavour to read your thoughts, provided always that you can concentrate your mind long enough upon any given topic."

"Tell me what is in my pocket, perhaps," the other said. "There is a challenge for you, Stacey."

"Which I accept," Stacey said, promptly. "If anyone will blindfold me, I am prepared to give a strict account of the contents of Mr. Falconer's pockets, only he must promise me that he will think of nothing else during the whole of the experiment."

There was a ripple and stir amongst the audience, a kaleidoscope whirled and flashed on many-coloured vestments, and a sea of white faces turned in Stacey's direction. One of the ladies present emerged from the foam of fashion and whipped a cambric handkerchief across Stacey's eyes. His victim stood a little way off, so that the performer could just touch the tips of his fingers. There was a long, tense silence before Stacey commenced to speak.

"I begin to see," he said, in a thrilling voice, which began to carry conviction to a section of his audience. Whatever the man might have been, he certainly was a consummate actor. "I begin to see into some of the secrets of the typical gilded youth of our exclusive society. *Imprimis*, in the vest-pocket, a gold cigarette-case; the cigarette-case is set with diamonds and bears in one corner two initials which are certainly not the initials of the fortunate owner. Inside the case are three cigarettes and half-a-dozen visiting-cards, which also do not bear the impress of the carrier's autograph. If Mr. Falconer likes I will read out the names printed on those cards, beginning at the bottom and working backwards to the top. The first card is that of a lady——"

"Here, I have had enough of this," Falconer burst out in some confusion. "I don't know who has been playing this trick upon me, but I consider it anything but good form, don't you know."

A ripple of laughter ran over the sea of eager faces as Falconer backed away from the table, his face a healthier and rosier red than it had been for some time past. Stacey's challenge to his victim to complete the experiment was met with a direct negative.

"Then you won't go on?" Stacey said, in his most insinuating manner. "Pity to break it off just at the interesting stage, don't you think? I was just about to tell your friends the story of that cheque in your waistcoat-pocket——"

Something like a cry of dismay broke from the unhappy Falconer, and the brilliant red of his face turned to a ghastly white. As he slipped away, Stacey turned to the audience and inquired if anybody else there would like to try the same experiment. Quite a little knot of men came forward.

"Cannot I induce some of the ladies to give me a chance?" Stacey pleaded. "It seems to me manifestly unfair——"

"Fortunately for us we have no pockets," Lady Trevor cried. "We keep all those things in our conscience. Positively, we shall have to send Mr. Stacey to Coventry if he does not hold his wonderful powers a little more in hand. I dare say there are men present who are so marvellously honourable and pure-minded that they have nothing to disclose. If there are any such here, let them come forward for Mr. Stacey to experiment upon."

"My dear Ada, what would be the use of that?" a frisky dowager shrieked at the top of her voice. "We don't want to sit here and listen to the simple annals of the good young man who died, so to speak. Won't someone kindly come forward — somebody with a terrible past — and let Mr. Stacey reveal the scandal for us?"

A frivolous laugh followed this suggestion, and somebody maliciously suggested that the speaker herself might afford information for many piquant revelations. A tall, military-looking man came forward and suggested a new variation of the interesting *séance*. "Wouldn't it be much better," he said, "if we changed possessions with one another and gave Mr. Stacey a chance of guessing who the different articles belong to?"

"Wouldn't it be better," another man remarked, "to drop all this nonsense and proceed to something more rational? After all said and done, if Mr. Stacey can do this, he can forecast where things are hidden at a distance."

"Of course I can," Stacey said, with cheerful assurance. "Would you like to try me? Will somebody be good enough to give me a sheet of paper and envelope? I should prefer to have Lady Trevor's own letter-paper, so that there could be no suggestion of confederacy in the business. Will anybody come forward and write a note for me—only just a few words?"

As Stacey spoke he glanced significantly at Mrs. Lattimer, and indicated the man who was standing by her side. She seemed to understand by instinct exactly what he meant, for as the paper and envelope came along she snatched eagerly for it and placed it in the hands of the man by her side.

"You do it, Mr. Adamson," she said. "We can always trust you, because you are so cool and clear-headed, and if there is anything wrong you can easily detect it."

The tall young man with the dark eyes and waxed moustache shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Someone pushed forward a small table, on which stood an inkstand and a pen. The would-be writer gave Stacey a supercilious glance, and intimated that he was ready to begin.

"That is very good of you," Stacey said. "Just a few words. Write—'It is not safe where it is. Bring it with you to-night.' No; there is nothing more. Lady Trevor, will you be good enough to hand me that little silver basket of sweetmeats which I see on the china cabinet behind you? All I want now is a small box—a cardboard box, about four inches square."

The whole audience was following the experiment breathlessly by now. It was almost pathetic to see the childlike way with which they gaped at Stacey. They watched him with breathless interest as he folded the note and placed it in the cardboard box. Then he very carefully picked out a chocolate fondant from the silver basket of sweetmeats and gravely placed it inside the box.

"This particular confection is not exactly what I wanted," he said, with the greatest possible solemnity. "I should have preferred a fondant filled with almond paste. This I imagine to be Russian cream, but no matter. I will now proceed to tie up the box and place a name upon it. I will ask Lady Trevor not to look at the name, but to get one of the footmen to take it to the house for which it is intended. That is all, for the present."

Lady Trevor signalled to a passing servant and intimated that Stacey had best give the box into his custody direct.

"You are to go at once," she said, "and deliver this package at the address written on the outside; but perhaps Mr. Stacey would prefer that you placed it direct into the hands of the person for whom it is intended?"

"That was the idea," Stacey said. "I shall have to crave your patience for half an hour or so, and, meanwhile, I shall be only too pleased to show you another form of entertainment. Before doing that I should like to have something in the way of supper and a cigarette. Surely Mr. Adamson is not going! Oh, come, seeing that you are part and parcel of my experiment I really cannot

permit you to go in this way. Come along with me as far as the supper-room and join me in a glass of champagne and a cigarette."

Adamson turned and Stacey took him in a friendly way by the arm. Once in the hall the latter's manner changed and his face had grown stern. His eyes were hard and brilliant.

"Not yet, my friend," he said. "There are many things I can do, and many things I know which would astonish you if I were disposed to betray the secrets of the prison-house. If you are discreet and silent all will be well, but if you elect to defy me—well, there are certain episodes connected with a period of your life which would be just as well——"

III.

THE supper had been over for some little time, and most of the guests who were not playing bridge or otherwise frivolously engaged had gathered in the salon intent upon seeing the sequel to Stacey's experiment. Mrs. Lattimer sat there with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes. The suggestion of the military-looking guest that an interchange of pockets should be made had been carried out. If this had been intended, as doubtless it was, to give Stacey a fall, it had been a long way from being successful.

He had snatched the handkerchief from his eyes and was just getting accustomed to the glare of the room when his glance met that of Mrs. Lattimer. She turned her head swiftly in the direction of the doorway, where stood a handsome woman, whose cold, beautiful face was watching somewhat critically the scene in front of her. It did not need a second look on Stacey's part to recognise Mrs. Aubrey Beard. He could see, too, that under that cold surface something in the nature of a volcano was raging. He could see that cold, icy bosom heave tempestuously, for the diamonds on her breast flashed and trembled like streams of living fire. Stacey quickly turned and whispered something in the ear of Ralph Adamson. The latter seemed to hesitate a moment; then, with bent head and lips that trembled, disappeared slowly through a doorway leading towards the conservatories. In the same cold, stately way Mrs. Aubrey Beard came forward and languidly asked the source of all this amusement.

"THERE ARE MANY THINGS I CAN DO, AND MANY THINGS I KNOW WHICH WOULD ASTONISH YOU IF I WERE DISPOSED TO BETRAY THE SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE."

Her glance at Stacey was icy enough—indeed, there was no love lost between them. It seemed hard to believe that this placid, emotionless creature could have been the reckless gambler that Mrs. Lattimer had proclaimed her.

"Ridiculous," she said, in her stately way. "It is preposterous to believe that Mr. Stacey could do these things without the aid of a confederate."

"Oh, they have their uses," Stacey said, airily. "For instance, I don't mind admitting now that some of this business to-night has been what I may be allowed to term a game of spoof. I have half-a-dozen friends here to-night who gave me all the information I wanted and acted as my lieutenants, and very well they did it, too, as you all must admit. But it is not all nonsense, as I am prepared to prove, if Mrs. Beard but challenged me."

"Is it worth while?" the fair beauty sneered. "I don't think anybody would accuse me of being Mr. Stacey's confederate. If he can guess—for it could be no more than guesswork—what is in my pocket he is welcome to his triumph."

Stacey's keen eyes blazed for a moment, then he resumed his normal expression. He asked for someone to blindfold him; he stood with the tips of his fingers touching the shoulders of his victim. The flesh, cold as it looked, seemed to burn under his touch.

"HE STOOD WITH THE TIPS OF HIS FINGERS TOUCHING THE SHOULDERS OF HIS VICTIM."

He could hear the quick indrawing of the woman's breath. Every nerve in her body was quivering.

"I do not see much," he said, in a dreamy kind of voice. "Nothing but a handkerchief in Mrs. Beard's corsage. But stop! There is a small object wrapped up in that handkerchief—a small cardboard box. I can see through that cardboard box now. Inside is an oblong object, brown and sweet to the taste; it is nothing more or less than a chocolate, an ordinary common chocolate filled with Russian cream; at least, I suppose it is filled with—Russian cream. Good heavens, some of you will remember——"

Stacey paused abruptly and tore the handkerchief from his face. He seemed to be greatly moved by some overpowering emotion; he glanced almost with horror into the eyes of the cold, stately woman opposite. She had not moved, she had not changed, save for a burning spot on either cheek and a peculiar convulsive twitching of her lower lip.

"This is more or less part of my experiment with the chocolate creams," Stacey said. "You will remember that a chocolate cream was the simple object that I placed in the cardboard box which was to be dispatched to an address known only to myself. I was challenged to discover a certain object hidden somewhere at a distance, and in my own mind I decided where that object was and what it was. Presently I will show you. Meanwhile, I ask Mrs. Beard to admit that I have been absolutely successful, and to produce the small box which she has wrapped in her handkerchief."

The speaker turned just for a moment and his eyes flashed a stern challenge into those of the woman opposite. Very slowly and reluctantly she placed her hand inside the bosom of her dress and produced a lace handkerchief, in which lay the small cardboard box which Stacey had dispatched by hand of the footman. The breathless audience watched Stacey as he opened the box and took therefrom apparently the same bon-bon which he had placed in the receptacle some half-hour before.

"I see you are all utterly mystified," he said. "Indeed, I am quite sure that Mrs. Beard is as mystified as the rest. Before successfully concluding my little comedy I should like to have a few words with Mrs. Beard alone. I flatter myself that Mrs. Beard is just as anxious for a few words with me."

The woman bowed coldly. Not for an instant had she betrayed herself. She led the way in the direction of the library, and once there Stacey closed the door. He wasted no time in words; he raised the chocolate fondant to the light and snapped it in two. From the inside there fell a wondrous green shining stone—none other than the famous emerald belonging to the Empress of Asturia. Stacey spoke no word; he stood there waiting for the inevitable explanation. Then Mrs. Beard began to speak.

"You are a wonderful man," she said, hoarsely. Her breath came fast, as if she had been running far. "I stole that emerald the night of the bridge party at Rutland House. I managed to conceal it, without being seen, in that chocolate fondant. I had my bridge debts to pay; I dared not tell my husband. I pass before the world as a cold, unfeeling

woman, but my love for my husband has hitherto been the one passion of my life. I will not ask you how you have discovered all these things, for you would not tell me if I did. You seem to have guessed that my cousin, Ralph Adamson, was in the conspiracy, and you are correct. By what means you tricked him into writing those lines to-night, and getting me to place myself red-handed in the lion's jaws, I cannot pretend to understand, but there is the emerald and here is my confession. I have said a great deal for a proud woman like myself; all I ask you to do is to make it as easy for me as you can. If there is any exposure——"

"My dear madam, it is entirely in your hands to say whether there will be exposure or not," Stacey explained. "If you leave it to me, I will show you the way out. Mrs. Lattimer came to me with the facts, and I carefully engineered this little comedy with a view to saving my fair friend's reputation and sparing you a humiliating scandal. Still, it was not fair of you to try and close Mrs. Lattimer's mouth by letting her know that you were aware to whom this magnificent stone really belongs. By doing so you thought to frighten her and place her in such a position that she dare not accuse you of the theft. What we have to do now is to go back to the salon and make the dramatic announcement that I have been entirely successful in the matter of my experiment. If you could smile a little I should be greatly obliged. Yes, that is better. Now let us pretend to be talking upon quite indifferent topics. Anything will do."

There was a sudden hush in the conversation and a rustling of skirts as Stacey and Mrs Beard entered the salon.

Mrs. Beard was smiling now; she beamed quite graciously upon her companion, though the brilliant red spots still burnt upon her cheeks like a stain.

"You will all be glad to know that my experiment has been a perfect success," Stacey said. "I was challenged to-night to say where some object was which was hidden at a distance. It is an open secret to you all that a few nights ago Mrs. Lattimer lost a valuable emerald; it occurred to me that the finding of this stone would be a fine trial for me, and incidentally an exceedingly good advertisement. I cannot betray the secrets of the prison-house and tell you the inner significance of the bon-bons, for that would be revealing my occult science. Sufficient to say I divined the hiding-place of the missing stone. It was carried away quite by accident that night in a fold of Mrs. Aubrey Beard's dress. Perhaps she was coming here to bring it back; at least, I will not insult the lady by any other supposition. At any rate, here is the missing emerald. It may have been a case of mental telepathy; it was very strange that it should occur to Mrs. Beard to search the folds of that dress at the very moment when I turned my will-power in the direction of the hiding-place of the stone."

Not a soul there but believed every word that Stacey uttered. His manner was complete and convincing. He turned towards Mrs. Lattimer and pressed the shining jewel into her hand.

"HERE IS THE MISSING EMERALD."

"Not a word," he whispered. "Take it all for granted. If there were not so many fools in the world I could not have carried this thing off as I have to-night. I will call upon you to-morrow and explain everything. Meanwhile, go up to Mrs. Beard and thank her. Gush at her—kiss her, if you are not afraid of being frozen. Above all, be discreet and silent."

Stacey turned away and walked in the direction of the refreshment-room. He found Adamson there, moodily smoking.

"The play is over," he said. "The comedy is accomplished, and you will understand that this is emphatically a case where the least that is said is the soonest that is mended."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages—New Series.

QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY.

A CURTAIN veils the early home life of English Royal Princesses. In the case of the Princess Maud of Wales, now Queen of Norway, the curtain was lifted about the time of her wedding by one on the inside, and the facts made known were both amusing and instructive. She was brought up on the sensible Continental principle that a useful purpose in life was to be served. She was not permitted, it appears, to read a book or to see a play unless the book had been read or the play seen. She was never allowed to make visits unaccompanied by one or both of her parents except to the home of her French governess, and never received gifts except from her own family. Curiously, too, the number of her toys was limited, and nearly all her dolls — few in number — came from the then Marquis of Lorne, with whom the Princess Maud was a great favourite. "She was ten years old," says this unknown informant, "before she was allowed to own a watch."

AGE 12 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Yet this little Princess had a pretty happy time. She cared for music and became an excellent pianist, learned both German and French from her two governesses, and received a very careful religious training. In connection with this it may be recalled that she was christened, not in the Chapel Royal, as was then customary, but at Marlborough House, and that Dean Stanley officiated on this important occasion.

Princess Maud was a child

AGE 2 YEARS.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

of varied tastes, a devotee of hobbies. She liked riding and cycling—and likes them still—got very fond of photography (in which art her mother is so skilled), took up bookbinding, learned to spin, and studied many handicrafts with more than passing interest. No doubt, too, her influence in stimulating other girls usefully to occupy their leisure time was very great. And when she was married, the

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

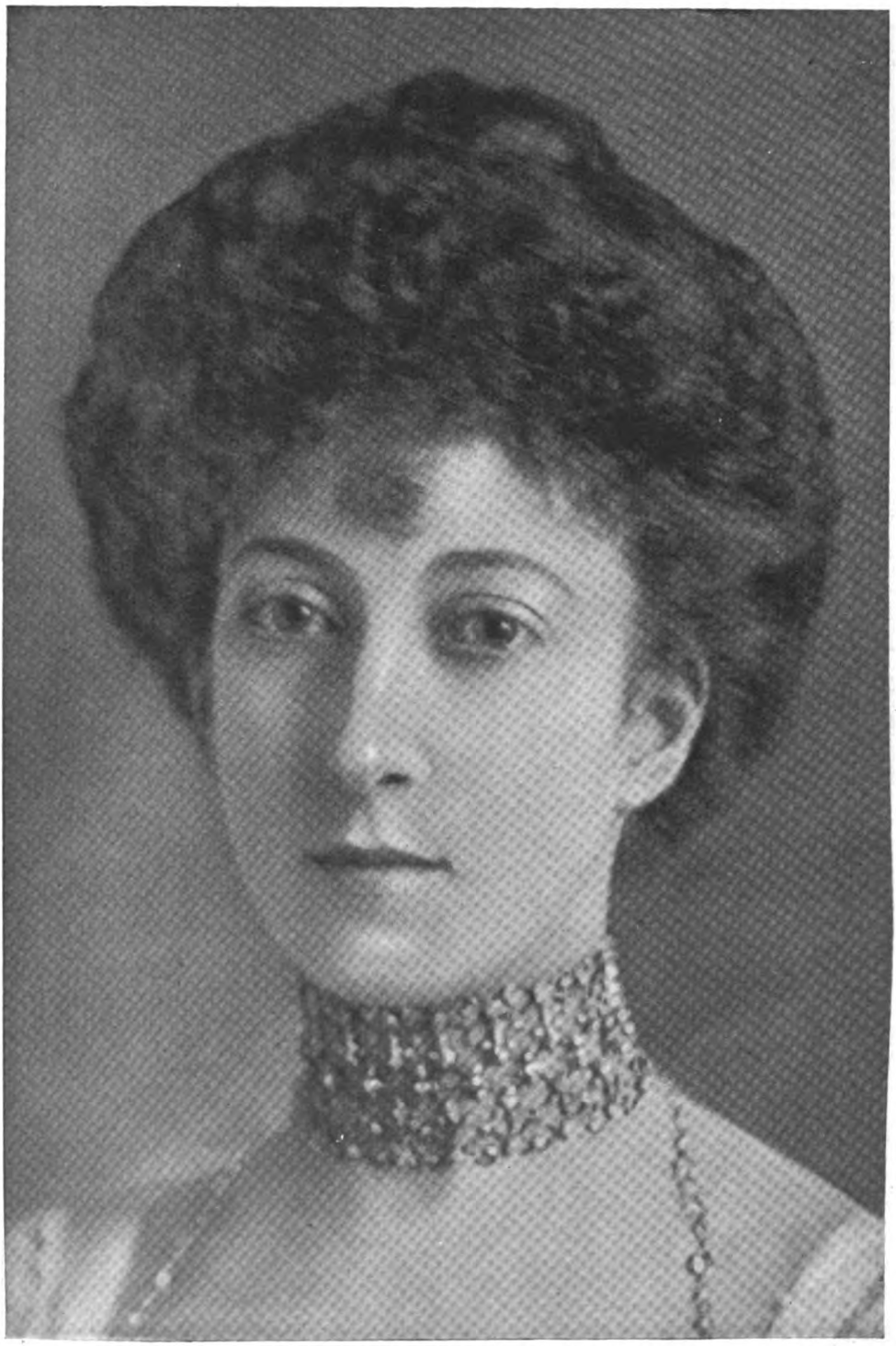
AGE 21.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

dressmaking class at the People's Palace made for her a tea-jacket, of which the bride was, and is now, extremely proud.

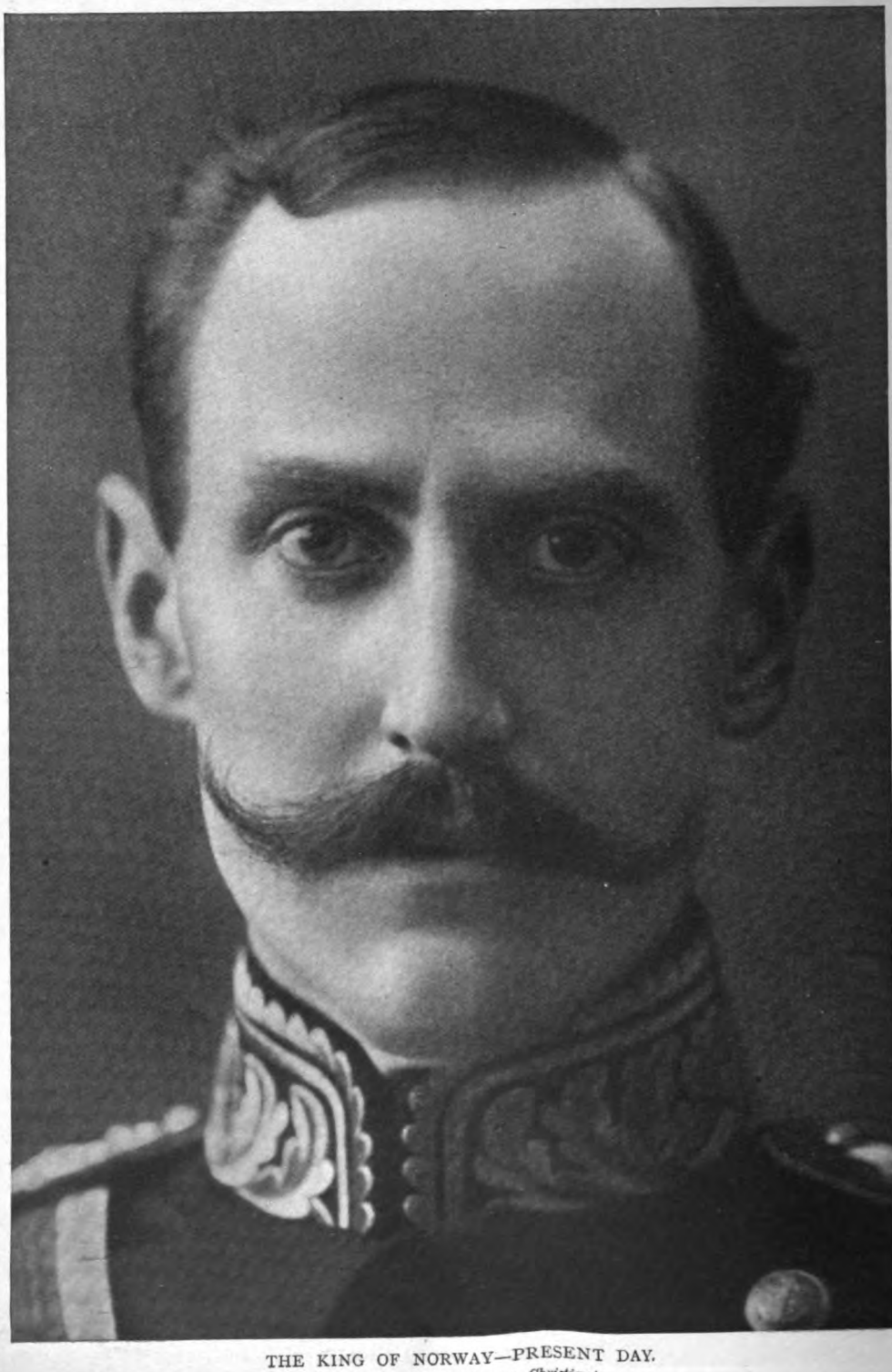
She is still a great reader, and is said to retain her early affection for the works of "Owen Meredith." She has travelled extensively, knows Russian, likes yachting, plays chess, and takes abundant joy in living. To her intimates, until her marriage, she was known as "Charlie," and to the world at large—which, even on hearsay, rarely makes an error—as one of the brightest and liveliest, most cordial and unaffected girls in the whole Royal Family. This world liked to hear occasional stories about her, and liked particularly that lively little anecdote of her flirtation with the reporter at the railway-station. He, it seems, had come to "write up" a Royal departure, she to bid a friend goodbye. He made notes of the dresses, including her own, and she saw what he was doing. At last she, too, took out a piece of paper and a pencil, scribbled on it something hastily, and, crumpling the paper into a little ball, threw it at the feet of the scribe. The Royal message read: "I wish I were a reporter too!"

Vain wish! It was the lot of "Charlie" to become a Prince's wife, and ten years ago next July she became Princess "Charlie" in real earnest. There is no need to recall the great ceremony at Buckingham Palace, for all that is a matter of still recent interest. It is enough to say that the hopes for a happy future then felt for her by everyone have been abundantly realized, and that in entering upon new and higher responsibilities as Queen of Norway she has, to encourage her, the good wishes of many millions of people on three sides, at least, of the North Sea.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[J. Jensen, Copenhagen.*



THE QUEEN OF NORWAY—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



THE KING OF NORWAY—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gustav Borgen, Christiania.

KING HAAKON VII. OF NORWAY.

THE new King of Norway, who will be crowned this June in Christiania as Haakon VII., is a sailor-lad. He was trained in the Marine School at Copenhagen, which he entered at the age of fourteen. No more fitting King than he could have been chosen by a Viking race.

AGE 2.
From a Photo. by Elfelt, Copenhagen.

What the young Prince Charles of Denmark did in his middy days has been recounted by a brother-apprentice in the same mess. "He had to mend his own clothes, darn his socks, sew on buttons, and keep his weapons and accoutrements in order. He slept in a regulation sailor hammock, with his clothes rolled up under his head for a pillow, without a nightshirt, and wearing only a sailor's woollen striped undershirt, and bundled up in a woollen blanket, sometimes with his sea-boots dangling by the hammock-rope. As an apprentice, one of his duties in cleaning ship early at dawn was to pass buckets of salt water and go over the quarter-deck with a sage-broom. When polishing would begin, he was assigned to the big barnacle lantern on the bridge, inside which the compass is. He became quite an expert at polishing, and used to make that brass binnacle flash like silver mail. He could never get quite used to chewing tobacco, which, in the eyes of every true appentice, is one of the cardinal virtues; and whenever he was seasick, which often happened, he used to sit in the gangway on a bucket and chew rye bread."

AGE 6.
From a Photo. by Elfelt, Copenhagen.

This gives us a pleasing glimpse of the man in the making. Unlike some other Royal Princes who adopt the sea, he quickly showed a real capacity for his work. His long cruises took him to many parts of the world, but it was not till the summer of 1895 that his great opportunity arrived. At that time he was lieutenant on the *Heimdal*, which was stationed in Iceland waters to observe the doings of certain trawlers operating illegally along the coast. It is said the young Prince learned the Icelandic language for the single purpose of getting first-hand information regarding the reprobates, and did his work so well, by dead of night, that the offenders were quickly brought to Reykjavik for punishment. The delighted Icelanders gave a banquet to the officers of the ship, and Prince Charles became the most popular figure of the day in that far-off island.

Three months later his betrothal to the Princess Maud of Wales was announced, and England welcomed the young sailor with an enthusiasm born of a true love of the sea and a recollection of the pleasant family relations established in the eventful year of 1863. The late Archbishop of Canterbury epitomized the significance of the alliance in his few memorable words: "And when a daughter of England, beloved from her childhood, weds with a son of Denmark, to which so much of what is best in England

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Elfelt, Copenhagen.

to-day traces back its ancient descents, and all England owes one of its most loyally prized blessings, they and we 'see their calling.' . . . All that men know of the aims and aspirations of this Royal husband and wife is, to men's delight, fair and beautiful. We pray, we believe, that their records shall be white."

Since that important day of 1896, an unassuming existence, partly spent in England at Appleton House, Sandringham, where their only child, Prince Olaf, was born in 1903, and mostly in Denmark, where King Haakon is well liked for his substantial qualities and general dislike of social flummery, has been their lot up to the present year. To-day theirs is a life of enormous responsibility. At the unanimous bidding of the people of Norway, Prince Charles of Denmark, in his thirty-fourth year, has become the first of a new line of Kings, while for the first time in many years a Princess of English birth reigns over a foreign race as Queen.

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Elfelt, Copenhagen.

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by Elfelt, Copenhagen.

King Haakon of Norway holds the rank of honorary lieutenant in the British Navy and honorary lieutenant-colonel of the King's Own Norfolk Imperial Yeomanry. He is fond of racing and riding to hounds, but otherwise devotes his time to serious pursuits. It is said that he has always been an earnest student of all scientific questions connected with navigation, taking especial interest in the subject of deep-sea soundings. It is even told of him he so much dislikes publicity that he has often asked the editors of Copenhagen newspapers not to mention his occasional participation in Court festivities. In fact, the prospect to him of greater publicity threatened for a time to bring disappointment to Norway, for it is well known that only the most urgent solicitations of the best-informed Danish and Norwegian statesmen induced him finally to accept the burdens of a Crown.

An affecting ceremony took place in November last, when the aged King of Denmark, now passed away, bade good bye and God-speed to his grandchildren. "Go with God, my dear grandchildren," he said, "from the land and race that bore you to the land and people which has called you, and take with you now and for ever the blessing of your old King for you, your race, and your deeds." Four days later fifty thousand people witnessed their departure from Copenhagen, and twice that number welcomed them to Christiania.

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[W. & D. Downey.*

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.

In the above group a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph.

XI.

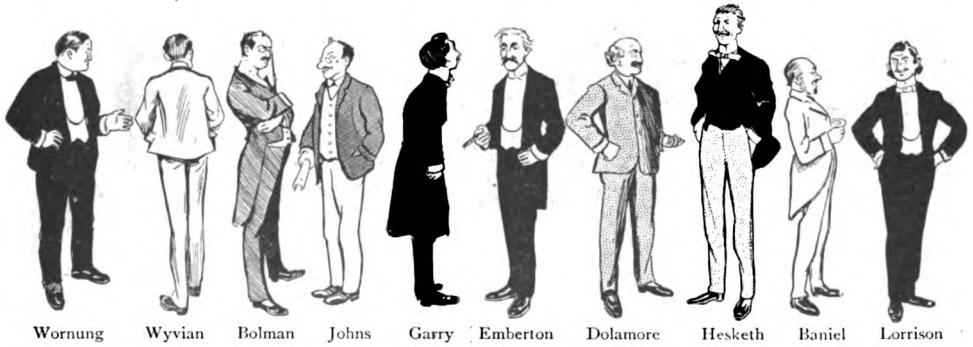
JUST before the postprandial proceedings, when the Chairman announced in stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," Johns created some diversion by squeaking out: "*I* mightn't. Never smoked in my life. That reminds me. Doctor diagnosed a friend of mine once. 'I tell you what it is, my dear sir; your nerves are in a bad state. Hereafter, a two-mile walk, only half a bottle of white wine, and one cigar a day.' My friend came back in a week. 'Well, how are you getting on?' asked the doctor. 'Not at all,' said my friend. 'The walk's all right, the wine's all right, but that one cigar a day has nearly killed me. I never smoked before!'"

Dolamore suggested that all the jokes of the evening should be in rhyme. He proposed a competition in humorous quatrains. He even went so far as to offer the Club the following chaste model :—

> Little Willy, in the best of sashes,
> Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.
> By and by the room grew chilly,
> But no one liked to poke poor Willy.

The suggestion, however, was received in grim silence, and there were loud cries for Charles Pears.

Pears told several stories that he had lately heard at Aldershot. The best one was fathered on a certain Irish officer whose idiosyncrasies were purely national. One morning he had to deal with a private who had broken the regulations. He had the



Wornung Wyvian Bolman Johns Garry Emberton Dolamore Hesketh Baniel Lorrison

The above represents selections from the now famous dado portraying some literary members of the Strand Club, executed anonymously by various hands.

man up before him and demanded: "Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Hawkins?"

Private Hawkins: "Train from London was very late, sir."

PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE STORY OF THE IRISH OFFICER.

Officer: "Very good. Next toime the thrain's late, take care y' come by an earlier one."

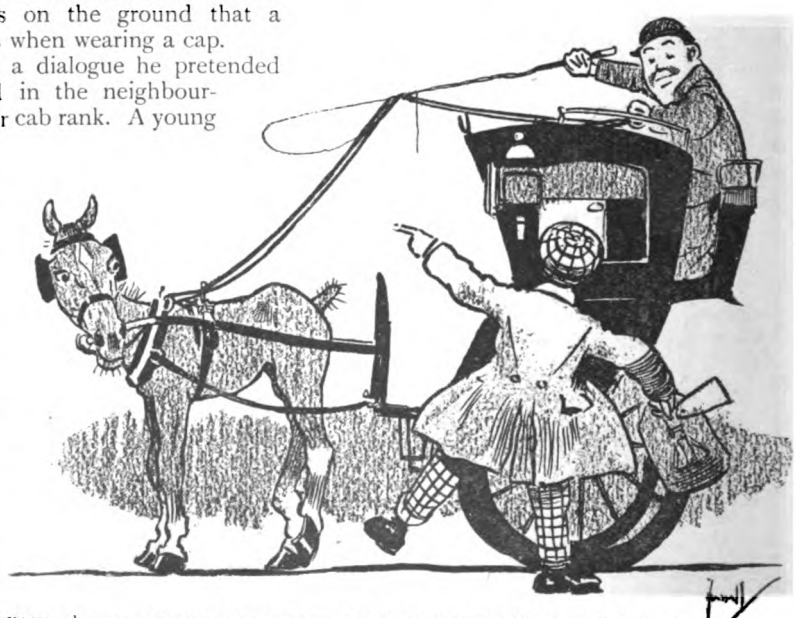
Pears's pictorial accompaniment to the foregoing was stated by the Chairman to be highly realistic. The statement was refuted by other members on the ground that a soldier only salutes when wearing a cap.

Lorrison related a dialogue he pretended to have overheard in the neighbourhood of a Bayswater cab rank. A young man dashed excitedly out of a house and hailed a hansom. "Get me to the station in three minutes and I'll give you a sovereign," he cried. The driver opened his eyes, stared at his horse, and then shook his head good-naturedly. "Can't do it, sir. You might bribe *me*, but you can't corrupt my 'oss!"

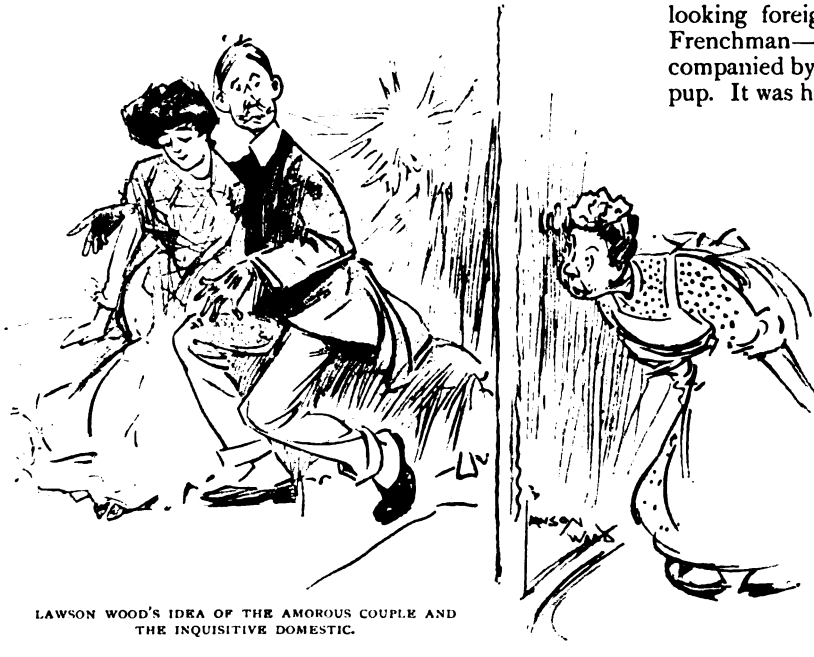
To the inimitable Hassall fell the task of illustrating the narrative.

Dolamore: Domestic servants are sometimes rather trying. This is really not an original remark. The other day a friend of mine was proposing to his inamorata and tenderly asked her to name the happy day.

"The last Thursday in June, Edwin, dear," she murmured, after some thought.



HASSALL'S DELINEATION OF THE EXCITED TRAVELLER AND THE INCORRUPTIBLE HORSE.



LAWSON WOOD'S IDEA OF THE AMOROUS COUPLE AND THE INQUISITIVE DOMESTIC.

Both were horror-struck to hear a voice through the keyhole, "If you please, miss, Thursday's my reg'lar day out. You'll have to get married in the early part of the week."

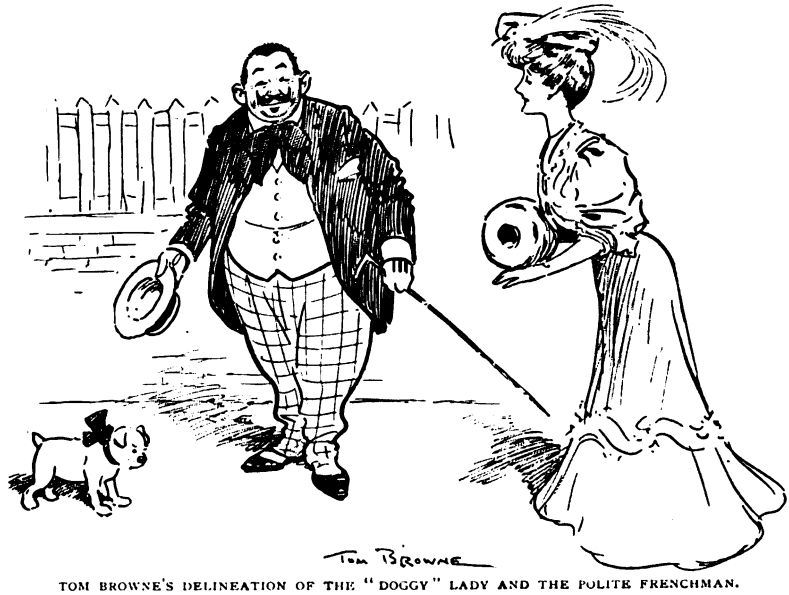
With deft and dexterous touches did the talented and humorous Lawson Wood conjure up this embarrassing scene.

Browne: It so happens my friend Wyvian has already told me the story he intends telling you this evening, and if you like I'll elaborate the notes I took of the incident. It has been suggested that I subsequently send the masterpiece in to the Academy Exhibition. You will probably think otherwise. I do myself.

The author then began his narration, while his friend produced the adjoining work of art.

Wyvian: I was strolling in one of the parks the other day, when I noticed a curious-looking foreigner—obviously a Frenchman—walking along accompanied by a small bob-tailed pup. It was hard to say whether he was a gentleman or a person who wanted to purvey his canine possession. A lady who passed looked at him attentively and also had doubts on the subject. Seeing her glance he struck a gallant attitude and bowed profusely. Then she spoke. "Is that bob-tail yours?" she asked. He smiled at such an absurd mistake. "Sapristi, non, madame; it ees ze dog's!"

Browne illustrated this with incredible *bravura*. Mars said this. Mars is an eminent Frenchman who was with us upon this occasion, the guest of Lorrison. He sketched for the delectation of the members an engaging restaurant scene, where the guest has remarked plaintively: "I say, waiter;



TOM BROWNE'S DELINEATION OF THE "DOGGY" LADY AND THE POLITE FRENCHMAN.

MARS' ILLUSTRATION OF THE RESTAURANT STORY.

worse than anything he had ever perpetrated.

"Did you invent that?"

"Yes, your worship."

"Thirty days."

Some reflection having been cast on Harrison's claim to be the champion lightning-sketch artist of the Club, when that gentleman's turn came he not only delighted the members with a single specimen of his extraordinary skill and humour, but actually produced five or six—one after the other — in a most incredibly short space of time. How many more he would have produced but for the forcible interposition of the Chairman will never be known; but Johns, who

are you positive this is wild duck I am eating?"

Waiter: "Oh, yes, sir; so wild, in fact, we had to chase it round the back-yard for fifteen minutes before we could catch it."

DAVID WILSON'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE POLICE-COURT ANECDOTE.

Our newest member, David Wilson, was called upon courteously, by Wornung, to depict a comic police-court magistrate, and a comic prisoner in the dock. Wilson naturally wanted to know why he was assumed to have such an intimate knowledge of police-courts. Nevertheless, he complied. While he was proceeding with greased-lightning celerity about his task, Wornung explained:—

"You are charged," said the magistrate, "with carrying concealed weapons."

"It is all a mistake, your worship. You see, I had a pair of old pistols that I shoved into my pocket to illustrate a very clever pun I recently worked up. I get the boys to talk about balloons, and then I say my life was once saved by parachutes. When they give me the laugh I draw out the old pistols—pair-o'-shoots, you understand? Ha, ha, ha!"

The magistrate stood aghast. It was

is an ardent admirer of Harrison, declares that he could easily knock off a hundred when once his blood was up. On several occasions, in Harrison's neighbourhood, the police have had to step in. People have

HARRISON'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE SULTAN AND THE BABY.

been carried out on stretchers positively dying with laughter.

Our waggish artist's first sketch delineates a scene which he entitles simply:—

"The Sultan who was left at home to mind the baby."

The next is at the Fancy Dress Ball:—

HARRISON'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE INCIDENT AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Jones (as the Arctic Regions): "Can't I have one little dance?"

Miss Brown (as a Dutch girl): "I'm afraid not. I've had several ices already this evening."

A funny sketch follows:—

Cat's-Meat Man: "Can't give yer a bigger a'porth, mum. This is the size

HARRISON'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN.

HARRISON'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE STEP-CLEANER.

limit fixed by the Cat's-Meat Men's Protection Society."

Here is another—"Calculation":—

Suburban Step-Cleaner: "Oh, I couldn't clean all these 'ere steps for tuppence, mum. Why, it would only work out at a farthing a square yard!"

HARRISON'S LIGHTNING SKETCH OF THE SCENE AT THE WAXWORKS.

And another:—

The last depicts a scene at the Waxworks:—

Attendant (to proprietor): "I say, guv'nor; you'll 'ave to keep a cat here. There's a rat been an' made a nest between Henry the Eighth's shoulder-blades!"

That Hansom.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SAM BRIGGS.

By Richard Marsh.

LAST Boxing Day!—my word! A day and a half that was. After breakfast I started off with Tom Edwards for a walk. Called on Arthur Timmins at Putney. His mother brought out a bottle of sherry wine and a cake, and everybody's health was drunk. Then Tom and Arthur and I went over to Percy Saunders, Wandsworth way, and if he did not make us stop to dinner, all the three of us! After dinner Saunders wanted to come with us to see a football match, which Timmins was full of; but his wife said straight out that if he did he would find her missing when he came back; so, as there seemed to be a bit of breeze in the air, I and Tom and Timmins left them to it.

A good match it was, though I could not rightly say who it was between, one of the players on one of the sides being a friend of Timmins; but there was a good deal of warmth about, though the day was cold. The name of Timmins's friend was Charlie Harris, and he was something like a player, he was. He was not going to let any referee sit on him, and so he told them plain. A bumptious little chap that referee was, always blowing his whistle, and when Charlie Harris could put up with him no longer he simply knocked him down. Then there was a nice few minutes. Pretty nearly everybody started fighting, though I could not quite see why. Someone bashed in my hat and gave me one in the eye which I knew I should carry about for a week. Charlie Harris, when he saw the state I was in, he behaved like a real friend. He took the three of us home to what he called tea. It turned out he was a butcher, and his was what you might describe as a butcher's idea of tea. Pork chops and stout we had, and as that is not what I have for my tea—not as a general rule—by the time I had done in my share I did not seem to care much what happened, and by way of finishing up the evening in an appropriate and festive manner, we started for a stroll round town.

The farther we strolled the more we felt that it really was Boxing Day. And at last we came to a house where there was a hansom cabman who had been doing himself too well even for Boxing Day. His cab was at the door, and he offered to sell it to anyone who would give him the price of another quart. Whether the cab was or was not his to sell I don't know, but they persuaded me to give him the price of a quart, and then, according to them, his cab was mine. They took off his badge and put it on to me, he wishing me a "Merry Christmas" while they were doing it, in spite of my explaining to him that, accurately speaking, Christmas might be said to be past, and then they went with me outside and helped me up to the box, or whatever they call the thing which is at the back of a hansom cab. There is no doubt that for uncomfortableness the seat of a hansom cabman is bad to beat; and so I told them as I was settling down.

"If I don't take care," I said, "I shall tumble off this," I said, "and if I do tumble there'll be damage done. I think I'll get down before there's an accident, if you don't mind." But they would not have it.

"You're all right," said Timmins, who was not what I should call quite himself. "All you've got to do is to catch hold of the reins, and before you get that cab home you'll have made a fortune."

"Excuse me," I replied, "but I don't see how I am going to do that, considering that I don't know where I am."

"You're driving a hansom cab, that's where you are; and very well you do it, Sam; you might have been doing it all your life."

"I may be driving a hansom cab," I explained, "or I may not; but that's not what I mean when I say I don't know where I am. What I want to know is, is this Westbourne Park or is it Lambeth Marsh?"—the plain fact being that we had been doing so much strolling about that I really had lost my bearings altogether. Before they could answer, a gentleman came rushing across the road.

"Hi, cabman!" he cried. "Get me to Euston Station inside twenty minutes and I'll give you half a sovereign!"

The gentleman took me aback. The idea of me going in for fares, and driving people about as if I really was a regular cabman, had never entered my mind not for a single second. I was just about to explain that I was merely sitting up at the back of somebody else's hansom cab for the sake of a little joke, by way of winding up the festive season, when Charlie Harris, who certainly ought to have known better, took the gentleman by the arm and helped him in, before I

had a chance of saying even so much as a single word. And when I did begin they would not let me get out more than a word or two. I had got as far as, "You must allow me to remark, sir," when Arthur Timmins, whose conduct was outrageous, reached up and caught me by the coat, and nearly pulled me off the seat.

"Now, Sam, look lively!" he cried. "If you get the gentleman to Euston inside twenty minutes it will mean ten bob for you to take home to your wife and family, and you know how much they are in want of it, so mind you get him there. The gentleman's a family man himself, no doubt, and that's why he's so anxious to catch the very last train that will bring him to them."

"Look here, Arthur Timmins," I said, "I've no more got a wife and family than you have; and you very well know it," I said.

I was just going to give him a few words of a kind when Tom Edwards nipped the nosebag off the horse's head, who had been feeding as comfortably and nicely as any horse could have been. He ran round and hitched it up somewhere underneath where I was, and he gave me a bang in the back which almost knocked the wind right out of me, and he sang out:—

"Now then, Sam, off you go! Don't you hear the gent's in a hurry?"

And, mind you, I had had as much confidence in that man as if he had been my own brother! Charlie Harris, who was a person I had already wished more than once I had never had the misfortune of meeting, asked the party who was inside the cab: "Did you say Euston, sir? The driver didn't quite catch what you said."

"Of course I said Euston," he shouted. "Is the man deaf, or is he drunk? Why isn't he moving? Didn't he hear me tell him I wanted to get there inside twenty minutes?"

"You let me get down," I said. "That's what I want to do—I want to get down."

If that there Arthur Timmins didn't hang on to my jacket at the back, so that he kept me glued down on the thing which was supposed to be a seat, while Tom Edwards stuck to my leg, so that I could no more move than if I was a wooden image. The gentleman stood up and bawled at me over the top of the cab—touched in the temper he seemed to be.

"If you don't start at once, my lad, you'll be sorry."

"You'll be sorry if I do start," I told him.

"None of your insolence!" he shouted.

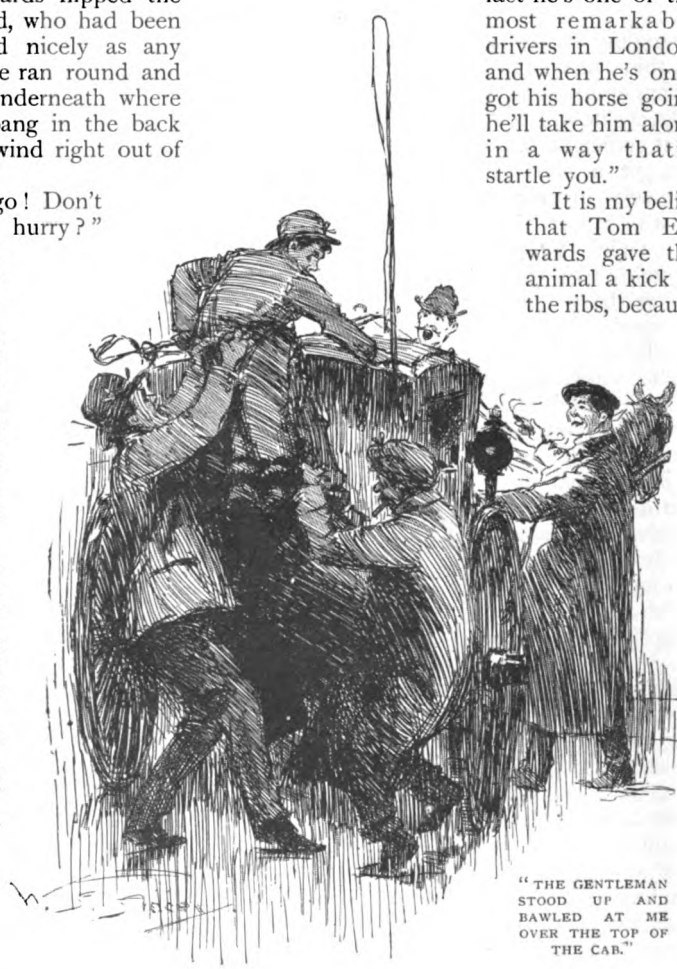
"Now, Sam," said Charlie Harris—he had no right to call me Sam, considering that he had only known me an hour or two, but that was the kind of character he was—"don't you cheek the gentleman—behave!"

"Why, Sam Briggs," said Timmins, "wouldn't your poor wife be surprised if she saw you up there, going on like this!"

Then I was so mad that I could not find words to speak.

"It's only his playfulness," said Charlie Harris to the gentleman. "As a matter of fact he's one of the most remarkable drivers in London, and when he's once got his horse going he'll take him along in a way that'll startle you."

It is my belief that Tom Edwards gave the animal a kick in the ribs, because



"THE GENTLEMAN STOOD UP AND BAWLED AT ME OVER THE TOP OF THE CAB."

before either the gentleman or I could say a word off he went with a sort of hop, skip, and jump which almost upset the show at the very start. It would have been better for me if it had done. The gentleman, who had been standing up, disappeared inside as if he had been a Jack-in-the-box. I had been standing up on the perch behind, and so I had to cling to the iron rail which ran round the roof, goodness alone knows how, to keep myself from going goodness alone knows where.

The first few minutes after the horse had started were among the very worst I ever had known. It is no joke sitting on the horrible perch they call a seat at the back of a hansom cab; from the experience I had I should say it takes some practice to do it anything like properly, especially when the horse is going he can't tell where, and you can't either. Owing to my not being so tall as some, when I was sitting on the thing there were my feet dangling in the air; and as there was only a thin rail about two inches high to keep me from tumbling on to the street, how I was going to get sufficient purchase so as to get a good hold on the horse's mouth was what I should very much like to have been informed. When I did get myself something like settled I found that I was mixed up with a rug or something in such a way that I hardly dared to move for fear I should go flying overboard. Luckily the reins were knotted to the rail in front of me, and at last I was able to get hold of them just in time to stop the horse from walking into a public-house window. Up to then he had had the road all to himself, and had kept something like a bee-line, and what induced him to step on to the pavement all at once and make for that public-house window is more than I can say. There was a party leaning against it who had been keeping Boxing Day in style, and when he saw a hansom cab making straight for him I should not be surprised if he supposed he had been keeping it even better than he thought he had. He began to halloa.

"Here! What's this? Where are you coming to? Am I on the pavement, or are you? Will you keep that horse of yours in its proper place, or shall I have to make you?"

He took hold of the creature's head in a regular fury. I endeavoured to explain.

"Excuse me, but at the present moment I'm mixed up with something on this beastly seat so that I can hardly move a limb, but if you'll kindly keep tight hold of that brute's head I'll get down as soon as ever I can, because I can assure you that it's owing to no fault of mine that I'm up here, but on account of a little joke which some friends of mine have been having I find myself in a situation which I've no wish to occupy——"

He did not wait for me to finish, but he swung the horse's head right round and shoved us off the pavement in a style which nearly laid the whole caboodle over on its side; then he gave a wild whoop and took his hat off and hit the horse with it, and off we started

"HE GAVE A WILD WHOOP AND TOOK HIS HAT OFF AND HIT THE HORSE WITH IT."

again about fifteen miles an hour. All the people had come out of the public-house to see the fun, and when we went off they all cheered. Anyone who felt less like cheering than I did it would be hard to find.

When I was younger I used occasionally to drive a goat-chaise at the seaside, and I remember once holding the reins of a char-à-banc while the driver went inside to get some refreshment; but beyond that I could not say that I had had much to do with horses; and considering that I was swaying about upon that perch at the back, expecting to find myself every moment I did not know where, and that the reins had got crossed or something, so that when I pulled the right one the horse went to the left, and when I pulled the left he went to the right, which I was convinced was what did not ought to happen, it was a position in which, as a driver of a hansom cab, it would have been as well that I should have had more experience of driving than I really had had.

It was latish, pretty near to closing time, and about there there was no traffic to speak of, so that the corkscrew style we had of going along, first on one side of the road and then on the other, did not attract so much notice as it might have done. How it was going to end was what I wondered, because stop that horse I soon found was more than I could do. Whether his master had any little trick of his own for stopping him I could not say; I only wished I could say. All I know is that every time I gave a pull at the reins he gave a kind of jump and went off faster than ever, making for the other side of the road, as if he thought that that was what I wanted, which showed what kind of animal he really was. What my sensations were as we went careering down that road will be understood when I mention that I had clean forgotten there was a gentleman inside, till all of a sudden he pushed up the trap-door in the roof, and a voice came out of it which gave me a start which nearly finished me.

"Do you know," that voice said, "you nearly murdered me starting the way you did? I must have knocked my head against something which drove the senses right out of it, because I've only just come back to consciousness to find myself inside your cab; my head's still going round and round like a teetotum, so perhaps you'll explain what you mean by your behaviour."

The ridiculousness of asking me to do a thing like that; as if my head was not going round and round as bad as his, and I was game to bet a good deal worse. I said nothing, but I held on to the reins as tight as I dared, and I gritted my teeth, and hoped that I should find out some dodge to get that horse to understand that I should be obliged if he would stop.

Up came the voice through the trap-door.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, I heard," I told him.

"Then why don't you speak? I believe there's something injured inside of me; I feel queer all over."

"That's all right," I said. "Don't you worry; let's hope you won't feel any worse by the time we've finished."

The voice sounded waspish.

"Don't you speak to me like that; I won't have it. How far are we from Euston?"

"No idea," I said.

The voice sounded more waspish than it did before.

"What do you mean by talking in this way? Didn't you hear me tell you I wanted to be at Euston inside twenty minutes?"

"I heard something about it, but it was no business of mine what you wanted."

There was a sound inside the cab as if something had happened.

"You insolent scoundrel! Where are we?"

"That," I said, "is what I should like to know myself."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've lost your way?"

"I've no more idea where we are than you have. I'm a stranger in these parts."

"A stranger! Why, good gracious, I've only eight minutes to catch my train. Shall I do it?"

"You'll owe it to the horse if you do; you'll owe nothing to me. Perhaps he's more intelligent than he seems; up to the present I haven't got to his intelligence myself, but there's no knowing."

"But I must catch my train—I must!"

"Then let's hope you'll do it; but I shouldn't like to bet on it myself."

"I insist on your telling me where we are."

"I can tell you we're alive, and if this animal takes it into his head to pull up before there's much mischief done we shall keep on being alive, but that's all I can tell you."

"Stop your horse at once."

"I wish I could. It's what I've been trying to do ever since I've been up here."

"Do you wish me to understand that he's running away?"

"I don't know what he's doing, and if you knew as little about horses as I do you wouldn't know either. I only know that it don't seem as if he means to stop for me. I've always heard that when you wanted a horse to stop you tugged at his reins, but the more I tug the more he goes, until I've got to that state that I hardly dare to touch the reins at all. He's doing just as he pleases so far as I'm concerned, and if you were up here like I am you'd know what that means. It's all very well for you to go on while you're safe inside, but if you were outside and me inside you'd feel different."

"You're a drunken scoundrel, that's what you are. I suspected it when I got inside your cab. If you don't stop this instant I'll call to the first policeman I see."

"You can call to who you please for all I care."

But he had no chance of calling to anyone, because, all of a sudden, that horse turned round a corner sharp—sharper than I should care for as a general rule—so sharp, indeed, that one wheel went about a yard on the pavement. Why he did it I can't say; I suppose he had reasons of his own; so far as I know I did nothing to induce him to do it. The consequence was that, before I had an idea of anything of the kind, there we were in the middle of a street full of traffic, and not only in the middle of the street, but going straight across it, as if we were making a bee-line for the other side. There was a terrible confusion; everyone seemed as surprised to see me and the hansom cab as I was to see them, especially where that horse had taken it into his head to go. We put a stop to everything; the wonder was that between them they did not put a final stop to us. There were 'buses and cabs and carriages on either side, and some of them pretty well on top of us. The language I heard! That horse went so far as to look through the window of a motor-bus, and then he did what I had not been able to induce him to do—he came to a standstill, with the hansom cab behind him, drawn right across the street. So far as I could make out everyone was speaking at once, and they all seemed to be talking about the same thing.

"Now, then, where do you think you're coming to?"

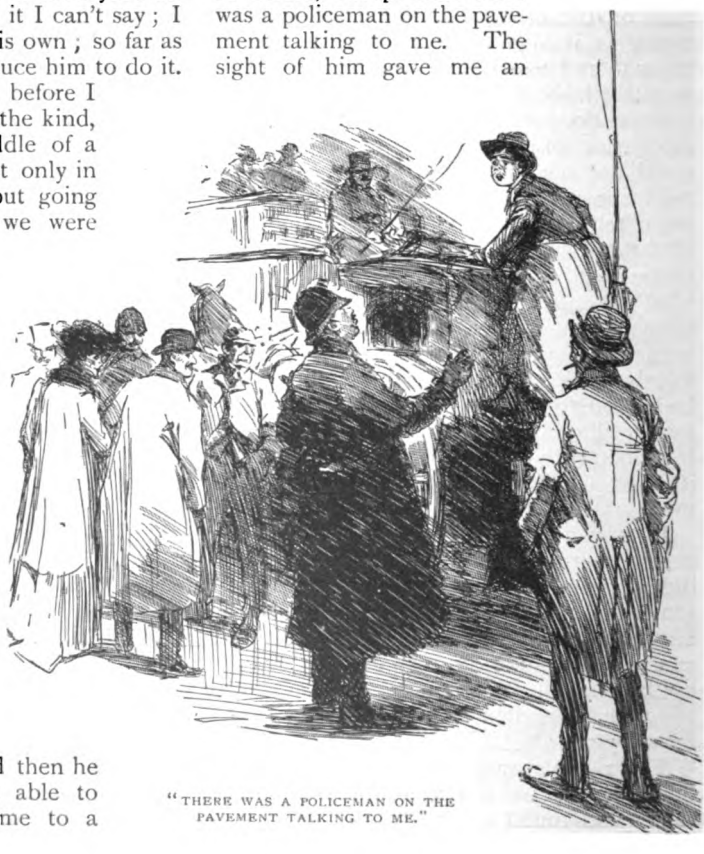
"Where might you have come from?"

"Think you own the street?"

"Want someone to go right over you?"

"You driving the horse or the horse driving you?"

The gentleman inside jumped out and nipped into the cab whose driver was asking me that last question. He shouted something at me as he went, but what it was I neither heard nor cared; I fancy he made a remark to the effect that he was not going to pay me my fare—as if it was that that troubled me. It was impossible for me to speak to everyone at once, like everyone was speaking to me, or I would have tried to explain. Before I could do anything of the kind some officious person, taking hold of the horse's head, brought the cab into safety alongside the kerb, and everything went on as before, except that there was a policeman on the pavement talking to me. The sight of him gave me an



"THERE WAS A POLICEMAN ON THE PAVEMENT TALKING TO ME."

uncomfortable feeling of a fresh sort, and goodness knows I had already had uncomfortable feelings enough and to spare.

I have seen and heard enough of policemen to be aware how off-handed they can be, and what a trick they sometimes have of locking you up first and asking questions afterwards; and when I saw that one it suddenly struck me that I had no more right to be where I was than I had to break into the Bank of England. He might accuse me of stealing that cab, for all I could tell. If he found out that I was an unlicensed person driving another man's hansom that would be sufficient to make it a case of the police-station for me, as safe as houses. The idea sent cold shivers all down my back, and I was cold enough to start with. The joke had been all on one side as it was, and if I was to spend Boxing Night in a lock-up and then be brought before a magistrate in the morning, that would be a joke, that would. At the least it might be twenty shillings and costs or a month, and then where should I be? Especially considering that I had to be at the office at eight o'clock to the tick. It was no good talking to him about the outrageous treatment I had been subjected to—and by those, mind you, who called themselves my friends. What I had to do was to look pleasant, and make out that I had been driving a hansom cab since the days of my early childhood, and try to settle myself on the thing they called a seat so that I should not feel every moment as if I was going to fall off; which would have been easier if I had not felt so uncertain in my mind as to what that horse would take it into his head to do next.

"That horse of yours fresh?" asked the policeman.

"He is a little that way," I answered; if he wasn't that, then he was something else.

"Got a bit out of hand?"

"He did a bit"; I could have sworn that safely!

"Yet he doesn't look as if he was over and above fresh."

"Some do and some don't—you never can tell; some look one thing and some look another, and that's what it is."

Something in what I said, or in the way I said it, seemed to strike him. He glanced up at me with what I should call a touch of sharpness.

"You look very young to be up there."

I felt it; if he had only known how young he would have been surprised; but it would never have done to have told him so. So I did a little dodging.

"There you are again—you never can tell what a man's age is from his appearance. Look at you—in the prime of life, I dare say; and yet you look as if you were almost too young to be a policeman, from where I am."

That seemed to rile him, though I don't know why. He struck me as being quite a decent-looking young chap, for a policeman.

"I don't know how old you are, but I do know you're not big enough to drive a hansom cab. Why, your legs are dangling in the air and your feet don't even touch the footboard."

Now, the question of my size is a delicate one with me. While not holding with your giants, I am aware that I might, without much harm being done, be the merest fraction taller than I am. So I let him have one for himself.

"We don't make ourselves," I said. "I dare say if we had," I said, "you'd have taken a little off your width and added it to your height."

There was what I have heard described as an ominous pause. That policeman was, we will say, plumpish. If I had known what was the matter with the reins, and that horse had had any intelligence, I should have driven off; but, as it was, I had to wait and give him a chance of getting back at me. He took out his pocket-book, and his tone was grim.

"Where's your badge?" he asked. I was ready for him there; I showed him the other party's badge. He took down the number; it looked as if there might be trouble coming for the gentleman who ought to have been where I was. Then he asked a question which was in the way of something like a facer. "What's your name and address?" he said.

While I was wondering what I should like him to think it was, another policeman came up, as if one at a time was not enough. The very first question he put to me showed his unfriendliness.

"What do you mean, cabman, by taking your horse across the road like that?"

His tone was nasty.

"Excuse me," I explained, "I did not take my horse; it was my horse took me."

"That," said policeman No. 1, "is how he answers when you speak to him. I was taking his name and address when you came up."

"Quite right," said policeman No. 2. "It's a wonder there weren't half-a-dozen accidents. From the way he brought that horse and cab of his across the road I should say he couldn't drive."

I could not; but at that moment it was not for me to say so. People were gathering round, there was getting quite a crowd; I was getting more uncomfortable than ever—there was something so disagreeable about those policemen's manners—when suddenly somebody said, speaking as if he thought he was someone: "Officer, I require a cab."

That policeman with the pocket-book, as if he felt he had gone too far with me, and was disposed to change the subject—and it was well for him he was—moved forward.

"A hansom, sir?" he said. "Here's a hansom."

The gentleman who had spoken came into view.

"Oh, is that a hansom?" he observed. "Then why wasn't I informed?"

It was not necessary for him to make any further remark; that was more than enough to show how he had been spending Boxing Night. A regular swell, he was—top-hat, fur coat, and all, dressed up to the nines all round, he was. That policeman smelt something for himself at the sight of him.

"Yes, sir; this is a hansom, and the driver has a good horse, and he can drive it."

"He'd better; he's not to let him stand on his head, because I won't have it."

"No, sir; I shouldn't. You hear, driver? You're not to let your horse stand on his head, because the gentleman won't have it."

Some of them laughed. They were beginning to enjoy themselves, which was a good deal more than I was. The notion of being supposed to drive somebody else somewhere, and him a swell who had been overdoing it, was one I did not like at all. It was all very well to laugh at the idea of the horse standing on his head, but if he wanted to he would, for all I could do to stop him, and that was certain. So I interfered.

"Look here," I said, "this won't do at any price; I'm not taking any more fares. I'm going to my stable at once—that's where I'm going."

The difficulty was that I could not own up how I really was placed in the presence of those two policemen; and that's what made it so awkward. Of course, they took advantage of me at once.

"Talk sense," said the one who had taken the old gentleman in hand. "You're plying for hire. I just saw a fare get out of your cab. You take the gentleman where he wants to go."

"I shall write to the papers if he doesn't," said the gentleman. "And, what's more, I sha'n't pay him anything either."

"Very proper, too, sir; don't you pay him anything if he doesn't drive you where you want to go. And where might you want him to drive you, sir?"

The policeman handed him into the cab. Rather tottery he was, but he did manage to get in; I felt him drop with a thud on the seat. Wonderful how shaky a hansom seems when you are hoping you won't fall off the thing stuck up in the air at the back.

"My name is William Shepherd," said the gentleman, very solemn and serious—"William Shepherd; and I want him to drive me home. Everyone knows where I live. And, officer, here's half a crown for yourself."

"Thank you very much, sir. I rather fancy the driver's an ignorant man, sir; hadn't you better tell me where you live, and then I'll let him know?"

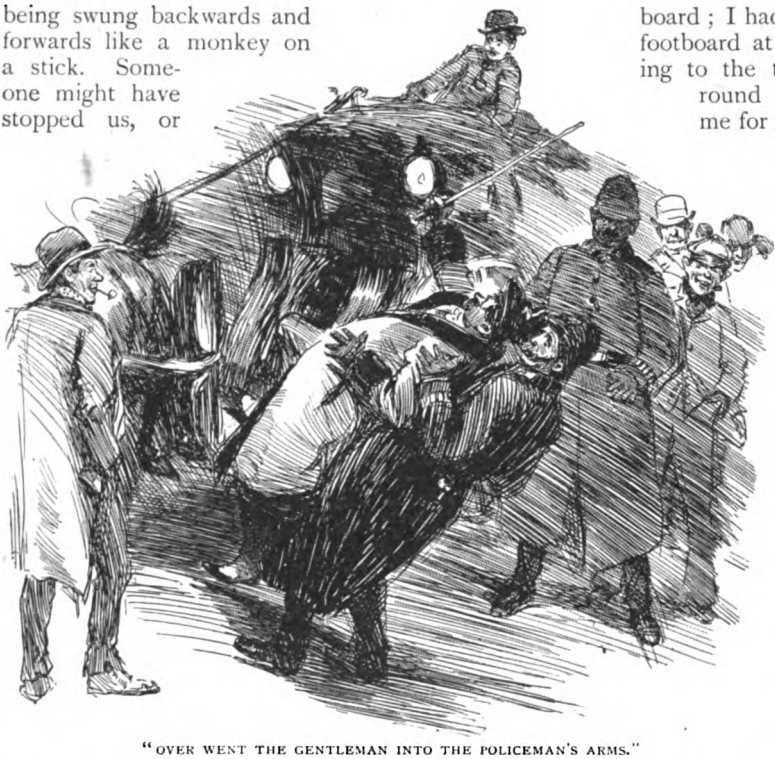
But the gentleman would not have it.

"If the driver is an ignorant man, officer, then why is he driving a hansom cab to the public danger? In these days, when the ratepayers are being robbed to pay for other people's education, I ask you why. And let me tell you I won't have it." All at once he got quite warm. I do not know what took him, but he did. He stood on the front of the cab and waved his stick in the air. "Why am I being kept waiting? If an ignorant driver won't start his horse, then I will."

And he did. He brought down his stick on the horse with a regular crack; more of a crack, I dare say, than he meant. The horse seemed taken aback, as if he wanted to know what he had been doing to be used like that. Up went his heels; over went the gentleman into the policeman's arms. The policeman, as if surprised to find him coming, lay down on the pavement, with the gentleman on top. And that was the last I saw of them. Apparently that horse had had about enough of it; I expect he had found my style of driving a little trying, and the crack with that stick was the final straw. Off he went—my word, he did go! How I hung on was a marvel. To be frank, I was wondering whether to keep trying to hang on, or to drop at once and chance it. But I concluded that there would not be much chance about it if I did drop; so I decided to stick while I could.

After all, that policeman was right—that horse was fresh; he must have been, the way he went. The cab was first on one wheel, then on the other; how it managed to keep on one at all was a mystery; there was me

being swung backwards and forwards like a monkey on a stick. Someone might have stopped us, or we might have run into something and stopped ourselves, for good and all, if the horse had kept straight on; but he did nothing of the kind. He showed that he had ideas of his own by sweeping round a corner as if there was no corner there. That was a sharp corner, that was; he went so close to a lamp-post that it seemed he was doing his best to take it with us. However, he left it behind, and off we went without it—goodness only knows where we went, or how. It really had very little interest for me.



"OVER WENT THE GENTLEMAN INTO THE POLICEMAN'S ARMS."

I had a sort of feeling that he had got among a lot of streets where everyone had gone to bed, which was like his artfulness, seeing that in consequence there was nothing to run against or stop us, though the wonder was that the clatter he made did not wake them all up again; fire-engines they must have thought we were, those who heard us. I had lost all reckoning where the reins had gone to—not that it made any difference, but as I had seen nothing of them since we had started again, they might have got mixed up with the horse's feet for all I could tell; my hat had gone; the cushion off the thing they called a seat had gone after it; the rug in which I had got my legs tangled up at the beginning of that little jaunt had fallen overboard; I had got my feet on the footboard at last, and was clinging to the thin rail which ran round the roof in front of me for all I was worth.

Round another corner went that horse, then round another; the way he took them made me feel as if something had turned a somersault inside me; he paid absolutely no attention to the pavements, and I dare bet he took chips off the corners of some of the houses. Round another corner, swish! and I am bothered if he had not turned into some mews. Then he slowed down, and began to move along as if he thought the time had come for him to mind his p's and q's. He stopped in front of a stable door—and if he did not lift up his front leg and knock against it with his hoof, as if by way of giving a gentle hint to those inside that he was there!

That horse had come home—he had brought himself home, and me and the hansom; and if he had left my hat and the cushion and the rug and his master behind him on the road, you could hardly put that down as being any fault of his. I did not wait for him to knock again; it would not have done for me to have waited for someone to open that stable door—his master, or his master's wife, or anyone else—and then start asking me questions; no, certainly not.

Now that I had the chance, I jumped down off that horrible perch faster than I had ever jumped before; and I nipped off down the mews as quickly and as quietly as ever I could. When I reached the corner there was that horse lifting his leg to knock again, standing as patient and sober as you please, and I dare say tired out and anxious to get to bed. After all, he was about the most intelligent creature I had seen that Boxing Day, that horse was—and I will say that for him.

The New Theory of the Moon.

By Waldemar Kaempffert.

Illustrated by Photographs taken with the Yerkes Telescope.

MILLIONS of years ago—just how many we cannot even roughly determine—the earth was not the land-bound, sea-swept globe so familiar to us, but a liquid mass on which floated a crust some thirty-five miles thick. At that inconceivably remote period it turned on its axis, not once in our present day of twenty-four hours, but at a constantly-increasing speed that finally shortened the day to three hours. When that terrific velocity was attained—a velocity over sixteen times faster than the flight of the fastest rifle bullet—a cataclysm of stupendous magnitude occurred. Five thousand cubic million miles of matter were hurled off by the enormous centrifugal force of the earth, to leave it for ever. In that terrestrial convulsion our moon was born.

The cleaving of so large a body as the earth must have left some scar on its surface. It has accordingly been suggested that perhaps the great basin now occupied by the Pacific Ocean was once filled by the moon; but the theory, although incapable of either proof or refutation, is at least a splendid piece of scientific speculation.

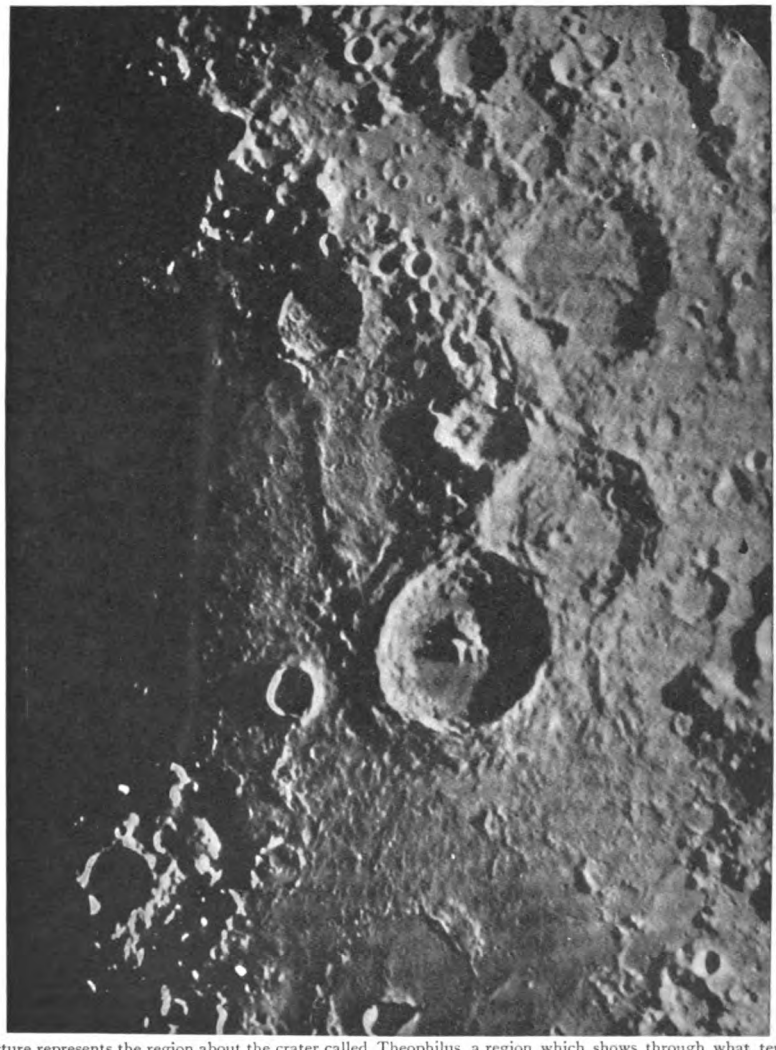
Unique as was its origin, the moon presents other singularities. It has the distinction of being the largest of all planetary satellites; so large, indeed, that to the inhabitants of Mars it must appear with the earth as a wonderfully beautiful twin planet.

Because the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it revolves around the earth we are destined to see little more than one hemisphere; and that little we see because of a peculiar swaying motion, called libration, that enables us to catch just a glimpse of the other side. Much as astronomers would like to study the face that is for ever turned from us, it is reasonable to infer that it differs in no important respect from that which we see each month. So slow is the moon's rotation on its axis that the lunar day is equal to fifteen of our days. For half a month the moon is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun; for half a month it spins through space in the densest gloom.

Smaller in mass than the earth as it is, the moon's attraction for bodies must be correspondingly less. That circumstance has a most important bearing on the physical condition of the moon, for it explains to a certain extent the enormity of its craters and the loftiness of its mountain peaks. A good terrestrial athlete could cover about one hundred and twenty feet on the moon in a running broad jump. Indeed, leaping over a barn would be a very commonplace feat. A man in the moon could carry six times as much and run six times as fast as he could on the earth—all because the moon attracts bodies with but one-sixth of the force of the earth. Thus it happens that lunar volcanic upheavals piled up mountains that tower considerably higher than those of the Alps.

Although separated from us by a distance that at times reaches two hundred and fifty-three thousand miles, and is never less than two hundred and twenty-two thousand miles, we know more of the physical formation of the single pallid face that the moon ever turns toward us than we know of certain parts of Asia and the heart of Africa. Powerful telescopes have brought our satellite within a distance of forty miles of the earth. Physicists have mathematically weighed it and fixed its mass at one-eightieth of the earth's, or seventy-three trillion tons. Astronomers have studied, photographed, and mapped its great, dark plains, to which the name of *maria*, or seas, was inappropriately given centuries ago, when their true nature was misunderstood; its scores of lofty mountain chains; its straight, trough-like valleys and silver-fringed abysses; its thousands of extinct craters; its hundreds of so-called "rills," or narrow linear depressions; and its curious, radiant bright streaks. Some of these features have been named after great astronomers, and after terrestrial landmarks of similar character. The more prominent formations were christened in the early days of astronomy with picturesquely inaccurate Latin names, which still cling with traditional tenacity. The great black patches, at that time mistaken for vast bodies of water, to this day bear such suggestive designations as the Sea of Conflicts, the Sea of Clouds, the Sea of Nectar, the Sea of Showers; while other expanses are still called, with poetic unfitness, the Lake of Death, the Lake of Dreams, the Marsh of Sleep, the Bay of Rainbows, and the Bay of Dew. Great astronomers have been remembered in the craters, Tycho, Copernicus, Kepler, Ptolmæus, and others. The highest of all lunar eminences,

towering twenty-three thousand eight hundred feet above the plain below, is appropriately called Newton. When illuminated by the first rays of the rising sun its shadow seems like a great black finger pointing inward from its base. The mountain ranges of our earth find their counterparts in lunar Apennines and Alps, a more or less continuous chain in the moon presents aspects without any terrestrial parallel. Rent by fires long since dead, its honeycombed crust seems like a great globe of chilled slag. Craters are not uncommon on the earth, but in number, in size, and in structure they bear, for the most part, little resemblance to those of the moon. A lunar crater is not the mouth of a vol-

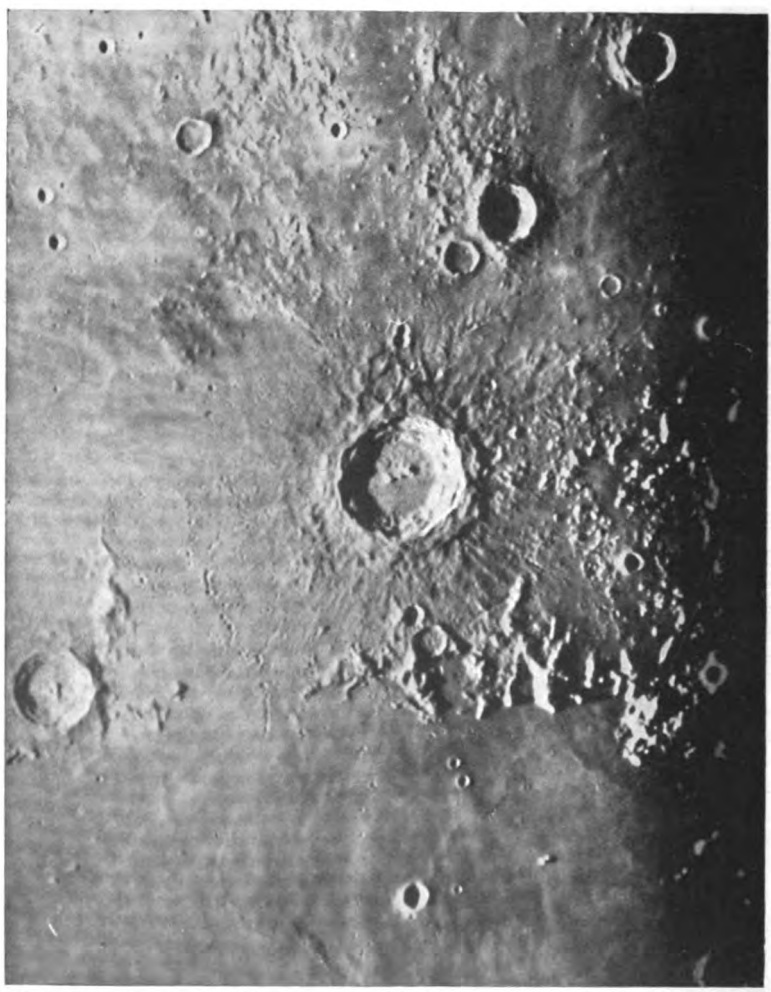


This picture represents the region about the crater called Theophilus, a region which shows through what terrible convulsions the moon passed in bygone ages. Crater is crowded upon crater. Near the South Pole the craters are so closely packed together that to Galileo they seemed like the eyes of a peacock's tail, and yet, through his feeble instrument, he saw but a fraction of the volcanoes exhibited in this picture.

which a good telescope will show thousands of mountains clustered together. So familiar is the wrinkled and pitted face of the moon that none of its lineaments may be considered astronomically unexplored.

Twin planet of the earth though it may be, and therefore like the earth in many ways, cano having a diameter of a few hundred feet, but a great circular plain twenty, fifty, even one hundred miles in diameter, surrounded by a precipice rising to a height of five thousand or ten thousand feet, with a central hill or two about half as high. A man standing in the middle of one of the

larger lunar craters would never see the lofty encircling rampart; it would be completely lost beneath the horizon. Enormous as many of the moon's volcanoes are, it must not be supposed that they are all of gigantic size. Thousands of them are of more modest dimensions. The smallest object that can be discerned by a great modern telescope at the distance of the moon is about as large as an ocean steamer. Craters less than five hundred feet in diameter cannot, therefore, be seen. There must be many such, if one may judge by the varied size of those that have been photographed and mapped. It is probable that the total number of craters and craterlets visible on the moon under the most favourable conditions exceeds two hundred thousand, and may fall little short of a million. Galileo, who seems to have had something of a poet's aptness of description, prettily likens the innumerable craters near the South Pole to the eyes of a peacock's tail. And yet in his crude telescope he never saw one-tenth of the pits exhibited in the accompanying illustrations. Perhaps the most magnificent of all the many lunar craters, even though it may not be the largest, is Copernicus. Its huge mouth, forty-six miles in diameter, is enclosed by a wall rising precipitously to a height of twelve thousand feet above the level of the plateau below. In the centre stands an impressive group of cones twenty-four hundred feet high. Landslips occurred in the encircling wall, evidenced by gaps. The entire crater is the product of a mighty, overwhelming



The crater Copernicus, which constitutes the principal object in this picture, is, perhaps, the noblest volcano on the moon. It has a diameter of forty-six miles. Its ramparts are 12,000ft. high.

volcanic disturbance, which has left its mark round about for a hundred miles in numerous chasms and rents.

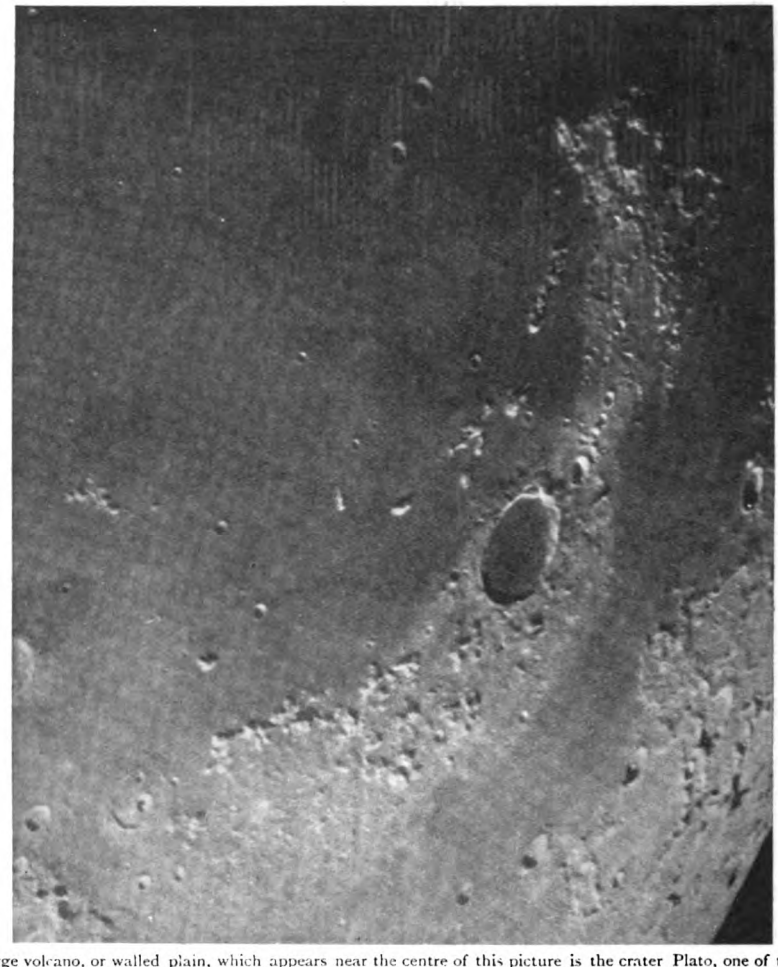
Ever since the days of Galileo, the first astronomer who ever saw the moon through a telescope and the first man who recognised its mountainous character, these craters have given rise to endless discussion. Indeed, all theories of the moon's revolution may be said to begin with them. Whether they are the results of the impact of countless meteorites, as some astronomers hold; whether they are the products of giant bubbles that have burst; or whether they are simply volcanoes will in all likelihood never be known. Volcanic agitations of some sort did occur—this much is certain. That most of the craters are extinct is also certain. But whether some of them may not be still active is a question that has of late years given rise to an intensely interesting scientific debate.

The astronomers of the old school, the men who have given us what may be called the old moon—a lifeless, cold, desolate orb—taught that all the craters were dead, that the moon had no atmosphere at all, and that, therefore, it could not have water and could not sustain life. The astronomers of the new school, the men who have given us the new moon, teach that the moon's craters are not all extinct, that there is photographic proof of an exceedingly rare lunar atmosphere, that great expanses of snow and ice cover certain portions, and that there is evidence of regularly occurring changes, explained most simply and satisfactorily by the growth and decay of vegetation.

Perhaps the most assiduous and most convincing of the many investigators who have sought to overthrow the notions of the moon's pitiful desolation—notions that have prevailed for decades—is Professor William H. Pickering, of Harvard University. In the course of many years' study he has gathered an overwhelming mass of data, that bid fair to dethrone the theories of the past and to illuminate many a dark spot in our knowledge of the moon.

To prove the persistence of lunar volcanic activity reliance is placed chiefly on a little crater called Linné, after the famous naturalist Linnæus. Ever since we have known anything about it at all Linné has been undergoing remarkable changes. On the old maps one observer notes it as a crater of moderate size; another, a century later, describes it as a "very small, round, brilliant spot." Measured in the days of modern instruments, it appears sometimes as a crater four miles in diameter, sometimes six miles in diameter, and then shrinks to its present size of about three-quarters of a mile. Surely a dead volcano cannot alter its shape so decidedly! Still another proof of eruption is afforded by a splendid crater sixty miles in diameter, called Plato, and by dense clouds of white vapour rising from a tortuous cleft known as Schroeter's Valley. So minute have been the observations of these startling phenomena that their accuracy cannot be seriously called into question; and the activity of at least a few craters may be safely proclaimed.

If there be craters on the moon that are anything but extinct they must expel something. Judged by the discharges of our earthly volcanoes, that something must be water and carbonic acid gas. Water cannot possibly exist as a liquid; for the temperature of the moon's surface during the long lunar night is probably not far from four hundred and sixty degrees below the zero mark of a Fahrenheit thermometer, and the atmospheric pressure is so low that a gas under pressure would solidify as it escaped. Ice and snow are the forms, then, which lunar water must assume. Is there any evidence of it? Hundreds of "craterlets" are lined with a silvery coating that gleams dazzlingly when the sun shines full upon them. Capping the loftier peaks the same silver glow may be seen. On the slopes of the greater mountain chains, on the ramparts of huge craters, the silvery sheen casts its halo, fading away strangely as the sun rises higher and higher, and reappearing at sunset just before the long, cold lunar night sets in. From many of the craters, notably from Tycho, long white rays spread out for hundreds of miles—enigmas in the old moon of a generation ago, but in the new moon of to-day deep crevices illuminated only when the sun is high in the lunar heavens. What is this silvery substance that caps the Apennines of the moon, gleams on the slopes, and radiates from the craters? According to the new school it is simply ice and snow, collecting at the poles, on summits, and in the very places where it ought to collect. Moreover, it partly explains the curious changes that occur at different times of the lunar day in the size of the crater Linné, the "very small, round, brilliant spot" previously mentioned; it explains the illumination of deep, snow-bottomed pits and abysses that are inky black at sunrise and sunset, and brilliantly white when the sun shines directly into them; and it explains



The large volcano, or walled plain, which appears near the centre of this picture is the crater Plato, one of the largest formations of its kind on the moon. The diameter is about equal to the distance from London to Ramsgate. On the floor of this crater many cones and sandbanks may be seen through the telescope (although not in the photograph). These disappear or change their position, thereby giving unmistakable evidences of activity in this particular crater.

the fading away and reappearance of white stains at different periods in the lunar day. The melting and falling of snow, the disappearance and reappearance of hoar-frost, alone can account for these changes. In old descriptions they are said to be due to variations in illumination; in the philosophy of the new moon they are attributed with beautiful simplicity to the alternate evaporation and freezing of water expelled from craters in eruption.

It has been said that carbonic acid gas may be vomited from the moon's craters, besides water vapour. So slight is the attraction of the moon for other bodies that oxygen must escape from its surface with much the same rapidity as hydrogen escapes from the earth. By reason of its heaviness carbonic acid gas, however, must cling to the moon with greater tenacity—a circumstance that is of the utmost importance to the astronomers who have given us the new moon. Carbonic acid gas is the food of plants on earth. Is it possible that it may nurture vegetation on the moon?

It happens that at times there may be observed on the moon areas that Professor Pickering—by whom they have been most closely studied—has termed "variable spots," because they darken very rapidly after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They cannot be caused by shadows; for shadows would be least visible when the sun is directly overhead. They appear most quickly at the Equator, and invade the higher altitudes after a lapse of a few days. In the Polar regions they have never been seen. What are they? Organic life resembling vegetation, answer

Professor Pickering and his adherents—vegetation that flourishes luxuriantly while the sun shines and withers when night falls. Given a planet on which the temperature probably never rises above the melting-point of ice, on which water-vapour and carbonic acid gas are discharged by volcanoes, is there anything in the nature of things why vegetation should not exist? It has been pointed out that certain lichens grow in regions of the earth where the temperature never rises above the freezing-point. The intense cold of the moon is, therefore, not a conclusive objection against the flourishing of plant life. A single day, it may be urged, is not sufficiently long for the development and decay of vegetation; but sixteen hours on the moon are little more than half an hour on the earth; a day lasts half a month, and may well be regarded as a miniature season. The absence of storms on the moon and the fact that a branch would be urged upward with but one-sixth the effort required on the earth are inestimable advantages of this mooted lunar vegetation over terrestrial plant life.

That there may have been water on the moon eras ago few astronomers are prepared to deny. To account for the manner of its very rapid disappearance—for there are no marks of water erosion on the moon—is a problem which they have not succeeded in solving with general unanimity. Evaporation no doubt played its part, and may, perhaps, account for the drying up of smaller lakes, but not of whole oceans.

Some theories have been advanced that outdo anything the most vivid imagination of a sensational journalist has conceived—reinforced, however, by scholarly if unconvincing mathematical testimony. One astronomer published an elaborate argument in which he ingeniously sought to prove that all the water of the moon must have slipped somehow around to the unseen side, basing his conclusions on a supposed and ungranted difference of thirty-three miles in the moon's centre of gravity and centre of figure. Another theorist suggested, with considerable force, that because the moon is much smaller than the earth it must have cooled with greater rapidity, and that the consequent contraction must have produced yawning caverns in the interior into which the lunar oceans poured. No absolutely faultless speculation has been advanced. And, even if it were faultless, it would lack the saving grace of scientific proof.

Water there must have been on the moon at some remote period. Winding canyons that resemble dried river-beds have been discovered by Professor Pickering. If streams ever flowed over these beds they differed hugely from our terrestrial watercourses; for instead of running into a lake or sea, as our rivers do, the lake or sea flowed into the river.

Because of the present paucity of water the moon's atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that startling effects are produced. Perhaps the most striking phenomenon due to this atmospheric rarity is the rising of the sun. Dawn and the soft golden glow that usher in terrestrial day there cannot be. The sun leaps from the horizon a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light. There is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky-black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendour, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold at rare intervals. Even in midday the heavens are pitch-black, so that, despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even on the clearest of moonless nights at sea. They shine steadily, too; for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes. In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances, for there is no such phenomenon as aerial perspective. Objects are seen only when the rays of the sun strike them.

Wonderful as are the strides that have been made in increasing the known facts about our satellite, we have still much to learn. Our best map of its visible surface, a marvel of accuracy, represents it only on a scale of 1 to 1,780,000—quite insufficient to show even the changes that are occurring on the earth.

It may be said that, if all the knowledge of the earth possessed by a man on the moon were of the kind we possess relating to the moon, he might agree with the astronomers of the old moon in picturing our earth as an arid and dreary sphere.

FIGHT.

By Richard Washburn Child.

THE darkness produced a horrible effect upon Frances. As she came out of the room, where the quiet light was burning, shutting the door with infinite caution, she groped for the matches and found relief as the candle-flame arose into its sharp-pointed bloom. The light showed the pallor of the girl's face under its mask of wholesome summer tan. Beneath the parting of her hair were eyes vainly pleading for lost sleep and lips that had been repeating a mechanical prayer over and over again these twenty-four hours. One sound alone invaded the night stillness of the chamber which she had entered, this familiar, unfamiliar, real, and unreal room, which had been her dressing-room during their first season at the Harbour. The room was now the nursery. The sound was slight but powerful in the peace of its monotony. It was the breathing of her first-born. She stepped softly across the carpet to the crib, holding the candle so that she might look long and well upon her little son. And then, as the ever-increasing power of her agony bent her, she gave a cry like a tree cracking before a rising wind, and she went down upon her knees, burying her face in the comfort of the warm, fat little body.

"What shall we do now?" she cried, softly. "What shall we do? And, merciful Heaven, what shall we do *then?*"

The baby awoke cheerfully, not being the sort of baby which looks like a grub and hates the world. He had been born into a life of such unspeakable love that he could only be this sort of laughing, scrambling thing, content in his wisdom. "Hoo-gug-gug," said the baby, and the feeble caress of his hand wandered knowingly over his mother's face. Courage flowed out at the end of each nonsensical finger-tip.

"Hi-boy!" she whispered, brokenly, using the name that Edward had invented for informal occasions. "Do you understand it all, little Hi-boy? You know there is going to be no 'then,' little Hi-boy, don't you? You know he isn't going to die! He can't, little Hi-boy!"

The baby spoke once more, cheerfully, and in his own language. He seemed to be sleepy; for a long time she knelt there with aching knees and the terror of possibilities gripping her heart like a powerful astringent. Then at last came the measured sound of the baby's breath. She got up and went to the window.

The first whiff of light had come up above the horizon; the night was now grey and not black. Below the cottage and the sand cliffs the beach was receiving the swash of a calm sea. Far out a single sail crept in its groove along the northward tack. That was the boat from the Point that had landed the specialist from the city. That was the water and those the morning mists that had chilled the body more dear to her than all other things, and had driven into it during the cold hours on a becalmed craft the disease that had made the body gasping,

"FOR A LONG TIME SHE KNELT THERE WITH ACHING KNEES AND THE TERROR OF POSSIBILITIES GRIPPING HER HEART."

delirious, and helpless. Womanlike, she lashed herself with her own torments that she had not made him carry a sweater.

The ghastly, dream-painted days that had just gone were remembered in a hopeless chaos of events — a country doctor's face, fearful in its own expression of kindly helplessness, the stoic, raw-boned nurse moving about with silent tread, the errands, the telegrams. Edward's smiles, his delirium, his fading voice, the torture of advances, retreats, marches, countermarches, of the pneumonia, all beset Frances in miserable alternation with the torment of the future. Then came this man of skill from the city. She had looked at his hands as she had welcomed him an hour before, and noticed that they were powerful hands with heavy fingers and heavy veins across the back, suggestive of physical strength, just as the calm blue of his eyes and the purpose of his mouth were comforting in their show of mental power. "Let me see him," he had said. It sounded like the command of a great warrior going into the fight.

Frances crept back to the door between the two rooms, pressing her ear and hot cheek against the cool surface. She could hear the soft movement of the voiceless nurse and then the tense whispers of the doctor: "It's the delirium again. Heart's weaker. Strychnine. That's good. Give it to me. Heart's weaker. That's bad. If I'd only had a few hours more — no oxygen yet, no oxygen yet. Why don't it come?" Frances straightened, her arms pressed tight down at her sides. She had heard of surgeons who ate their souls over the operating-table; this was the same thing. The rasp of the doctor's voice beyond the door told the story. For him at this moment there was the battle and nothing more in the universe.

Frances behind the door beat her forehead with her knuckles. There was a hush in the next room, and she heard the sick man call her name hoarsely; she sped back to the window that looked out upon the dim white trail of the road that led to the village. It was empty — a speckless

white tape through the beach-grass and sweet-fern.

"The tanks — the oxygen!" she cried. "Why can't it come? Why can't they bring it?" The picture of some baggage-man rolling one of the blue steel tanks leisurely across a platform at some junction came to her. She could see him set it down with a careless sigh of relief; not a thought would he have that in that tank was a life and her happiness! He would look at the tank with a careless eye and kick a ringing vibration out of it and light his pipe contentedly.

The nurse, mistaking the door for the cupboard, opened it a crack before she knew her mistake. The doctor's words came in: "It's now or never. Fight, fight, fight, eh? He's unconscious. Rally! Come on! Come on! If he can't—he's gone. I shall lose him, eh? Here, nurse, take this syringe—we're at the finish."

Frances sickened. Her lips were white. She blew out the candle, making her way to the window through the grey, sparse light of the promised dawn. A tern rose from its fishing on the shallows, and, wheeling, flew to the wind-break of the sand-dunes.

She remembered the portents that the Romans inferred from the flight of birds. Was it to the right or to the left which boded evil? Her baby stirred as if he felt the influence of the augury and moved uneasily, hearing the drums of the new day, already upon the march. Frances quietly left the room and went into the hall. It was the only other place where she could be near at hand should the one eternal, indispensable moment come.

The breeze from the sea swept in from the open door below, bringing the sound of the monotonous tread of her husband's older brother up and down the porch. Two other women sat nerve-taut and ear-strained somewhere beneath, but even they could not understand. Edward's sister loved him, but Edward was not to his sister the whole of life. She stood there, her muscles strained in a pathetic attempt to bring the tears to her dry eyes, until the door of the awful chamber opened, exposing the hushed yellow light and the doctor coming heavily out of the room.

In the darkness that followed the closing she heard the doctor's breath, and did not dare to speak.

"I lose," said he, softly, with a startling break in his voice. There was no sorrow in it; it was merely the despair of a beaten man. He struck a match for his cigarette, and the light showed the drawn lines of his face and the beads of perspiration standing upon the breadth of his forehead. "I have failed," said he.

The words thrust Frances back against the banisters. At the noise he looked up quickly and, recovering himself, leaned forward. "Stop!" he exclaimed, with purposeful harshness. "He is not dead."

"You lose, you lose, you lose!" she choked.

He gently took the candle from her hand and lit it, and examined her face to know how much he might tell her.

"You have failed—failed!" cried she.

"Listen," he answered, firmly. "I wanted to get him out of danger during the time before we get the oxygen. I have failed. He is still in danger—much danger. But I think he may live."

Once more he raised the candle, studying her face, noting the lines beneath her brown eyes, her pallor, the rise and fall of her breathing. Finally he spoke to her softly:—

"You are a brave woman—a strong girl. Your body will stand much, and your mind—that will stand more than your body. I have done what I could—the nurse will do what she can. But it's a thin thread, and——"—she lifted her head courageously high as he paused. The pause was like the pause when an executioner's axe hangs back—"and your husband has stopped fighting against it. He won't even take food. That's always the way. He may not live."

"Stopped fighting?" she cried. "And what are the chances if he lives till we get oxygen?"

"If he should happen to live until then—good, good."

"Stopped fighting against it," she repeated. "Heaven watch me!—I will *make* him fight."

The doctor's blue eyes narrowed for an instant; his thin lips moved. "Send the nurse out when you go in," he then said, briskly. He was a good actor. "I have some directions for her."

"My hair," said she, catching her breath. "Just see; and this gown. I must look well—I must look well when I go to him."

"Five minutes——" he began.

"Yes, yes, five minutes," she answered, and slipped away.

Presently she came back. The doctor had once seen a shot-torn seagull trying to clean the blood from its white breast. There was a resemblance.

"The delirium is intermittent," he said.

"You understand that. Watch for the heart. I can hear you if you call."

The big, raw-boned nurse, with colourless eyes gazing through spectacles, stood up and faced her as she entered.

"Oh, I thought you were the doctor," she whispered.

yellow. Frances leaned over him, listening to the labour of his body, and kissed him on the forehead. "Heaven help us, Edward," she breathed. Far out across the rosy waters the sun had appeared out of its slot in the horizon; the new day had begun.

When she turned, his eyes were opening

"I WILL MAKE HIM FIGHT."

"He wants to see you out there," returned Frances; "I will stay until——"

"He's better," finished the nurse, softly, nodding at the bed. She was a big-framed woman—but a woman. "Your husband is quiet now. He has been delirious. Soon he will open his eyes and he will know you—that will be your chance."

"Yes, yes, my chance," answered Frances, totally misunderstanding the other. "Then we'll fight against it. He will fight."

The sick man's face was drawn silky slowly. Then when he had seen her they shut again and a smile did its best on the stiff, white lips.

"Edward! Edward!" she cried, dropping to her knees.

"Frances!" he whispered.

"I have come to tell you, you will not die. Do you understand?"

"I'm—I'm dy—I'm dy——"

He could not spare the effort of the word, and with the strain his eyes were opening again.

"'GRIT! GRIT!' SHE SAID. 'FIGHT! FIGHT!'"

She looked into them steadily, "Grit! Grit! Grit!" she said. "Fight! Fight!"

"Grit," he repeated, his brain clearing for the moment; "I think I lost my grip. Poor girl, poor girl—our boy. Yes, grit!"

"We've got to fight!"

"We've got to fight," he repeated, dully. "Must we fight?" A new flash of intelligence came into his eyes: his hand wandered with creeping fingers like beetles' legs over the sheet. "Food—give us fuel! More fuel!"

Frances reached for the coffee jelly on the table. She knew that she had won the first step of the way. After the torment of the spoonful the eyes closed once more for a moment. "Come on now!" he gasped. "They can't kill me. I understand, dear girl. We're going to fight this out. I mustn't die. I mustn't die. I mustn't die."

"The oxygen!" wailed a voice within her, but the little strip of the white road, which she could see still, wound its way through the low shrubbery, speckless. His fingers had reached her hand and rested upon hers. At the touch they strengthened. "The doctor gave it up," he whispered. "He—thought—it—was—all—over. Fight! You can't kill me!"

The man of skill had opened the door softly, closed it, and once more Frances was looking steadily into the eyes of her husband. They were foggy again with unreason.

"Get up! get up!" he groaned. "My breath! Ah, that's better! Frances, oh, I say! The baby. Fight! Grit! Eh?"

"Fight!" she whispered in his ear, with her hand on his pulse, which caught, choked, flung itself loose, and was tip-toeing on its way again. Frances tore the collar from her soft neck. He was loving life now like a waterless fish; the droop of his mouth had straightened.

"My slide goes hard," he choked. "Starboard, I think. The pistol! Now! now! now! Good heavens, they've got us at the very start. That back. See his back with the muscles on it. He clips the stroke. Oh, I say, he clips the—— Now! What's the matter with you, cox? You're a disgrace to the university!"

"Fight!" she screamed, then froze with terror that excitement might kill him, but beneath her fingers she imagined that she felt the flicker of his heart gather strength.

"Now! now! now!" he called. "See the swing of that swaying back. The catch! The—— Oh, Frances! Oh, I say, Frances,

I must have been asleep! Tired—very, very tired." He closed his eyes.

"Fight!" said she. A first ray of light caught, for a second, on the top of the window-frame, then flashed into the room.

"Fight!" gasped the man on the bed. "Fight! For you, Frances! Fight! And Hi-boy. Fight!"

Far away across the dunes a church clock struck the hour with four times a mellow vibration; Frances gazed toward the bed and saw that the thread of life was snapping. There was no manner of telling this, but by the sense of Nature and the cold that gleamed not faint or cry out. She repeated the exhortation in violent, savage whispers. The idea of calling for help did not occur to her. They were at the edge of the world together, and together it was natural and right that they should be alone.

Finally he writhed in the pain of a new breath; his neck warmed with the feeble current of the blood. "Fight!" she said, the world being real again. "Fight!"

"Frances—I hear you. More food—more—food."

She fed him with a steady hand, her eyes shining with the triumph of his courage.

"SHE WAS UP ON HER FEET AT THE WINDOW, GAZING DOWN THE VACANCY OF ROAD."

icily upon his skin. She was insane, putting her warm hands beneath his ears and whispering, "Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight now, Edward! Fight, fight, Edward! Fight! Fight!" When he did not answer she did

When he had closed his eyes again she was up on her feet at the window, gazing down the vacancy of road. Birds were singing morning songs from the oaks. "How long, oh, how long?" she cried to herself.

"Not at all," her husband was saying; "my client will not allow that sort of settlement. The company will not—— The finish! The finish!" he cried, the years slipping back to the river and the crew. "Look at the muscles on that stroke's back. Now! now! now!"

Frances felt dizzy for a single moment, but the pain of her clenched hands cleared her eyes, the possibilities drove her back into the battle like the beating of an officer's sword. She dropped on her knees beside him. The sunlight was warm upon her back, and she moved so that it might fall upon him.

"Edward!" she whispered.

"Yes—I'm—fighting. I—will not—die." He opened his eyes unblinkingly at the light. "Why, it's day! How long have I been asleep? The pain in my—— Yes—the doctor—gave—me—up—didn't—he? I knew. The pain——"

"Fight!" said she, reaching for his pulse. It was marching timidly, but in it was a mild persistence which made her own pulse sing.

"You are beautiful, my girl. I have been so happy with you. And the boy—how is my son? I must live for him—for—you and for—him."

Frances ran to the nursery. The doctor was dejectedly gazing out across the waters, the raw-boned nurse was working upon some embroidery; but the baby, having been awakened, was rolling merrily, his little hands reaching for imaginary caresses. She hurried toward him, snatched him up into her arms. The doctor was going to say something, but she had run back to the door, whispering into her son's ear, "Fight! fight!"

"Hoo-gug-gug," cried the baby, stretching out his arms to the sick man, who seemed to grow warm at the sign. "Now," said the latter, hoarsely, but with great conviction, "I cannot die."

The nurse had followed Frances. "The doctor says—let me take him back!" She opened her arms; Frances gave up the baby to them and leaned down to whisper into her husband's ear. The nurse touched her with one hand gently upon her shoulder before she turned to go.

"Fight!" said Frances. For many minutes she repeated the word, and then, a gift from Heaven, came the sound of wheels, the far-off haste of a horse's gallop. At the window she could see a shaky old carrier's cart swaying along the white road, a man on the front seat, his arm about a blue cylinder as if it were a human companion. "Fight!" she cried, reaching back for her husband's pulse.

In a moment more she came into the nursery, slowly. The doctor and the nurse turned toward her.

"The oxygen has come," she said, as coolly as if it had been a tub of ice-cream. "It is downstairs." The doctor considered that he had never seen a more wonderfully beautiful woman in his whole life. "And the baby—poor little Hi-boy—poor, little hungry, hungry boy!" She took him to her breast and sat down upon the couch. The doctor stepped swiftly into the sick-room; the nurse, with her embroidery needle poised in the air, had not moved, looking and looking at the mother with the baby gurgling in the curve of her arm. As she watched she saw the colour and the vitality withering like scorched blossoms.

"I've—I've—I have——" gasped Frances, and then slowly toppled over, the baby still comfortable in the curve of her arm.

"She has won!" cried the doctor from the door. "Such a rally. Nine-tenths a dead man and such a rally! We've got him now! Get that oxygen up here, nurse."

"Fight!" gasped Frances; and then every muscle in her body loosened.

"Stop!" cried the physician to the nurse. "Leave her alone. Get that oxygen up here, I say!"

Twenty Years of Golf.

By A. Wallis Myers.

OF all phenomena connected with the rise and fall of British pastimes, none is so remarkable as the progress of golf—an advance so recent and yet so powerful as to sweep away comparisons in any other field. Statistics are eloquent of the giant strides taken by the Royal and ancient game.

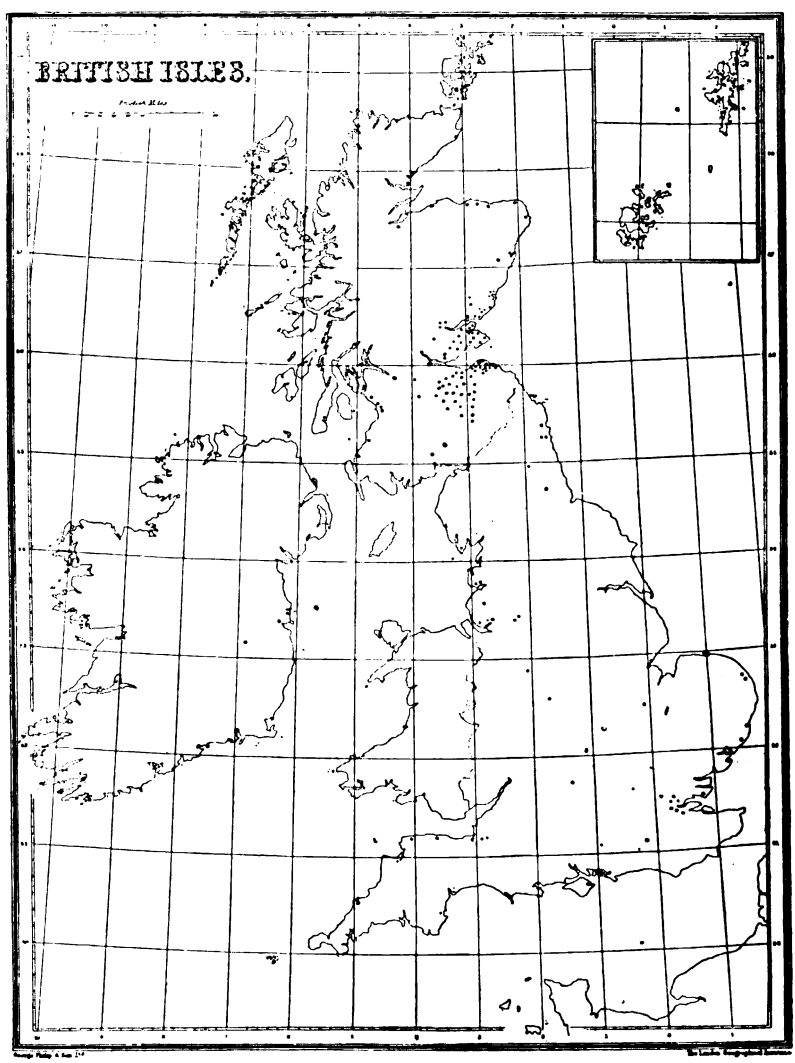
In the three accompanying maps an attempt has been made to show the geographical position of British golf clubs at three different periods, each separated by a decade from the other.

Doubtless one of the first features which will strike the reader in comparing the golf map of 1886 with that of 1896 is the extraordinary growth of the game in England as recorded in ten years. On the former date there were but forty English golf clubs; in 1896 there were well-nigh eight hundred; while today that number has been more than doubled.

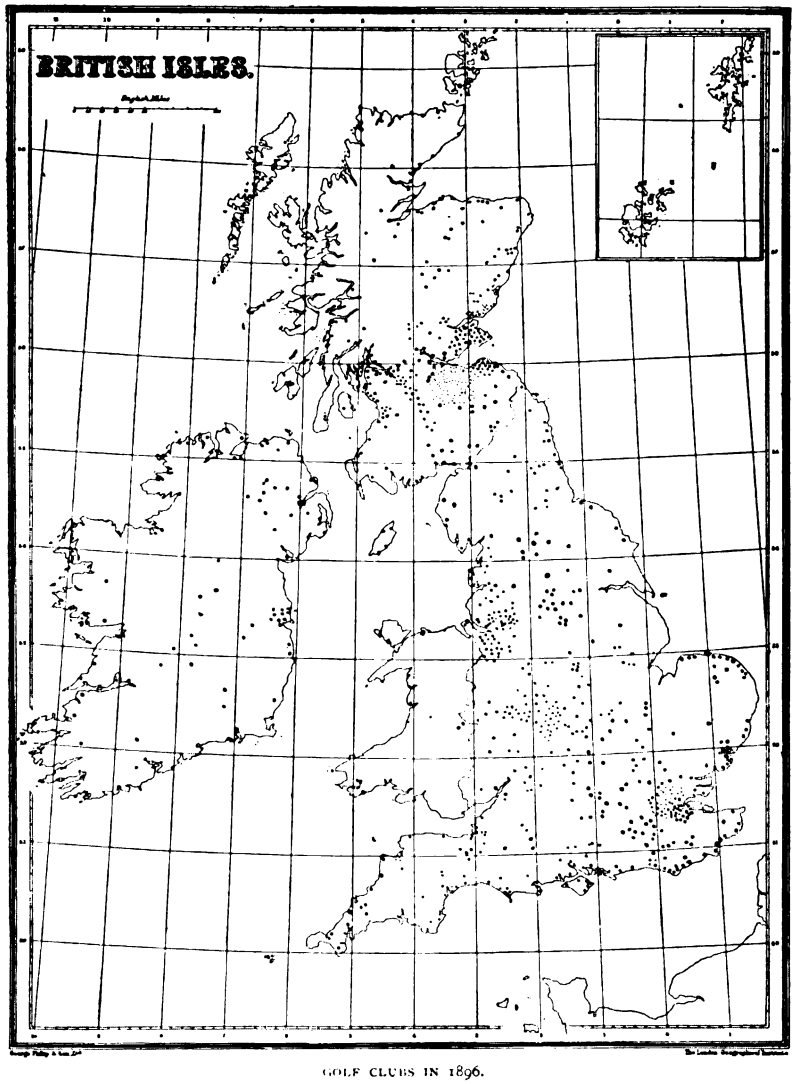
At the present time there are no fewer than three thousand golf clubs in Great Britain, which is twice as many as in 1896, and fifteen times as many as in 1886.

It might assuredly be asked why England and, more recently, Ireland were so slow to adopt a good thing which was easily within their reach. Everybody knows that the game has been played in Scotland since time immemorial, and that as far back as the fifteenth century the Scottish Legislature found it necessary to legislate against its prosecution, because it prevented the Scots learning archery in order to fight the English, and subsequently because it prevented Scotsmen from attending the parish church with sufficient regularity.

In spite of her century-long indifference, however, England may justly pride herself on the fact that she possesses the oldest club of all within her borders, though it was established by Scotsmen. There seems no question that the Blackheath Club



THE BLACK DOTS SHOW THE GOLF CLUBS EXISTING IN 1886.



GOLF CLUBS IN 1896.

was not only the mother of every club in England, but is the doyen of all the three thousand clubs in Great Britain.

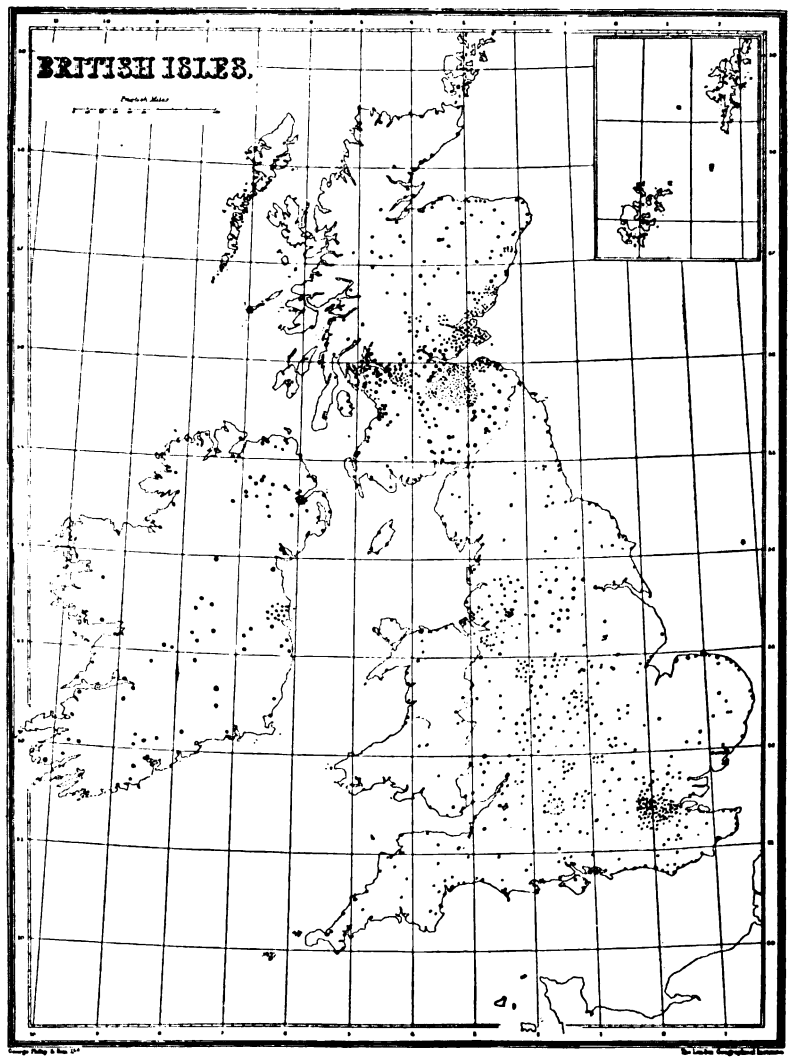
It was the famous Blackheath Club that gave birth to Westward Ho, Wimbledon, and Hoylake — the three pioneers of golf in England. Buried in a corner of North Devon, some distance off the beaten track, the game at Westward Ho had for some years been carrying on a precarious existence, though its course was rich with hazard and incident. It was shortly after this club had firmly established itself that an excellent green was opened at Hoylake, near Liverpool, and the celebrated club was founded in 1869 which proved to be the nursery of such famous amateurs as John Ball and Harold Hilton, and the first link in a chain of clubs stretching along the south shore of the Mersey's estuary. Just prior to the establishment of the now famous Royal Liverpool Club two clubs were simultaneously formed at Wimbledon — the Royal Wimbledon and the London Scottish; though it was under the auspices of the latter — its members then chiefly members of the London Scottish Volunteer Corps, who had a house on Putney Heath —that the game first found favour on the common. But golf as a popular pastime was still practically unknown in England in the seventies, and in the eighties was little better than the tolerated hobby of the few. Notwithstanding that the pastime had been passionately pursued on the other side of the Tweed, it seemed as if Englishmen as a body were determined to deprive themselves of what they have now discovered to be one of the greatest solaces of life. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Balfour here: "Although the English have learned the lesson late, they appear bent on learning it thoroughly, and if I can form any inference from the daily increasing number of golfing links which, on the sea-coast and inland, on lands suitable and on lands unsuitable, under circumstances favourable and under circumstances unfavourable, are springing up in every part of the country, I have to recognise with a feeling of national pride, but at the

same time with some feeling of national dismay, that the time cannot be far off when Scotland will have to yield to England in the excellence of its players, and that the smaller population of the country which has so long been fostering the game will not be able to compete on equal terms with the legions which England will be able to bring into the field."

How far this prophecy is being borne out a glance at the map which shows the clubs in existence to-day will demonstrate. The most striking expansion has, naturally enough, been in the vicinity of large cities. There are now over thirty clubs officially ranked as "London," while just outside the Metropolitan area and in the home counties the aggregate does not fall short of two hundred and fifty distinct organizations. When one considers that twenty years ago Blackheath and Wimbledon were practically the only pleasure-grounds of golfers near London, whereas now every common and open space, not to mention many noblemen's parks, are included in the domain of the little white ball, one can only express the fact and marvel at the potency of golf.

Neither Wales nor Ireland has moved so rapidly as England, though evidences of their corresponding enterprise are now visible. Twenty years ago the Land of the Leek, which has reared the football heroes of the past season, could not boast a single club; ten years later the Principality had fifteen organizations at work, and nearly doubled this number in five years. The Isle of Man, too, has fallen into line; there are now three fine Manx clubs. As for Ireland, her rise was chiefly noteworthy in the period between 1890 and 1895. Her premier club is the Royal Belfast, whose links were originally at Holywood, but who migrated to Carnalea in 1892. The Emerald Isle now has nearly one hundred and thirty clubs, whereas twenty years ago she was content with three!

Finally, we may estimate that since the year 1886 golfers have increased throughout Great Britain in the ratio of thirty to one—an eloquent testimony to the generative powers of the pastime.



GOLF CLUBS IN 1906.

Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

V.

A CENTURION OF THE THIRTIETH.

DAN had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in; so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech-stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse in "Lays of Ancient Rome."

> "From lordly Volaterrae,
> Where scowls the far-famed hold,
> Piled by the hands of giants
> For Godlike Kings of old."

They were the "Godlike Kings," and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him "Hands of Giants."

Una slipped through their private gap in the fence, and sat still awhile, scowling as scowlily and lordlily as she knew how; for "Volaterrae" is an important watch-tower that juts out of Far Wood just as Far Wood juts out of the hillside. Pook's Hill lay below her, and all the turns of the brook as it wanders out of the Willingford Woods, between hop-gardens, to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge. The Sou'-West wind (there is always a wind by Volaterrae) blew from the bare ridge where Cherry Clack Windmill stands.

Now wind prowling in woods sounds like exciting things going to happen, and that is why on blowy days you stand up in Volaterrae and shout bits of "Lays" to suit its noises.

Una took Dan's catapult from its Secret Place, and made ready to meet Lars Porsena's army stealing through the wind-whitened aspens by the brook. A gust boomed up the valley, and Una sang sorrowfully:—

> "Verbenna down to Ostia
> Hath wasted all the plain;
> Astur hath stormed Janiculum
> And the stout guards are slain."

But the wind, not charging fair to the wood, started aside and shook a single oak in Gleason's pasture. Here it made itself all small and crouched among the grasses, waving the tips of them as a cat waves the tip of her tail before she springs.

"'YOU LITTLE PAINTED BEAST!' A VOICE CRIED. 'I'LL TEACH YOU TO SLING YOUR MASTERS!'"

"Now welcome—welcome Sextus," sang Una, loading the catapult.

> "Now welcome to thy home,
> Why dost thou stay and turn away?
> Here lies the road to Rome."

She fired into the face of the lull, to wake up the cowardly wind, and heard a grunt from behind a thorn in the pasture.

"Oh, my Winkie!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I b'lieve I've tickled up one of Gleason's cows."

"You little painted beast!" a voice cried. "I'll teach you to sling your masters!"

She looked down most cautiously, and saw a young man covered with hoopy bronze armour all glowing among the broom. But

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what Una admired most was his great bronze helmet with a red horse-tail that flicked in the wind. She could hear the long hairs rasp on his shimmery shoulder-plates.

"What does the Faun mean," he said, half aloud to himself, "by telling me the Painted People have changed?" He caught sight of Una's yellow head. "Have you seen a painted lead-slinger?" he called.

"No-o," said Una. "But if you've seen a bullet——"

"Seen?" cried the man. "It passed within a hair's breadth of my ear."

"Well, that was me. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Didn't the Faun tell you I was coming?" He smiled.

"Not if you mean Puck. I thought you were a Gleason cow. I—I didn't know you were a—a—— What are you?"

He laughed outright, showing a set of splendid teeth. His face and eyes were dark, and his eyebrows met above his big nose in one bushy black bar.

"They call me Parnesius. I have been a Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion—the Ulpia Victrix. Did you sling that bullet?"

"I was using Dan's tweaker—catapult, I mean," said Una.

"Catapults!" said he. "I ought to know something about them. Show me!"

He leaped the rough fence with a rattle of spear, shield, and armour, and hoisted himself into Volaterrae as quietly as a shadow.

"A sling on a forked stick. *I* understand!" he cried, and pulled at the elastic. "But what wonderful beast yields this stretching leather?"

"It's laccy—elastic. You put the bullet into that loop, and then you pull hard."

The man pulled, and hit himself square on his thumb-nail.

"Each to his own weapon," he said, gravely, handing it back. "I am better with the bigger machine, little maiden. But it's a pretty toy. A wolf would laugh at it. Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"There aren't any," said Una.

"Never believe it! A wolf's like a North-man. He comes when he isn't expected. Don't they hunt them here?"

"We don't hunt," said Una, remembering what she had heard from grown-ups. "We preserve—pheasants. Do you know them?"

"I ought to," said the young man, smiling again, and he imitated the cry of the cock-pheasant so perfectly that a bird answered out of the wood.

"What a big painted clucking fool is a pheasant," he said. "Just like some Romans!"

"But you're a Roman yourself, aren't you?" said Una.

"Ye-es and no. I'm one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations. Vectis. The island West yonder that you can see from so far in clear weather."

"Do you mean the Isle of Wight? It lifts up just before rain, and you see it from the Downs."

"Very likely. Our Villa's on the South edge of the Island, by the Broken Cliffs. Most of it is two hundred years old, but the cow-stables, where our first ancestor lived, must be a hundred years older. Oh, quite that, because the founder of our family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. It's not a bad little estate for its size. In spring-time violets grow down to the very beach. I've gathered sea-weeds for myself and violets for my Mother many a time with our old nurse."

"Was your nurse a—a Romaness too?"

"No, a Numidian. Gods be good to her! A dear, fat, brown thing with a tongue like a cow-bell. She was a free woman. By the way, are you free, maiden?"

"Oh, quite," said Una. "At least, till tea-time; and in summer our governess doesn't say much if we're late."

The young man laughed again—a proper understanding laugh.

"I see," said he. "That accounts for your being in the wood. *We* hid among the cliffs."

"Did *you* have a governess then?"

"Did we not? A Greek, too. She had a way of clutching her dress when she hunted us among the gorze-bushes that made us laugh. Then she'd say she'd get us whipped. She never did, though, bless her! Aglaia was a thorough sportswoman, for all her learning."

"But what lessons did you do—when—when you were little?"

"Ancient history, the Classics, arithmetic, and so on," he answered. "My sister and I were thickheads, but my two brothers (I'm the middle one) liked those things, and, of course, Mother was clever enough for any six. She was nearly as tall as I am, and she looked like the old statue on the Cunetio Road—the Demeter of the Baskets! And funny! Roma Dea! How Mother could make us laugh!"

"What at?"

"Little jokes and sayings that every family has. Don't you know?"

"I know *we* have, but I didn't know other people had them too," said Una. "Tell me about all your family, please."

"Good families are very much alike. Mother would sit spinning of evenings while Aglaia read in her corner, and Father did accounts, and we four romped about the passages. When our noise grew too loud the Pater would say, 'Less tumult! Less tumult!' Have you never heard of a Father's right over his children? He can slay them, my dears—slay them dead, and the Gods highly approve of the action! Then Mother would prim up her dear mouth over the wheel and answer: 'H'm! I'm afraid there can't be much of the Roman Father about you!' Then the Pater would roll up his accounts, and say, 'I'll show you!' and then—then, he'd be worse than any of us!"

"Fathers can—if they like," said Una, her eyes dancing.

"Didn't I say all good families are very much the same?"

"What did you do in summer?" said Una. "Play about, like us?"

"Yes, and we visited our friends. There are no wolves in Vectis. We had many friends, and as many ponies as we wished."

"It must have been lovely," said Una. "I hope it lasted for ever."

"Not quite, little maid. When I was about sixteen or seventeen, the Father felt gouty, and we all went to the Waters."

"What waters?"

"At Aquae Solis. Everyone goes there. You ought to get your Father to take you some day."

"But where? I don't know," said Una.

The young man looked astonished for a moment. "Aquae Solis," he repeated. "The best baths in Britain. Just as good, I'm told, as Rome. All the old gluttons sit in hot water, and talk scandal and politics. And the Generals come through the streets with their guards behind them; and the magistrates come in their chairs with their stiff guards behind them; and you meet fortune-tellers, and goldsmiths, and merchants, and philosophers, and feather-sellers, and ultra-Roman Britons and tame tribesmen pretending to be civilized, and Jew lecturers, and—oh, everybody interesting. We young people, of course, took no interest in politics. We had not the gout: there were many of our age like us. We did not find life sad.

"But while we were enjoying ourselves without thinking, my sister Flavia met the son of the magistrate at Vindomi—and a year afterwards she was married to him. My young brother, who was always interested in plants and roots, met the First Doctor of a Legion from the City of the Legions, and he decided that he would be an Army doctor. I do not think it is a profession for a well-born man, but then—I'm not my brother. He went to Rome to study medicine, and now he's First Doctor of a Legion in Egypt—at Antinoe, I think, but I have not heard from him for some time.

"My eldest brother came across a Greek philosopher, and told my Father that he intended to settle down on the estate as a farmer and a philosopher. You see"—the young man's eyes twinkled—"his philosopher was a long-haired one!"

"I thought philosophers were bald," said Una.

"Not all. She was very pretty. I don't blame him. Nothing could have suited me better than my eldest brother's doing this, for I was only too keen to join the Army. I had always feared I should have to stay at home and look after the estate while my brother took *this*."

He rapped on his great glistening shield that never seemed to be in his way.

"So we were well contented—we young people—and we rode back to Clausentum along the Wood Road very quietly. But when we reached home, Aglaia, our governess, saw what had come to us. I remember her at the door, the torch held high over her head, watching us climb up the cliff-path from the boat. 'Aie! Aie!' she said. 'Children you went away. Men and a woman you return!' Then she kissed Mother, and Mother wept. Thus our visit to the Waters settled our fates for each of us, Maiden."

He rose to his feet and listened, leaning on the shield-rim.

"I think that's Dan—my brother," said Una.

"Yes; and the Faun is with him," he replied, as Dan with Puck stumbled through the copse.

"We should have come sooner," Puck called, "but the beauties of your native tongue, O Parnesius, have enthralled this young citizen."

Parnesius looked bewildered, even when Una explained.

"Dan said the plural of 'dominus' was 'dominoes,' and when Miss Blake said it wasn't he said he supposed it was 'back-

gammon,' and so he had to write it out twice —for cheek, you know."

Dan had climbed into Volaterrae, hot and panting.

"I've run nearly all the way," he gasped, "and then Puck met me. How do you do, Sir?"

"I am in good health," Parnesius answered. "See! I have tried to bend the Bow of Ulysses, but——" He held up his thumb.

"I'm sorry. You must have pulled off too soon," said Dan. "But Puck said you were telling Una a story."

"Continue, O Parnesius," said Puck, who had perched himself on a dead branch above them. "I will be chorus. Has he puzzled you much, Una?"

"Not a bit, except—I didn't know where Ak —Ak something was," she answered.

"Oh, Aquae Solis. That's Bath, where the buns come from. Let the hero tell his own tale."

"'SEE! I HAVE TRIED TO BEND THE BOW OF ULYSSES, BUT——' HE HELD UP HIS THUMB."

Parnesius pretended to thrust his spear at Puck's legs, but Puck reached down, caught at the horse-tail plume, and pulled off the tall helmet.

"Thanks, jester," said Parnesius, shaking his head. "That is cooler. Now hang it up for me. . . .

"I was telling your sister how I joined the Army," he said to Dan.

"Did you have to pass an Exam?" Dan asked, eagerly.

"No. I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquae Solis); but he said I had better begin my service in a regular legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

"'I know they do,' he said; 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'

"'To which Empire?' I asked. 'We split the Eagle before I was born.'

"'What thieves' talk is that?' said my Father. He hated slang.

"'Well, Sir,' I said, 'we've one Emperor in Rome. I don't know how many Emperors the outlying provinces have set up from time to time. Which am I to follow?'

"'Gratian,' said he. 'At least he's a sportsman.'

"'He's all that,' I said. 'Hasn't he turned himself into a raw-beef-eating Scythian?'

"'Where did you hear it?' said the Pater.

"'At Aquae Solis,' I said. It was perfectly true. This precious Emperor Gratian of ours had a bodyguard of fur-cloaked Scythians, and he was so crazy about them that he dressed like them. In Rome of all places in the world! It was as bad as if my own Father had painted himself blue!

"'No matter for the clothes,' said the Pater. 'They are only the fringe of the trouble. It began before your time or mine. Rome has forsaken her Gods, and must be punished. The great war with the Painted People broke out in the very year the temples of our Gods were destroyed. We beat the

Painted People in the very year our temples were rebuilt. Go back further still.' . . . He went back to the time of Diocletian; and to listen to him you would have thought that Eternal Rome was on the edge of destruction, just because a few people had become a little large-minded.

"*I* knew nothing about it. Aglaia never taught us the history of our own country. She was so full of her ancient Greeks.

"'There is no hope for Rome,' said the Pater, at last. 'She has forsaken her Gods, but if the Gods forgive *us* here, we may save Britain. To do that, we must keep the Painted People back. Therefore, I tell you, Parnesius, as a Father, that if your heart is set on service, your place is with men on the Wall—and not with women among the cities.'"

"What Wall?" said Dan and Una together.

"Father meant the one we call Hadrian's Wall. I'll tell you about it later. It was built long ago, across North Britain, to keep out the Painted People—Picts you call them. Father had fought in the great Pict War that lasted more than twenty years, and he knew what fighting meant. Theodosius, one of our great Generals, had chased the little beasts back behind both Walls before I was born; and down at Vectis we never troubled our heads about them. But when my Father spoke as he did, I kissed his hand, and waited for orders. We British-born Romans know what is due to our parents."

"If I kissed my Father's hand, he'd laugh," said Dan.

"Customs change; but if you do not obey your Father, the Gods remember. You may be quite sure of *that*.

"After our talks, seeing I was in earnest, the Pater sent me over to Clausentum to learn my foot-drill in a barrack full of foreign auxiliaries—as unwashed and unshaved a mob of mixed barbarians as ever scrubbed a breastplate. It was your stick in their stomachs and your shield in their faces to push them into any sort of formation. When I had learned my work the Instructor gave me a handful—and they were a handful!—of Gauls and Iberians to polish up till they were sent to their stations up-country. I did my best, and one night a villa in the suburbs caught fire, and I had my handful out and at work before any of the other troops. I noticed a quiet-looking man on the lawn, leaning on a stick. He watched us passing buckets from the pond, and at last he said to me: 'Who are you?'

"'A probationer, waiting for a cohort,' I answered. *I* didn't know who he was from Deucalion!

"'Born in Britain?' he said.

"'Yes, if you were born in Spain,' I said, for he neighed his words like an Iberian mule.

"'And what might you call yourself when you are at home?' he said, laughing.

"'That depends,' I answered; 'sometimes one thing and sometimes another. But now I'm busy.'

"He said no more till we had saved the family gods (they were respectable householders), and then he grunted across the laurels: 'Listen, young sometimes-one-thing and-sometimes-another. In future call yourself Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth, the Ulpia Victrix. That will help me to remember you. Your Father and a few other people call me Maximus.'

"He tossed me the polished stick he was leaning on, and went away. You might have knocked me down with a vinestalk!"

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Maximus himself, our great General! *The* General of Britain who had been Theodosius's right hand in the Pict War. Not only had he given me my Centurion's stick direct, but three steps in a good Legion as well. A new man generally begins in the Tenth Cohort of his Legion, and works up."

"And were you awfully pleased?" said Una.

"Very. I thought Maximus had chosen me for my good looks and fine style in marching, but, when I went home, the Pater told me he had served under Maximus in the great Pict War, and had asked him to promote me."

"A child you were!" said Puck, from above.

"I was," said Parnesius. "Don't begrudge it me, Faun. Afterwards—the Gods know I put aside the games!" And Puck nodded, brown chin on brown hand, his big eyes still.

"The night before I left we sacrificed to our ancestors—the usual little Home Sacrifice—but I never prayed so earnestly to all the Good Shades, and then I went with my Father by boat to Regnum, and across the chalk eastwards to Anderida yonder."

"Regnum? Anderida?" The children turned their faces to Puck.

"Regnum's Chichester," he said, pointing towards Cherry Clack, and—he threw his arm South behind him—"Anderida's Pevensey."

"Pevensey again!" said Dan. "Where Weland landed?"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED ME DOWN WITH A VINESTALK!"

"Weland and a few others," said Puck. "Pevensey isn't young—even compared to me!"

"The head-quarters of the Thirtieth lay at Anderida in summer, but my own Cohort, the Seventh, was on the Wall up North. Maximus was inspecting auxiliaries—the Abulci, I think—at Anderida, and we stayed with him, for he and my Father were very old friends. I was only there ten days when I was ordered to go up with thirty men to my Cohort." He laughed merrily. "A man never forgets his first march. I was happier than any Emperor when I led my handful through the North Gate of the Camp, and we saluted the guard and the Altar of Victory there."

"How? How?" said Dan and Una.

Parnesius smiled, and stood up, flashing in his armour.

"So!" said he; and he moved slowly through the beautiful movements of the Salute, that ended with a hollow clang of the shield coming into its place on his broad shoulders.

"Hai!" said Puck. "That sets one thinking!"

"We went out fully armed," said Parnesius, sitting down; "but as soon as the road entered the Great Forest, my men expected the pack-horses to hang their shields on. 'No!' I said; 'you can dress like women in Anderida, but while you're with me you will carry your own weapons and armour.'

"'But it's hot,' said one of them, 'and we haven't a doctor. Suppose we get sunstroke, or a fever?'

"'Then die,' I said, 'and a good riddance to Rome! Up shield—up spears, and tighten your foot-wear!'

"'Don't think yourself Emperor of Britain already,' a fellow said. I knocked him over with the butt of my spear, and explained to these Roman-born Romans that, if there was any further trouble, we should go on with one man short. And, by the Light of the Sun, I meant it too! My raw Gauls at Clausentum had never treated me so.

"Then, quietly as a cloud, Maximus rode out of the fern (my Father behind him), and reined up across the road. He wore the Purple, as though he were already Emperor; his leggings were of white buckskin laced with gold.

"My men dropped like—like partridges.

"He said nothing for some time, only looked, with his eyes puckered. Then he crooked his forefinger, and my men walked—crawled I mean—to one side.

"'Stand in the sun, children,' he said, and they formed up on the hard road.

"'What would you have done?' he said to me, 'if I had not been here?'

"'I should have killed that man,' I answered.

"'Kill him now,' he said. 'He will not move a limb.'

"'No,' I said. 'You've taken my men out of my command. I should only be your butcher if I killed him now.' Do you see what I meant?" Parnesius turned to Dan.

"Yes," said Dan. "It wouldn't have been fair, somehow."

"That was what I thought," said Parnesius. "But Maximus frowned. 'You'll never be an Emperor,' he said. 'Not even a General will you be.'

"'STAND IN THE SUN, CHILDREN,' HE SAID, AND THEY FORMED UP ON THE HARD ROAD."

"I was silent, but my Father seemed pleased.

"'I came here to see the last of you,' he said, smiling.

"'You have seen it,' said Maximus. 'I shall never need your son any more. He will live and he will die a Centurion of a Legion—and he might have been Prefect of one of my provinces. Now eat and drink with us,' he said. 'Your men will wait till you have finished.'

"My miserable thirty stood like wine-skins glistening in the hot sun, and Maximus led us to where his people had set a meal. Himself he mixed the wine.

"'A year from now,' he said, 'you will remember that you have sat with the Emperor of Britain—and Gaul.'

"'Yes,' said the Pater, 'you can drive two mules—Gaul and Britain.'

"'Five years hence you will remember that you have drunk'—he passed me the cup and there was blue borage in it—'with the Emperor of Rome!'

"'No; you can't drive three mules, they will tear you in pieces,' said my Father.

"'And you on the Wall, among the heather, will weep because your notion of justice was more to you than the favour of the Emperor of Rome!'

"I sat quite still. One does not answer a General who wears the Purple.

"'I am not angry with you,' he went on; 'I owe too much to your Father——'

"'You owe me nothing but advice that you never took,' said the Pater.

"'——to be unjust to any of your family. Indeed, I say you will make a good Centurion, but, so far as I am concerned, on the Wall you will live, and on the Wall you will die,' said Maximus.

"'Very like,' said my Father. 'But we shall have the Picts and their friends breaking through before long. You cannot move all troops out of Britain to make you Emperor, and expect the North to sit quiet.'

"'I follow my destiny,' said Maximus.

"'Follow it, then,' said my Father, pulling up a fern root; 'and die as Theodosius died.'

"'Ah!' said Maximus. 'My old General was killed because he served the Empire too well. *I* may be killed, but not for that reason,' and he smiled a little pale grey smile that made my blood run cold.

"'Then I had better follow my destiny,' I said, 'and take my men to the Wall.'

"He looked at me a long time, and bowed his head slanting like a Spaniard. 'Follow it, boy,' he said. That was all. I was only too glad to get away, though I had many

messages for home. I found my men standing as they had been put—they had not even shifted their feet in the dust, and off I marched, still feeling that terrific smile like an east wind up my back. I never halted them till sunset, and "—he turned about and looked at Pook's Hill below him—"then I halted there." He pointed to the broken, bracken-covered shoulder of the Forge Hill behind old Hobden's cottage.

"There? Why, that's only the old Forge—where they made iron hundreds of years ago."

"Very good stuff it was too," said Parnesius, calmly. "We mended three shoulder-straps here and had a spear-head riveted. The forge was rented from the Government by a one-eyed man from Carthage. I remember we called him Cyclops. He sold me a beaver-skin rug for my sister's room."

"But it couldn't have been here," Dan insisted.

"But it was! From the Altar of Victory at Anderida to the First Forge in the Forest here is twelve miles seven hundred paces. It is all in the Road Book. A man doesn't forget his first march. I think I could tell you every station between here and——" He leaned forward, but his eye was caught by the setting sun.

It had come down to the top of Cherry Clack Hill, and the light poured in between the tree trunks so that you could see red and gold and black deep into the heart of Far Wood; and Parnesius in his armour shone as though he had been afire.

"Wait," he said, lifting a hand, and the sunlight jinked on his glass bracelet. "Wait! I pray to Mithras!"

He rose and stretched his arms westward, with deep, splendid-sounding words.

Then Puck began to sing too, in a voice like bells tolling, and as he sang he slipped from Volaterrae to the ground, and beckoned the children to follow. They obeyed; it seemed as though the voices were pushing them along, and through the goldy-brown light on the beech leaves they walked, while Puck between them chanted something like this:—

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia.

They found themselves at the little locked gates of the wood.

Quo Cæsar abiit celsus imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius——

"THEN PUCK BEGAN TO SING TOO, IN A VOICE LIKE BELLS TOLLING."

Still singing, he took Dan's hand and wheeled him round so as to face Una as she came out of the gate, and it shut behind her, at the same time as he threw the memory-magicking Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves over their heads.

"Well, you *are* jolly late," said Una. "Couldn't you get away before?"

"I did," said Dan. "I got away in lots of time, but — but I didn't know it was so late. Where've you been?"

"In Volaterrae—waiting for you."

"Sorry," said Dan. "It was all that beastly Latin."

(*To be continued*)

Curiosities.

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[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

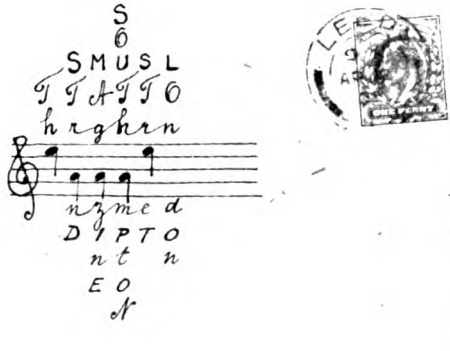
FEATHERY FLOWERS.

"My photograph is of a bunch of roses made of feathers. They came from Buenos Ayres. The feathers from which they were manufactured are not dyed, but are made use of in their natural colours—the colouring of the real flowers being faithfully reproduced."—Mr. J. Parrack, 3, Henrietta Street, Waterford.

A WONDERFUL BARN.

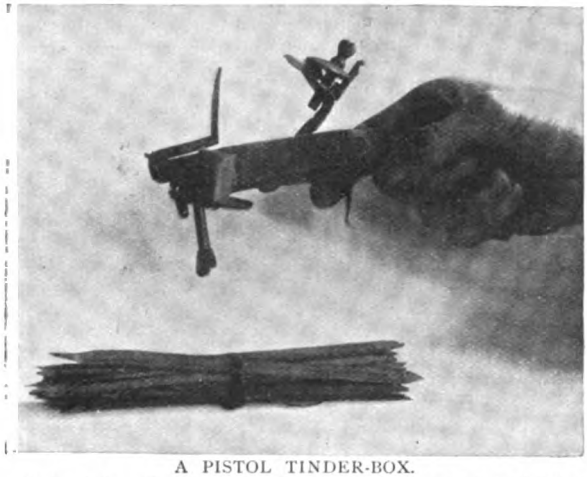
"This curious, not to say extraordinary, freak of architectural construction, known as 'The Wonderful Barn,' giving the name Barnhall to the farm on which it stands near Leixlip, in the county Kildare, was erected by one of the Conollys of Castletown (lords of the manor) about the middle of the eighteenth century. Curiously enough, it was built at a time of famine, when there was practically no corn to store. Its primary object, however, was to provide employment, and so relieve distress in the neighbourhood during its construction. Its holding capacity if used would be equal to all the corn raised on a countryside. Its arrangements, however, are so peculiar as to be now considered useless for any practical purpose save the basement storey, which is used as a receptacle for the farm machinery. Built entirely of brick, it consists of six storeys of one apartment each, exclusive of the parapeted top. Internally each compartment or storey takes the shape of a dome, the top of one forming the brick floor of the next above. In the exact centre of each floor is a granite 'ring-key,'

through which is a circular aperture, so that by means of a winch and chain tackle sacks of corn might be hoisted or lowered to or from any of the floors. The regular mode of access, however, is by means of a corkscrew stairway of granite steps, commencing in the stackyard at the rear and carried externally round the building, communicating with a doorway to each successive storey, and making a complete turn round the structure by time it reaches the top, at an elevation of seventy-five feet above the ground-level."—Mr. L. J. Kinsella, The Square, Leixlip, County Kildare.



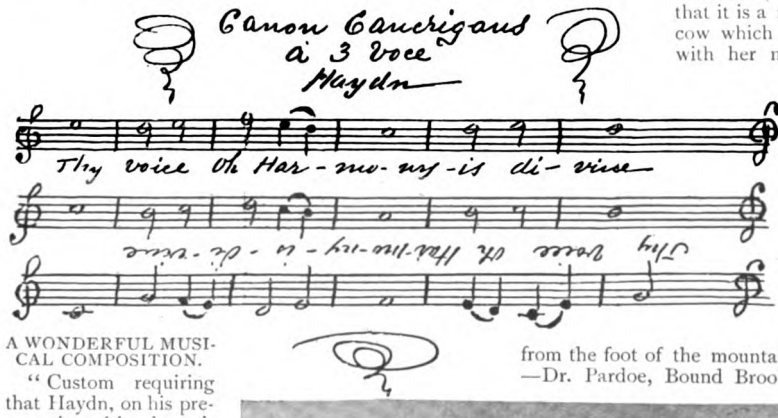
IT *HAS* REACHED US SAFELY.

"I hope you will find the address on this envelope of sufficient interest for your 'Curiosities' page. The address reads from the top left-hand corner downwards, and I shall be pleased to hear if it reaches you."—Mr. Will Gillgrass, 4, Vicar Lane, Leeds, Yorks.



A PISTOL TINDER-BOX.

"An interesting relic of the coaching days is a tinder-box in the form of a pistol. It will easily be realized that the ordinary tinder-box of the time could not be effectually used in a gale of wind or in rain; the invention shown in the photograph was to overcome this difficulty. When the trigger of the tinder-box (or pistol) was pulled, the piece of flint fell and struck against the upright portion of steel. The resulting sparks fell through a small opening upon tinder which was contained in the barrel portion of the mechanism. The whole process was instantaneous, and it only remained to apply the tip of one of the sulphur matches (shown below in the photograph) to the smouldering tinder to obtain a light. Notice the candle socket fixed to the side of the pistol tinder-box."—Mr. Percy Collins, The Hatherley Rooms, Reading.

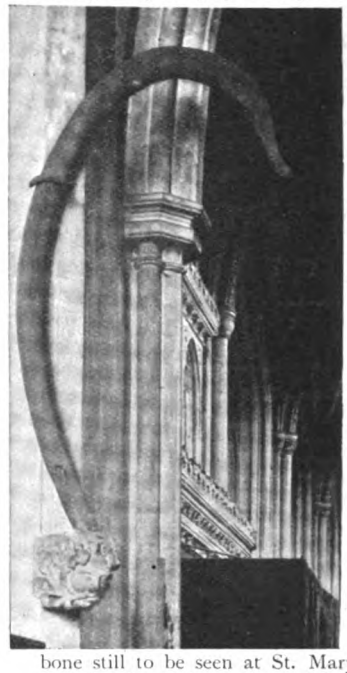


A WONDERFUL MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

"Custom requiring that Haydn, on his presentation with a doctor's diploma from the University of Oxford, should send to the University a specimen of musical learning, he addressed to it a sheet of music so composed that whether it was read backwards or forwards, beginning at the top, the bottom, or the middle of the page—in short, in every possible way—it always presented an air and a correct accompaniment."—Miss E. Baker, 17, Owen Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, W.

A FAMOUS RIB.

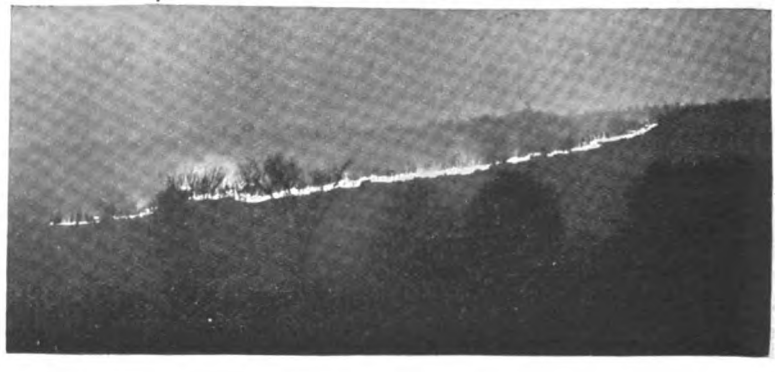
"I send you a photograph of a peculiar

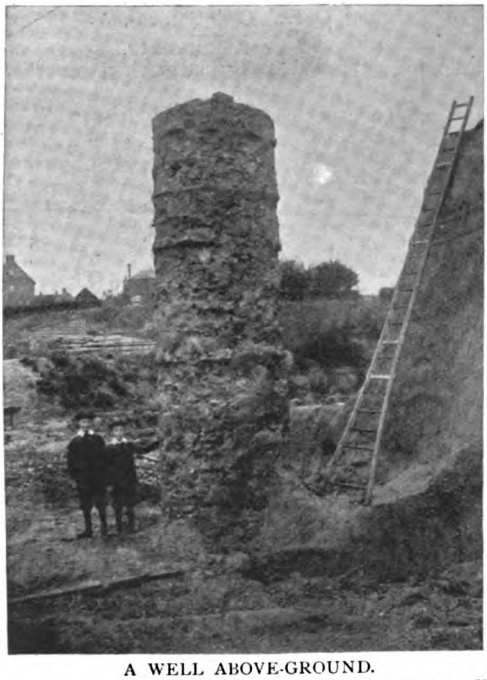


bone still to be seen at St. Mary's Redcliff Church here. Legend has it that it is a rib of the celebrated dun cow which supplied all the parish with her milk during a famine in the days of long ago."—Mr. H. C. Leat, 2, Richmond Street, Totterdown, Bristol.

A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

"I send you a remarkable photograph of a fearful mountain fire taken at Bound Brook, N.J. In it will be seen the long line of flame extending from the foot of the mountain to the very summit."—Dr. Pardoe, Bound Brook, New Jersey.





A WELL ABOVE-GROUND.

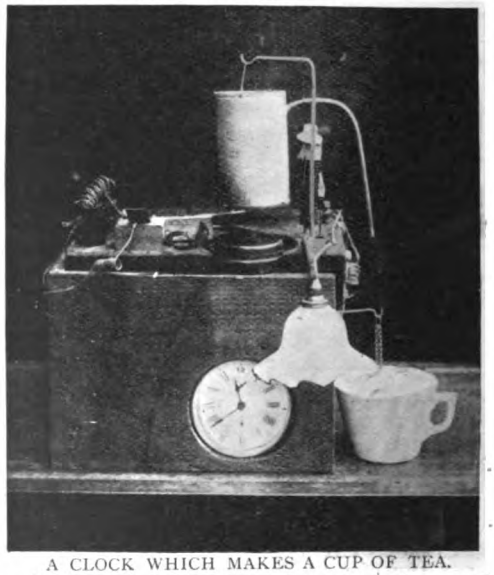
"I am sending you a unique photo. It is a well above-ground. The recent purchaser of the property has pulled the house down and is selling the sand underneath. Thus the well is exposed. The well is situated in the parish of Boughton-under-Blean, exactly fifty miles from London, by the milestones, on the London and Dover road, on the right hand side coming down."—Mr. John E. Chambers, Boughton, Faversham.

A HOUSE BUILT IN A DAY.

"In these days of the jerry-builder, when, with mushroom-like growth, whole streets and districts spring into existence, it comes somewhat in the nature of a surprise to light upon the snug little cottage depicted in the following illustration, which, so far back as 1819, was built in one day. The cottage is upon the roadside, just abutting on one of the streets of the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire. Cut in the stone of the lintel over the door are the words: 'Built on June 4th, 1819, in one day.' The cottage was erected for a member of the building trade, and owing to some urgent necessity, or to the owner being held in especial esteem by the brethren of his craft (the exact reason does not now appear quite clear), the masons and builders of the town agreed to unite their efforts on his behalf, and on the long June day the building was erected. The feat is probably a record one; and the fact that the house still firmly stands points to substantial if rapid workmanship. During summer the cottage presents a most attractive appearance amid its enclosure of many-coloured flowers."—Mr. W. P. Bell, Coatbridge, N.B.

"PAY DOWN ON THE NAIL."

"Outside the Bristol Exchange may be seen four brass pillars, or nails, upon which payments were made by merchants. Round the top of three of them quaint sentences are inscribed, along with the names of the givers, the oldest of the four having no inscription. The dates upon three of them are 1594, 1625, and 1631 respectively."—Mr. R. M. Hannay, 10, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.



A CLOCK WHICH MAKES A CUP OF TEA.

"I think some of your readers may be interested in this photograph of a home-made apparatus which automatically makes a cup of tea in the morning. At the time determined on the alarm goes off, switching on the electric light, at the same time striking a match and lighting the spirit lamp, while the little man seen in the photograph takes off his hat. When the water is boiled it bubbles up and starts a siphon, allowing half the water in the tin to run down into the cup in which is the tea enclosed in an infuser, the milk and sugar being put in beforehand."—Mr. A. N. East, South Leigh Vicarage, Witney, Oxon.

A CURIOUS FLINT STONE.

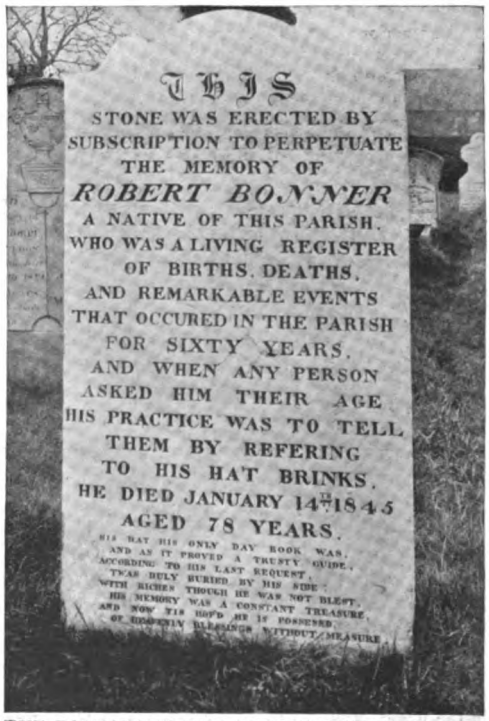
"I herewith send you the photographs of a flint stone I possess, which was taken from below the bed of the River Thames (15ft.) whilst they were building the new

weir near Windsor Bridge. You will see that in No. 1 I have photographed the stone in its perfect condition, placing it on an ordinary No. 12 cartridge. In No. 2 I have dressed him up. I do not know exactly

what his nationality is, but will leave it to your readers to guess. He evidently belongs to the Druids' society, and is singing the closing chorus by the appearance of his mouth."—Mr. J. Martin, Eton View, Ragstone Road, Slough. We shall be glad to hear from any readers of the Curiosities section who have in their possession, or may be able to find and to decorate in suitable attire, a stone or other natural product which will rival or excel in ludicrous effect this contribution of Mr. Martin.

A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

"This curio is a tableau representing a 'Chinese Honeymoon.' The little bride and bridegroom were made by a young lady entirely from the remnants of some pretty crackers. The photograph was taken for me by a friend."—Miss Monica Bastin, Woodlands, Ryde Road, Sea View, Isle of Wight.



THE TOMBSTONE OF A LIVING ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

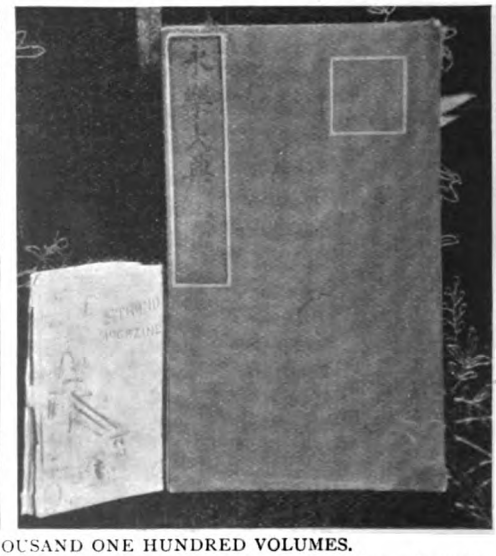
"This quaint gravestone in Baston churchyard is unique in its way. It explains itself."—Mr. F. Fisher Taylor, Baston Vicarage, Market Deeping.

A TOWN COUNCIL'S DILEMMA.

"This curious structure was prepared by order of the town council of Inverness as a last resource in their vain endeavours to fix upon a suitable site for the statue which has lately been erected to the memory of Flora Macdonald. The council having different views on the subject, and feeling running somewhat high, one of their number suggested the construction of this monstrosity, which could be placed on each of the various sites suggested. This was accordingly done, and the citizens were entertained and their imagination stimulated by the daily erection and removal of the structure; and it is, perhaps, a wonder that a satisfactory decision was ultimately arrived at."—Mr. A. J. Stewart, 28, London Street, Edinburgh.

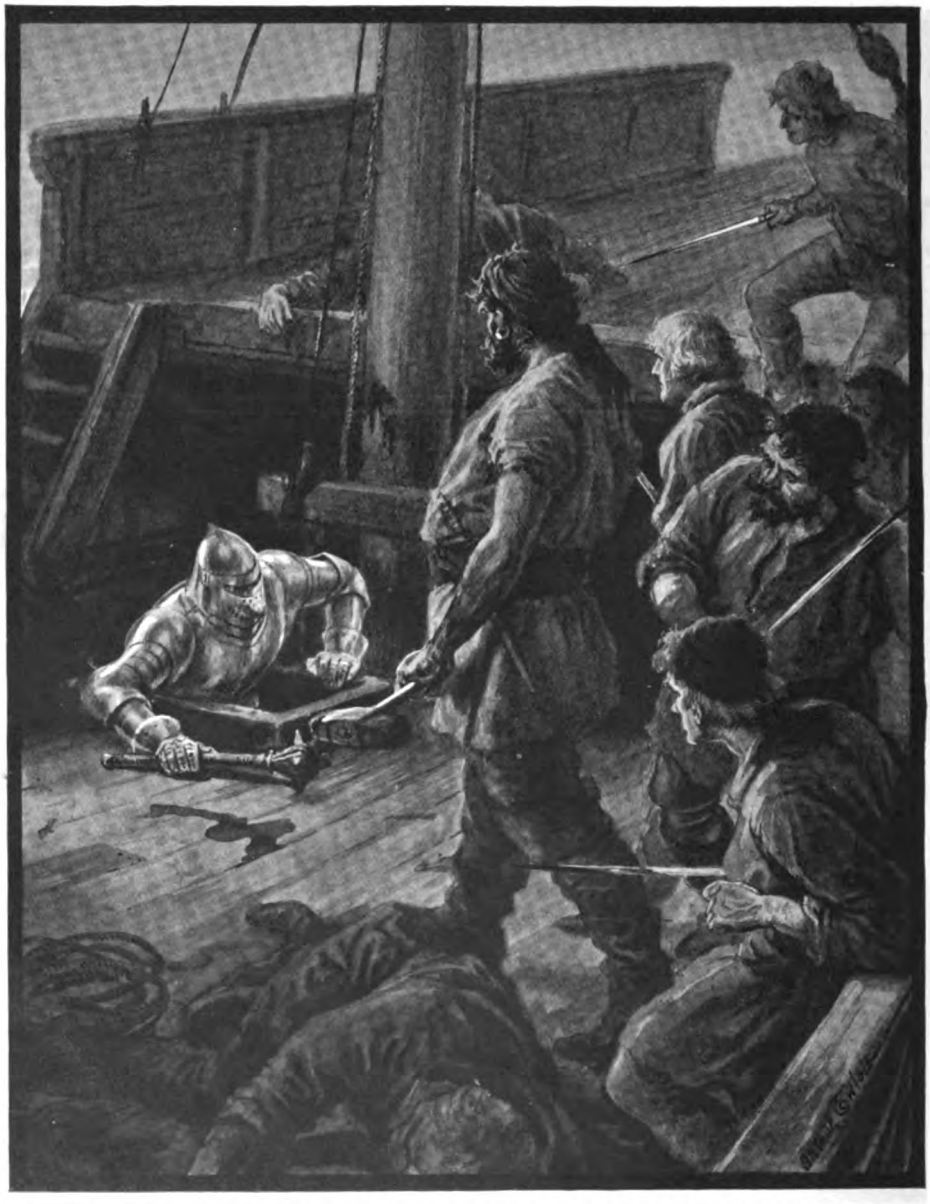
PLANTS THAT LIVE IN SENTRY-BOXES.

"The curious method employed in the Park Monceau, Paris, to preserve tropical or semi-tropical plants during the winter is illustrated in this photograph. The straw huts shown are built round each plant to be protected, and they appear oddly like so many Punch and Judy shows. The little windows seen in the print are only opened during comparatively mild weather."—Mr. C. Force, 75, Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris.



AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ELEVEN THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

During the siege of the Legations at Pekin a vast encyclopædia on all manner of subjects, the only copy in the world, was destroyed by fire. This work was divided into 22,937 sections, and was bound up in 11,100 volumes. These volumes were 1ft. 8in. in length by 1ft. in breadth and ½in. thick; so that, laid flat on their sides, they would have formed a column 450ft. high, or 46ft. higher than St. Paul's. The volume from which the above photographs were taken was saved from the fire by Mr. Lancelot Giles, of the China Consular Service, and photographed by Mr. W. M. Mollison, of King's College, Cambridge.



"A STRANGE SIGHT BROUGHT THEM TO A STAND—SLOWLY THE WHOLE FIGURE OF A MAN IN COMPLETE PLATE-ARMOUR EMERGED ON TO THE DECK."

(*See page* 615.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxi. JUNE, 1906. No. 186.

SIR NIGEL.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW NIGEL CHASED THE RED FERRET.

THEY passed a ferry, wound upwards by a curving path, and then, having satisfied a guard of men-at-arms, were admitted through the frowning arch of the Pipewell Gate. There, waiting for them, in the middle of East Street, the sun gleaming upon his lemon-coloured beard and puckering his single eye, stood Chandos himself, his legs apart, his hands behind his back, and a welcoming smile upon his quaint, high-nosed face. Behind him a crowd of little boys were gazing with reverent eyes at the famous soldier.

"Welcome, Nigel!" said he, "and you also, good fellow. I chanced to be walking on the city wall, and I thought from the colour of your horse that it was indeed you upon the Udimore Road. How have you fared, young squire-errant? Have you held bridges, or rescued damsels, or slain oppressors on your way from Tilford?"

"Nay, my fair lord, I have accomplished nothing, but I once had hopes——" Nigel flushed at the remembrance.

"I will give you more than hopes, Nigel. I will put you where you can dip both arms to the elbow into danger and honour, where peril will sleep with you at night and rise with you in the morning until the very air you breathe is laden with it. Are you ready for that, young sir?"

"I can but pray, fair lord, that my spirit will rise to it."

Chandos smiled his approval, and laid his thin brown hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Good!" said he. "It is the mute hound which bites the hardest. The babbler is ever the hang-back. Bide with me here, Nigel, and walk upon the ramparts. Archer, do you lead the horses to the Sign of the Broom Pod in the High Street, and tell my varlets to see them aboard the cog *Thomas* before nightfall. We sail at the second hour after curfew. Come hither, Nigel, to the crest of the corner turret, for from it I will show you what you have never seen."

It was but a dim and distant white cloud upon the blue water seen far off over the Dungeness Point, and yet the sight of it flushed the young squire's cheeks and sent the blood hot through his veins. It was the fringe of France, that land of chivalry and glory, the stage where name and fame were to be won. With burning eyes he gazed across at it, his heart rejoicing to think that the hour was at hand when he might tread that sacred soil. Then his gaze crossed the immense stretch of the blue sea, dotted over with the sails of fishing-boats, until it rested upon the double harbour beneath, packed with vessels of every size and shape, from the pessoners and creyers which plied up and down the coast to the great cogs and galleys which were used either as warships or merchantmen as the occasion served. One of them was at that instant passing out to sea, a huge galeasse, with trumpets blowing and nakirs banging, the flag of St. George flaunting over the broad purple sail, and the decks sparkling from end to end with steel. Nigel gave a cry of pleasure at the splendour of the sight.

"Aye, lad," said Chandos; "it is the *Trinity*, of Rye, the very ship on which I fought at Sluys. Her deck ran blood from stem to stern that day. But turn your eyes this way, I beg you, and tell me if you see aught strange about this town."

Nigel looked down at the noble, straight street, at the roundel tower, at the fine church of St. Thomas, and the other fair buildings of Winchelsea.

"It is all new," said he. "Church, castle, houses—all are new."

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"NIGEL GAVE A CRY OF PLEASURE AT THE SPLENDOUR OF THE SIGHT."

"You are right, fair son. My grandfather can call to mind the time when only the coneys lived upon this rock. The town was down yonder by the sea until one night the waves rose upon it, and not a house was left. See, yonder is Rye, huddling also on a hill, the two towns like poor sheep when the waters are out. But down there under the blue water and below the Camber Sand lies the true Winchelsea—tower, cathedral, walls, and all, even as my grandfather knew it, when the first Edward was young upon the throne."

For an hour or more Chandos paced upon the rampart with his young squire at his elbow, and talked to him of his duties and of the secrets and craft of warfare, Nigel drinking in and storing in his memory every word from so revered a teacher. Many a time in after-life, in stress and in danger, he strengthened himself by the memory of that slow walk, with the blue sea on one side and the fair town on the other, when the wise soldier and noble-hearted knight poured forth his precept and advice as the master-workman to the apprentice.

"Perhaps, fair son," said he, "you are like so many other lads who ride to the wars, and know so much already that it is waste of breath to advise them."

"Nay, my fair lord, I know nothing save that I would fain do my duty, and either win honourable advancement or die worshipful on the field."

"You are wise to be humble," said Chandos; "for indeed he who knows most of war knows best that there is much to learn. As there is a mystery of the rivers and a mystery of woodcraft, even so there is a mystery of warfare by which battles may be lost and gained. For all nations are brave, and where the brave meets the brave it is he who is crafty and war-wise who will win the day. The best hound will run at fault if he be ill laid on, and the best hawk will fly at check if he be badly loosed, and even so the bravest army may go awry if it be ill handled. There are not in Christendom better knights and squires than those of the French, and yet we have had the better of them, for in our Scottish wars and elsewhere we have learned more of this same mystery of which I speak."

"And wherein lies our wisdom, honoured sir?" asked Nigel. "I also would fain be war-wise and learn to fight with my wits as well as with my sword."

Chandos shook his head and smiled.

"It is in the forest and on the down that you learn to fly the hawk and loose the hound," said he. "So also it is in camp and on the field that the mystery of war can be learned. There only has every great captain come to be its master. To start he must have a cool head, quick to think, soft as wax before his purpose is formed, hard as steel when once he sees it before him. Ever alert he must be and cautious also, but with judgment to turn his caution into rashness where a large gain may be put against a small stake. An eye for country also, for the trend of the rivers, the slope of the hills,

the cover of the woods, and the light green of the bog-land."

Poor Nigel, who had trusted to his lance and to Pommers to break his path to glory, stood aghast at this list of needs.

"Alas!" he cried. "How am I to gain all this? I, who could scarce learn to read or write though the good Father Matthew broke a hazel stick a day across my shoulders?"

"You will gain it, fair son, where others have gained it before you. You have that which is the first thing of all—a heart of fire from which other colder hearts may catch a spark. But you must have knowledge also of that which warfare has taught us in olden times. We know, for example, that horsemen alone cannot hope to win against good foot-soldiers. Has it not been tried at Courtrai, at Stirling, and again under my own eyes at Crécy, where the chivalry of France went down before our bowmen?"

Nigel stared at him with a perplexed brow.

"Fair sir, my heart grows heavy as I hear you. Do you then say that our chivalry can make no head against archers, billmen, and the like?"

"Nay, Nigel, for it has also been very clearly shown that the best foot-soldiers unsupported cannot hold their own against the mailed horsemen."

"To whom, then, is the victory?" asked Nigel.

"To him who can mix his horse and foot, using each to strengthen the other. Apart they are weak. Together they are strong. The archer who can weaken the enemy's line, the horseman who can break it when it is weakened, as was done at Falkirk and at Dupplin, there is the secret of our strength. Now, touching this same battle of Falkirk, I pray you for one instant to give it your attention."

With his whip he began to trace a plan of the Scottish battle upon the dust, and Nigel, with knitted brows, was trying hard to muster his small stock of brains and to profit by the lecture, when their conversation was interrupted by a strange new arrival.

It was a very stout little man, wheezy and purple with haste, who scudded down the rampart as if he were blown by the wind, his grizzled hair flying and his long black gown floating behind him. He was clad in the dress of a respectable citizen—a black jerkin trimmed with sable, a black velvet beaver hat, and a white feather. At the sight of Chandos he gave a cry of joy and quickened his pace, so that when he did at last reach him he could only stand gasping and waving his hands.

"Give yourself time, good Master Wintersole, give yourself time!" said Chandos, in a soothing voice.

"IT WAS A VERY STOUT LITTLE MAN, WHEEZY AND PURPLE WITH HASTE, WHO SCUDDED DOWN THE RAMPART."

"The papers!" gasped the little man. "Oh, my Lord Chandos, the papers!"

"What of the papers, my worthy sir?"

"I swear by our good patron St. Leonard it was no fault of mine. I had locked them in my coffer. But the lock was forced and the coffer rifled."

A shadow of anger passed over the soldier's keen face.

"How now, Master Mayor? Pull your wits together and do not stand there babbling

like a three-year child. Do you say that someone hath taken the papers?"

"It is sooth, fair sir! Thrice I have been mayor of the town, and fifteen years burgess and jurat, but never once has any public matter gone awry through me. Only last month there came an order from Windsor on a Tuesday for a Friday banquet, a thousand soles, four thousand plaice, two thousand mackerel, five hundred crabs, a thousand lobsters, five thousand whiting——"

"I doubt not, Master Mayor, that you are an excellent fishmonger, but the matter concerns the papers I gave into your keeping. Where are they?"

"Taken, fair sir—gone!"

"And who hath dared to take them?"

"Alas! I know not. It was but for as long as you would say an angelus that I left the chamber, and when I came back there was the coffer, broken and empty, upon my table."

"Do you suspect no one?"

"There was a varlet who hath come within the last few days into my employ. He is not to be found, and I have sent horsemen along both the Udimore Road and that to Rye, that they may seize him. By the help of St. Leonard they can scarce miss him, for one can tell him a bow-shot off by his hair."

"Is it red?" asked Chandos, eagerly. "Is it fox-red, and the man a small man pocked with sun-spots, and very quick in his movements?"

"It is the man himself."

Chandos shook his clenched hand with annoyance, and then set off swiftly down the street.

"It is Peter the Red Ferret once more!" said he. "I knew him of old in France, where he has done us more harm than a company of men-at-arms. He speaks English as he speaks French, and he is of such daring and cunning that nothing is secret from him. In all France there is no more dangerous man, for though he is a gentleman of blood and coat-armour he takes the part of a spy, because it hath the more danger and therefore the more honour."

"But, my fair lord," cried the mayor, as he hurried along, keeping pace with the long strides of the soldier, "I know that you warned me to take all care of the papers, but surely there was no matter of great import in it. It was but to say what stores were to be sent after you to Calais."

"Is that not everything?" cried Chandos, impatiently. "Can you not see, oh, foolish Master Wintersole, that the French suspect we are about to make some attempt, and that they have sent Peter the Red Ferret, as they have sent him many times before, to get tidings of whither we are bound? Now that he knows that the stores are for Calais, then to the French near Calais will he take his warning, and so the King's whole plan come to nothing."

"Then he will fly by water. We can stop him yet. He has not an hour's start."

"It may be that a boat awaits him at Rye or Hythe, but it is more like that he has all ready to depart from here. Ah, see yonder! I'll warrant that the Red Ferret is on board!"

Chandos had halted in front of his inn, and now he pointed down to the outer harbour, which lay two miles off across the green plain. It was connected by a long, winding canal with the inner dock at the base of the hill upon which the town was built. Between the two horns formed by the short curving piers a small schooner was running out to sea, dipping and rising before a sharp southerly breeze.

"It is no Winchelsea boat," said the mayor; "she is longer and broader in the beam than ours."

"Horses! Bring horses!" cried Chandos. "Come, Nigel, let us go further into the matter."

A busy crowd of varlets, archers, and men-at-arms swarmed round the gateway of the Sign of the Broom Pod, singing, shouting, and jostling in rough good-fellowship. The sight of the tall, thin figure of Chandos brought order amongst them, and a few minutes later the horses were ready and saddled. A breakneck ride down a steep declivity and then a gallop of two miles over the sedgy plain carried them to the outer harbour. A dozen vessels were lying there, ready to start for Bordeaux or Rochelle, and the quay was thick with sailors, labourers, and townsmen, and heaped with wine-barrels and wool-packs.

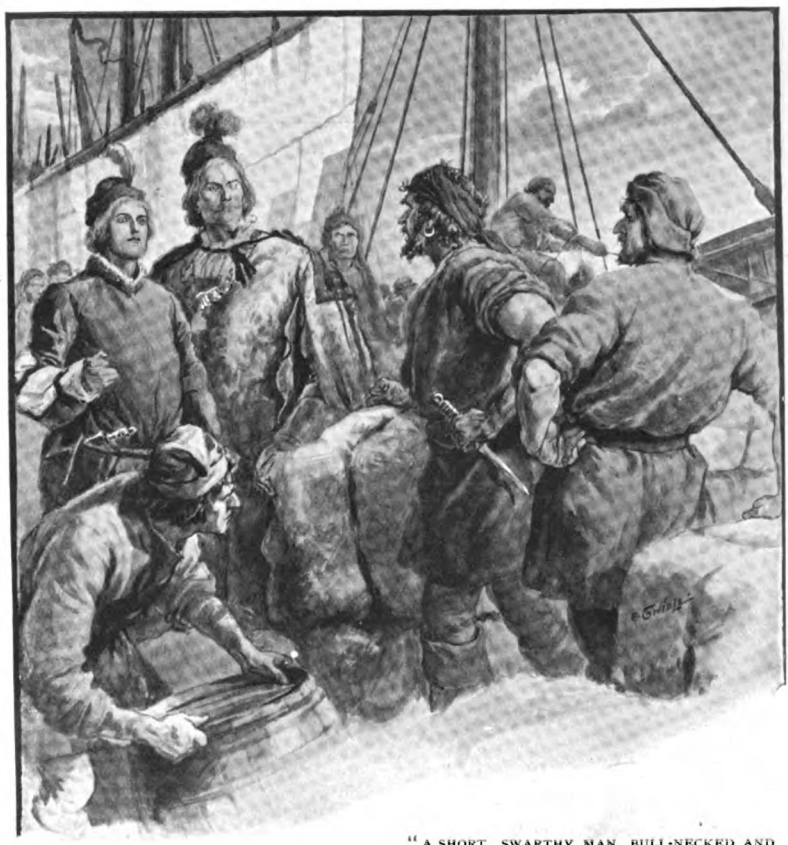
"Who is warden here?" asked Chandos, springing from his horse.

"Badding. Where is Cock Badding? Badding is warden," shouted the crowd. A moment later a short, swarthy man, bull-necked and deep-chested, pushed through the people. He was clad in rough russet wool, with a scarlet cloth tied round his black, curly head. His sleeves were rolled up to his shoulders, and his brown arms, all stained with grease and tar, were like two thick, gnarled branches from an oaken stump. His savage brown face was fierce and frowning,

and was split from chin to temple with the long white weal of an ill-healed wound.

"How now, gentles? Will you never wait your turn?" he rumbled, in a deep, angry voice. "Can you not see that we are warping the *Rose of Guienne* into mid-stream for the ebb-tide? Is this a time to break in upon us? Your goods will go aboard in due season, I promise you, so ride back into the town and find such pleasure as you may, while I and my mates do our work without let or hindrance."

"It is the gentle Chandos," cried someone in the crowd. "It is the good Sir John."



"A SHORT, SWARTHY MAN, BULL-NECKED AND DEEP-CHESTED, PUSHED THROUGH THE PEOPLE."

The rough harbour-master changed his gruffness to smiles in an instant.

"Nay, Sir John, what would you? I pray you to hold me excused if I was short of speech, but we port-wardens are sore plagued with foolish young lordlings, who get betwixt us and our work, and blame us because we do not turn an ebb-tide into a flood, or a south wind into a north. I pray you to tell me how I can serve you."

"That boat!" said Chandos, pointing to the already distant sail rising and falling on the waves. "What is it?"

Cock Badding shaded his keen eyes with his strong brown hand.

"She has but just gone out," said he. "She is *La Pucelle*, a small wine-sloop from Gascony, home-bound and laden with barrel-staves."

"I pray you did any man join her at the very last?"

"Nay, I know not. I saw no one."

"But I know," cried a seaman in the crowd. "I was standing at the wharfside, and I was nigh knocked into the water by a little red-headed fellow, who breathed as though he had run from the town. Ere I had time to give him a cuff he had jumped aboard, the ropes were cast off, and her nose was seaward."

In a few words Chandos made all clear to Badding, the crowd pressing eagerly round.

"Aye, aye," cried a seaman. "The good Sir John is right. See how she points. It is Picardy and not Gascony that she will fetch this journey, in spite of her wine-staves."

"Then we must lay her aboard," cried Cock Badding. "Come, lads, here is my own *Marie Rose* ready to cast off. Who's for a trip with a fight at the end of it?"

There was a rush for the boat, but the stout little seaman picked his men.

"Go back, Jerry; your heart is good, but you are over-fat for the work. You, Luke, and you, Thomas, and the two Deedes, and William of Sandgate. You will work the boat. And now we need a few men of their hands. Do you come, little sir?"

"I pray you, my dear lord, to let me go," cried Nigel.

"Yes, Nigel, you can go, and I will bring your gear over to Calais this night."

"I will join you there, fair sir, and with the help of St. Paul I will bring this Red Ferret with me."

"Aboard! aboard! Time passes!" cried Badding, impatiently, while already his seamen were hauling on the line and raising the mainsail. "Now then, sirrah, who are you?"

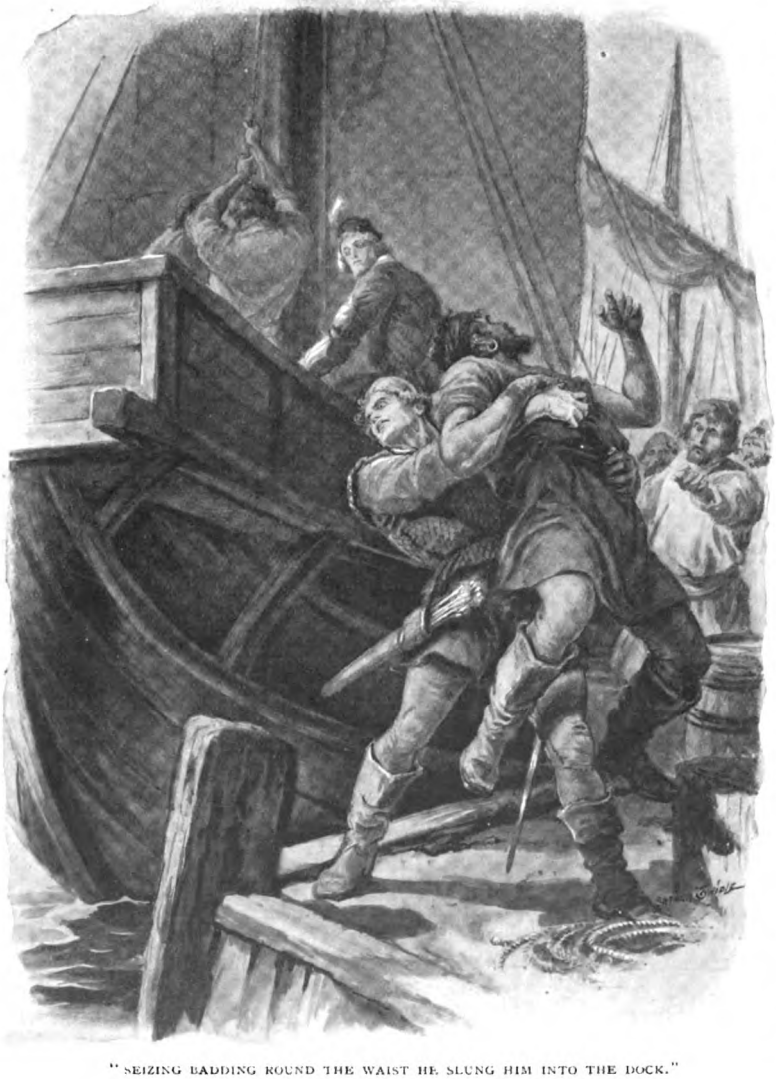
It was Aylward, who had followed Nigel, and was pushing his way aboard.

"Where my master goes I go also!" cried Aylward. "So stand clear, Master Shipman, or you may come by a hurt."

"By St. Leonard, archer!" said Cock Badding, "had I more time I would give you a lesson ere I leave land. Stand back and give place to others!"

"Nay, stand back and give place to me!" cried Aylward; and seizing Badding round the waist he slung him into the dock.

There was a cry of anger from the crowd, for Badding was the hero of all the Cinque Ports, and had never yet met his match in manhood. The epitaph still lingers in which it was said that he "could never rest until he had foughten his fill." When, therefore, swimming like a duck, he reached a rope and pulled himself hand over hand up to the quay, all stood aghast to see what fell fate would befall this bold stranger. But Badding laughed loudly, dashing the salt water from his eyes and hair.



"SEIZING BADDING ROUND THE WAIST HE SLUNG HIM INTO THE DOCK."

"You have fairly won your place, archer," said he. "You are the very man for our work. Where is Black Simon of Norwich?"

A tall, dark young man with a long, stern, lean face came forward.

"I am with you, Cock," said he, "and I thank you for my place."

"You can come, Hugh Baddlesmere, and you, Hal Masters, and you, Dicon of Rye. That is enough. Now off, in God's name, or it will be night ere we can come up with them!"

Already the head sails and the mainsail had been raised, while a hundred willing hands poled her off from the wharf. Now the

wind caught her. Heeling over and quivering with eagerness like an unleashed hound, she flew through the opening and out into the Channel. She was a famous little schooner, the *Marie Rose* of Winchelsea, and under her daring owner, Cock Badding, half trader and half pirate, had brought back into port many a rich cargo taken in mid-Channel, and paid for in blood rather than money. Small as she was, her great speed and the fierce character of her master had made her a name of terror along the French coast, and many a bulky Eastlander or Fleming, as he passed the narrow seas, had scanned the distant Kentish shore, fearing lest that ill-omened purple sail with a gold Christopher upon it should shoot out suddenly from the dim grey cliffs. Now she was clear of the land, with the wind on her larboard quarter, every inch of canvas set, and her high, sharp bows smothered in foam as she dug through the waves. Cock Badding trod the deck with head erect and jaunty bearing, glancing up at the swelling sails and then ahead at the little tilted white triangle, which stood out clear and hard against the bright blue sky. Behind was the low land of the Camber marshes, with the bluffs of Rye and Winchelsea, and the line of cliffs behind them. On the larboard bow rose the great white walls of Folkestone and of Dover, and far on the distant skyline the grey shimmer of those French cliffs for which the fugitives were making.

"By St. Paul!" cried Nigel, looking with eager eyes over the tossing waters, "it seems to me, Master Badding, that already we draw in upon them."

The master measured the distance with his keen, steady gaze, and then looked up at the sinking sun.

"We have still four hours of daylight," said he, "but if we do not lay her aboard ere darkness falls she will save herself, for the nights are as black as a wolf's mouth, and if she alter her course I know not how we may follow her."

"Unless, indeed, you might guess to which port she was bound and reach it before her."

"Well thought of, little master," cried Badding. "If the news be for the French outside Calais, then Ambleteuse would be nearest to St. Omer. But my sweeting sails three paces to that lubber's two, and if the wind holds we will have time and to spare. How now, archer? You do not seem so eager as when you made your way aboard this boat by slinging me into the sea."

Aylward sat on the upturned keel of a skiff which lay upon the deck. He groaned sadly, and held his green face between his two hands.

"I would gladly sling you into the sea once more, Master Shipman," said he, "if by so doing I could get off this most accursed vessel of thine. Or, if you would wish to have your turn, then I would thank you if you would lend me a hand over the side, for, indeed, I am but a useless weight upon your deck. Little did I think that Samkin Aylward could be turned into a weakling by an hour of salt water. Alas, the day that ever my foot wandered from the good red heather of Crooksbury!"

Cock Badding laughed loud and long.

"Nay, take it not to heart, archer," he cried, "for better men than you or I have groaned upon this deck. The Prince himself with ten of his chosen knights crossed with me once, and eleven sadder faces I never saw. Yet within a month they had shown at Crécy that they were no weaklings, as you will do also, I dare swear, when the time comes. Keep that thick head of thine down upon the planks and all will be well anon. But we raise her, we raise her, with every blast of the wind!"

It was indeed evident, even to the inexperienced eyes of Nigel, that the *Marie Rose* was closing in swiftly upon the stranger. She was a heavy, bluff-bowed, broad-sterned vessel, which laboured clumsily through the seas. The swift, fierce little Winchelsea boat swooping and hissing through the waters behind her was like some keen hawk whizzing down wind at the back of a flapping, heavy-bodied duck. Half an hour before *La Pucelle* had been a distant patch of canvas. Now they could see the black hull, and soon the cut of her sails and the lines of her bulwarks. There were at least a dozen men upon her deck, and the twinkle of weapons from amongst them showed that they were preparing to resist. Cock Badding began to muster his own forces.

He had a crew of seven, rough, hardy mariners, who had been at his back in many a skirmish. They were armed with short swords, but Cock Badding carried a weapon peculiar to himself, a twenty-pound blacksmith's hammer, the memory of which as "Badding's cracker" still lingers in the Cinque Ports. Then there were the eager Nigel, the melancholy Aylward, Black Simon, who was a tried swordsman, and three archers, Baddlesmere, Masters, and Dicon of Rye, all veterans of the French war. The numbers in the two vessels might be about equal, but

Badding, as he glanced at the bold, harsh faces which looked to him for orders, had little fear for the result.

Glancing round, however, he saw something which was more dangerous to his plans than the resistance of the enemy. The wind, which had become more fitful and feebler, now fell suddenly away until the sails hung limp and straight above them. A belt of calm lay along the horizon, and the waves around had smoothed down into a long, oily swell on which the two little vessels rose and fell. The great boom of the *Marie Rose* rattled and jarred with every lurch, and the high, thin prow pointed skyward one instant and seaward the next in a way that drew fresh groans from the unhappy Aylward. In vain Cock Badding pulled on his sheets and tried hard to husband every little wandering gust which ruffled for an instant the sleek rollers. The French master was as adroit a sailor, and his boom swung round also as each breath of wind came up from astern. At last even these fitful puffs died finally away, and a cloudless sky overhung a glassy sea. The sun was almost upon the horizon behind Dungeness Point, and the whole western heaven was bright with the glory of the sunset, which blended sea and sky in one blaze of ruddy light. Like rollers of molten gold the long swell heaved up Channel from the great ocean beyond. In the midst of the immense beauty and peace of Nature the two little dark specks with the white sail and the purple rose and fell, so small upon the vast shining bosom of the waters, and yet so charged with all the unrest and the passion of life.

The experienced eye of the seaman told him that it was hopeless to expect a breeze before nightfall. He looked across at the Frenchman, which lay less than a quarter of a mile ahead, and he shook his gnarled fist at the line of heads which could be seen looking back over her stern. One of them waved a white kerchief in derision, and Cock Badding swore a bitter oath at the sight.

"'BY ST. LEONARD OF WINCHELSEA,' HE CRIED, 'I WILL RUB MY SIDE UP AGAINST HER YET!'"

"By St. Leonard of Winchelsea," he cried, "I will rub my side up against her yet! Out with the skiff, lads, and two of you to the oars. Make fast the line to the mast, Will. Do you go in the boat, Hugh, and I'll make the second. Now, if we bend our backs to it, we may have them yet ere night cover them."

The little skiff was swiftly lowered over the side, and the slack end of the cable fastened to the after-thwart. Badding and his comrade pulled as if they would snap their oars, and the little vessel began slowly to lurch forward over the rollers. But the next moment a larger skiff had splashed over the side of the Frenchman, and no fewer than four seamen were hard at work under her bows. If the *Marie Rose* advanced a yard the Frenchman was going two. Again Cock Badding raved and shook his fist. He clambered aboard, his face wet with sweat and dark with anger.

"Curse them, they have had the best of us!" he cried. "I can do no more. Sir John has lost his papers, for, indeed, now that night is at hand I can see no way in which we can gain them."

Nigel had leaned against the bulwark during these events, watching with keen attention the doings of the sailors, and praying alternately to St. Paul, St. George, and St. Thomas for a slant of wind which would put them alongside their enemy. He was silent, but his hot heart was simmering within him. His spirit had risen even above the discomfort of the sea, and his mind was too absorbed in his mission to have a thought for that which had laid Aylward flat upon the deck. He had never doubted that Cock Badding, in one way or another, would accomplish his end, but when he heard his speech of despair he bounded off the bulwark and stood before the seaman with his face flushed and all his soul afire.

"By St. Paul, Master Shipman," he cried, "we should never hold up our heads in honour if we did not go further into the matter! Let us do some small deed this night upon the water, or let us never see land again, for, indeed, we could not wish fairer prospect of winning honourable advancement."

"With your leave, little master, you speak like a fool," said the gruff seaman. "You and all your kind are as children when once the blue water is beneath you. Can you not see that there is no wind, and that the Frenchman can warp her as swiftly as we? What, then, would you do?"

Nigel pointed to the boat which towed astern.

"Let us venture forth in her," said he, "and let us take this ship or die worshipful in the attempt."

His bold and fiery words found their echo in the brave, rough hearts around him. There was a deep-chested shout from both archers and seamen. Even Aylward sat up with a wan smile upon his green face. But Cock Badding shook his head.

"I have never met the man who could lead where I would not follow," said he, "but by St. Leonard this is a mad business, and I should be a fool if I were to risk my men and my ship. Bethink you, little master, that the skiff can only hold five, though you load her to the water's edge. If there be a man yonder there are fourteen, and you have to climb their side from the boat. What chance would you have? What would you gain? Your boat stove and you in the water —there is the end of it. No man of mine goes on such a fool's errand, and so I swear."

"Then, Master Badding, I must crave the loan of your skiff, for, by St. Paul, the good Lord Chandos's papers are not to be so lightly lost. If no one else will come, then I will venture alone."

The shipman smiled at the words, but the smile died away from his lips when Nigel, with features set like ivory and eyes as hard as steel, pulled on the rope so as to bring the skiff under the counter. It was very clear that he would do even as he said. At the same time Aylward raised his bulky form from the deck, leaned for a moment against the bulwarks, and then tottered aft to his master's side.

"Here is one that will go with you," said he, "or he would never dare show his face to the girls of Tilford again. Come, archers, let us leave these salt herrings in their pickle tub and try our luck out on the water."

The three archers at once ranged themselves on the same side as their comrade. They were bronzed, bearded men, short in stature, as were most Englishmen of that day, but hardy, strong, and skilled with their weapons. Each drew his string from its waterproof case, and bent the huge arc of his war-bow as he fitted it into the nocks.

"Now, master, we are at your back," said they, as they pulled round their baldrics and tightened their sword-belts.

But already Cock Badding had been carried away by the hot lust of battle, and had thrown aside every fear and doubt which had clouded him. To see a fight and not to be in it was more than he could bear.

"Nay, have it your own way!" he cried. "And may St. Leonard help us, for a madder venture I have never seen! And yet it may be worth the trial. But if it be done, let me have the handling of it, little master, for you know no more of a boat than I do of a war-horse. The skiff can bear five, and not a man more. Now, who will come?"

They had all caught fire, and there was not one who would be left out.

Badding picked up his hammer.

"I will come myself," said he, "and you also, little master, since it is your hot head that has planned it. Then there is Black Simon, the best sword of the Cinque Ports. Two archers can pull on the oars, and it may be that they can pick off two or three of these Frenchmen before we close with them. Hugh Baddlesmere, and you, Dicon of Rye —into the boat with you!"

"What!" cried Aylward, "am I to be left behind? I, who am the squire's own man? Ill fare the bowman who comes betwixt me and yonder boat."

"Nay, Aylward," said his master, "I order that you stay; for, indeed, you are a sick man."

"But now that the waves have sunk I am myself again. Nay, fair sir, I pray that you will not leave me behind."

"You must needs take the space of a better man, for what do you know of the handling of a boat?" said Badding, shortly. "No more fool's talk, I pray you, for the night will soon fall. Stand aside!"

Aylward looked hard at the French boat.

"I could swim ten times up and down Frensham Pond," said he, "and it will be strange if I cannot go as far as that. By these finger-bones, Samkin Aylward may be there as soon as you."

The little boat with its five occupants pushed off from the side of the schooner, and dipping and rising made its slow way towards the Frenchman. Badding and one archer had single oars, the second archer was in the prow, while Black Simon and Nigel huddled into the stern with the water lapping and hissing at their very elbows. A shout of defiance rose from the Frenchmen, and they stood in a line along the side of their vessel shaking their fists and waving their weapons. Already the sun was level with Dungeness, and the grey of evening was blurring sky and water into one dim haze. A great silence hung over the broad expanse of Nature, and no sound broke it save the dip and splash of the oars and the slow, deep surge of the boat upon the swell. Behind them their comrades of the *Marie Rose* stood motionless and silent, watching their progress with eager eyes.

They were near enough now to have a good look at the Frenchmen. One was a big, swarthy man with a long black beard. He had a red cap, and an axe over his shoulder. There were ten other hardy-looking fellows, all of them well armed, and there were three who seemed to be boys.

"Shall we try a shaft upon them?" asked Hugh Baddlesmere. "They are well within our bow-shot."

"Only one of you can shoot at a time, for you have no footing," said Badding. "With one foot in the prow and one over the thwart you will get your stance. Do what you may, and then we will close in upon them."

The archer balanced himself in the rolling boat with the deftness of a man who has been trained upon the sea, for he was born and bred in the Cinque Ports. Carefully he nocked his arrow, strongly he drew it, steadily he loosed it, but the boat swooped at the instant, and it buried itself in the waves. The second passed over the little ship and the third stuck in her black side. Then in quick succession—so quick that two shafts were often in the air at the same instant—he discharged a dozen arrows, most of which

"A SHOUT OF DEFIANCE ROSE FROM THE FRENCHMEN, AND THEY STOOD IN A LINE ALONG THE SIDE OF THEIR VESSEL."

just cleared the bulwarks and dropped upon the deck. There was a cry on the Frenchman and the heads vanished from the side.

"Enough!" cried Badding. "One is down, and it may be two. Close in, close in, in God's name, before they rally."

He and the other bent to their oars, but at the same instant there was a sharp zip in the air and a hard, clear sound, like a stone striking a wall. Baddlesmere clapped his hand to his head, groaned, and fell forward out of the boat, leaving a swirl of blood upon the surface. A moment later the same fierce hiss ended in a loud wooden crash, and a short, thick cross-bow bolt was buried deep in the side of their boat.

"Close in! close in!" roared Badding, tugging at his oar. "St. George for England! St. Leonard for Winchelsea! Close in!"

But again that fatal cross-bow twanged. Dicon of Rye fell back with a shaft through his shoulder. "God help me, I can no more," said he. Badding seized the oar from his hand, but it was only to sweep the boat's head round and pull her back to the *Marie Rose*. The attack had failed.

"What now, Master Shipman?" cried Nigel. "What has befallen to stop us? Surely the matter does not end here?"

"Two down out of five," said Badding, "and twelve at the least against us. The odds are too long, little master. Let us at least go back, fill up once more, and raise a mantlet against the bolts, for they have an arbalest which shoots both straight and hard. But what we do we must do quickly, for the darkness falls apace."

Their repulse had been hailed by wild yells of delight from the Frenchmen, who danced with joy and waved their weapons madly over their heads. But before their rejoicings had finished they saw the little boat creeping out once more from the shadow of the *Marie Rose*, a great wooden screen in her bows to protect her from the arrows. Without a pause she came straight and fast for her enemy. The wounded archer had been put aboard, and Aylward would have had his place had Nigel been able to see him upon the deck. The third archer, Hal Masters, had sprung in, and one of the seamen, Wat Finnis, of Hythe. With their hearts hardened to conquer or to die, the five ran alongside the Frenchman and sprang upon her deck. At the same instant a great iron weight crashed through the bottom of their skiff, and their feet had hardly left her before she was gone. There was no hope and no escape save victory.

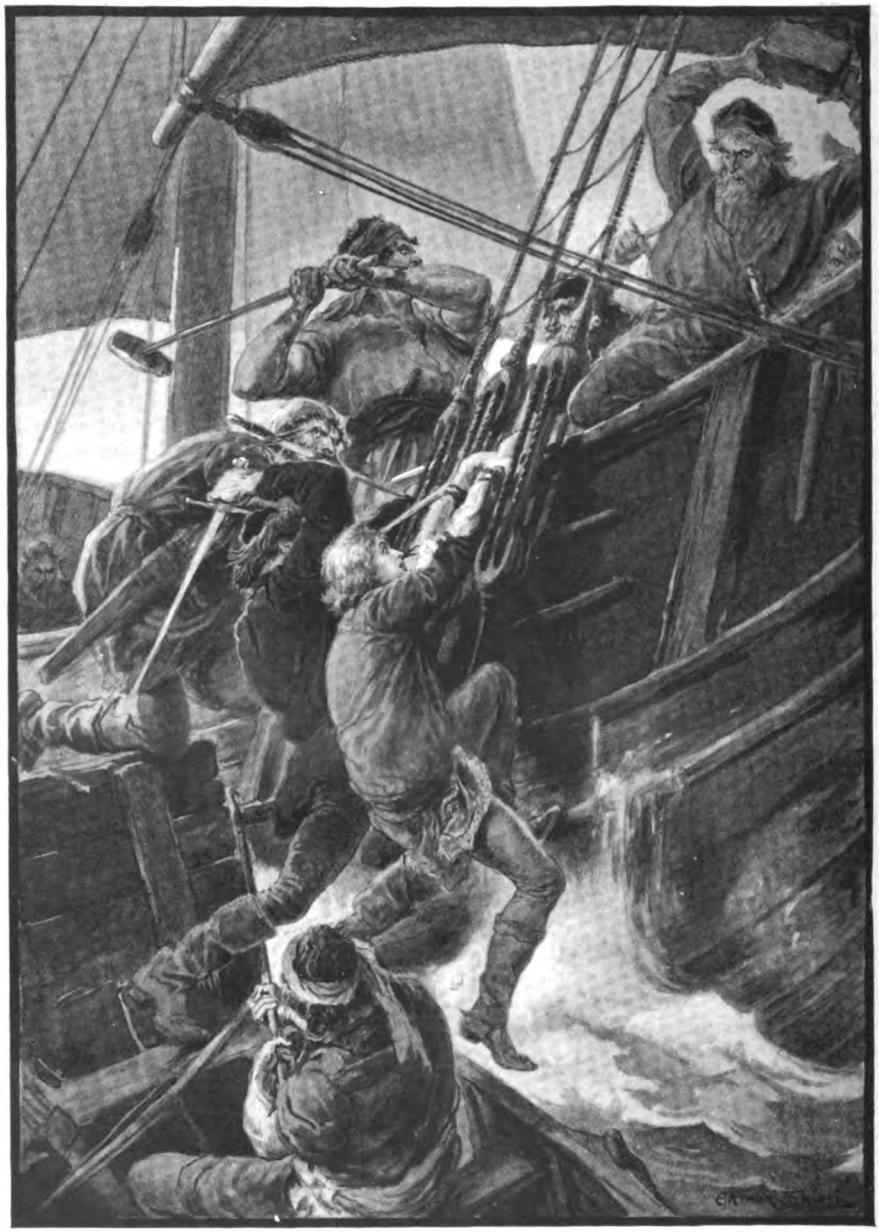
The cross-bow man stood under the mast, his terrible weapon at his shoulder, the steel string stretched taut, the heavy bolt shining upon the nut. One life at least he would claim out of this little band. Just for an instant too long did he dwell upon his aim, shifting from the seaman to Cock Badding, whose formidable appearance showed him to be the better prize. In that second of time Hal Masters's string twanged and his long arrow sped through the arbalestier's throat. He dropped on the deck with blood pouring from his mouth. A moment later Nigel's sword and Badding's hammer had each claimed a victim and driven back the rush of assailants. The five were safe upon the deck, but it was hard for them to keep a footing there. The French seamen, Bretons and Normans, were stout, powerful fellows, armed with axes and swords, fierce fighters and brave men. They swarmed round the little band, attacking them from all sides. Black Simon felled the black-bearded French captain, and at the same instant was cut over the head and lay with his scalp open upon the deck. The seaman, Wat of Hythe, was killed by a crashing blow from an axe. Nigel was struck down, but was up again like a flash, and drove his sword through the man who had felled him. But Badding, Masters the archer, and he had been hustled back to the bulwark and were barely holding their own from minute to minute against the fierce crowd who assailed them, when an arrow, coming apparently from the sea, struck the foremost Frenchman to the heart. A moment later a boat dashed alongside, and four more men from the *Marie Rose* scrambled on to the bloodstained deck. With one fierce rush the remaining Frenchmen were struck down or were seized by their assailants. Nine prostrate men upon the deck showed how fierce had been the attack, how desperate the resistance.

Badding leaned panting upon his blood-clotted hammer.

"By St. Leonard!" he cried, "I thought that this little master had been the death of us all. God wot you were but just in time, and how you came I know not. This archer has had a hand in it, by the look of him."

Aylward, still pale from his sea-sickness, and dripping from head to foot with water, had been the first man in the rescue party. Nigel looked at him in amazement.

"I sought you aboard the ship, Aylward, but I could not lay eyes on you," said he.



"THE FIVE RAN ALONGSIDE THE FRENCHMAN AND SPRANG UPON HER DECK."

"It was because I was in the water, fair sir, and by my hilt it suits my stomach better than being on it," he answered. "When you first set forth I swam behind you, for I saw that the Frenchman's boat hung by a rope, and I thought that while you kept him in play I might gain it. I had reached it when you were driven back, so I hid behind it in the water, and said my prayers as I have not said them for many a day. Then you came again, and no one had an eye for me, so I clambered into it, cut the rope, took the oars which I found there, and brought her back for more men."

"By St. Paul, you have acted very wisely and well," said Nigel, "and I think that of all of us it is you who have won most honour this day. But of all these men, dead and

alive, I see none who resembles that Red Ferret whom my Lord Chandos has described, and who has worked such despite upon us in the past. It would indeed be an evil chance if he has in spite of all our pains made his way to France in some other boat."

"That we shall soon find out," said Badding. "Come with me, and we will search the ship from truck to keel ere he escapes us."

There was a scuttle at the base of the mast which led down into the body of the vessel, and the Englishmen were approaching this when a strange sight brought them to a stand. A round, brazen head had appeared in the square, dark opening. An instant afterwards a pair of shining shoulders followed. Then slowly the whole figure of a man in complete plate-armour emerged on to the deck. In his gauntleted hand he carried a heavy steel mace. With this uplifted he moved towards his enemies, silent save for the ponderous metallic clank of his footfall. It was an inhuman, machine-like figure, menacing and terrible, devoid of all expression, slow-moving, inexorable, and awesome. A sudden wave of terror passed over the English seamen. One of them tried to pass and get behind the brazen man, but he was pinned against the side by a quick movement and his brains dashed out by a smashing blow from the heavy mace. Wild panic seized the others, and they rushed back to the boat. Aylward strung an arrow, but his bow-string was damp, and the shaft rang loudly upon the shining breast-plate and glanced off into the sea. Masters struck the brazen head with a sword, but the blade snapped without injuring the helmet, and an instant later the bowman was stretched senseless on the deck. The seamen shrank from this terrible, silent creature and huddled in the stern, all the fight gone out of them. Again he raised his mace, and was advancing on the helpless crowd, where the brave were encumbered and hampered by the weaklings, when Nigel shook himself clear and bounded forward into the open, his sword in his hand and a smile of welcome upon his lips.

The sun had set, and one long mauve gash across the western channel was closing swiftly into the dull greys of early night. Above a few stars began to faintly twinkle; yet the twilight was still bright enough for an observer to see every detail of the scene—the *Marie Rose* dipping and rising on the long rollers astern, the broad French boat with its white deck blotched with blood and littered with bodies, the group of men in the stern, some trying to advance, some seeking to escape—all a confused, disorderly, struggling rabble. Then betwixt them and the mast the two figures, the armed, shining man of metal, with hand upraised, watchful, silent, motionless, and Nigel, bare-headed and crouching, with quick foot, eager eyes, and fearless, happy face, moving this way and that, in and out, his sword flashing like a gleam of light as he sought at all points for some opening in the brazen shell before him.

It was clear to the man in armour that if he could but pen his antagonist in a corner he would beat him down without fail. But it was not to be done. The unhampered man had the advantage of speed. With a few quick steps he could always glide to either side and escape the clumsy rush. Aylward and Badding had sprung out to Nigel's assistance, but he shouted to them to stand back with such authority and anger in his voice that their weapons dropped to their sides. With staring eyes and set features they stood watching that unequal fight. Once it seemed that all was over with the squire, for, in springing back from his enemy, he tripped over one of the bodies which strewed the deck and fell flat upon his back; but with a swift wriggle he escaped the heavy blow which thundered down upon him, and, springing to his feet, he bit a deep line in the Frenchman's helmet with a sweeping cut in return. Again the mace fell, and this time Nigel had not quite cleared himself. His sword was beaten down, and the blow fell partly upon his left shoulder. He staggered, and once more the iron club whirled upwards to dash him to the ground. Quick as a flash it passed through his mind that he could not leap beyond its reach. But he might get within it. In an instant he had dropped his sword, and, springing in, he had seized the brazen man round his waist. The mace was shortened and the handle jobbed down once upon the bare flaxen head. Then, with a sonorous clang and a yell of delight from the spectators, Nigel, with one mighty wrench, tore his enemy from the deck and hurled him down upon his back. His own head was whirling, and he felt that his senses were slipping away; but already his hunting-knife was out and pointing through the slit in the brazen helmet.

"Give yourself up, fair sir!" said he.

A croaking voice burst from within.

"Never to fishermen and to archers. I am a gentleman of coat-armour. Kill me."

"I also am a gentleman of coat-armour. I promise you quarter."

"Then, sir, I surrender myself to you."

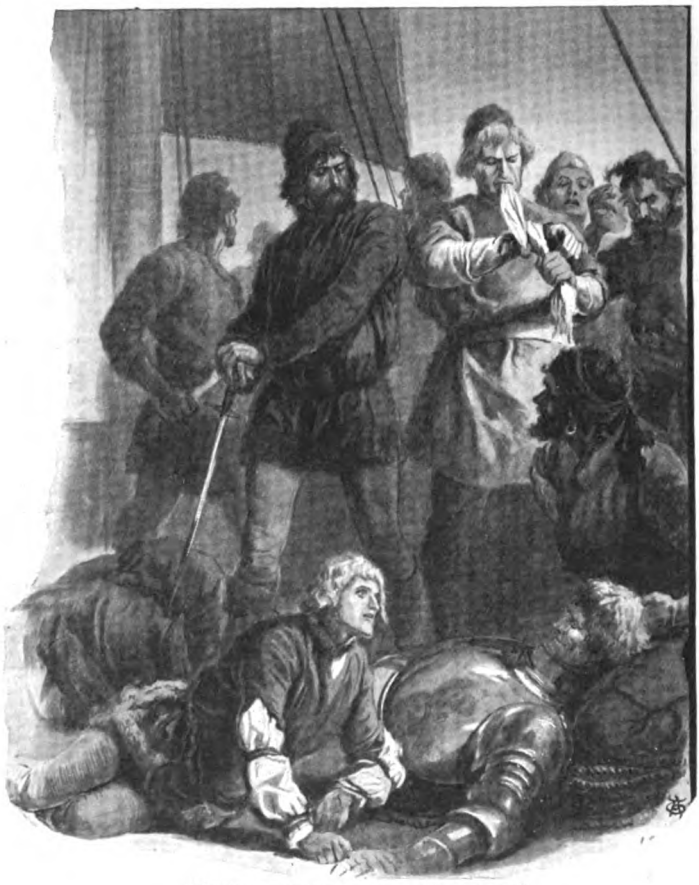
The dagger tinkled down upon the deck. Seamen and archers ran forward, to find Nigel half senseless upon his face. They drew him off, and a few deft blows struck off the helmet of his enemy. A head—sharp-featured, freckled, and foxy-red—disclosed itself beneath it. Nigel raised himself on his elbow for an instant.

"You are the Red Ferret?" said he.

"So my enemies call me," said the Frenchman, with a smile. "I rejoice, sir, that I have fallen to so valiant and honourable a gentleman."

"I thank you, fair sir," said Nigel, feebly; "I also rejoice that I have encountered so debonair a person, and I shall ever bear in mind the pleasure which I have had from our meeting."

So saying he laid his bleeding head upon his enemy's brazen front, and sank into a dead faint.



"'YOU ARE THE RED FERRET?' SAID HE."

(To be continued.)

Artists' Models.

WOMEN WHO HAVE SAT FOR MEN, AND MEN WHO HAVE SAT FOR WOMEN.

"NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE 'BELLEROPHON.'" By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.
NAPOLEON, IN THIS WELL-KNOWN PICTURE, WAS PAINTED FROM A WOMAN.

A REMARKABLE fact in connection with the painter's art is the way in which artists have used women as models from which to paint men, and men as models from which to represent women.

One of the most striking, and certainly one of the most interesting, examples of this inversion of the natural order of things happened in the case of one of the few men about whom it would have been thought impossible—Napoleon Bonaparte.

In his picture, "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," which is now at the Tate Gallery, Mr. Orchardson painted the figure of the exiled Emperor from a lady. One day, when the picture was in an early stage, for the figure of the "Little Corporal" had only just been sketched in, a lady called to see Mr. and Mrs. Orchardson. She was a great friend of theirs, and was allowed to go into the studio. When she saw the picture she turned to the artist and said, "Oh, Mr. Orchardson, who is sitting to you for the Napoleon?"

"Nobody," he replied, for, as a matter of fact, he had not begun to look for a model for the figure.

"How would I do?" she asked; "every one says I am the image of him."

She did do, for when Mr. Orchardson came to paint the figure he asked her to sit to him, and naturally she consented.

The general reader will wonder at the possibility of this proceeding, though an illuminative remark Professor Hubert von Herkomer once made to the writer on the subject will help in the understanding of the problem. "We do not see the model," said the famous painter. "We see what we want in it; therefore, anything that unites our inner seeing in it will answer our purpose."

An example of this is furnished by something Mr. Orchardson related in connection with his other picture of Napoleon—"Napoleon Dictating His Memoirs." When he was arranging the details of his scheme a friend went to see him and the conversation turned on the picture in hand.

"Who is going to sit to you for Napoleon?" asked the friend.

"I have no one at present," replied Mr. Orchardson.

"IN LOVE." A Woman sat for the Figure of the Lover. By MARCUS STONE, R.A.

(Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

"Well," said the other, "if you will come and dine with me to-morrow evening I will show you Napoleon."

Mr. Orchardson went and saw—Napoleon. He was a gentleman from Iquique, and, except that he was slightly taller, he might have been the reincarnation of Bonaparte himself. He was delighted to sit for the "Little Corporal." But, strange as it must seem, his extraordinary resemblance to Napoleon was in itself a drawback. Over and over again Mr. Orchardson was obliged to stop short, for, as he remarked to his sitter, "You are too like him. If I don't keep in mind what I am doing I shall paint your portrait."

"THE NAUGHTY BOY." By SIR E. LANDSEER.
The "Naughty Boy" was really a Naughty Little Girl.

To the imaginative artist that is always the difficulty—to avoid painting the model, and to paint from the model what he sees only with the eye of imagination. Most people who regard Mr. Marcus Stone as a painter of actuality, and see in his love-dramas faithful reproductions of beautiful women and handsome men, will be surprised to learn that his delicate, slim blondes have often been painted from plump brunettes, for the one thing Mr. Stone has never done in all his long career has been to paint the portrait of a model into one of his pictures.

Following the remarkable statement of the relation of his blondes to brunettes, it will not seem so remarkable that in one of his pictures Mr. Stone has himself used a woman model in order to paint a man. This occurs in his picture of "In Love," one of the most popular of all his canvases. The artist on one occasion mentioned that he has painted some of the prettiest of his women from models who were so plain that it would have been actually impossible for him to attempt to paint their portraits. Mr. Stone's attitude in this matter is so strong that the writer remembers his exact words: "I have always purposely avoided painting real people in my pictures. If I did, they would kill the conception with which I started."

If one were asked to name the most unlikely artist who used one of the opposite sex for the required model, the chances are that the guess would be Sir Edwin Landseer. In the popular esteem his name is associated only with the painting of animals. Yet, for his picture of "The Naughty Boy," which was exhibited at the British Institution in 1834, he used Lady Rachel Russell for his model. As a matter of fact, the child's mother had taken her to have her portrait painted. When, however, she arrived at the studio she refused to pose in the way the artist suggested, and became so sulky and naughty that it was impossible to do anything with her. At length her mother put her in the corner as a punishment. There she turned with such a sturdy, defiant look that she impressed Landseer with her expression and attitude. At once he saw the pictorial possibilities of the subject, and sketched the recalcitrant little one as she stood. A sense of chivalry towards the child—perhaps a feeling that in the years to come she would not care to be reminded of her naughtiness—caused him to change the sex of the subject,

so he added the broken slate, the rumpled hair, and the undone boots, while keeping the dishevelled dress, and gave a title to the canvas which has removed it from any suggestion of portraiture.

Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," which created a furore when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, furnishes another instance, and a decidedly interesting one, for the artist actually sat to himself for the figure of the old woman. The incident was recorded after Wilkie's death by Professor Andrew Wilson, himself a distinguished landscape painter, later on Professor of Drawing at the College of Sandhurst and Master of the Trustees of the Academy of Scotland. Writing to Allan Cunningham, Wilkie's biographer, he related that before the close of the exhibition in which his picture, "The Village Politicians," had created great excitement, Wilkie "had begun his picture of 'The Blind Fiddler.' He had taken lodgings in Tottenham Court Road, partly for his health and partly to avoid interruptions from ill-timed visitors. I sometimes took breakfast with him, and it was there I became acquainted with Jackson, the painter. I remember the quiet glee with which Wilkie told us that one day Bannister, the actor, called and was shown in while he was sitting on a low seat, dressed as a woman, with a looking-glass before him, performing the part of a model for himself. Wilkie was not a man to be in the least discomposed at being found in such a plight. Bannister gazed on him for a moment or so, and said, 'I need no introduction.'

"'Truly, no,' said Wilkie. 'I know you very well, but, you see, I can't move lest I spoil the folds of my petticoat. I am for the present an old woman.'"

"THE BLIND FIDDLER." By SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

THE MODEL OF THE OLD WOMAN WAS THE ARTIST HIMSELF, PAINTED WITH THE HELP OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

That Wilkie should sit to himself was even then no new thing. Shortly after he arrived in London Haydn was invited to go to breakfast with him one morning. He knocked at the door of Wilkie's sitting-room, and a voice inside bade him enter. He went in, but instead of seeing breakfast ready on the table he saw Wilkie sitting half-dressed in the studio drawing from his left knee for the picture which was on the easel. "It is capital practice, I can tell you," said Wilkie, in reference to Haydn's remark, and he went on with what he

was doing before they sat down to breakfast.

"The Blind Fiddler" was a commission from Sir George Beaumont, who paid fifty pounds for it, the largest price which Wilkie had so far received for any of his pictures.

Occasionally one hears misguided and wholly false remarks that a certain picture has been placed in its position for the purpose of marring its effect. This was the case with "The Blind Fiddler," which a writer declared was "eclipsed by the unmitigated splendour of a neighbouring picture," hung beside it for the purpose of its colours, having been heightened on varnishing day. This is hardly likely to be true. Even if it were it failed in its purpose, for "The Blind Fiddler," which has been regarded as Wilkie's finest work in unity of purpose, attracted enormous crowds. It was regarded as a great improvement even on "The Village Politicians," and one of the most perfect works of the kind ever produced by an English artist. Indeed, it established Wilkie's fame on a permanent basis, not only with the public, but with his fellow-artists.

When Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., was painting his well-known picture, "The Pump Room," he had among his models a young girl who increased the small salary she received as an actress by sitting to him and to other artists. One day, when the picture had arrived at a certain stage and Mr. Storey had sketched in the young pedlar kneeling at the feet of one of the characters, he said to the girl, "Now I shall have to find a boy to paint this figure from."

A little while afterwards Mr. Storey was called to lunch. When he went back to the studio he looked round for the model. She was nowhere to be seen. Instead, Mr. Storey saw a handsome boy, or what looked like a boy, and just the figure he required for his picture. For a moment he was astonished. Then the fact became apparent. It was the girl, who in his absence had hunted out the costume and dressed herself in it ready to sit when the occasion came. The occasion did come, for Mr. Storey painted his pedlar from her, as she suited his needs in an admirable manner.

I have quoted Professor von Herkomer in connection with the use of models. He was once approached with the offer of a commission which affords a most striking instance of the subject of this article. It happened when his famous picture, "The Last Muster," was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and all London was talking about the extraordinary merit of the work, the strength of which revealed a new force in the world of art. One day he received a letter in which the writer said that she and some members of her family had been to the Academy, and had seen in the central figure of the picture so extraordinary a likeness

"THE PUMP ROOM." By G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

THE KNEELING FIGURE OF THE YOUNG PEDLAR WAS PAINTED FROM A GIRL.
(By permission of the Artist—Copyright Reserved.)

to their dead mother that they wanted to know if he would reproduce the head as a portrait of her. Eventually they sent one or two faded photographs showing the way in which the old lady was in the habit of wearing her cap, and they furnished certain data as to the colour of her hair and eyes.

With nothing but these slender facts to guide him, Professor von Herkomer set to work, and, using the indicated head in his own picture for his model, he painted the portrait, which gave supreme satisfaction, for everyone declared it was as remarkable a likeness as if the original had sat for it herself.

Something which is, in part at least, the exact opposite to Professor von Herkomer's experience happened with the Hon. John Collier. He had a portrait to paint of a gentleman whose name, it will readily be understood, cannot be divulged. The commission was that he should be painted in a particular costume which he had been privileged to wear on an important occasion. When the face was finished, circumstances arose under which the sitter had to leave England. The only thing for Mr. Collier to do was to get the costume and paint it on a model. The sitter happened to be a very slight, short man, and it was impossible for the artist to find any model, even among the short ones, who could get the coat to meet across the chest. At last Mr. Collier tried the costume on a very slim young girl, and, as it fitted as if it had been made for her, she sat for the figure with the very happiest result.

Mr. John A. Lomax, whose admirers have called him the English Meissonier, impressed a man model to represent a woman in his picture, "Where Ignorance is Bliss." While, naturally, he knew exactly the type of woman he wanted to paint, he had the greatest difficulty in discovering an old lady who realized his conception. At length he found one. When, however, the day arrived for her to sit, she wrote to say that she was unable to come. Mr. Lomax was particularly anxious to work at that picture, and not on another for which his usual man model was sitting. The man arrived at the studio, and in sheer despair the artist turned to him and said: "Look here. I can't get on with my work to-day, for the woman who was to sit to me has written to say she can't come. Will you try on the cap and gown and let me see what I can do?"

The man readily consented, and Mr. Lomax began to work. The picture "came so well" that the artist kept him all the time he was working on the old woman; and

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS." By JOHN A. LOMAX.
THE OLD LADY IN THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED FROM A MALE MODEL.
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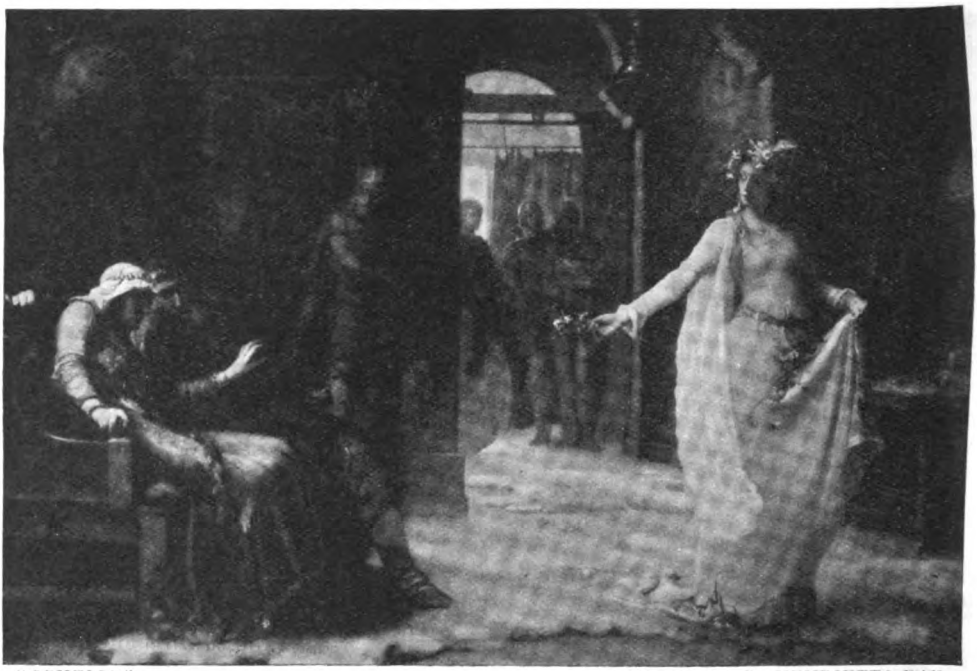
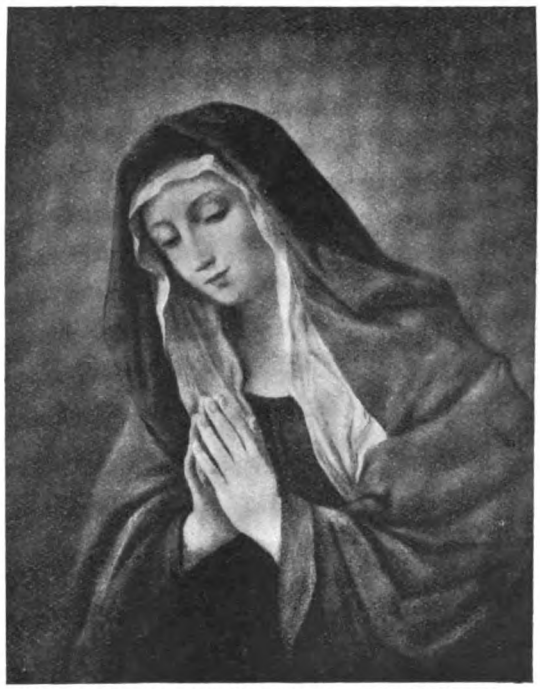


"OPHELIA." By HENRIETTA RAE.

THE FIGURE OF THE QUEEN IN THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED FROM A MAN.
(Reproduced by permission from the Original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool.)

when the female model came he sent her away, so that the whole of the fat old lady, with the exception of the hands, was painted from the man.

Mr. E. Normand's wife, who is still professionally known as Miss Henrietta Rae and is one of our finest and most popular artists, furnishes in her "Ophelia," in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, an example of a youth sitting for a female figure. The King and Queen, it will be noticed, are sitting side by side on a settle, the King's arm around the Queen, so that the two figures are necessarily quite close together. The model who posed for the Queen objected to sitting with the man who sat for the King. On several occasions, therefore, when Mrs. Normand wanted the two figures together to see how they "cut up" against each other and to study what shadows one figure cast on the other, she engaged a young man about the same height and as nearly as possible of the same appearance as the girl, whose costume he wore for the occasion. She did not, however, paint the face from him, but made the necessary observations and used him, as it were, from the scientific rather than from the artistic side of her painting.



"THE VIRGIN IN ADORATION." By GUIDO RENI.
THE MODEL FOR THIS MADONNA WAS A MAN—THE ARTIST'S PORTER.

The same is no less startlingly true with

regard to Guido, after seeing some of whose work Michael Angelo said: "Surely the good monk visited Paradise and was allowed to choose his models there." On one occasion Guido painted the head of a Madonna, using his porter as a model, to the surprise of a friend—no doubt also to the equal surprise of every reader of this article—for if there is any face which, it would be thought, would not be treated in this way, it would surely be that of the Madonna. On that occasion the great painter, to whom, as one of the famous writers on Art has remarked, "was reserved the glory of fixing in a series of imperishable visions the religious ideal of the Middle Ages just at the moment when it was to disappear for ever," no doubt followed his usual custom of never taking his pencil in his hand without offering up a prayer.

Like Mr. Lomax, Mr. Fred Roe, whose work, though not so bound by a special period, nevertheless tends towards the picturesque in costume and to dramatic representations of life, has, on more than one occasion, used a man for a woman. Mr. Roe's picture is "Consulting the Witch," and as he could not find any old woman model to realize his idea he impressed a male model into his service. The man had formerly been a coachman in a nobleman's family and had taken an active part in the Revolution of 1848. He was an interesting personality, and had a fund of anecdote of the stirring times through which he had passed. But even when he was most impressive in his account of the storm of imprecations and missiles which the mob hurled at him and his comrades during their flight, Mr. Roe was too intent on reproducing the effect of the firelight on his wrinkled face to give much attention to his narrative.

Mr. Roe also painted a little boy from a girl model in his picture, "The Traitor's Wife," exhibited in a centre at the Royal Academy in 1905, and considering her age the child sat remarkably well.

"CONSULTING THE WITCH." By FRED ROE.

In this Picture a Man sat for the Old Witch.

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"*Uncle Bob.*"

By J. J. Bell.

I.

IN a state of mind bordering on desperation Miss Lydia Percy, having locked her bedroom door, sat down at her table and wrote to her Scottish bachelor relative in these words:—

My Dear Uncle Bob,—Could you—*would* you leave your beloved nurseries and run south to stay with us for a few days? I am so worried about papa. He has changed terribly since he retired from business six months ago—more in mind, I fear, than in body. He won't have a doctor, as he says no doctor could help him, and every day he gets more irritable and unreasonable, and takes some new fad of dieting himself.

But I can explain fully when I see you—that is, if you will be so *very* good as to come. You know poor, dear mamma always used to tell me to ask *your* advice if ever I were at a loss, and I need it now very, very badly.

If you can come, please write to me as if the idea had first occurred to *you*. I do not wish papa to know I asked you. Please try to come, and soon.

With much love, Your affectionate niece,

Lydia.

P.S.—Papa has broken off my engagement to Charlie and forbidden him the house, and all without giving a single reason. Perhaps he did it because Charlie is a doctor. Do come.

Two days later Lydia received a reply—a laboriously-written letter—not quite free from misspelling, for Robert McPherson, nurseryman and fruit-grower, was "no scholar," as he would have been the first to admit, his whole life since boyhood having been devoted to business with Mother Earth—not altogether without profit.

Dear Neice,—This is to inform you that I am intending to go to London to see about some business imediatly, and I will be leaveing hear to-morrow morning. Some years ago your good father invited me to stay at your house, which I now except with greatfull thanks. I will perhaps stay for a week or maybe ten days. If it is unsutiable for me to stay with you, you will pleas let me know when I arrive, which will be about 9 p.m. to-morrow night, as I will have left Cairndowie before you recieve this.

With best respects, Yours turly,

R. McPherson.

P.S.—I hope your father is in good helth. I am bringing him a case of his old frend Talisker, 20 years old, so he can have the watter boiling. Excuse blot.

This epistle reached Miss Percy by the first post, but she delayed communicating the contents to her parent until he had finished his breakfast of bananas and digestive biscuits washed down with scalded milk.

"Papa, I have a letter this morning from Uncle Bob."

"Wants you to go to visit him—eh? Well, you cannot go."

"But he doesn't want me to visit him," said Lydia, plucking up courage. "He writes to say that business brings him to London, and he would like to stay here."

"Here? Certainly not!"

"Oh, papa! He says you asked him years ago."

"Does he? Commend me to a Scotchman for remembering an invitation not given by himself. If I asked him years ago, he should have come years ago. Send him a wire at once — '*Absolutely inconvenient.*'"

"But, dear," returned Lydia, patiently, "he has already left home. He will be here at nine this evening."

"Confound his impudence! Let me look at his letter."

Very unwillingly she handed it to him.

"H'm! h'm!" he muttered, with a sneer on his face as he perused the juvenile-looking epistle. "A charming bit of literature."

Lydia flushed. "Uncle Bob is the dearest——"

"Be good enough to remain silent, miss," he interrupted her, coldly. "And when your uncle calls this evening you will tell him that it *is* 'unsutiable,' as he puts it, and that he will find a list of hotels in—— Where are you going, Lydia?"

Miss Percy, her face rather pale, turned with her hand on the door.

"In the first place, papa," she said, quietly and as steadily as her heart would let her, "I am going away to escape hearing you talk so of one of the best and kindest men that ever was, and, secondly, I am going to see about having a room prepared for Uncle Bob."

Mr. Percy, baffled for the moment, was left gaping helplessly across the table.

Lydia met her uncle at the local station, having decided that it would be wise, if not necessary, to have a talk with him before he reached the house.

Mr. McPherson was a big, burly man, obviously from the country, his face aglow with the health derived from the sun, rain, and wind of nearly sixty years; his eyes small, but keen and kindly humorous; his speech homely and a trifle loud; his laughter a deep chuckle, frankly joyous. His feet and hands were enormous, but the latter fell on Lydia's shoulders when he bent to kiss her as gently as a mother's.

"A CHARMING PIECE OF LITERATURE."

II.

MR. MCPHERSON, having dined on the train, would take nothing more than a cup of tea; refreshed thereby, he inquired of his niece if he was to see his host that evening.

"You will find papa in the study," said Lydia.

"In the what, lassie?"

"In the study—I mean the smoking-room. But papa has called it the study since he stopped smoking."

"Oh, geraniums!" exclaimed Mr. McPherson. "But he'll ha'e nae objections to me takin' a draw at ma pipe, I suppose?"

Lydia looked uncomfortable.

Her guest rubbed his nose in a thoughtful fashion, and said: "Jist say the word, ma dear, an' I'll ha'e ma smoke in the gairden."

"Oh, Uncle Bob, you're so good," the girl cried, gratefully. She added, nervously, "But please, when you see papa to-night, don't cross him too much."

"Cross him? Na, na. Dinna be feart that I'll cross him. By the way, what did ye dae wi' the case o' Talisker?"

"I—I had it put in the—the coal cellar," answered Lydia, reddening.

"Weel, weel, let it lie there."

He rose, picked three lumps of sugar from the basin, dropped them into his pocket, and, with a wink at his niece, walked slowly from the room and out of doors.

About fifteen minutes later Lydia ushered her uncle—and a powerful odour of peppermint—into her father's presence, and retired.

Mr. Percy, a tall, wiry man, with perhaps a shade too little colour, rose slowly from his easy-chair and offered a limp hand.

A still limper one took it, and Mr. McPherson, with a sigh of "Weel, John, I've won here at last," subsided feebly upon the sofa and gazed sadly up at his brother-in-law's face.

"I trust you are well, Robert," said the host, with a polite effort, as he resumed his seat.

"As weel as I can ever expect to be," returned Mr. McPherson, gazing gloomily at the fire.

A silence ensued, which was broken by the guest. "If ye're wantin' to smoke, John," he said, with a sigh, "never mind me. I'll jist ha'e anither peppermint."

Mr. Percy half-turned in his chair. "Have you also abandoned the pernicious habit?" he asked.

Mr. McPherson murmured, "Recently."

"And I," said the other, "have not touched a pipe or cigar for—for four months last Monday."

"Is that a fac'? Ye wud ha'e a reason, nae doot, for stoppin'?"

"The best of reasons. I wish to live as long as possible! Until I retired from business I had no time to consider the matter carefully—indeed, I fear it never occurred to me; but since I have had a little leisure I have been able to go closely into the matter and give it the serious attention it deserves. Why do so many men die comparatively young?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Canna help it, I suppose," said Mr. McPherson, mildly, absently toying with his pipe in his pocket.

"Wrong! In many cases, at least, they could help it. How? By studying and caring for themselves."

Mr. McPherson held up his large hand. "Jist a meenit, John. I maun tell ye that—wi' the best intentions, mind!—I brocht ye some twinty-year-auld Talisker, which I preshume ye conseeder an alcoholic beverage; but——"

"It will be five months on the twenty-third since I tasted liquor of any kind, Robert."

Mr. McPherson moistened his lips, as if they were dry. "It's a lang time since I tastit onything. 'Deed, I canna exactly tell ye when I had a dram last," he murmured.

Mr. Percy's manner became more friendly.

"Have you given up butcher meat?" he inquired.

"No' yet. But, if ye advise me, I'll eat nae mair."

"I do advise you, Robert, most earnestly. While you remain here, perhaps you would care to diet with me?"

"Thenk ye, thenk ye," said the old man, recklessly.

Mr. Percy actually smiled. "It is a delight to me to know that you too have learnt wisdom. What, may I ask, induced you to do so?"

"Weel, ye see," the guest replied, after a little hesitation, "I think ma case was something like yer ain. I had naethin' to keep me busy—I mean I had time to think, an'——"

"But you have not retired from business, have you?"

It was on Mr. McPherson's tongue to cry, "No' likely!" but he merely said, "No' jist actually retired, John."

"But taking matters easier?"

"Ay—maybe a wee thing easier. Eh—I suppose ye're feelin' a heap better yersel' by this time?"

"H'm! I do not wish to boast just yet, but, of course, I *must* be in better health. That stands to reason. Yet there is a deal of anxiety to endure when one literally takes oneself seriously."

"Aye, it's rale worryin'. But it's a fine thing for ye to ha'e Lydia takin' care o' ye, though ye'll miss her when she gets mairrit."

Mr. Percy frowned. "Perhaps it is right that you should be told at once that Lydia is not likely to be married as long as I live. Her engagement is cancelled."

Mr. Percy rang the bell, and ere long Lydia entered the room bearing a tray on which stood a steaming silver kettle and several glasses. She glanced anxiously at her uncle, who, the moment being favourable, rewarded her with a reassuring wink.

"Lydia will bring you some milk, if you prefer it," remarked the host to the guest, "but I recommend the hot water."

"Thenk ye," said the latter, "I'll ha'e a nip o' the het watter. Het watter's a fine thing, even suppose it doesna mak' ye want to sing."

"It is an excellent drink just before retiring," observed Mr. Percy, solemnly.

"'Deed, aye!" returned Mr. McPherson, trying to look happy after a scalding mouthful. "It's a bonny drink—a bonny drink!"

Mr. Percy finished his glass and waited for his visitor to do likewise.

"This het watter," said Mr. McPherson, tapping his tumbler, "has jist reminded me that I wud be the better o' a shave the nicht. I aye shave masel' at nicht, John, as a rule. So, seein' it's bedtime noo, I'll jist tak' what's left o' the watter wi' me, an' perform the operation."

"Not at all," returned the host. "You must have more water than that. I will hand you in some immediately we get upstairs. Now, Lydia, say good-night, my dear. Please note that your uncle diets with me during his stay here."

Mr. McPherson smiled in a distorted fashion.

"Very well," said Lydia, obediently. She kissed her father, then her uncle, and left the room.

A few minutes later Mr. McPherson stood in his bedroom, reading a little note.

DEAR UNCLE BOB,—If you want to smoke very, *very* much, do it up the chimney, which has rather a good upward draught—so Charlie told me the last time he stayed here. I was so sorry for you to-night. Hope you will have a nice rest.—LYDIA.

"Bless her heart!" murmured Uncle Bob, and, having placed the note in his pocket-book, proceeded to fill his pipe. That done, he laid the pipe on the mantelpiece and drew from his bag a stout flask.

Smiling, he bore it to the washstand, where he procured a tumbler. He dropped in two pieces of the sugar he had secured earlier in the evening, and poured in a measure of whisky. Then, with a broad grin, he lifted the jug of hot water given him by his host and added some of the contents to the whisky.

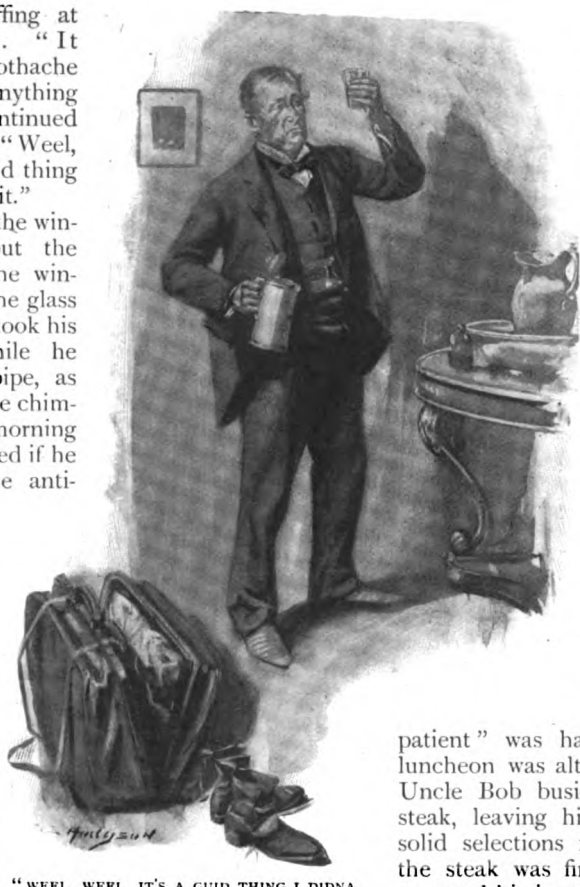
"What the——" he began, the grin vanishing. The tumbler now contained a purplish fluid with a pungent aroma.

"Oh, geraniums! What's this?" he

muttered, sniffing at the mixture. "It smells liker toothache tincture nor onything I ken," he continued to himself. "Weel, weel, it's a guid thing I didna drink it."

He opened the window, threw out the stuff, closed the window, washed the glass carefully, and took his grog cold while he smoked his pipe, as directed, up the chimney. In the morning his host inquired if he had found the antiseptic shaving water to his taste.

"I didna gang as faur as tastin'," returned Mr. McPherson, pleasantly.



"WEEL, WEEL, IT'S A GUID THING I DIDNA DRINK IT."

III.

"LASSIE," said Mr. McPherson to his niece on the fourth forenoon of his stay, "I doot this diet o' saps 'll be the death o' me."

"But, Uncle Bob, I'm sure I've offered you proper meals at any time you care to have them."

"'Deed, aye. What I'm daein' is a' for the best," said the old man, his tone as reassuring as he could make it. "Weel," he continued more briskly, "are ye comin' to the toon wi' me the day?" By "the toon" he meant London.

Lydia smiled. "But you have business to do in the City."

"That is the supposeetion."

"And are we to start now?"

"Whenever ye're ready. I've a notion to tak' ye for yer dinner—or maybe ye wud say luncheon—to a fine place they ca' the—the—my! what *is* the name o' the place? A freen' took me there the last time I was in London, five years syne. There was music playin', an' everything was exceedin' gorgeous. Oh, I mind it noo. It was something like Alligator. D'ye ken a place o' that name?"

Lydia shook her head.

"Na! I'm wrang! It was like Crocodile. Ay! It was the Crocodera. That was it! An' it was certainly as dear a place as ever I was in. But it was rale nice, so we'll jist gang there the day, an' I was thinkin' we micht send a wire to Chairlie askin' him to meet us there. Eh?"

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Weel, jist you write the wire, for I doot I canna spell the name o' the place, an' we'll send it when we're on the road to the station."

Lydia's fervent if somewhat undutiful hope that Charlie would not be detained by "some horrid patient" was happily realized, and the luncheon was altogether a pleasant one. Uncle Bob busied himself with a large steak, leaving his guests to discuss less solid selections from the menu. When the steak was finished he rose and announced his intention of having a pipe in the street, adding genially:—

"Twa's comp'ny, an' you young yins'll be wantin' a bit crack. Jist order onything ye like, an' mak' yersels at hame till I come back. Efter that Lydia'll ha'e to gang hame, so dinna waste yer time talkin' aboot the weather an' the theayters."

It was three o'clock when they saw him again. "I was jist ha'ein' a bit think, forbye a smoke," he explained. "I likewise had a gless o' mulk in case ma brither-in-law wants to ken if I was enjeyin' masel'. Tak' a note o' that, Lydia. An' when ye get hame ye micht also tell yer faythe that, no' feelin' vera weel, I left ye to consult a doctor. D'ye understaun, ma lassie?"

"Yes, Uncle Bob," said Lydia, gravely.

Five minutes later Miss Percy left them in a hansom, and Mr. McPherson, taking Charlie confidentially by the arm, led him slowly up Shaftesbury Avenue.

"Listen to me, laddie," he said, solemnly.

On reaching home, about half-past five,

Mr. McPherson found his host in a perturbed condition.

"Come into the study, Robert," said Mr. Percy, with more hospitality in his voice than usual.

Mr. McPherson allowed himself to be led into the study, where he immediately subsided into an easy-chair.

"Now drink this," begged the host, presenting a tumbler of creamy fluid which had been warming on the hearth. "It is sterilized, which is probably more than was the milk which you partook of in town to-day."

"Thenk ye, John," the other replied, taking the glass. "What did ye say was the title o' this drink?"

"Egg-flip with hot milk—an excellent pick-me-up."

"It'll no' gang to ma heid, will it?"

"No, no. You will find it soothing as well as invigorating. That's right—though it would, perhaps, have been better had you taken it slowly."

"Geraniums! That's a noble drink!"

For a moment Mr. Percy's gratification overcame his anxiety, but only for a moment.

He began to pace the room.

"Lydia told me you were going to see a doctor," he said, at last.

"Aye. I couldna help it, John," the old man said, apologetically. "I was feelin' that queer."

"I—I do wish you could have trusted yourself to me, Robert."

"He said I was sufferin' frae hypo—something."

"Hypochondria! Exactly! Would you believe it," said Mr. Percy, warmly, "but *I* myself have been told the same by a medical man?"

"He said something aboot ma brain——"

"Nonsense, sheer nonsense!" cried Mr. Percy, and looked relieved when his daughter entered to say that dinner was ready. "Now, my dear fellow," he whispered to his brother-in-law, "get up your spirits and let us enjoy our sago! You and I are going to live to be a hundred!"

During the remainder of the evening Uncle Bob was cheerful enough, but the next morning found him depressed and complaining of not feeling himself. He spent most of the day in discussing "food" with his host, and plaintively repeating his regret that he had not found wisdom many years earlier.

"Ye were wise to retire frae yer business," he frequently remarked. "I doot I was ower late in commencin' to conseeder ma health."

Two days later he became so gloomy that even Lydia could do nothing to brighten him.

"I ken noo why Providence didna let me tak' a return ticket," he observed, dismally. "It's a mercy I didna. . . . I mind when ma puir auld freen' Sammle Lauder peyed his last veesit to Glesca frae Aberdeen, he bocht a return ticket. Aye, did he, for he thocht he wud save a shillin' or twa. But he dee'd in Glesca, puir man, an' his last 'oors were tormentit wi' the thocht o' the return hauf he could never, never use."

"Oh, Uncle Bob, don't say such awful things!" exclaimed his niece, looking in vain for a reassuring wink.

Mr. Percy turned away with a shiver, and asked his daughter to bring him an egg-flip, adding, "Perhaps your uncle will join me?"

"Aye," muttered the old man, "but it'll jist be wastit on me. . . . Oh, it's a mercy I didna buy a return ticket!"

Next morning it would appear that Lydia, instructed by her father, coaxed from her uncle the name and address of the physician upon whom the old man had said he had called a few days previously, and herself undertook the task of going to the post-office to dispatch a telegram, reply paid.

Mr. McPherson was not in the library when his host entered it, but he appeared shortly afterwards, reeking of peppermint, and stretched himself on the sofa.

"How are you feeling now, Robert?" his brother-in-law asked, gently.

"I could dae wi' a egg-flip," came the faint reply.

"By all means! . . . But stay! Haven't you had three this morning already, Robert?"

"I want anither yin, an' ye've got to tak' yin to keep me comp'ny," said Mr. McPherson, crossly.

"But, my dear Robert, there ought to be moderation in everything. We must not abuse the——"

"Are we gaun to get the egg-flips, or——"

Mr. Percy rang the bell and gave the required order. "No egg in one of them," he whispered to the maid.

"John," said Mr. McPherson, presently, "did I ever tell ye aboot ma auld freen' in Aberdeen that gaed to Glesca wi' a return ticket?"

"You did, Robert," said his host, patiently.

"Weel, is it no' a mercy that I didna tak' a return frae Cairndowie—eh?"

"Hush, Robert! Do not brood over that."

"It's better nor broodin' ower a return hauf that's wastit. Is't no'?"

"You should endeavour to dismiss the subject altogether. You're looking remarkably well. I'm sure Dr. Thomson will agree with me there when he calls this evening."

"It's an' awfu' waste o' siller gettin' a doctor to me. . . . John, will ye mak' me a promise?"

"What's that, Robert?" Mr. Percy asked, miserably.

"Promise me ye'll no' let the doctor pit me in an asylum. I'm no' that bad. I'm

"PROMISE ME YE'LL NO' LET THE DOCTOR PIT ME IN AN ASYLUM—I'M NO' THAT BAD."

maybe gettin' a wee thing saft wi' thinkin' aboot masel', but——"

His brother-in-law could endure no more, and left the room, followed by a cry of "Dinna forget ma egg-flip!"

Lydia came in and seated herself beside her uncle. "Uncle Bob," she said, unsteadily, "do you think you would mind spending the afternoon in your own room?"

"Puir lassie," he returned, tenderly, "are ye vexed for yer fayther?"

"Y-yes, Uncle Bob. You could come back to the study in time for the—the doctor, you know."

"Jist that, ma dear. But dinna be feart for yer fayther. I'll dae what ye ask."

"Would you like a steak in your room, or perhaps a chop? You haven't eaten anything solid for days."

"Na, na," he replied, not without an effort, "that wudna be fair. I've got thon Crocodera steak on ma conscience yet, Lydia. But I—I canna dae wi'oot ma smoke."

Five times during that afternoon did Mr. McPherson ring his bedroom bell and demand an egg-flip.

At eight o'clock he was once more reclining on the sofa in the study.

At five minutes past eight Dr. Thomson was announced. He was a tall, slight man with a stoop, with lank black hair and a thick beard; he wore smoked spectacles and spoke very precisely in rather a high voice.

The moment he entered the room Mr. McPherson exclaimed: "Pit doon the lamp a bit; I canna thole that man's face!"

"He! he! he!" sniggered the doctor, bowing to Mr. Percy and holding the door open for Lydia's hurried departure. "He! he! We are —ahem!—feeling a leetle irritable this evening!"

"Shall I leave you, sir?" asked Mr. Percy.

"No, sir; no, sir. Pray remain. Mr. McPherson is your guest, I understand?"

Mr. Percy bowed.

"Well, Mr. McPherson, and what can I do for you?" the doctor inquired, with much suavity, as he drew near his patient's side.

"Get me a egg-flip," said Mr. McPherson, promptly.

"Pardon me, doctor," put in Mr. Percy, "but — er — my brother-in-law has already had a—a number of egg-flips to-day."

"Oh, geraniums!" groaned Mr. McPherson. "An' he ca's me his guest!"

The doctor turned to Mr. Percy and solemnly whispered:—

"We must humour him. We must humour the brain, as it were, even at the expense of the stomach. Kindly order an egg-flip."

Mr. Percy laid a trembling hand on the

bell, and the doctor turned again to the old man.

"Now, Mr. McPherson, we must not allow ourselves to get excited. We must keep very, very calm."

"Is ma egg-flip comin'?"

"Yes, yes. But do not let us dwell too much on egg-flips. Suppose, for a change, we were to think of a nice cut of roast beef, or a fine, juicy steak?"

Mr. McPherson smiled foolishly. "D'ye ken," he said, with a wag of his head, "when I cam' to London I didna tak' a return ticket. Was that no' clever? I'll tell ye aboot ma puir auld freen' that gaed frae Aberdeen to Glesca, an' he——"

A groan came from Mr. Percy, who was leaning forward in his chair, with his face in his hands.

"Yes. And what happened to your old friend?" inquired the doctor.

"He—he gaed frae Aberdeen to Glesca, an' the puir man bocht a egg-flip—an—an—aw, I forget. . . . I canna mind the rest. . . . But it was a peety for him, for it's rale aggravatin' to ha'e a egg-flip ye can never, never use."

The doctor produced his handkerchief and blew his nose.

Then, with a sudden change of manner, to Mr. McPherson he said:—

"Are you prepared to hear what your trouble is, my dear sir?"

The old man appeared to rouse himself.

"Are ye prepared to cure me?"

"You must cure yourself. I understand from what you told me the other day that you have recently made great changes in your mode of living, under the impression that by so doing you will live longer."

"That's true, I admit. But, ye see, I was ower late in makin' the changes."

"You were too early," retorted the doctor. "You must go back at once to your work and——"

"What's that ye're sayin'?"

"I'm saying you must go back to your work and your former mode of living, and, I will add, think less of yourself and more of others. You are healthy enough physically, but——"

"If ye say a word aboot ma brains I'll——"

"Your brains are still worth mentioning, Mr. McPherson; but continue in your present course for a little longer, and—— Well, I think I had better be going, as my advice seems so unpalatable."

Mr. McPherson was sitting up, shaking his fist at the doctor, who, beckoning to Mr. Percy to follow, was moving to the door.

"Come back, ye muckle quack!" he roared.

"I have given you all the advice I can for idleness, selfishness, and conceit in your own silly ideas, and I now bid you a very good evening, sir."

The door closed, and Mr. Percy, ghastly pale, conducted the doctor to the hall.

After a long conversation Mr. Percy returned to the study. There Mr. McPherson suddenly announced his desire to go home to Cairndowie.

"I wudna like to be buried here, onywey," he added, ungraciously, "but it's a peety I didna buy a return ticket efter a'."

Mr. Percy smiled tremulously. "You won't be thinking of such things when you get back to work, Robert," he said, with an effort.

"Wha said I was gaun back to wark—eh? . . . Oh, geraniums! Man, wud *you* like to gang back to wark? Wud ye?"

The other reddened and lowered his eyes. "I confess I have been thinking about such a thing," he said, slowly. Then, with an effort, "I—I don't suppose you require a partner, Robert—I mean someone who might

"'COME BACK, YE MUCKLE QUACK!' HE ROARED."

help you to look after the commercial side of your business, and—er—perhaps do something towards extending the business. I—I may say that it was Lydia who suggested the idea to me."

"Weel," said Mr. McPherson, at last, "I wud be gled o' yer comp'ny at Cairndowie, for I've nae ither freen's, an' it wud be nice to ha'e ye near me at ma dissolution. But I dinna want ye to hasten yer ain end for ma sake, John."

Mr. Percy expressed his willingness to take the risk, and eventually it was decided that he and Lydia should accompany the old man North.

All went well, then, until the day before that fixed for the journey, when Mr. McPherson threatened to have a serious relapse.

"I want to see Lydia's young man," he said, abruptly. "D'ye hear? I want to see him an' ask him——"

Mr. Percy held up his hand.

"Oh, geraniums! Bring me a egg-flip!" roared the other.

"Good heavens!" groaned Mr. Percy to himself. "He will drive me crazy. Must I humour him even in this?"

"Did I ever tell ye," began Uncle Bob, a fatuous grin on his face—"did I ever tell ye aboot ma puir auld freen' that gaed frae Aberdeen to——"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mr. Percy, desperately, and rushed from the room muttering, "The deuce take his egg-flips and his old friend!"

A few minutes later Mr. Percy stood in the dining-room, half angry, half glad, his daughter's arms around his neck.

"MR PERCY STOOD IN THE DINING-ROOM, HALF ANGRY, HALF GLAD, HIS DAUGHTER'S ARMS AROUND HIS NECK."

"Tell your uncle that—er—Charlie has been asked to call this evening, and also that there are no eggs in the house at present," he said, with a groan and a smile.

After the awkwardness had worn off, the evening was a remarkably pleasant one. Mr. Percy was not a little comforted when the young doctor privately congratulated him on his treatment of his brother-in-law.

"I happen to know Dr. Thomson, and he told me something of Mr. McPherson's rather peculiar case. He told me also that everything depended on you; and anyone can see now that you have been most successful. You have pulled the old gentleman through the crisis nobly."

And, indeed, Mr. McPherson seemed to have recovered in some marvellous fashion his mental and physical faculties.

Only once did he show any sign of relapse. It was when Charlie was taking his departure, having been cordially invited to Cairndowie as soon as ever he could leave his duties, that Mr. McPherson unexpectedly remarked:—

"It strikes me, laddie, that ye're brawer wantin' yon beard."

"What beard?" asked Charlie, in confusion.

"The beard ye had the last time I saw ye."

"Oh, nonsense, Uncle Bob!" stammered Lydia, her face rosy.

"Geraniums an' pommegranites! Dae ye no' believe me?" cried the old man, excitedly.

Mr. Percy came forward. "Yes, yes, Robert," he said, soothingly; "no doubt Charlie *had* a beard the last time you saw him."

THE ROMANCE OF LOST MINES

By T. C. Bridges.

IN the heart of the gloomy coast ranges of Oregon, among the burning foot-hills of New Mexico, in craggy gorges of the mighty Andes, and along the bare granite ranges which fringe the spinifex desert of Central Australia wander the hunters of lost mines.

There are never very many of them, and they are scattered thinly over enormous stretches of territory, but their numbers are fairly constant, for when one dies his precious secret or blackened, well-thumbed plans are bequeathed to a successor, and one more human being plunges into the wilderness, there to continue the endless search. The hardships are terrific. It is amazing how men can be found to endure them willingly. But it is faith that sustains the seekers—faith in the existence of that which they seek, and in the incredible richness of the deposit of gold, silver, or precious stones which the lost mine contains.

There is not a mining district in the world, from Alaska to Australia, which has not its tales of lost mines. Ophir, whence David and Solomon drew over twenty-three million pounds' worth of virgin gold, has been lost for more than thirty centuries; the Phantom Mine of Routh County, Colorado, has been sought for less than thirty years.

The region where lost mines are most plentiful is the western part of the United States. All the gold-bearing States, from Oregon in the north to New Mexico in the south, teem with legends of fabulous deposits of gold or silver once located but now lost. Though different in detail, there is one point of sameness in most stories of lost mines. In almost every case the prospector, having located one of Nature's treasure-houses and brought back glittering samples to civilization, was making a second journey out to his bonanza when sudden death overtook him. Indians—Apaches particularly—are responsible for many lost mines; grizzlies and panthers for some; avalanche, storm, or flood for others.

For instance, there is the Marryat Mine, which lies upon the eastern edge of California. Marryat was an old prospector who one day rode into the town of Clayton with his saddle-bags full of samples of gold ore so rich that they fairly sparkled. Having been assured by an analyst of the wealth of his specimens, Marryat rode away again on his rough broncho. Somehow the news leaked out, and two men, Temple and Boyce by name, followed on his trail. They camped next night a mile or two behind him. In the morning they rode on. A shocking sight awaited them. There by the ashes of his

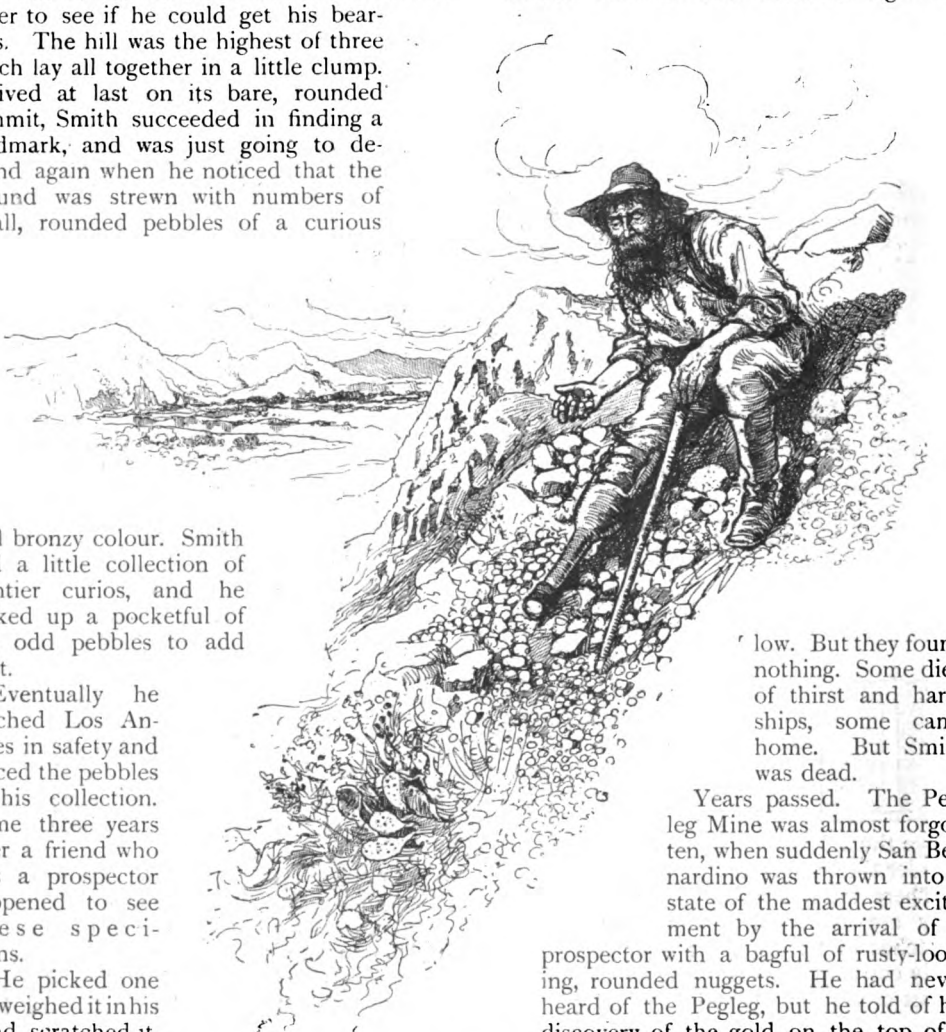
camp fire lay Marryat's body, scalped and terribly mutilated. That was in 1867. The Marryat Mine has never yet been refound.

The most famous of lost gold-mines is the Pegleg. So much is known of this vanished bonanza that it seems incredible that its position is still a mystery. Briefly, here is its story. In the year 1853 a wooden-legged tramp named Smith, on his way from Yuma to Los Angeles, took a short cut across the desert. Not unnaturally he lost himself, and was forced to climb a toilsome hill in order to see if he could get his bearings. The hill was the highest of three which lay all together in a little clump. Arrived at last on its bare, rounded summit, Smith succeeded in finding a landmark, and was just going to descend again when he noticed that the ground was strewn with numbers of small, rounded pebbles of a curious dull bronzy colour. Smith had a little collection of frontier curios, and he picked up a pocketful of the odd pebbles to add to it.

Eventually he reached Los Angeles in safety and placed the pebbles in his collection. Some three years later a friend who was a prospector happened to see these specimens.

He picked one up, weighed it in his hand, scratched it. His eyes gleamed. "Where did you get these?" he demanded, in tones that shook with excitement.

Smith stared at him suspiciously. "Why do you ask?"



"HE PICKED UP A POCKETFUL OF THE ODD PEBBLES."

"They're gold, man—pure gold!" roared the other.

Smith's eyes opened wide. His jaw dropped. "Gold!" he muttered, thickly. "An' there was tons of it!" Then he slipped fainting to the ground.

When he came to, he was mad as a March hare. He raved of gold. After weeks of illness he got a little better, and, in semi-lucid intervals, told various people all he could remember of his marvellous find.

Scores went out and searched high and low. But they found nothing. Some died of thirst and hardships, some came home. But Smith was dead.

Years passed. The Pegleg Mine was almost forgotten, when suddenly San Bernardino was thrown into a state of the maddest excitement by the arrival of a prospector with a bagful of rusty-looking, rounded nuggets. He had never heard of the Pegleg, but he told of his discovery of the gold on the top of a rounded hill, the highest of a clump of three. Two men got hold of him, plied him with liquor, and before dawn next morning the three had disappeared from the town. Others attempted to trail them, but a sand-storm obliterated their footsteps. They never came back. What became of them no

one knows. Probably their skeletons bleach in some alkaline valley in the lonely hills.

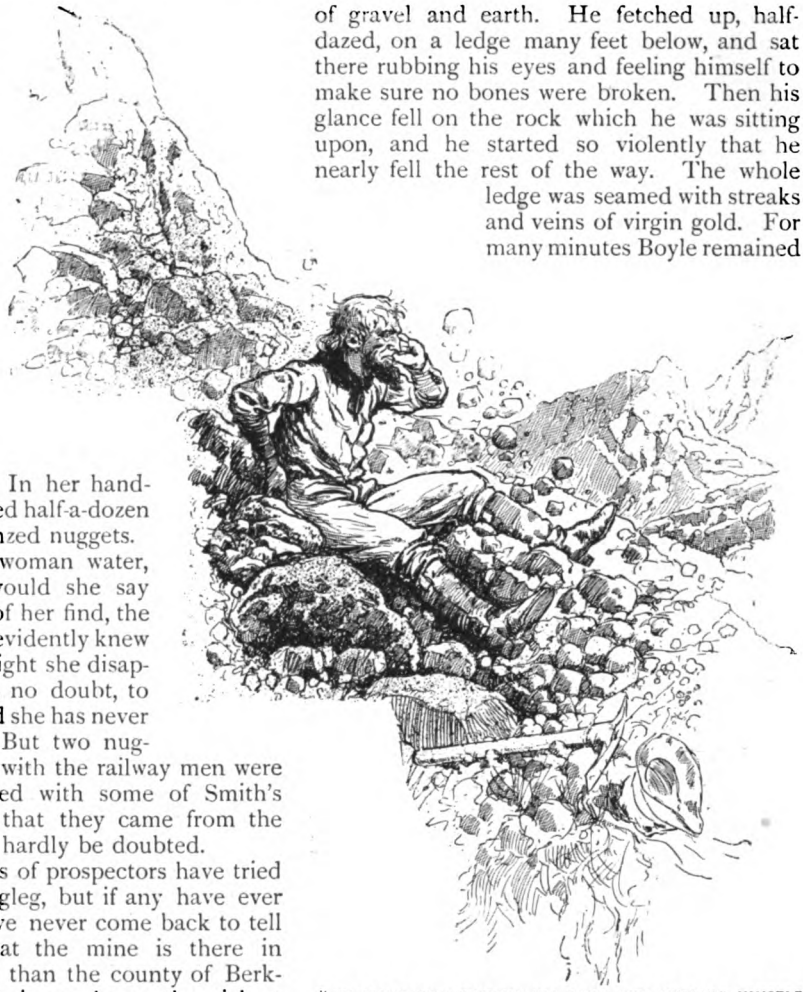
But the story of the Pegleg is not yet finished. In the seventies, when the Southern Pacific Railway was pushing its way across the desert, two surveyors picked up an Indian squaw nearly dead with thirst. In her handkerchief were knotted half-a-dozen of the familiar bronzed nuggets.

They gave the woman water, but not a word would she say about the locality of her find, the value of which she evidently knew full well. In the night she disappeared, went back, no doubt, to her own people, and she has never been seen again. But two nuggets which she left with the railway men were afterwards compared with some of Smith's original find, and that they came from the same source could hardly be doubted.

Since then scores of prospectors have tried to re-locate the Pegleg, but if any have ever succeeded they have never come back to tell the tale. Yet that the mine is there in a space no larger than the county of Berkshire, and that it is, perhaps, the richest deposit of native gold in the whole world, there can be hardly any doubt. There are no Indians there now and few wild beasts. But neither is there any water. That is, perhaps, the true cause why the Pegleg yet remains a lost mine.

The Phantom Mine, mentioned at the beginning of this article, takes its name from the fact that, while it was found three times between 1880 and 1900, not one of its finders ever lived to return to it a second time. This wonderful gold ledge lies somewhere near Little Rock Creek, amid a tangle of ragged hills, in the north-western corner of Colorado.

One evening in October, 1881, an old prospector named John Boyle was crossing the head of a ravine among these hills when he slipped and went rolling down a steep slope, bringing with him a small avalanche of gravel and earth. He fetched up, half-dazed, on a ledge many feet below, and sat there rubbing his eyes and feeling himself to make sure no bones were broken. Then his glance fell on the rock which he was sitting upon, and he started so violently that he nearly fell the rest of the way. The whole ledge was seamed with streaks and veins of virgin gold. For many minutes Boyle remained



"HE SAT THERE RUBBING HIS EYES AND FEELING HIMSELF TO MAKE SURE NO BONES WERE BROKEN."

there motionless, lost in that maze of happy wonder which comes to a man when chance raises him in a moment from poverty to the command of millions. Never had he seen such a find, never even dreamed of one.

The sun had set before he at last got up and began chipping some specimens from the wonderful ledge. It grew dark rapidly. Boyle had a hard climb before him. He made up his mind to go back to his camp and return in the morning to stake out his claim.

His camp was not more than a mile away. He reached it safely, cooked his supper, and, exhausted with excitement, fell into a heavy sleep. When he awoke next morning six inches of soft snow covered everything, and the thick flakes were still falling. Boyle knew that delay meant death. He would be

cut off in the mountains without food. He made straight for Denver, and succeeded in reaching that town in safety.

Next spring, as soon as the snow melted, he was off again. He found his old camping ground without difficulty, but search as he might he could not retrace his way to the golden ravine. All the summer long he toiled, till winter drove him home again. But the disappointment had been too great. Before a second spring came poor Boyle was dead.

Twelve years passed, and Boyle's story had become a camp-fire legend, when a man named Pollock, out on a shooting expedition in the same hills, wounded a wild cat and trailed it to a ledge at the head of a ravine. There the brute turned at bay, and Pollock climbed up and killed it. He was tired and out of breath, and sat down to rest.

Glancing idly at the rock on which he sat, it seemed to him of curious colour. He knocked some pieces off with the heel of his boot and put them into his pocket. Pollock knew nothing whatever about minerals, and it was only by chance that he happened, weeks afterwards, to show his specimens to a friend in Denver. This man declared that the yellow streaks were free gold. Pollock rushed off to an assayer, who at once confirmed the opinion.

Next morning found Pollock on his way back to Routh County. But, like poor Boyle, he could not for the life of him find again the mysterious ledge.

Once more since then has the Phantom Mine been seen by human eyes. Its third finder was what is called a "lunger," an invalid stricken with phthisis, who had come from the East to Colorado in the hope of regaining his health. He was a poor man, but friends in Denver helped him to buy a wagon and sent him out into the hills to prospect. About three weeks later one of these friends received by post from a Routh County village a cigar-box full of specimens. They were taken to the assayer who had tested Pollock's find. He declared them to be from the same source—the Phantom Mine.

The friend waited a week or two, then, as no more news came, he started in search of the invalid. He found the man's horse wandering in a valley, with some remnants of harness clinging to it, but the third finder of the Phantom Mine had vanished, and no one has ever found out what became of him.

There is seldom any trouble nowadays with the Indians of the United States. They are a degenerate race, who no longer take the war-path in search of scalps. In Mexico the case is different, and scores of white men have fallen within the past few years to the rifles of the Yaqui Indians. The Yaqui reservation lies among the spurs of the Sierra Madre Mountains. It is said by those who have visited it that there is no wilder place on earth. Tall, gaunt mountains above, deep, gloomy gorges below, little vegetation and less game, there seems nothing to attract the visitor, even were the place without its human perils.

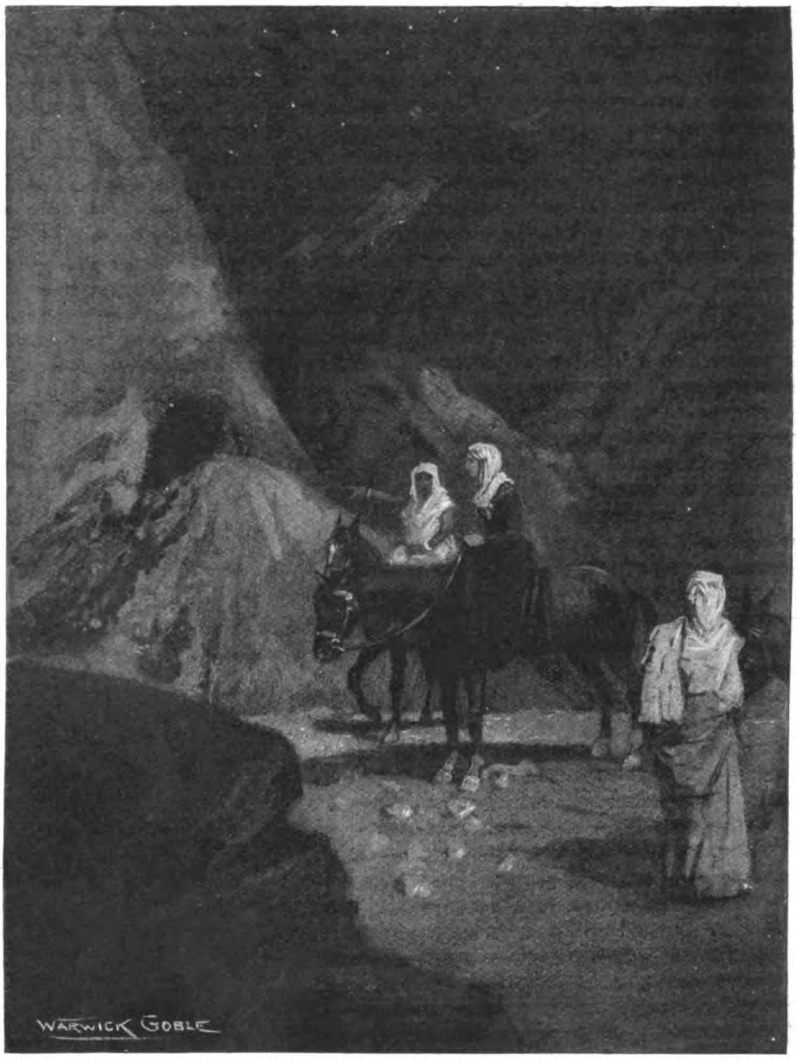
But, like a rich honeycomb in the midst of a nest of stinging bees, Nature has planted in these wild mountains gold veins of amazing richness, and the legend is that centuries ago the Aztecs worked a great mine in the heart of these hills and got from it masses of almost virgin gold. This mine, they say, still exists. One thing is certain—that the Indians themselves when not on the war-path are always ready to purchase rifles, cartridges, and whisky from the whites, paying for the same in coarse gold and nuggets. This lost mine is said to lie in a gorge about two hundred miles west of the town of Ortiz. Mr. Alfred Thomas, an American from Kentucky, actually reached this gorge in the year 1897, and found a well-marked trail leading up it. He pushed on, only to find the ravine barred by a monstrous hedge of thorny briers, and, as he and his friends tried to hack their way through, suddenly Indians appeared on the heights on either side, and the white men were forced to fly for their lives.

The most famous of lost Mexican mines is the Taiopa, supposed to be located in the Sahuaripa district of the province of Sonora. This mine is said to have been worked by the Spaniards, but its position is now known only to a small tribe of Pima Indians, who absolutely refuse to betray the secret.

Yet there is one white person alive who has set eyes on the famous Taiopa. In the year 1898 an old Pima chief fell ill while at a valley farm, and was nursed back to health by a Mexican lady. He went home, and soon afterwards sent his nurse a gift of a lump of gold ore, which assayed something like a thousand ounces to the ton. The Mexican lady, convinced that the ore came from Taiopa, went to the chief and asked him to show her the lost mine. Eventually he agreed, and gave her into the hands of two Indian women for them to lead her to the spot. The women seemed in a great fright, and would only travel by night. After four nights' hard riding they came to a deep canyon half blocked by a monstrous spur of

rock. In the dim moonlight a tunnel was seen leading into the heart of the mountain, and below it a great ore dump.

The visitor gathered samples of the ore, but the Indian women, declaring that they would be killed if they delayed, hurried her away again, and, travelling hard all the rest of the night, took her home by a circuitous route which completely baffled the visitor to recall. Yet she made the attempt. Accompanied by her son, a boy of fifteen, and taking three burros, or donkeys, she started in the following September in search of the elusive Taiopa. Heavy rain came on, in crossing a flooded torrent two burros were drowned, and the plucky woman was forced to return home. The Taiopa remains a lost mine.



"IN THE DIM MOONLIGHT A TUNNEL WAS SEEN LEADING INTO THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN."

One of the weirdest stories of a lost gold-strike comes from the far Arctic. Late one September, about forty years ago, an old whaler, Captain de Boise by name, was working his ship south amid rapidly forming pack-ice when, through stress of weather, he was forced to anchor in a tiny bay somewhere near Cape Belcher, on the northern coast of Alaska. Two of the sailors took a boat and went ashore. Imagine their amazement when they found the sandy beach literally covered in places with patches of coarse gold and small nuggets which sparkled in the pale Arctic sunlight. But they had hardly begun to fill their pockets when a gun was fired to recall them. The pack-ice was coming in in a solid raft, and the ship had to move at once or risk being ice-bound for the whole winter.

They reached San Francisco in safety, and Captain de Boise endeavoured to get capitalists to back him to send a ship north the following summer. But most people looked upon the story as a sailor's yarn, and poor De Boise, disappointed and discouraged, fell ill. He went to San Diego for his health and died there in the Bay View Hotel. During his last illness he told his story to a newspaper reporter, and it was published not only in San Francisco, but in the East. The two sailors who found the gold were traced, and an expedition arranged. They found

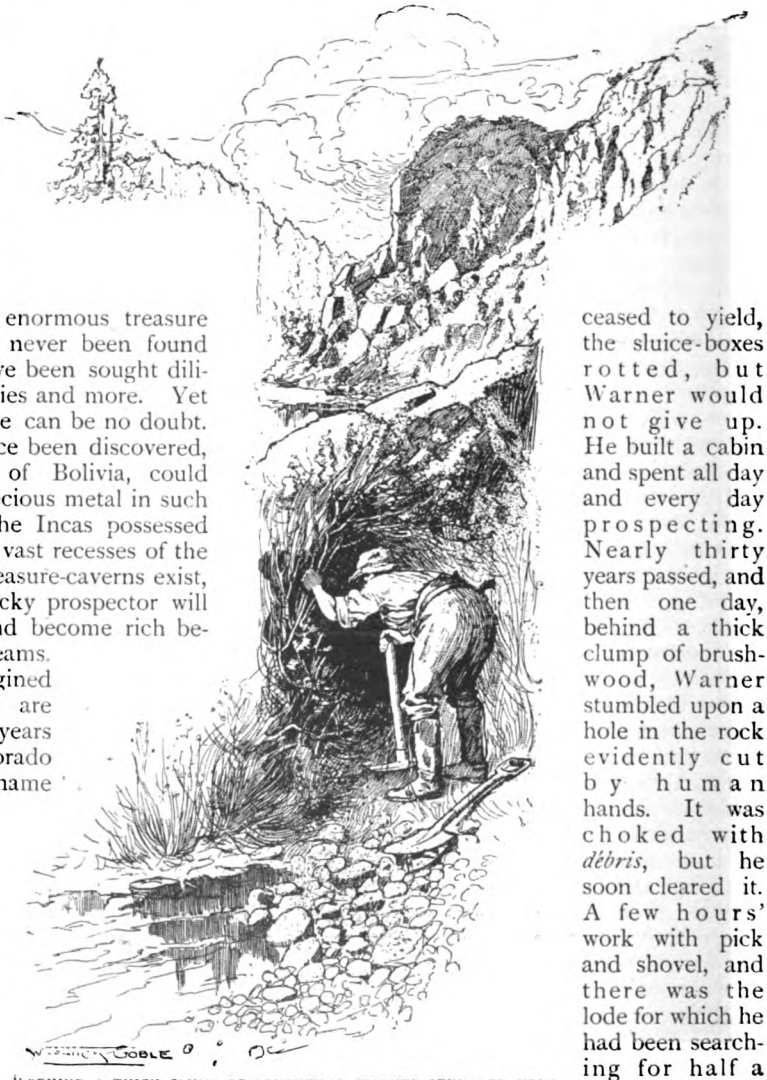
what the sailors declared was the same cove, but, alas, all altered now! A great storm, or, perhaps, a great pack of shore-ice, had carried away all the sand. Traces of gold there were, but nothing of the virgin wealth originally seen.

But some say that the real cove never was discovered, and since the opening of the great shore-diggings at Cape Nome many a vessel has spent the summer cruising along that barren coast seeking for De Boise's gold-strewn beach.

Chili has her lost mines, so have Bolivia, Ecuador, and all the Central American Republics. It was the story of the gold which lay there that led Pizarro to Peru. We all know how Atahualpa ransomed himself with a room-ful of gold, an amount equal to three and a half millions sterling, and how the Inca King was treacherously killed on August 29th, 1533. The mines from which came his enormous treasure were lost. They have never been found again, though they have been sought diligently for three centuries and more. Yet of their existence there can be no doubt. No mine that has since been discovered, not even the Potosi of Bolivia, could have produced the precious metal in such lavish abundance as the Incas possessed it. Somewhere in the vast recesses of the lonely Andes those treasure-caverns exist, and one day some lucky prospector will stumble upon them and become rich beyond man's wildest dreams.

It must not be imagined that all lost mines are legends. Only six years ago a long-lost El Dorado was re-discovered. Its name is the "Wonderful" Silver Mine, and it may be seen by anyone who cares to travel to the spot, in the Slocan district of Southern British Columbia, just across the United States border. Its owner and worker is, or was at a very recent date, Mr. W. W. Warner. More than thirty years ago Warner was mining in Idaho, and a dying fellow-miner, to whom he had been kind, told him of a mother lode of enormous richness in the mountains to the north. Loose silver washed from it was to be found at the base of the mountain. Warner located and leased the mountain in which the lost ledge was said to exist.

In the gravel at the bottom he found plenty of loose silver, and he and his men washed out several thousand pounds' worth in the first two years. But, instead of satisfying him, this only made Warner the more eager to find the mother lode. The placer ground ceased to yield, the sluice-boxes rotted, but Warner would not give up. He built a cabin and spent all day and every day prospecting. Nearly thirty years passed, and then one day, behind a thick clump of brushwood, Warner stumbled upon a hole in the rock evidently cut by human hands. It was choked with *débris*, but he soon cleared it. A few hours' work with pick and shovel, and there was the lode for which he had been searching for half a lifetime.



"BEHIND A THICK CLUMP OF BRUSHWOOD WARNER STUMBLED UPON A HOLE IN THE ROCK."

A Comedy of Errors.

By C. C. Andrews.

"MOTTERIDGE?" repeated the landlord, rubbing his chin. "Hum — ah — yes! Why, your nearest way, sir, will be as straight as you can make it across Datchet Heath."

"Ah!" commented Garnham.

"And a good way too—barring the bike," added the landlord.

"Road bad?" questioned Garnham.

"It ain't good," said the landlord.

"My riding is—I'll venture it," said Garnham. He wheeled his machine a little farther from the inn door, and the landlord followed him. "Which way do I go now?"

The landlord began to explain. Garnham presently pulled him up — his minuteness of detail might be admirable, but his discursiveness was bewildering.

"I don't know if there's much more of that, my friend," he observed, deliberately; "but if there is I might —I don't say I should — but I might become confused. Shorn of trimmings, I understand that I keep pretty straight across the heath, but bearing to the left, as far as Friar's Cross. Then I bear to the right until I get into the road at a point about four miles from Motteridge. That's correct, I take it, eh?"

"That's correct, sir," acquiesced the landlord.

He said it with a touch of offence; he had a stout and ponderous man's objection to being interrupted, but it melted away as he met his customer's good-humoured eyes. Lean and long, lank and brown, Garnham had nevertheless the power of making a pleasant impression.

"What is the Friar's Cross?" he asked, carelessly.

"Well, sir, it's—it's a cross," said the landlord.

"The intellect," murmured Garnham, "gathers as much. Yes?"

"It's a—well, it's a sort of monument, you might say, sir," resumed the landlord. "Some say it was put up to mark the centre of the heath, and there's another tale that years and years ago a priest was set upon by footpads and murdered there. But there's no mistaking it when you come to it."

"'KNOW CRESSET COURT?' HE ASKED."

"Which is the principal thing," added Garnham. "Thanks. And you say Motteridge is about fifteen miles? Good. I ought to do it before dark if the going's fair." He pulled out his pipe and lighted it. "Know Cresset Court?" he asked, abruptly.

"Cresset Court?" The landlord rubbed his chin again. "That's Mr. Foliott's place?"

"Yes."

"And a fine place too!"

"So I believe."

"But not what it was."

"Oh?"

"Not by any

means, sir. In fact," said the landlord, lowering his voice, confidentially, "Mr. Foliott's pretty poor, from what I've heard. It's said that he speculated and got bit, and had to put a mortgage on the property. I couldn't say whether it's true, though. But if it is I should guess it's Mrs. Foliott that's to blame as much as he is."

"Extravagant?"

"That's what's said, sir. She's a goodish bit younger than him."

"The second wife, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. The first one died when his daughter was ten years old."

"That's Miss Foliott?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Katherine. She isn't married."

Garnham, as he mounted his machine and rode off down the winding white road which led from Clodbury village in the direction of Datchet Heath, thought within himself that he could have dispensed with that last piece of information. For it might be said that he had come from America to marry Katherine Foliott himself—perhaps.

In its way the affair had a touch of romance, though he was not disposed to regard it romantically. He was the nephew by marriage of George Foliott, younger brother of the master of Cresset Court, who, as a mere lad, had violently quarrelled with his elder and gone out to the States, becoming in due course a naturalized American. Dying a rich man, he left behind him an odd will. One quarter of his wealth was bequeathed to his childless widow, another to specified charities, while the remaining half was divided equally between his wife's nephew and his own niece on condition that, both being unmarried at the time of his death, they, within a year of that event, married each other. If they did not marry each received an income of two hundred a year, and the charities would be proportionately richer.

Garnham had of necessity written to Miss Foliott, and her replies had been neither gracious nor encouraging—indeed, she had not scrupled to stigmatize her uncle's will as a piece of abominable injustice, only relieved by its folly. Garnham, reading, had decided that here was a girl of spirit, and, moreover, that it was pretty obvious, so far as she was concerned, that the journey to England and Cresset Court which he stood pledged to make might just as well not be undertaken.

"This is the heath, I suppose?" said Garnham, presently. "And deucedly dreary it looks! Confound it all—just my luck!"

His attention had been diverted from the dreariness of the heath—it looked like an endless rough common in the fading light—by the dismaying sound which every cyclist knows. Dismounting, he examined his back wheel. A puncture, sure enough; the escaping air whistled under his fingers as he felt the tyre and pulled out the spike-like thorn which had penetrated it. Luckily he carried a repairing kit. He wheeled the machine a few yards off the road and set about making the damage good. The job was not easy, for the puncture was a bad one. When he stood up on completing it, the dusk of the August evening was growing very near dark. He reflected that it would be all he could do to cross the heath and reach the road to Motteridge before it was quite dark. His mending operations had soiled his hands and added not a little dust to his already dusty attire. He looked down at both as he prepared to mount again.

"I'm a lively-looking subject to make a first appearance," he said, with a half laugh.

The idea troubled him somewhat as he rode on, but not much—he was not a man to be disturbed by small things. And the road soon absorbed his entire attention; the landlord, in declaring it not good, had distinctly understated the case. Several times he had to dismount and wheel his machine; once he was almost pitched head foremost over the handle-bars. So in due course he came within sight of the landmark for which he had been on the watch — the Friar's Cross, towering up between him and the sky, through whose thinning clouds the moon was now faintly shining. It was, he saw, the usual sort of obelisk upon the usual sort of pedestal, and black with age, or looking black. Standing alone, gaunt and tall, it had, he thought, quite a ghostly effect in that solitary place. Certainly no American prairie in its big way could be more completely lonely than Datchet Heath in its small one. He had not met or seen a single creature since he left the inn. Now, as he involuntarily paused to look about him—he had dismounted again—he was, to all appearances, the only person——

"Halloa!" cried Garnham, suddenly.

He was not the only person on the heath. A figure had darted out from the shadow of the obelisk; he heard a shrill, scared cry, like a shout for help; in an instant another followed it, and caught its uplifted arm by the wrist. The menacing gesture on the one hand, and the frantic struggle to escape on the other, would have

"IN AN INSTANT ANOTHER FIGURE FOLLOWED IT, AND CAUGHT ITS UPLIFTED ARM BY THE WRIST."

told enough without a second cry louder than the first. Garnham shouted and rushed up the path, whipping out his revolver as he ran and firing twice. There was a wild yell of terror, and he saw the latter figure fly in the opposite direction across the heath in the moment that he caught his own foot in some projection of the ground, and, pitching heavily forward, lay stunned and breathless within a few yards of the cross, conscious that as he fell his revolver flew out of his hand.

He had not been knocked senseless, but it was a minute or two before he could collect himself sufficiently to sit up. Doing so, and rubbing his thumped head, he was for the first moment only confusedly aware that the person to whose rescue he had come was standing a couple of yards away. The next he was amazed to find that he was looking straight into the muzzle of his own revolver!

"If you move," observed a voice, with crisp decision, "I'll fire."

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Garnham.

"I can shoot!" declared the voice, sharply.

"Easiest thing in the world—no doubt you can," said Garnham. He looked at the revolver; it was not very steady. "I'd like to mention, though, that if you shoot with the gun held in that sort of a way you'll hit something about nine feet to the left of me—or would, if there was anything to hit. What's the idea, anyway?"

"The idea?"

"Exactly," said Garnham. Suddenly enlightened he laughed. "Great Cæsar! you don't suppose I belong to the other fellow, do you?"

"I'm sure you do," declared the voice, crisply. "I don't think."

"Oh, all right," rejoined Garnham, resignedly.

Sitting where he was he surveyed his companion. At his first glance he had decided that he was quite a young man; now he saw that he was a mere boy. The slimness of his figure in its natty Norfolk cycling suit was as youthful as the smooth, delicately brown-skinned, dark-eyed face. The cap had fallen or been knocked off his curly dark head. Garnham, examining him in the moonlight, decided that he was as pretty-looking a youngster as he had seen.

"Of course, if you're sure," he observed, leisurely, "that's all right. It seems a bit startling to fire at a pal by way of letting him know you're handy, and sort-of queer of him to howl and run; but if it's the usual method over here, well and good."

"You didn't seem to me to fire as if you wanted to hit him," said the boy, quickly.

"I didn't. I wanted him to scoot," said Garnham. "And he scooted," he added.

"What do you want to carry a revolver for, then?" demanded the boy.

"To shoot bishops," explained Garnham, calmly. "I find it's the only thing that amuses me."

"Then you don't belong to him?"

"Belong to him? Pooh! I fired because I heard you shout and saw him grip you. I was riding across the heath to Motteridge—my wheel's behind there. Is that enough, or do you still intend to drill a hole in me?"

"I—suppose you are speaking the truth?" doubted the boy, suspiciously.

"I suppose I am," agreed Garnham, with tranquillity. He laughed. "Look here, if it will make you comfortable, youngster, empty the gun. But you'd better come a bit closer and take better aim. I'd feel safer."

The boy flushed red, the colour mounting girlishly to his curly hair. He stood shuffling

his foot, shifting the revolver uneasily from one hand to the other. Finally he offered it, held gingerly by the muzzle.

"I'm sorry," he said, awkwardly. "It was awfully silly of me."

"That's all right, sonny," said Garnham, briskly. He stood up as he took the weapon, stowing it away in his hip-pocket. "How was it?" he asked.

"That that fellow set on me? In this way. I found I'd a bit of a puncture just as I got to the cross, and——"

"What, you too? So had I a way back. Yes?"

"And got down to see to it," went on the boy. "He must have been asleep by the pedestal, I suppose. Anyhow, I didn't see he was there until he spoke to me. Wanted the price of a bed and a drink, I think—the usual dodge. Hanged cheek, you know!"

"Just so; and you didn't unload?"

"Give it him? Not much! Told him to take himself off where he belonged. Then he swore, the brute, and threatened to kick my machine to flinders."

"And then you sang out?"

"Well — yes. He was a big fellow; I don't suppose I should have been a match for him. He said he'd break my head unless I gave him money, and laid hold of me, as I suppose you saw." He laughed with a touch of embarrassment, colouring again, as the moonlight showed. "I—I don't mind owning that I was a bit scared. It wouldn't be pleasant for a fellow to be knocked about and left here at this time of night."

"Just so," agreed Garnham again. Looking at the slim, boyish figure, with its jaunty little air of confidence and pretty swagger, he hid amusement. The infant wasn't out of his teens, he thought. He a match for a burly ruffian? Why, he could almost break him between his own finger and thumb! "How about the puncture?" he asked, aloud. "I'll lend you a hand over the damage if you'll hold the lamp."

The puncture was not so severe a one as had befallen his own machine, but to repair it in the insufficient light of a cycle lamp was not easy even to his practical fingers. The boy, kneeling at his side as they both bent over it, presently broke the silence.

"I say, this is awfully good of you. I'm a duffer at that sort of thing myself. I hope you weren't in a hurry?"

"Not the least in the world," Garnham laughed. "Rather the contrary, if it comes to that. There—we're about fixed now, I think."

"Oh — look!" cried the boy.

He said it as he rose from his knee, holding the lamp. Garnham rising too, and straightening his lean, lank length, stared and whistled.

"Ordinary local phenomenon?" he asked, coolly.

"Yes. We often have these mists on the heath when the weather is as hot as it is now. There's a lot of low-lying, marshy land over towards Morton—that's the reason, they say. Anyhow, they very seldom get it worth mentioning over the Datchet side."

He paused; then continued:—

"'ORDINARY LOCAL PHENOMENON?' HE ASKED, COOLLY."

"I say, you'll never find your way to Motteridge through this."

The mist was rolling over the heath in thickening white wreaths—it looked like so much smoke. Garnham gave his square shoulders a shrug.

"Judging by the look of things, I don't fancy I ever shall," he agreed. He considered a moment and laughed. "Luckily they'll be able to stand the strain of anxiety if I don't appear until the morning. Where do you say you are making for, youngster? Datchet? That'll do for me. There's an hotel, eh?"

"There's an inn."

"Good enough," said Garnham.

He turned away to get his machine, missing both the reluctant unwillingness of the tone and the speaker's flush and frown; had he perceived either he would have seen that for some reason his proposed company was far from welcome. For an instant, as the other looked after him, he made a swift movement towards his own bicycle as though the impulse were upon him to mount and ride off without waiting. But he checked himself with a laugh. When Garnham came back he was standing there, ready to mount. In another moment both were in their saddles, and leaving the Friar's Cross and the mist behind them.

"Road to Datchet seems better than that from Clodbury," Garnham said, presently, breaking a silence of several minutes. "Pace not too much for you, is it?"

"No, thanks—yes—a little. Oh—would you mind—oh!"

The last words had been gasped. The culminative ejaculation was a moan of pain. Garnham, turning, jumped free of his own machine and grabbed at the handle-bars of the other just in time. The boy reeled from the saddle into his arms, and the two bicycles, colliding, collapsed in a clattering heap.

"Great Scot!" said Garnham, helplessly.

"I shall be all right in a minute," gasped the boy. "It was that brute."

"What, did he hurt you?"

"Yes. Twisted my arm brutally when he caught hold of me. I thought I could stand it. I didn't want to make a fuss. But the pain seemed to come on worse all at once, and turned me sick, you know."

"I see. Wish I had winged the confounded skunk!" said Garnham, heartily. "Sure you can stand now? That's all right. Sit down here while you pull yourself together. And you'll do it all the quicker if you drink some of this."

He pulled a flask from an inner pocket, unscrewing the top. His companion, from the providential heap of stones piled beside the path, eyed it suspiciously. He was very white, his smooth young face twisted with pain.

But he took the cup and drank, though with a shudder and grimace of distaste that made Garnham smile.

"Don't like it, eh?" he asked.

"Ugh—no! I loathe brandy."

"Handy stuff to have around, though," commented Garnham. He returned the flask to his pocket. "Feel better?"

"Yes, thanks." He coloured, beginning to stammer. "I say, I feel an awful fool, you know, behaving like this. You must think me such a—such a rank duffer. But I couldn't help it for the moment. I think I

"'DON'T LIKE IT, EH?' HE ASKED."

had better stay here for a little while. Perhaps you had better ride on."

"Perhaps I hadn't," Garnham retorted, laconically. "All right, youngster—don't hurry. An hour hence is time enough for me."

"You think I can't ride alone?"

"I think you aren't going to try, sonny." Garnham was lighting his pipe; he composedly completed the operation. "Isn't Datchet farther off than Clodbury?"

"Yes—about six miles. Why?"

"Because, if you take my advice, it's Clodbury you'll make for. That brute has hurt you more than a little bit, and the sooner you can have your arm seen to the better. If there's no particular reason why you need be in Datchet to-night——"

"But there is," interrupted the boy. He got upon his feet. "You don't understand," he said, hurriedly. "I—I must be in Datchet, and by eleven o'clock, too. I—I'm expected there."

"Oh?"

"Yes. There—there's someone waiting. It—it's awfully important. I must be there." The voice was tremulous as well as hurried. Garnham, seeing a prodigious blush mount almost to the curly hair, gulped down what came within an ace of being a whistle.

"So she is waiting for you, is she?" he asked, dryly.

"She?" echoed the boy, sharply.

"Whoever the young lady may be," explained Garnham, with composure. He laughed, unable to keep it under. "Upon my life, you're beginning pretty young, you know."

"Perhaps that's my business," retorted the other, haughtily.

"That's so," agreed Garnham. "All I hope is that her papa and mamma know all about it, and yours too. But they don't, I suppose—eh?"

"No, they don't," said the boy, defiantly.

"Just so," agreed Garnham again. "And as I don't know them, I can't tell them, and it wouldn't be any of my business if I did. That being so, I may ask you where she's waiting, perhaps?"

"At the Wheatsheaf. We're not known there—it's in new hands, and it's the only decent place. Not that it would matter if we were known. We're to take the mail train that goes through to London at midnight." He stopped and laughed. "You didn't expect to assist in an elopement, did you?"

"I didn't," said Garnham. He, too, laughed. "If you ask me what I think about it, youngster, it is that you ought to be spanked. But it isn't my business to spank you, and, anyhow, you mustn't keep the little girl waiting. So the sooner we're off the better. I'll see you as far as the Wheatsheaf, anyway."

It still wanted some quarter of an hour of eleven when they rode into Datchet and stopped at the Wheatsheaf door. All the rest of the little town seemed asleep, although here and there a gabled window twinkled with a light. Garnham, standing alone in the creeper-hung porch—his companion had vanished after a moment's whispered conference with the appearing landlady—laughed as he looked across the silent road, picturing the meeting that was doubtless taking place in the room on his right. The situation touched his sense of humour keenly. It should be an exquisite little pink and white apple-blossom of a girl, he thought, to be a match for the pretty boy. He remembered that he had somehow always pictured Katherine Foliott as small and dainty and fair; that chanced to be his notion of what a woman should be. But this pair of infants! For the moment they interested him more than his own affairs. What, when they discovered the elopement, would their respective fathers and mothers say? And what——

He swung round into the passage, attracted by the opening of the room door. Did the one infant, recollecting his existence, design to present him to the other infant? He had sprung from his machine and disappeared without waiting for a word. No, it was only the landlady. But in passing out she held the door so wide as to reveal the whole of the small apartment. Garnham's heart jumped. There had been no meeting—the boy was alone. He stood under the glare of the gaslight, staring at a letter in his hand. When he had reeled from his saddle almost fainting he had not shown a whiter face. A queer impulse of protection—tenderness, he did not know what—surged up in Garnham's breast. It drove him past the landlady and into the room. As he shut the door the boy swung round upon him.

"He is not here!" he cried.

"He?" echoed Garnham, bewildered.

"No!" His white face flamed; he struck the paper passionately. "He has gone, and leaves me this! He has thought it over, and is sure that it would never do. It must not be, for both our sakes, but particularly for mine—oh, most particularly for mine!

It is better that we do not even meet, and that I go home again. And he knows that I can't go home!"

The letter fell to the floor in a fierce little shower of fragments. With a sensation of being light-headed, Garnham stared at the slender, boyish figure crouching in a great chair, sobbing with hidden face, bewilderedly trying to readjust his ideas. There was no elopement, then, and no question of it—the young rascal had merely accepted his mistake and laughed at him. The person he had come to meet was a man, who, for some reason, had not turned up. And his not turning up was evidently tragic. It was debt, perhaps? Or the infant had somehow gotten himself into the claws of a sharper? Anyhow, he couldn't stand seeing the boy cry. He found his tongue.

"I don't understand what all this means, youngster," he said, kindly, "but, anyhow, you won't make it any better by taking it this way, you know." He gently patted the heaving shoulder. "Come, come; come, come—brace up! You don't call yourself a man, do you?"

"GARNHAM STARED AT THE SLENDER, BOYISH FIGURE CROUCHING IN A GREAT CHAIR."

"No, I don't!" Here there was an immense convulsive sob. "I don't, and you wouldn't either, if you had any eyes, I should think!"

"G-r-reat Cæsar!" muttered Garnham.

But he did not say it for a moment—a blank, breathless moment, during which he stared at the chair and its weeping occupant. Well might the slim young figure have felt so tender, soft, and helpless in his arms; well might he have thought that the face was as pretty as a girl's! Now he told himself that the rounded feminine curves must at once have betrayed themselves through the boyish dress had there been any proper light by which to see. His tone was an entirely different one when he spoke—awkward, embarrassed. "You—you were going to elope, then?" he asked.

"Of course I was!"

"And he—whoever he is—hasn't turned up?"

"No. He left me that!" She gave a fierce little flick with her hand towards the torn letter on the floor.

"And doesn't mean to?" cried Garnham.

"No. I told you what he said." She laughed, her eyes and cheeks alike blazing. "A girl ought to feel pretty well ashamed, don't you think, who has been left like that?"

"I wish I could get hold of him!" said Garnham, grimly.

"I wish you could!" cried the girl. She threw up her dark head defiantly; Garnham thought that the setting of the red lips and the tilt of the firm, dimpled chin were the prettiest things he had ever seen. "Oh, you need not think I am going to break my heart. It wasn't because I cared for him so that I've made such a fool of myself. But I did like him, and to run away and marry him at any rate seemed better than—something else."

"That sounds," said Garnham, quietly, "as though there was another fellow."

"Of course there is! And I hate him! Or, at any rate, I should hate having to marry him. They want me to, at home. They've plagued me about it till I couldn't stand it any longer. And he"—she repeated the wrathful little jerk of her hand letter-wards—"has done nothing but worry me to throw it all over and run away. I suppose he never meant it—it just amused him, or he didn't think I should have the courage. But I made up my mind all at once—I had to—and wrote to him to meet me here. He has often said that this would be the best way to manage it—he has arranged it all a dozen times—but I wouldn't listen. And now"—her cheeks and eyes flamed again—"he writes to say that it is better not—he's afraid, I suppose—and that I had best go home!"

"And hadn't you?" asked Garnham, gently.

"I—I can't!" A fierce sob caught her breath. "I shouldn't dare ride back all that way in the night, even if my arm wasn't so stiff and didn't hurt so awfully. And if I'm not back before morning they'll find out—I left a letter—father would never forgive me. I can't even stay here, I've no money—I forgot to bring any. I daren't tell the people how it is and who I am—how dare I? I don't know how I'm telling you—I'm ashamed to death! But you—you've been so kind, and I must tell somebody!"

"Yes, yes, little girl—that's all right," said Garnham, as before. He patted the slender shoulder again. "Come, come, you mustn't cry."

"I won't—it isn't worth it!" She sat up, drying her drowned eyes with vicious little dabs. "Of course, you think I'm a horrid girl—you must. But I'm not, really—I never did anything of this sort before." A gleam of bashful mirth shot under her black lashes; her mouth twitched with something that struggled hard not to be a laugh. "But I couldn't help thinking it was ever so funny when you believed I was a boy and that I was going to elope with a girl. I—had to wear these—these wretched clothes! I was afraid to ride across the heath so late in my own; I thought people wouldn't notice me if they thought I was a boy. And I couldn't come before it was dark because I had to wait until no one would see me. I got out while they were at dinner. I pretended to go to bed with a headache, you know." She glanced downwards with a blush. "They're Tom's. So's the bicycle."

"Your brother?"

"No; my cousin."

"And he won't miss them?"

"Not before the morning."

"And if you get back before the morning it will be all right? Can you get into the house the way you got out?"

"Most likely. I left the side-door undone. They won't look again; they had bolted it once."

"How far is it? Motteridge?"

"Beyond Motteridge. More than twenty miles from here by road."

"A decent horse will do it before daylight, even if you rest for an hour and have something to eat. I'll see if they've got one," said Garnham.

He turned to leave the room as if the situation were the most natural in the world. The girl sprang and intercepted him. "But I can't go alone! I daren't," she cried.

"Of course not; I'm going to drive you." She had caught his arm; he put his hand over hers reassuringly. "It will be all right," he said, cheerfully. "I shall just take you home, see that you get in safely, and take myself off. I've got to go to Motteridge anyway, you see. So it doesn't make the least difference, and there's nothing to thank me for." He paused; her fluttering fingers slipped from under his. "You're not going to fret over this business, are you?"

"Fret? For such a reason!" she ejaculated, disdainfully.

"You're not? That's right!" said Garnham. He put his hand on her shoulder. "Then see here, little girl; take my advice, and give the other fellow a chance. Perhaps he's worth it. And, anyhow, he can't deserve it less than this one—precious young idiot! Now I'll tell them to bring you something to eat. And the bag off your machine? Oh—a cloak? Yes; I see."

It was a tall, slim, perfectly girlish figure which Garnham an hour later helped into the chaise which he brought round to the Wheatsheaf door; the long, frilly cloak of delicate tussore silk, elaborate with lace and ribbons which draped it from throat to shoes, quite hid the boyish cycling suit. He put in the bicycle, which was also the purloined property of "Tom," and followed himself; they rattled away from the Wheatsheaf door, and left slumbering Datchet behind them.

Garnham presently chuckled, and the girl turned to stare at him in the darkness.

"You're laughing!" she said, suspiciously.

"I beg your pardon," said Garnham.

"What at?" she demanded.

"Well, your talk," said Garnham, apologetically. He laughed again. "'Hanged

cheek,' you know, and 'rank duffer'—that sort of thing."

"It's the way men talk," she retorted. "Tom does." She paused. "I must have done it rather well," she affirmed, triumphantly, "or you would have found me out."

"That's so," said Garnham.

There was a pause, during which half a mile or so of white road slid by.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you my name—Garnham."

"Garron?"

"Garnham."

"Oh! Yes?"

"You mean what else? Lawrence."

"Oh!" She had looked round at him; now she snuggled down into her cloak again. "I'd been wondering," she said, slowly. And presently, "You don't ask what mine is?"

"If you'd rather not tell me—no," said Garnham, simply.

She said nothing to that, which disappointed him.

"DO YOU KNOW, I THINK I CAN GO TO SLEEP?"

Another mile slid by. Then, "Perhaps you know Cresset Court?" he asked.

"Cresset Court? Oh, yes."

"It is in Motteridge, I believe. Perhaps you don't live far from it?"

"No; I don't live far from it."

"And know Mr. and Mrs. Foliott?

"By sight."

"And Miss Foliott?"

"I've seen her."

"What is she like? Pretty?"

"Um—um. I shouldn't say she is. Do you know, I think I can go to sleep?"

She went to sleep, or, at any rate, did not speak again, and hardly stirred until the last of the long white road had slid away and sleeping Motteridge was before them. Then she woke as suddenly, or seemed to wake, and, taking the reins, turned into a rutted lane lying deep between hedges. So in due course they came to some great gates opening upon an avenue at the end of which an old grey house, all gabled red roof and quaint, latticed windows, lay slumbering in the breaking dawn. They left the chaise standing on the gravelled sweep, and she led the way across a wide lawn belted with deep shrubberies, and dotted with brilliant flowerbeds and tall old elms, to a low door in an ivied wall, near to which a mossgrown sundial stood with an ancient stone seat beside it, where a monk of long bygone days might have sat and dreamed as he told his beads. The girl paused as they reached the dial, holding up a cautious hand, and stealing across the walk touched the door. The handle yielded under her fingers, and she turned back with a breath of relief.

"Is it all right?" asked Garnham, whispering.

"Yes." She gave a little nod of her dark head, pointing across a corner of the lawn. "The stables are over there, Mr. Garnham. I suppose you can put the horse up yourself, can't you? It seems a shame to wake the groom so early."

"Put up the horse?" Garnham echoed.

"Yes." Her tone was sober, but her mouth twitched traitorously; she looked up with guileless eyes. "This is Cresset Court, you know," she said.

"What?" cried Garnham. Bewildered, he backed against the sundial. "This Cresset Court? Then you—you are Miss Foliott? Katherine?"

"I haven't any sisters," said the girl, demurely.

There was a silence. Some waking birds began to twitter in one of the giant elms, roused by the coming of the dawn. Garnham broke it.

"I suppose," he said, slowly, "I suppose I may take it that I'm the other fellow?"

She nodded dumbly, her eyes on the grass.

"And that you ran off to get rid of me?"

"Yes." She half glanced up. "I couldn't know what you were like when I hadn t seen you, could I?"

"That's so," said Garnham. He stood smoothing his moustache, looking at her. "Seems to me you took a lot of unnecessary trouble, little girl," he said, gently.

"Trouble?" she echoed.

"Yes. You might have guessed that my coming here didn't mean that I d bother you. I'd made up my mind not to do that before I sailed. I knew well enough you didn't want me, you see—your letters had made it pretty plain. I meant to let you know from the first that you needn't be afraid of me or of being plagued either." He paused. "Well, there's no harm done. I'll write to your father about it."

"You won't stay?" She stared at him.

"It's best not. I'll tell him I've changed my mind."

"He'll be most awfully angry!"

"He will get over it."

"If you don't come and stay here you break the first condition and lose your two hundred a year!"

"Yes; that's so."

"And I get all four—yours and mine too!"

"That's all right. It isn't your fault."

Another pause. An early-rising rabbit stole out of covert in the shrubbery, saw the two unexpected humans, and vanished like a grey and white meteor.

"Of course," began Miss Foliott, in a chilly voice, and apparently addressing the sundial, "of course, if you prefer to go——"

"I don't," said Garnham, squarely.

"No?" asked Miss Foliott—of the sundial.

"No," declared Garnham, as squarely.

"You didn't," observed Miss Foliott, still to the sundial, "you didn't appear to be very anxious to come here when we were at the Friar's Cross."

"I wasn't," said Garnham.

"That looks"—Miss Foliott admonished the sundial with some severity—"as though you were a person very prone to change your mind."

"A good deal may sometimes happen in a very short time," said Garnham.

"May it?" wondered Miss Foliott, with lifted eyebrows.

"At any rate," went on Garnham, sturdily, "I know that a good deal has happened in a very short time to me."

"What?" asked Miss Foliott, innocently, and momentarily abandoning the sundial.

"You don't want that question answered," said Garnham, quietly.

A third pause. The pale streaks in the eastern sky were turning to gold; it seemed that all the birds were awake.

"You see——" commenced Miss Foliott, slowly.

"Yes?" questioned Garnham, meeting the dark eyes.

"If you go——" went on Miss Foliott, tremulously.

"If I go?" repeated Garnham, looking at the dropped black lashes.

"Yes. If you go I sha'n't—shall I?—be able to take your advice."

"My advice?" echoed Garnham.

He made a quick step forward. With a quicker movement the girl slipped by him and got to the door. Her eyes, glancing back over her shoulder as she opened it, shone in a face that was rosy to her curly hair.

"To—to give the other fellow a chance, you know," she said.

The door shut upon her. Garnham, listening, heard the sound of her retreating footsteps die away in the silence of the sleeping house. It was full dawn. He sat down beside the sundial to wait for the day.

The Escape of the Convicts—On the Biograph.

By Theodore Waters.

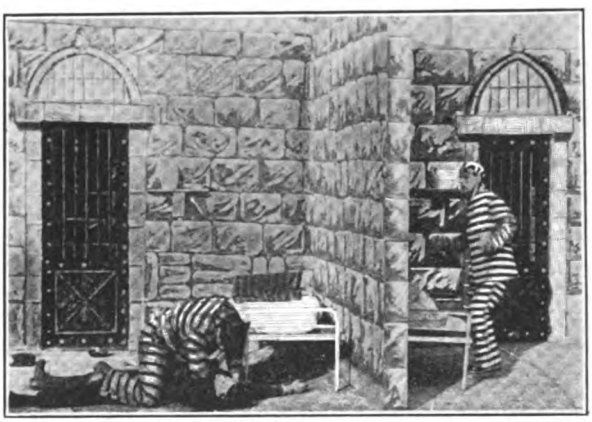
FIRST a word of explanation as to how the writer came to be arrayed in the clothes of a convict, and to be depicted on the film of a biograph in the act of escaping from prison.

Time was when people were satisfied with views of strange places at home or abroad, but lately the taste has run to melodramas and light comedy scenes, so that the makers of biograph pictures, instead of sending abroad for views, are compelled to invent them at home, which means a staff of pantomime authors, companies of actors to play the parts, scene-painters to give them the proper settings, and numerous other appurtenances, human and otherwise, of a regularly-equipped theatre. "But," said the cameraman in explaining these things to the writer, "there is just one way to learn the moving-picture game, and that is to take part in it. We are about to take a series showing an escape from prison. There will be plenty of excitement and much shooting about the country. How would you like to be one of the convicts?"

I thought I should like it very much, and so one bright day I found myself in an office building clad in stripes and hard at it rehearsing the scene which is now about to be described. Although classed as an interior, our cells were not even enclosed. The stage-carpenter had painted an ordinary flat with two barred doors in it and a partition "wall" between the doors extending from the flat across the middle of the stage toward the camera. Thus the cells had neither fronts nor sides, but that fact did not appear on the moving-picture films. Besides, the arrangement could be adapted to make a jail courtyard scene, as will become evident later on.

Panzer, the restless prisoner in the cell next to mine, was pacing back and forth like a caged animal. The moment which for days we had waited was approaching; the moment when, if all was propitious, we would make a break for liberty. It was a question of the restless prisoner's preparedness. If he could tune himself up to the proper pitch this day, he would signal me to be on the look-out for the warder, and when the latter approached I would signal back through the cell wall so that he, my neighbour, could have time to feign the sleep that would throw the warder off his guard and give him a chance to spring upon that official from behind. Oh, we had planned it all just before entering our cells, and if all went well we would be safe in Panzer's cottage by night, for he was as desperate as he looked, was my neighbour; his wife and children were waiting for him even then, and if we could but reach them——!

Hark! It was the signal. Panzer was ready. I rushed to the door of my cell and gazed stealthily down the corridor. Yes, the warder was approaching. I rushed back and signalled the fact to my friend. I could hear the creak of his cot as he threw himself hastily upon it. I jumped for my own cot and sat upon it, my head in my hands, the picture of dejection. Through my fingers I could see the warder pause for a moment at the door of my cell. Then he passed on to the cell next door. I was off my cot in an instant, listening at the barred door. I heard the key grate in the lock, the self-sufficient grunt of the keeper as he placed the water-cup upon the shelf, his momentary pause as he surveyed the reclining form of the prisoner, the creak of the door as he opened it again to go out, and then—Panzer was up and on him like a flash, bearing him with a dull thud to the



"PANZER WAS ON HIM LIKE A FLASH, BEARING HIM WITH A DULL THUD TO THE GROUND."

ground, his left hand on his throat, his right reaching for the pistol that protruded ominously from the warder's pocket. I knew these things as by instinct as I raged in anticipation about my cell, panting, listening for the dread cry that might bring the other keepers. But it came not, that cry. Panzer had taken the pistol and with blow after blow of its butt end had driven back the utterance that might have foiled our plan. The keys! I heard them jingle as they came away from the keeper's belt. I heard the cell door clang as Panzer ran out, his cry of exultation as he rushed to my door. I waited an age, anathematizing his bungling fingers while he hunted for the key that would open my door. Any moment and a keeper might find business in that corridor. But at last—*at last* the door swung open and I was free—*free!* No, we must first get out of the jail. But that, too, we had planned.

"Tracy next," said Panzer, hoarsely.

We rushed to a cell near by.

"Thank Heaven! Free at last!" exclaimed Tracy, in a stage whisper, as he stepped from his cell.

"This way, boys; follow me!" exclaimed Panzer. With determined faces we ran along the corridor and out of a door leading to the roof, and as we rushed out, striped suits and all, into the bright light of day, there fell upon us a roar of wild applause, the sound of multitudinous hand-clapping.

"Hurrah!" "Bravo!" "Do it again!" "Very good!" "Hey there, stripes, yer the real thing all right! You look the part!" "Where are you goin' to show that?" "Is that gun loaded?" etc.

In fact, we were acting in the middle of the strangest arena ever contrived by man. We were standing upon the roof of the office building. The voices we heard came from its hundreds of back windows, which were crowded with an army of typewriters and office clerks who had been enjoying their luncheon-hour with a view of the hair-raising melodrama, "The Convicts' Escape," which, in the manner just described, was having its first scene enacted on the roof-top in the heart of a business district.

In the streets below the tide of prosaic business ebbed and flowed, all unconscious of the proximity of romance. Only those fortunate souls with box-seats in the proscenium were aware of the sights and sounds which the theatre-going public for the most part imagines takes place far from the madding crowd.

Sights and *sounds?* Yes. The public taste in moving pictures (which has been sated with scenes of foreign travel and now demands "stories," *i.e.*, connected series of melodramatic incidents, comic or tragic) is so exacting in the matter of realism that, in order to make the pantomimes as lifelike as possible, the performers are required to talk as well as to act their parts.

And that is why the progress of the fight between the convict and the warder in the one cell was so perfectly apparent to me in the next—I could hear every word; that is why Panzer cried hoarsely, "Tracy next!"—to enable the picture-machine to convey the exact expression of a man keen to release a fellow-prisoner from his cell; that is why our faces were "determined" as we ran along the corridor and out on the roof, where we met the applause of the people in the windows.

Our business on the roof was not yet completed. But in the meantime the cells below had to undergo a transformation in readiness for the succeeding scene, which was to represent the yard of the prison. This became evident when the stage-manager said: "Now, then, carpenter, tear away the partition and make an exterior of the flat; put numbers on the cell doors and hang a bell-rope down the wall for the keepers to give the alarm, while we are getting these boys out of the jail. This way, convicts."

He led us round towards a half-open scuttle in the roof and told us to climb into it. The picture-machine was placed just behind the scuttle.

"Now," said the stage-manager, "as soon as I close this scuttle we will start the machine. Then you fellows push up the scuttle as though you had found your way to the roof of the jail. Climb out and run crouching to the edge of the roof and peer over. We will have another machine down below to get you as you go down the wall."

Slowly, stealthily, as convicts might, we raised the iron cover, and with the machine recording every movement, every expression, we crept along the roof and peered over the edge. Ten feet below was a yard. An iron ladder led down to it, but at the foot of the ladder walked a sentry, an actor in jail-warder's uniform, armed with a rifle. Another camera had been recording his slow pacing to and fro, and now, of course, it began to show our heads looming menacingly above him. Farther along the stage-manager, all excitement, but out of range of the camera, was shouting directions.

"That's right, you fellows, keep dodging back as he paces up and down. Now, when he turns his back on you, you, Panzer, run down the ladder and jump on him. That's it; come, quick now!"

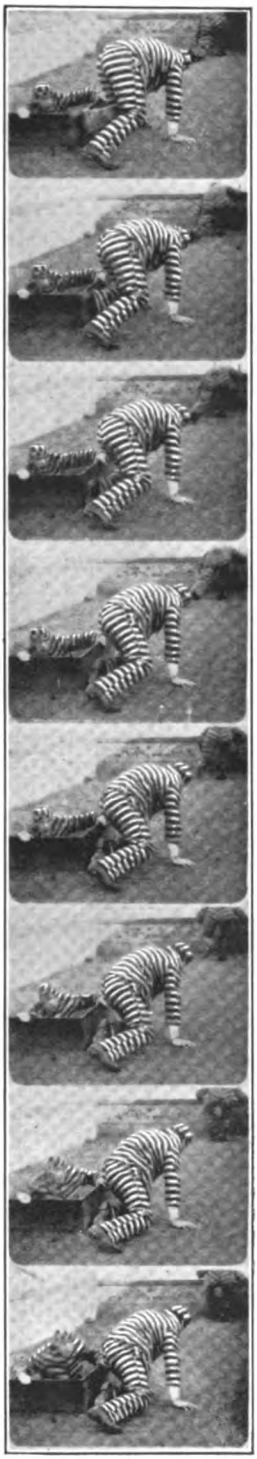
Panzer slid over the edge like a cat and dropped swiftly to the yard. Tracy went next, and I followed. By the time I had reached the foot of the ladder the fight had begun. Panzer had the guard on his back, choking and beating him into feigned insensibility. Tracy got the rifle which had dropped from the guard's hands, and I got his revolver from his hip-pocket. Leaving him where he had fallen, we all three ran exultingly toward and past the camera.

"Now, then, for the alarm," said the stage-manager.

We went back to the cells. What a transformation! The partition had been torn away. Numbers had been placed on the cell doors, and down the face of the wall dangled a rope. Apparently it hung from a bell, for back of it was a placard with the following legend:—

1 Bell..... Fire.
2 Bells ..... An Escape.
3 Bells ..... General Alarm.

The camera was already in motion, pointing to the doors of the cells. A call from the stage-manager, and out of the door of one of the cells crawled painfully the guard who had been first struck down by Panzer. Painted blood streamed from his forehead, but the rest of his face had all the pallor that grease-paint could give it. His movements were painful in the extreme, but his determination was apparent enough. He meant to reach that rope or die melodramatically in the attempt. Just before he reached the dangling cord he managed to get upon his feet, so that the audience might be sure of his intention. Then with one wild clutch of the bell-cord he fell apparently lifeless to the floor. Instantly from all directions swarmed other warders, who gazed horror-struck at their comrade on the floor.



PART OF THE FILM SHOWING THE ESCAPE OVER THE ROOF.

Their gesticulations were violent, their language not less so, as they told one another of the horrible thing that had happened. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; the prisoners had escaped, the cells were empty. So their leader, Denny Mullen, a character-actor of some note, reached for the bell-cord and gave it three tremendously obvious pulls. Then they all ran off the stage. Whereupon the senseless warder, for the sake of a last human touch, stirred uneasily, got upon his feet again, reached for the cord, and fell stone-dead, to the sad music of a street-piano down in the roadway.

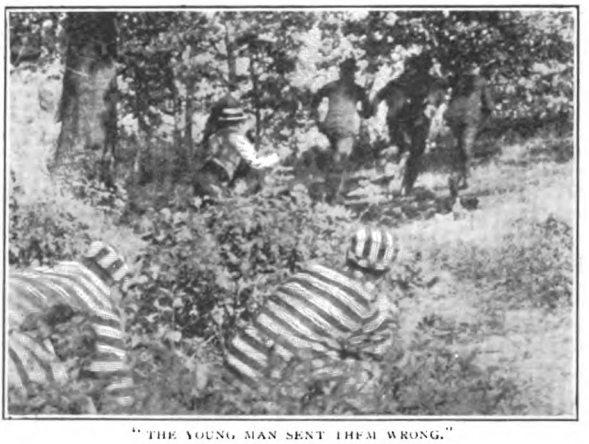
"Having an audience isn't so bad as long as you can keep it at a distance," remarked the stage-manager, while the property-man struck the scene. "If you will notice any series of pictures, even those of crowded city streets, you will seldom see a person on the screen who does not belong to the scene. Now, the absence of people not required does not mean that the negative has been retouched. Retouching our negatives costs at least a shilling a foot, and, as a good series is often one thousand feet long, the expense of retouching becomes prohibitory. No; we find it better to bribe, or coax, or even to fool the crowd to move out of range. We have even gone to the trouble of using two picture-machines, one without a film in it, to engage the crowd at one point while we took a real picture at another. Again, we have been interfered with by persons who, honestly enough, thought we were perpetrating a crime."

The next scene took place in the open country. We donned our stripes again and submitted to being chased by the warders. We ran up hill and down dale, firing back as we ran, and just as soon as we had passed the picture-machine the warders would always break out of the bushes and race after us, firing as they ran. None of the warders managed to hit us during these pursuits, but, because the sympathy of an audience is always paradoxically on the side of a fleeing prisoner, we would occasionally wing a warder. That is, one of our smooth-faced pursuers would throw up his hands and do a slow, twisting fall, well out of the way of his jumping comrades. This did not deprive the picture-machine of his services, however, for disguised by a false moustache he would be back in the next picture chasing us as hard as ever. I intimated that if we kept it up long enough all the warders would have full beards, but the joke seemingly fell upon barren soil.

"WITH THE MACHINE RECORDING EVERY MOVEMENT, WE CREPT ALONG THE ROOF."

"You fellows have got to eat. We will have the interrupted picnic-party now," said the stage-manager.

We were in truth hungry enough, but the stage-manager had reference to a stage picnic. Two actresses and an actor had been engaged to depict a party of three lunching under the trees. They were already in position waiting for the picture-machine to start, so that they could give a realistic imitation of how actors eat. But the food was real enough.



"THE YOUNG MAN SENT THEM WRONG."

"Now," said the stage-manager, "you three are eating your luncheon. The convicts will break out of those bushes over there. They will run down upon you and hold you up. The two girls will run out of the picture, leaving the young man in the hands of the convicts. Panzer, you back him up against the tree while the other two convicts grab the food. Threaten to shoot him if he does not direct the keepers the wrong way, and then all three convicts hide behind these bushes near by while the warders run into the picture. The youth will direct them the wrong way. Then the convicts will run in the opposite direction, whereupon you girls will run in and rate him for his cowardice, and when the warders return direct them the right way."

We came up the path yelling so fiercely that the girls were almost scared, and the youth quivered under the point of Panzer's pistol as though it were loaded with ball instead of blank cartridges. We "scooped" the food artistically and waited behind a bush for the warders to run in, which they did as soon as directed. The young man sent them wrong, and then we scurried off in the opposite direction. Back came the girls, who proceeded to express their opinion of the mere man who still shivered against the tree trunk. Enter Denny Mullen heading the warders, down centre. "Halloa, Bright Eyes!" quoth Denny. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, sir, the horrid convicts! You have

"REAL EXCITEMENT PREVAILED WHEN WE HELD UP AN AUTOMOBILE."

been deceived. They have gone off with our dinner!"

"Confound them! This way, boys!"

Exit left, and quick curtain for the lens.

But real excitement prevailed when we held up an automobile. How natural for your twentieth-century jail-breaker, after scurrying across country to the main highway, to come upon an imported motor-car all ready to carry him home to wife and children dear! We got it by prearrangement just after we "broke cover" on the side of a hill, very much to the consternation of some *employés* who were raking hay in a field near by. They had not noticed the picture-machine, and when they saw three desperately-striped villains run up to the car and, calmly shooting its occupants, forge ahead, they were much amazed and somewhat indignant. We would have reassured them then and there, but the eye of the camera was wide open, and the oncoming

"THE ONCOMING WARDERS WERE GIVING US THE CHASE OF OUR LIVES."

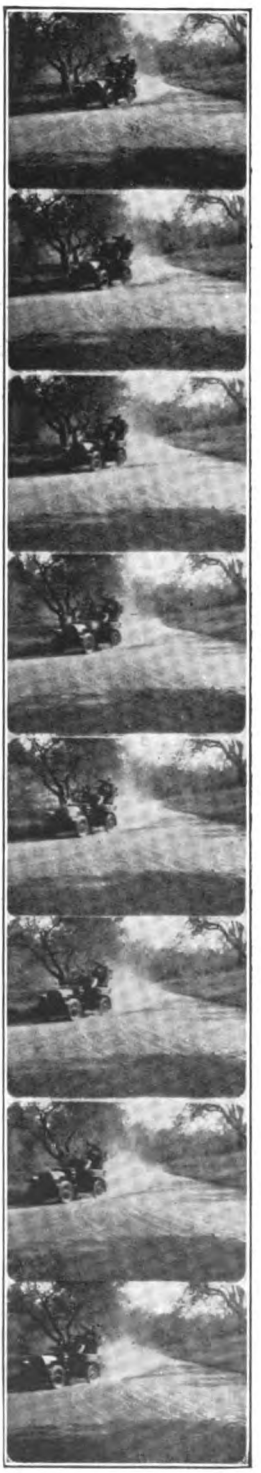
warders were already requisitioning another car farther back, preparatory to giving us the chase of our lives.

"What is it all about?" asked someone who was standing close at hand.

"Taking moving pictures," said the man in charge. "We have the necessary permit from the authorities."

Of course, there came a time when our car gave out and broke down by the side of a road, just where there was the finest background for a hand-to-hand fight that could possibly be selected. With the picture-machine grinding rapidly, we used the tonneau as a breastwork, over which we killed some warders. The latter had taken up a position behind some wagon-trucks, the drivers of which had worked hard for their employers by hanging around our preparations with expectant grins. But when we turned our guns their way and began to shoot, there was a sudden and valiant return to their usual occupation of driving wagons that was refreshing indeed. The warders beat us, of course. After wasting more cartridges than we could ever have carried away from the jail with us, we turned and fled down a steep bank, where we dropped flat in the grass in order to give our pursuers a chance to fire over our heads and to do some of those slow, twisting falls in the very eye of the camera.

Now, it must not be inferred from all this that we were aimlessly drifting about the country for the sake of being shot at by relentless warders. We had been aiming all the while to reach the cottage where Panzer's stage wife, accompanied by two "pathetically pretty" children, was awaiting our coming. Of course, she did not know she was awaiting our coming, for the stage-manager had not yet told her about it, but *we* knew she would be waiting, and we counted much upon her assistance. The house was a typical country cottage, with roses climbing up the sides and a large dog chained in the wood-shed. Panzer meant to pat that dog lovingly on the head, and the dog was to fawn upon him just to prove to the audience that animal instinct always recognises an honest convict when it sees one. But the dog absolutely refused to rehearse the part, and the head convict refused to take a chance in the real scene unless the animal rehearsed first. So we passed the dog and ran to the back door, where Tracy and I waited while Panzer went inside to break the news to his wife and tell her that we were outside. Of course, the camera implied that she welcomed us for the sake of her husband, poor woman, for after a while Tracy came outside again to keep watch, and that is where the mean guards began to get the best of us, for one of them sneaked up while he was not looking and shot Tracy in the back. He staggered into the house to warn us, and we—but the picture-machine stopped running at that moment because the rest of the scene was to be shown as an interior which we were to enact on the office roof.



PART OF THE FILM SHOWING THE CHASE OF THE WARDERS.

We found our audience waiting for us to enact the last act of our melodrama on the roof of the office building. The property-man had done wonders with hammer and brush during our absence. He had erected a cottage interior, a squalid room with plaster breaking from the walls, rickety furniture, and a general air of dilapidation, such as the theatre-going public would naturally expect to see in the home of a convict. The convict's wife was there, too, a well-dressed actress who, when

she heard of her new lot in life, promptly laid her finery aside and donned other clothes for the occasion. The children, too, a boy and a girl, looked more of the Fauntleroy than of the jail-brat class, and they, too, had to be "undressed" for the part.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WARDERS.

When the last scene opened the convict's wife was discovered seated with the boy in her lap. She was putting on his new pair of stockings and telling him a story of the cruel enemies who had told lies about his father, who, in consequence, had been compelled to "go away," but who would come back soon to his darlings and take them to a happier, brighter home. The little girl was "helping mother" clean house, with a broom twice as big as herself.

"And when is papa coming back, mamma? Will he be here to-night?"

"Hush, darling! Not to-night; but be a good boy, and——"

Hark! What was that? The child slipped from her arms. She stood up, impelled by a nameless dread. There it was again! That voice! That step upon the threshold! Ah! Yes. It *was!* It *was! My husband!* The swift, exciting music of the omnipresent piano down in the street took the place of a regular orchestra.

"My husband, you here!"

"Yes!" (Embracing her and the children hurriedly.) "But this is no time for words! They are after us, those fiends of warders!"

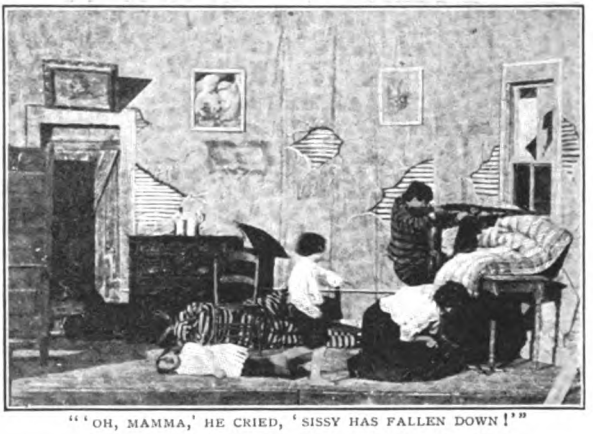
"Us?"

"WE USED THE TONNEAU AS A BREASTWORK, OVER WHICH WE KILLED SOME WARDERS."

"Ah, I forgot! My friends are outside! I will bring them in!"

Panzer ran outside and brought us in, just as he had done in the exterior view of the house. We were introduced and held the necessary confab, after which Tracy ran out again so that the keeper could sneak up and shoot him. While he was doing this I was peering anxiously through the ground-glass window—ground-glass because when we broke it later the cracks would show plainly in the camera.

"WE TURNED AND FLED DOWN A STEEP BANK."



"'OH, MAMMA,' HE CRIED, 'SISSY HAS FALLEN DOWN!'"

What was that? A shot!

Tracy reeled into the room and fell dead, well up the stage. I jumped for the open door and barred it ostentatiously. Panzer grabbed Tracy's gun and, thrusting it right through the lower panes of ground-glass, began blazing away at the outside world. I—Heaven help me!—looked at the wall. There on its hooks hung an old grandfather's gun. Thrusting its muzzle crashing through the upper panes of ground-glass, I, too, blazed away at our enemies. The children stood apart, motionless, with a fear that was almost real. The wife wrung her hands and made ready for a splendid display of fortitude. The street-piano struck up faster than ever. Panzer and I pumped lead. The keepers outside got busy with their revolvers and the window glass began to break into the room.

Heavens! What was it—wha—— In my excitement I had exposed my form across the window and an imaginary bullet took me squarely between the eyes. The fierceness froze upon my face; the muscles of my legs began to relax; the gun dropped from my hand, and with the directions of the stage-manager ringing dimly in my ears I lurched off the washstand upon which I had climbed and fell dead upon the body of Tracy. Tracy grunted horribly.

For a moment Panzer was nonplussed. But his wife grabbed my gun and loaded it for him, and he went on shooting. Out of the tail of my half-closed eye I could see them working furiously to stem the assault. The children were running backwards and forwards, and I felt it in my dead bones that something would happen to them if they did not look out. And the something did happen. The little girl was crossing the room when suddenly she threw up her hands and fell down, centre. Neither the convict nor his wife noticed it, but the other child did.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, "Sissy has fallen down!"

With a shriek the poor mother turned to her dying child. Panzer also turned, realized the sad truth, and gave up the fight. He had not a blank cartridge left, poor fellow. With a despairing cry he gathered his family into his arms. Let the warders come now, if they wanted to. What was a prison cell in the face of this? Aye, what was death itself? Down in the street the music of the hurdy-gurdy had turned soft and plaintive.

Into the door surged the keepers, more black-moustached than ever. The leader took in the situation at a glance, of course, and in the presence of such grief waved his men back. They took off their hats and solemnly "dressed the stage." Then their leader very gently laid his hand upon Panzer's shoulder.

The heartbroken man arose and, without a word, started for the door. His wife, as directed, held him tightly by the hand, reluctant to let him go. But at last, at last, he wrenched it away and went slowly out, leaving his poor wife with a live child on one arm, a dead one on the other.

TAKING A BIOGRAPH PICTURE.

"Hey, Tracy!" said Denny Mullen, as we stood up. "You're all covered with white. What is it?"

"Oh!" answered the other. "Talcum powder! We were not allowed to shoot off guns on the roof. So every time those fellows took an imaginary shot out of the window the stage-manager threw in a handful of talcum powder to make smoke."

The King's Curing.

By Seumas MacManus.

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friel's," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

THERE was a King in Connaught once named Cormac; and, more by the same token, a purty foolish King he was in his early days. For he come to the throne young, and fetched there a long sight less wit than a discreet young man of his age and family should. He was purty weak-minded; and the clan of designin' people, who pitchforked him on the throne, thought they should have all use of him. They were as covetious as Barney Connolly's *mooly* cow, who loved the thistles in the neighbour-fields better nor the clover in her own. The chief of these lads was a chap named Conal, as deep as a tailyer's thimble. He always had the ear of Cormac, and kept Cormac and Connaught for ever at war, north, south, aist, or west; and no matter how the war went, Conal and his clan, who were born moroders (marauders), managed to come out of it nothin' the poorer anyway.

There was a time Cormac was heading his army on one of these moroding expeditions into Leinster, and he whanged the King of Leinster, marching into his own palace a conqueror. But if he did, the tide of war changed soon and suddent; for the minute Cormac met the King of Leinster's daughter, Criona,* it was himself that was conquered—and he knew it, poor fellow. And this was the salvation of him.

Criona, she was known and noted through the length and brea'th of Ireland, not for her beauty alone—though, in troth, you'd fare far and ford a deal of fords ere you'd meet her bate for that—but far more for her wit and her wisdom. Now, Cormac, to give the divil his dues, was nowise an ill-lookin' man; and he had a good heart and kindly as e'er another in Ireland. Any ill or unkindliness that was in it was there only by raison his counsellors put it there. Criona she seen his good qualities in short time; and seen, too, that if he hadn't enough mind of his own for a King, he only needed a good adviser at his elbow and he'd be better nor the average King anyway. She give consent to have him, and back with him went to Connaught.

* Pronounced "Creena."

"THE MINUTE CORMAC MET THE KING OF LEINSTER'S DAUGHTER, CRIONA, IT WAS HIMSELF THAT WAS CONQUERED."

This was the first time Cormac ever differed with Conal and his ill counsellors; they riz an uproar when they found he fell in love with Criona; and they threatened all sorts if he wouldn't leave her where he found her and come single again to his own country. For they well knew the wise and strong-minded woman she was; and knew that if they let Cormac get into her clutches, as they put it, small influence they'd ever have over him after. But Cormac, poor fellow, was so desperate in love that for the first time in his life he dared to defy Conal and his clan.

When, in spite of them, he married Criona, it's downcast creatures they were, and mournful, draggle-tailed warriors who trooped back after the weddin'-party to Connaught; and through the length and brea'th of that province they spread themselves, croakin' that both Cormac and Connaught were now done for; there'd be no more wars and no more spoils, and the young men would be turned into old women—as the prophecies had foretold. They seen well that Queen Criona looked through them, and witnessed the thoughts in their hearts, and found they'd been influencin' weak-minded Cormac for bad; and that she'd have small *failte* (welcome) for them coming about Cormac or his castle any more. So they dispersed themselves every man to his own home—and sucked their thumbs there.

Right enough, there came big changes on Connaught; Criona took Cormac in hands and showed him the beauty of peace and Christian forbearance. He loved her devot'ly from the first; and it's deeper and deeper he fell in love with her every day after, so that, if she'd tell him it was for his good (or hers) or for the good of Connaught, he'd put his foot in the fire and hold it there till it burned to the stump. Consequently, for the first time in ages, Connaught ceased goin' to war, and begun growin' peaceful and prosperous and happy. The land thrived and flourished as it never done afore in the memory of man; and people sayed that the clever Criona had brought them God's blessing. All quarters and corners of the country envied the kingdom of Connaught, for that it had such a clever woman at the head of it; and the l'arned, and the wise, and the witty used to resort to the castle of King Cormac from all arts and parts of Ireland, on purpose to make the acquaintance of the wittiest Queen any province ever knew, and the remarkablest all round—for she could outdo at their own games all the scholars, and doctors, and wits of Erin. And, as well you may suppose, it was Cormac was the proud man of her. He'd never pass a law, or walk a step, without first consulting Criona, and having her advice upon it. So clever was this woman, too, that while managin' to make him do all things she wanted, she conthrived in such a way as humoured him, poor fellow, into the belief he was doin' only what he himself wanted. And he believed he was grown a mighty wise King—the wisest in all Ireland. Sartain proof of it was that the wisest woman, whom all the world acknowledged, in all Ireland said, "That's good," to everything he done. Purty soon he began to grow vain of himself. "Criona," he'd say, "all the world must give in that myself and yourself are the wisest King and Queen history ever heerd tell of."

"There's sorra doubt of it," Criona, she'd say, without ever a smile showin'.

At long and at last, King Cormac he got so vain of what he now believed to be entirely his own wisdom that Conal and his colleagues, who, though they kept quiet and far from the Coort all this time, still owed Criona a deadly spite, and still longed to get hold of King Cormac again and be back at their thievin', their murderin's and morodin's—Conal and his colleagues they come to the Coort in ones and pairs, making pretence to Criona to have turned wise and peaceful men and great admirers of hers—and insinuated themselves again around Cormac by flattery. For, now they seen his weak spot, they made their most of it. They never tired tellin' him that his like for wisdom, for statesmanship, and for kingcraft was never before known, not in Ireland alone, but in the whole world—and that there would be a good many moons in the sky, and three in the du'ghill, afore his equal would be seen again. Cormac soon got back all his old liking for Conal, who, he now thought, was a fine fellow entirely. And when Conal had him well worked up he said to Cormac there was only one small thing standin' in the way of his fame, as the wisest of Princes, goin' down to all time.

"And what's that?" says King Cormac, says he.

When Conal told that as all great men had enemies, so he had some, too, scattered here and there, who envied him beca'se of his greatness, and who went up and down the country trying to rob him of all credit for his wisdom, "By what manes?" Cormac wanted to know. Conal told that the means they took was givin' it out that all his wisdom was only his wife's; that he didn't know how to

"'INNOCENT PEOPLE,' SAYS CONAL, 'ARE BEGINNIN' TO THINK YOU ARE RAILLY TIED TO YOUR WIFE'S APRON-STRINGS.'"

twiddle his thumbs unless she showed him, and daren't do it without her consent, even if he knew. "Innocent people," says Conal, says he, "are beginnin' to believe these liars, and to think you are railly tied to your wife's apron-strings. And everybody who knows you, and knows your wonderful wisdom, is heartily sorry that such things is gettin' out; and they're sayin' that it's your due to show up these liars for what they are."

"How am I to do that?" says King Cormac.

And Conal told him the surest way of doing it was to begin scornin' his wife's word once in a way; gradially breakin' both her and the world into the knowledge that it was him was the head of wisdom, and not her. Cormac, he studied on this; and he said to himself it was a wise advice surely; and he'd act on it—for 'twas a pity Criona 'ud be gettin' credit for his greatness.

As good luck would have it, there was to be, just a week after, a great fair at a place twenty mile from the King's castle. All sorts of articles and animals that ever was noted or known were annially brought to this fair for to be throgged or sold; and the young men and old of all the country for a hundred miles round used to gather to it; some of them for business, but more of them just for divilment and divarsion. It lasted three days and three nights, and was a great time for carousin' and for contestin' at all kinds of feats and games. Cormac never missed this fair for once in all his life till he got married. In the ten years since then he never stood in it, by raison Criona had advised him it was a properer thing for a married man, and a King, to keep far from it.

Here, now, was the grandest of chances to show his wife and the world that he was a man had a mind of his own, so he made up his mind to enjoy the Fair of Farney.

Always, since he married, he'd never gone a cat's-call from home without asking Criona whether he would or no. Now, on the night afore the day for settin' out for Farney, he took the opportunity, when Conal and his colleagues and all his Coort were listenin', to say to his wife in a mighty off-hand way: "Criona, darlin', I'd like you to give me an early call in the mornin'."

"For why?" says Criona, says she. "Is it that you're expecting the arrival of them l'arn'd scholars that are on their way here from Meath?"

"I'm not," says Cormac, says he, "expectin' the arrival of them l'arn'd scholars from Meath. And if they come the morrow they'll have to take their time and cool their heels for four days or more, till I get back to discoorse them upon their l'arn'd subjects at my leisure."

"Back from where?" says Criona, says she.

"Back from the Fair of Farney," says Cormac, says he, as cool as a trout in a pool—to the consternation of the Coort, who all looked at Criona.

But Criona, wise woman that she was, never showed a shadow on her face; she said, "Cormac, my dear, the Fair of Farney may be all right for reckless youths, but it's not the place I should like to see a King, and the father of a family, and a wise man like you, going to."

"But, Criona," says he, still as cool as ever, "you see, it's not what you like, but what I like, that's got to be done in this kingdom—if I'm King. If I haven't enough sense," says he, "to carry me to the Fair of Farney and back again, without making myself

ridiculous, it's tied to your apron-strings I should be—instead of being, as I am, the wisest, and most knowledgable, and far-famed King that Ireland has known this many a day." Says he, "I have been so lazy for past ten years back that I neglected entirely the Fair of Farney. For the time to come I intend, with Heaven's help, never to miss it. Conal," says he, "would you order the neatest and smartest small pony in my stable to be saddled for me? Put on it a white bridle—as sign that it's for sale I have it. I went about so little lately, since I got lazy, that there'll be few in the fair 'ill know me as King Cormac. They'll think I'm an old fellow come from the country to dispose of his pony."

The Court was consternated more and more — dumbfoundered entirely. Criona, wise woman that she was, saw in a jiffy how the wind sat; for, more by the same token, she was not till now without having her suspicions of the mischief Conal and his colleagues were up to. But she just bowed her head and turned the talk to another subject.

And, in troth, to tell the truth, Cormac was delighted withinside himself that she took it so; for, for all the bold face he put on, he was trimblin' lest she'd put down her foot and say "No!"

There was a faithful fellow at the Court—a Leinsterman who had been sarvant to her father, and who she'd fetched with her from home. Afore she went to bed that night she had a five minutes' private chat with him; and when she had finished with him she put some goold in his fist and warned him to be mum.

When they were retirin' that night Cormac was still trimblin' withinside himself, but he thought it was due from him to Criona to mollify her a bit; so he said, "Criona, darlin', you know I have now come to the time of day to have sense—if I'll ever have any. And it would be too bad for you for to expect that I'm too foolish to be trusted to go by myself, of my own accord, to the Fair of Farney."

"True for you," says Criona, says she, chiming in with him. "You surely have come to the time of day to have sense now. It's what I've just been thinking to myself," says she, "that, for the time to come, you should be guidin' both yourself and me—instead of me pretending, as I have done, to be taking it on myself to guide both of us."

Faith, Cormac was relieved and happy to find how she took it. He told her that she might trust him from this time on to guide the pair of them, and guide Connaught as well. And he'd begin now, this night, to take no more advice from her.

"Cormac," she said, "I'm proud to see you showing such a fine spirit. From now, begin," says she. "By your own advice, and of your own free will, go to the Fair of Farney the morrow as the first step; and I have no doubt you'll very soon prove to me you have enough wisdom not alone to guide yourself and me and Connaught—but the whole world."

"Thank you, Criona," says he; "from my heart I thank you. And I want you to believe that you'll never have raison to be vexed for puttin' yourself under my guidance from this night on."

Well and good; in the mornin' King Cormac was early astir and had a hearty breakfast; and when he went out into the courtyard Conal was there, holding a beautiful little pony, saddled, and with a white bridle on it, to pretend it was for sale; and, when Cormac put his leg over it, Conal give him a hearty thump on the back, sayin', "Bowld fellow, King Cormac," says he, "it's meself was proud for you last night; you'll very soon now show the worl' who is master at the Coort of King Cormac." And King Cormac he smiled very proud, and he rode away out of the gate.

As he was throttin' over the drawbridge fornenst of the castle, Queen Criona threw open her window and called to him, and he stopped.

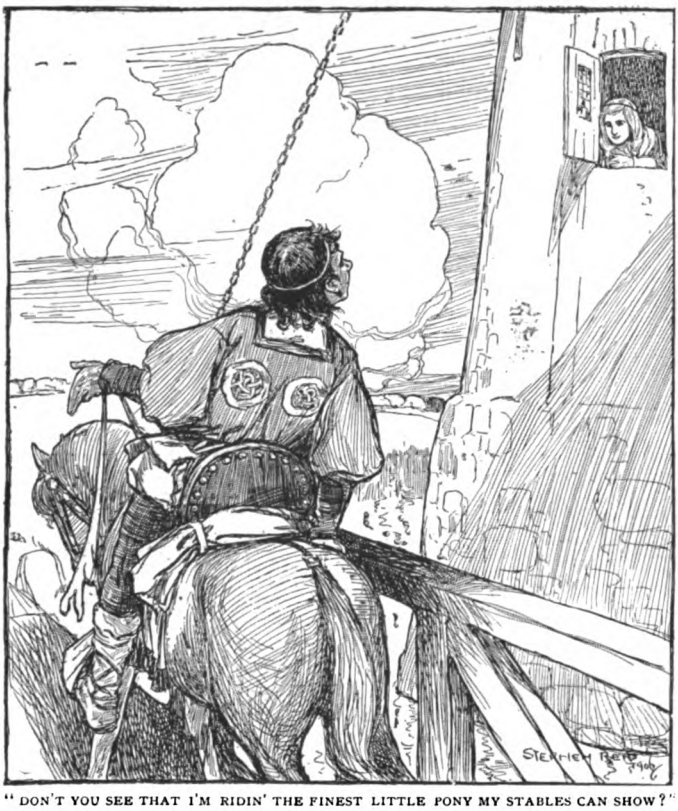
"Cormac," says she, "what in the world tempts you for to make such a fool of yourself as saddle an ass and ride it to Farney?"

Cormac, he looked at the pony and then looked up at Criona, and says he, "Criona, my dear, is it that you have taken laive of your senses? Don't you see that I'm ridin' the finest little pony my stables can show?"

Criona, she laughed hearty at this, and sayed he was fond of his joke in the mornin.' "Nevertheless," says she, "it's a joke unbecomin' a King, for to ride to Farney on an ass; and that you'll soon find if anyone discovers you to be King Cormac."

He got as mad as ten hatters with her, and he said to her something wasn't in his prayers; and he spurred his pony out over the drawbridge and away with him.

Now Cormac wasn't gone three mile of the way, and his anger wasn't simmered down—though it was nearly so—when he overtuk a gay lad steppin' out, with a stick in his hand,



"DON'T YOU SEE THAT I'M RIDIN' THE FINEST LITTLE PONY MY STABLES CAN SHOW?"

and facin' for the fair likewise. "Good morra," says King Cormac, says he, as he trotted past.

"Good morra; and good luck to the pair of ye," says the lad.

"It's a far thramp you'll have afoot," says Cormac, says he, "if you're for the fair."

"It's my own fault that I come afoot," says the lad, says he, "for, like you, I had an ass at home; but, unlike you, I'd be ashamed for to be seen ridin' an ass into Farney."

Cormac, he turned the head of his pony round, and he made a dash at the lad, and a slash at him with his whip; and well it was for the fellow he was light o' foot and fit to clear the ditch like a hare, else Cormac 'uld have massacraid him.

The King faced his pony for Farney again and rode on, and in little sweet humour he was. As he'd rode over the drawbridge he thought he'd left behind him in the castle, in his wife, the one fool the world knew this morning. But here was as great and as provokin' a fool. He put spurs to his pony and he rode terrible hard, tryin' for to ride the madness off himself, and never stopped nor stayed till he had gone another three mile; and there a big *bodach* of a farmin'-lookin' fellow crossin' the fields, and dressed for the fair too, halloaed to him to stop.

King Cormac pulled up, wondering what this *bodach* wanted with him, and "What's the matter with ye?" says he to the *bodach*.

"Old buck," says the *bodach*, says he, "light down till I have a look at that ass you've for sale. How much 'ill ye be after wantin' for him?"

And the King that instant was dumbfoundered, not knowin' what answer to make, or whether it was in his right wits, or out of them, he was. Without replyin' to the *bodach* one word, good, bad, or indifferent, he put spurs to the pony and away with him like the wind, for shame's sake.

"Either all Ireland," says he to himself, "is gone mad entirely this mornin', or else I'm the sorriest fool that flounders on the ridge of the world.

"By this and by that," at last, says he, "the next man I meet I'll let him decide atween me and the animal I'm ridin'. I'll bestow it to him," says he, "if it's makin' a laughin' stock o' myself bestridin' an ass I am—and Heaven help Conal, too."

Faith, he hadn't gone a mile more when he overtuk a dandy chap footin' it for the fair. King Cormac he noticed that this chap, like the other two lads, didn't know him for the King. He slowed up when he came into company with this third, and, says he, "It's a brave mornin' this, glory be to Goodness."

"It is, thank Heaven, yes," says the other, says he; "is it for the fair you're pushin'?"

"For the fair, yes," says King Cormac, says he, and he patted his pony. "I'm taking this little horse there to sell it." And he turned the tail of his eye at the same time on the lad he was chatting to, to see how he'd take this. The lad gave a snigger.

"What are ye sniggerin' at?" says King Cormac, says he.

"At me own fun," says the lad, says he, dryly, that way.

"And what's the fun?" says King Cormac.

And the lad turns on the King purty mad, and says he, "For three fardens I'd crack your ribs, ye oul' fool, ye," says he, "with this stick."

"For why?" says King Cormac, astonished.

"For hintin' to me," says the lad, says he, "that I never left my mother afore, and wouldn't know an ass from a horse."

King Cormac jumped out of his saddle that minute. "I humbly beg your ten thousand pardons," says he, "and I didn't mean for to insult you. It was all a mistake, and I want ye to take this ass a present from me for the insult." He pitched the reins on the lad's arm, and, "No Fair of Farney," says he, "for ould fools like me. Good mornin' to you, and good luck." And he was footin' it for home afore you could say "Scat!"

When he reached the castle he first went like a madman after Conal, who, I tell you, didn't wait to chop logic with him, but cleared the walls like a wild deer afore the ragin' tiger that come after him, and never stopped runnin' till he put three parts of Ireland behind him. Then Cormac went stavin' up the stairs, out of one room into another, till he found Criona sittin' sewin' with her maidens.

"Why, my own Cormac!" says Criona, says she. "Surely it isn't back from the fair you are yet? What have you done with the ass?"

"Criona," says he, "I made it a present to a man I met on the way."

"For why, Cormac?" says she—and she tryin' to keep her face straight.

"Because," says he, "the castle of Connaught can only afford to keep one ass—and I thought it better the biggest of the pair should come back."

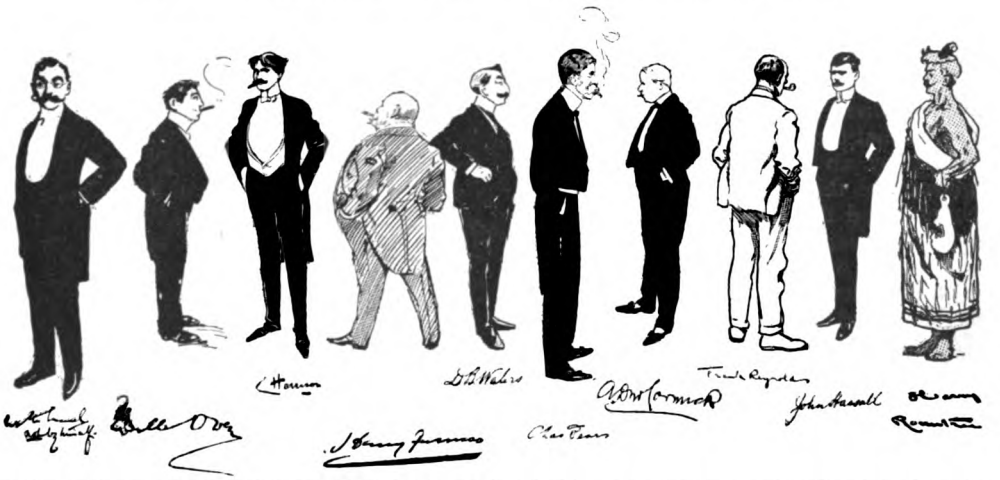
"'BECAUSE,' SAYS HE, 'THE CASTLE OF CONNAUGHT CAN ONLY AFFORD TO KEEP ONE ASS.'"

"Cormac," says she, "how do you mean?"

"I mane," says Cormac, says he, "that, though the one I parted with was an ass, right enough, he had the sense enough to know it; but I was too big an ass even to know I was one. Criona," says he, "you're the wisest and cleverest woman in all creation. and you've got for a man the stupidest fool that ever walked. Promise me," says he, "that you'll never let me make myself ridiculous in the face of the country, by either liftin' hand or foot, givin' word, order, diraction, or command, ever again, without first havin' your advice on it."

Well, Criona promised him. And, by consequence, King Cormac was a happy man, who listened to his wife's advice and did his wife's will, and ruled with great credit to himself over a peaceful and prosperous kingdom of Connaught from then till the day he died. And he left a great name after him, entirely.

The Chronicles of the Strand Club.



In the above group a number of Members of the Club have attempted, with more or less success, to delineate themselves. In order that there should be no mistake in identity, each artist has thoughtfully subjoined his autograph. The newest member, Mr. Rountree, being a New Zealander, here appears in his native costume.

XII.

BY a singular coincidence the Strand Club held its usual monthly gathering on the same night that the Royal Academy banquet was held at Burlington House. Several people outside, being told that a body of distinguished artists were banqueting within, were apparently led into a mistake by the coincidence, and the vociferous toastmaster, who shared the error, actually "craved silence for John Hassall, *R.A.*," when that distinguished draughtsman proposed the health of "our venerable sister society, the Royal Academy."

Lorrison told the first story. It was about a weak-minded individual who suffered from illusions, and who was nearly run over by the Liverpool Limited. The engine-driver and the stoker shouted out to him in vain as he crept along the permanent-way.

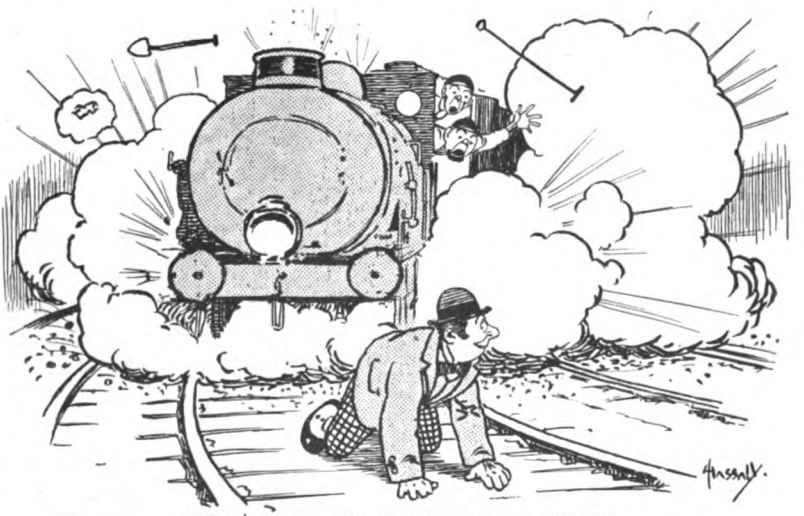
"What train are you?" he inquired, pleasantly.

"The Liverpool Limited!" they roared.

"Take the other line — *I'm the Scotch express!*"

Hassall's drawing of the incident speaks for itself, although it was urged that no one had ever seen such a "comic" locomotive or such clouds of impossible steam.

Hesketh told a capital yarn of a young inspector in the employment of a fire insurance company, who was instructed to visit some warehouses which had been burned,



HASSALL'S DELINEATION OF THE MANIAC ON THE LINE.

find out, if possible, the cause of the conflagration, and report to his company. He did so, and reported as follows:—

"I interviewed the senior partner, who is of opinion that the fire was caused by an electric light on the third floor. I interviewed the junior partner, who is of opinion that the fire was caused by an incandescent light on the second floor. My opinion is that the fire was caused by an Israel*ite* on the first floor."

Bert Thomas's drawing to elucidate Hesketh's story is rendered herewith.

BERT THOMAS'S DRAWING TO ILLUSTRATE THE STORY OF THE FIRE INSURANCE INSPECTOR.

Johns related, in turn, a story of a tourist in Ireland who, arriving one night at a small country hotel, asked that he might be given a room containing an iron bedstead.

PEARS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY OF THE TOURIST AND THE HOTEL PROPRIETOR.

"Sorr," ejaculated the hotel proprietor, "Oi haven't an iron bedstead in the place—they're all soft wood." Then a bright idea seemed to strike him, for he added, beamingly, "But ye'll foind the mattress noice and har-rd, sorr!"

Pears, being called upon by the Chairman for an illustration to Johns's narrative, stepped blithely to the easel and in the short space of three minutes had produced the accompanying graphic design.

Furniss: May I have the floor for a moment, please?

The Chairman: How much of it do you want?

Furniss: Considerably more than I required ten years ago. It is curious that I was about to relate a story bearing on that very point. It is not about me, but about a gentleman whom I will call Uncle John; but before going any farther let me give you an idea of what Uncle John is like.

Whereupon the artist lightly sketched in a portly male figure, and then, while continuing the narration, proceeded with the rest of his composition.

Furniss: Uncle John, on returning from the Colonies, was surrounded by his relatives, all of whom cried out, "How stout you are!" He turned to little Ethel and asked her if she thought he had grown fat. "I can't say, uncle," she replied, "till you turn sideways."

FURNISS'S DRAWING TO EXPLAIN THE STORY OF THE TOO-CORPULENT UNCLE.

Good golf stories are rare. Emberton told one which met with the approval of most of the members. Muttle proved the mean-spirited exception. It turned out he knew nothing whatever of golf, and was incredibly ignorant of its technicalities. Emberton declared the thing had actually happened. Of course, this statement detracted from its humour. Nevertheless, we tried not to believe it. An irate rustic had been accidentally smitten by a golf-ball in the eye. He ran raging towards his assailant: "This'll cost yer five pounds — five pounds!" he roared.

MCCORMICK'S LIGHTNING SKETCH TO EXPLAIN EMBERTON'S GOLFING ANECDOTE.

Golfer: "But I called out 'Fore!' as loud as ever I could."

Rustic (greatly mollified): "Did yer, guv'nor? Well, I didn't 'ear yer. I'll take four."

Whereupon Baniel looked towards McCormick, and McCormick approached the blackboard and almost, as it seemed, in the twinkling of an eye had produced the illustration given below. The velocity was tremendous, but Harrison's record remained unbeaten. Harrison himself was magnanimous. He said the composition wasn't bad for a distinguished painter in oils. It reminded him of some little studies he had at home by a famous Frenchman. He forgot his name for a moment, but thought it was Meissonier.

Garry: The other day a lady was knocked down in Regent Street by a horse, but happily escaped with a few scratches. A gentleman rescued her and said, "Can I get you anything?"

Much out of breath and trembling with excitement she managed to gasp out, "Oh — oh — can you kindly get me——"

"Some brandy?" suggested her rescuer.

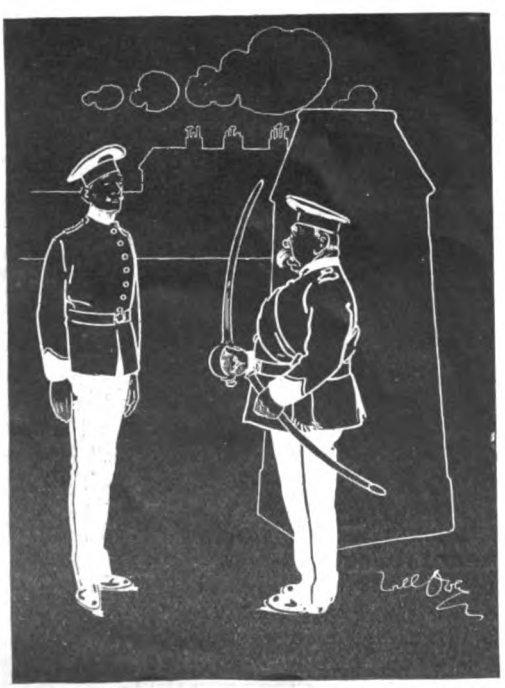
"No — not drink — some safety-pins. I feel I'm falling all to pieces."

Frank Reynolds's intensely human diagram to accompany the story is reproduced on the next page by permission of the artist.

We now had an Aldershot story—this from Wornung. It dealt with the trials of the gentleman ranker and the folly of education.

FRANK REYNOLDS'S GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL OF THE REGENT STREET CATASTROPHE.

"Attention, Private 'Awkins!" roared out an irascible sergeant. "Can you tell me why the blade of this 'ere sabre is curved instead o' being straight?"



WILL OWEN'S IDEA OF THE IRASCIBLE SERGEANT AND THE GENTLEMAN RANKER.

Private Hawkins (gentleman ranker): "Yes; it is curved so as to give more force to the blow."

Sergeant: "Ah, I thought you'd say some rot like that. This 'ere sabre is curved so as to fit that scabbard. If it was straight, 'ow would you get it into a crooked scabbard, stoopid?"

Will Owen's blackboard sketch to accompany Wornung's story was voted extremely realistic.

Harrison made the Club roar with a lightning sketch of two females inspecting a church.

"It's nearly finished," remarks one. "It's a beautiful church."

"Yes," assents her companion. "And I've heard the Bishop's coming down next week to *corrugate* it."

HARRISON'S AMUSING ILLUSTRATION TO HIS OWN STORY OF THE "CORRUGATED" CHURCH.

Waters, not to be outdone, related a brief conversation he had heard that morning in Cheapside. A four-wheel cab, driven by a driver with an extremely large facial orifice, had got blockaded by an omnibus, and the following colloquy then occurred:—

Cab-Driver: "Garn! 'Igher up wi' yer Noah's Ark there! You'll make me lose my train!"

'Bus-Conductor: "*You* shut yer mouth, or I'll lose my 'bus!"

A new member, Harry Rountree, was introduced by Bolman and proceeded to illustrate Bolman's story of two enthusiastic clerical ornithologists, one of whom was sent up a tree to obtain a rare species of egg.

"If you find yourself slipping," enjoined the first curate, "the safest thing is to put the egg in your mouth."

Five minutes later the other came down the tree with a rush.

"Did you break the egg?"

WATERS'S ILLUSTRATION TO THE STORY OF THE WITTY 'BUS-CONDUCTOR AND THE CAB-DRIVER.

HARRY ROUNTREE'S NOTION OF THE TWO CLERICAL ORNITHOLOGISTS.

"No-o."

"Good! I hope you haven't broken any bones?"

"No-o."

"Where's the egg?"

"I put it in my mouth when I felt myself slipping, and I—I swallowed it!"

Rountree's delineation of the incident was voted extremely funny, and the evening wound up with a contribution on the blackboard by Emanuel. Brevity is the soul of wit. It were superfluous to comment on this splendid work of imagination. Mr. Sargent, R.A., may have made better studies of the human figure; Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., may have composed more harmonious grouping: but this unpretentious work stands by itself. The Club did not trust itself to laugh. They shook hands silently and solemnly and passed into the Strand. Emanuel's pun, following their example, you see, has done the same.

THE WIDOW'S WEEDS—EMANUEL'S PUNGENT PUN.

MISS ZENA DARE—PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Bassano, Ltd.

MISS ZENA DARE.

AGE 5 MONTHS.

From a Photo. by A. J. Langton.

AGE 5 YEARS.

ALAN WRIGHT.

From a Photo. by Field.

AGE 12.

From a Photo. by E. Gordon.

MISS ZENA DARE, one of the most deliciously piquante and charming actresses on the stage, was born in London on the 4th of February, 1887. She was educated at the Maida Vale High School, and took certificates at the London College of Music in 1896, Trinity College in 1897, again at the London College in 1898, and at the Royal Academy in 1903.

Curiously enough, she made her first appearance on the stage as understudy to her younger sister, Phyllis, at the Coronet Theatre in "The Babes in the Wood" at Christmas, 1900, after which she returned to school for one year. Miss Dare's next appearance on the stage was at the Manchester Theatre Royal, where she was engaged as a solo dancer, and on the termination of the piece she again returned to school.

In the autumn of 1902 she toured with the indefatigable Mr. Seymour Hicks's successful musical comedy, "The English Daisy," playing the title *rôle* in most of the big provincial centres. Her next part was that of Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," at Glasgow, which proved the prelude to another period of school, for on the termination of that engagement she went to Brussels to finish

her education, remaining there until she was due to appear at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, where at Christmas, 1903, she played Cinderella. In June of the following year she opened at the Strand Theatre in "Sergeant Brue."

No list of Miss Dare's parts would be complete without mentioning that of Angela Crystal in "The Catch of the Season," which she filled when Mr. Seymour Hicks produced it at the Vaudeville Theatre in 1904. Miss Dare's enactment of the *rôle* of the twentieth-century Cinderella of Mayfair was one of the most charmingly natural bits of acting imaginable, and a touch of pathos in the first act proved that although quite a child—she was barely seventeen at the time—she was nevertheless a worthy successor to Miss Ellaline Terriss, who had hitherto played leading lady at the Vaudeville for several years.

In April, 1905, Miss Dare was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes, and at once went to play the title *rôle* in "My Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where she remained until the end of that play's very successful run.

An interviewer saw Miss Dare at the close of an evening performance of "The Little Cherub," in which popular musical comedy she is now playing the part of Lady Isobel Congress, and asked her for some of her views on matters theatrical.

"Am I ambitious?" she repeated, musingly. "Yes, I am indeed, and I may tell you that I am not at all satisfied with any successes I may have made up to date, and I long to make a 'hit' which will be remembered for years and years to come. I think the theatrical profession is the most delightful in the world, but, of course, it is very hard work, although I know many people think the life is just one continuous run of ease and pleasure. As a matter of fact, however, it is nothing of the sort, for I am convinced that it is only by hard work and study that an actress can attain to that state of perfection which should ever be the ideal she has in view. Thus I practise singing regularly every day, and scarcely a day passes that I do not practise dancing as well. I can't imagine anyone remaining on the stage who wasn't fond of it, for the life is so full of vicissitudes, and sometimes, I fear, of disappointments, to those who are ambitious."

From a Photo by Lafayette, Ltd.

Besides her dramatic talent Miss Dare has a decided turn for literature, and some charming stories and articles of hers have appeared in different magazines. Amongst her other recreations are motoring, cycling, and horse-riding, and stormy indeed must be the weather to prevent her from indulging in a daily canter in the Row.

Since the picture post-card craze has become all the rage Miss Dare has been literally bombarded by photographers, and according to a leading firm her post-cards have a considerably larger sale than those of any other actress.

The result of Miss Dare's arduous photographic labours can be seen in the shop windows, for it is safe to say that there is scarcely a single town between Land's End and John o' Groat's in which her post-cards are not displayed in one at least, but generally in a dozen shop-windows.

Maid v. Man.

By Florence Warden.

"ISN'T it simply the sweetest and prettiest little darling of a cottage in all the world, Wheeler?"

This question was addressed, in the most enthusiastic of tones, by a very pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twenty to a middle-aged woman who stood a few paces away from her, removing the traces of packing-straw from one of the drawing-room arm-chairs.

But twenty years more of life, the fatigue of a journey from London into Suffolk, the superintendence of the unpacking of a van-load of furniture, and the uncomfortable picnicking which had to follow had damped Wheeler's capacity for enjoyment, and she replied in no very good humour:—

"Pretty it may be, miss. I'm no judge of that. But what I say is that it's uncommon lonely, and if you was to be took ill in the night, say, why, where would you be?"

"Oh, well, people don't expect to be taken suddenly ill very often, and, after all, I dare say it isn't so much farther to the doctor's here than it is in town," said Mollie Dixon, who, having been the prime mover in her father's decision to take a week-end cottage in the country, was naturally inclined to look on the bright side of things when she had succeeded in getting her wish fulfilled.

"Let alone," went on Wheeler, in a grumbling tone, as she regretfully watched the empty furniture van as it went lumbering away along the winding road, in the afternoon sunshine of the warm September day, "as it's a good half-mile to the village to get so much as a reel of thread, and you might be robbed and murdered by tramps if I was so much as to leave you to draw a pail of water from the well. Well, indeed!" repeated the old London servant, accustomed to the more convenient water-taps of ultra-civilization.

But nothing could depress the happy Mollie, who, with smiling face if somewhat dishevelled hair, ran up and down the narrow and straight cottage staircase, and in and out through the little square brick porch into the drawing-room on one side and through the dining-room to the kitchen on the other, as busy as a bee and as blithe as a bird.

Laughing at the complaints of her companion, who was an old and trusted family servant, she refrained from further comments for a little while, but before long her overwhelming delight in the old red-tiled kitchen with its rough wooden beams got the better of her once again, and she exclaimed, as they began to arrange plates and jugs upon the dresser:—

"Wheeler, you know people talk about 'silly Suffolk'? Well, I think they must be silly because in this pretty country they are too happy to want to use their brains much."

The old servant was almost indignant at this perverse explanation of the proverbial saying.

"*I* never heard anybody call it so pretty before!" she said, with some veiled contempt. "And as for silliness, they're not too silly to be wicked. Why, the papers say as this man Ridge, who's wanted by the police for stealing Lady What's-her-name's jewellery and murdering the maid as tried to stop him, is a Suffolk man, and comes from Ixdale, not so very far from here."

"Oh, of course I don't mean that there are no wicked people in the county. I know there have been crimes committed here just as in other counties," said Mollie, seeing that the cantankerous old servant was growing warm in her own views. "I only meant that—that I'm enjoying myself immensely, even in all the confusion and dust of the 'move.'"

She placed a soup-tureen carefully on the dresser and opened a door at the side, revealing a rickety ladder of some dozen steps, leading into impenetrable blackness.

"Where does this lead to?" asked she.

"To the coal-cellar, or else the wine-cellar, I expect," said Wheeler, tartly. "Don't you go down there, miss, without a candle. It's been built most inconvenient-like under that bit of a winding staircase as goes up to my bedroom; and as I was trying to look down it this morning I gave myself such a crack on the head with the edge of the flooring above as I sha'n't forget in a hurry!"

"It's a good big one for such a small house, at any rate," replied the irrepressibly high-spirited Mollie, as she ducked her brown head under the projecting roof of the cellar and peered down. "It's quite as large as our coal-cellar in London, and would hold three or four tons, I'm sure."

This was, she felt, a discovery to be proud of, but she could not rouse Wheeler's enthusiasm.

"Then it's a deal bigger than we shall

want," she remarked, with a dark suggestion that the family would soon get tired of its "week-end" freak.

Mollie withdrew her head suddenly from under the projection, and looking up from the third step down, on which she was standing, screwed her pretty face up into a grimace.

"Ugh! It smells of bad tobacco. Someone's been smoking down there," she said.

Wheeler hastened across the floor, stooped, and sniffed.

"Stale!" she said, laconically. "There hasn't been nobody smoking there lately!"

"Somebody's been down there, though," said Mollie, looking up again, after another look, with an altered expression of face.

"What do you mean?"

Wheeler had instinctively lowered her voice, and dropped her hands, full of plates and dishes, upon the table.

Mollie came up the remaining steps, and crossed the kitchen to say low in her ear:—

"There are bits of bread on the floor, and there's a smell of cheese!"

"Some tramp's been in there, very like," said Wheeler, half to herself, as she hastily found a candle, stuck it in a candlestick after a second hunt, and got a light after a third expedition in search of matches.

Meanwhile Mollie, rather paler than before, stood listening at the door which led to the cellar; but no sound whatever reached her ears. She said nothing to Wheeler when the latter began the descent into the unknown depths below, but stood waiting, with a very uncomfortable feeling that there is another point of view than pure delight from which the isolation of a country cottage may be viewed.

An exclamation from Wheeler made her drop quickly on her knees to look down.

"What is it?"

She could see the light flickering about in the darkness below, for the cellar was of some depth, and she could see something in Wheeler's hand. In the meantime she got no answer to her question.

"Well, have you found anything?" she repeated.

"'Sh!—'sh!" said Wheeler.

And again the flickering light went round and round, and Mollie, peering down into the darkness, saw that the old servant was searching every corner of the cellar. The girl waited impatiently, feeling sure that some unpleasant discovery had been made by her companion, and full of anxiety for her explanation. Then she heard Wheeler dragging something across the cellar floor and up the rickety ladder.

Mindful of the whispered injunction to be quiet, the girl said nothing more until Wheeler arrived, panting and pale, at the same level as herself, and opened before her astonished eyes a small and very dirty sack, revealing to her startled gaze a quantity of potatoes, and in their midst a torn newspaper, through the holes in which appeared something bright and sparkling.

"Di'monds!" whispered Wheeler. "Di'monds, miss, as sure as I'm alive!"

Mollie uttered an exclamation, but was checked by a look and gesture from her companion.

With her finger on her lip old Wheeler, after an anxious glance round the kitchen as if afraid that they might be overheard or watched by some unseen eye, opened the paper still further and showed an amazing collection of jewellery, obviously of the most valuable kind.

There was a long string of very large and beautiful pearls, fastened by a diamond clasp; a tiara, bent and broken, evidently in a clumsy attempt to remove the stones, some of which were of very large size; there were two bracelets, one set with diamonds alone, the other with diamonds, pearls, and one big emerald of splendid colour; there were two or three handsome brooches set with precious stones of exceptional size; and there was a tiny watch, set with diamonds, with the monogram "L. M. D." in turquoise-blue enamel on the back.

Mollie uttered a low cry and seized Wheeler by the wrist. "Do you know whose they are? Do you know what they are?" she cried into her ear. "Look! 'L. M. D.' Don't you remember? Didn't you read in the papers the list of Lady Dennington's jewels? These are the things stolen by the man the police are looking for—the man who stole Lady Dennington's jewels from her house in Hill Street and shot the poor maid on the stairs."

Wheeler's face was a picture of dismay and terror. She tried to laugh, to make objections, but the look of deadly horror which remained upon her features belied the attempt at protest or denial.

"What makes you think that?" she whispered, hoarsely.

"Everything. The initials; the list of things; the finding them here, near where the man lived. Oh, Wheeler, we must go to the police-station and give information at once!"

"MOLLY UTTERED A LOW CRY AND SEIZED WHEELER BY THE WRIST."

But the elder woman hesitated.

"The man's not here himself, that's one comfort," she said, at last. "I searched every corner of that cellar, and we know he isn't in the house, for there's not a cupboard or a cranny we haven't looked into, us and the removal men."

"I dare say it was the sight of them that frightened the man away," suggested Mollie.

Wheeler shook her head.

"No; for he'd have taken the things with him, that's certain. More like he's just left 'em here, in this empty house, and got away hisself altogether. You see, it isn't theft they're after him for now; it's murder!"

And the women shuddered together at the word, and the ugly thought suggested by it, that a man whose hands were stained with a fellow-creature's blood had actually, within a few days—or perhaps a few hours—been standing on the very spot where they stood now.

"At any rate," persisted Mollie, "the police must know at once."

There was a pause.

"Yes; but who's to tell 'em?" said Wheeler, at last.

"We must."

"How can we go and leave the place?" said the elder woman, shortly. "It might be cleared clean out before we could get back."

"Well, I'll go, then, as far as the village, and get someone to take a message on to Ixdale."

Ixdale was the nearest town, the village of Laxham, which lay between, being of small importance—a mere straggling row of cottages, with a chapel and three inns.

Wheeler made a great effort.

"No," she said. "It's not safe for a girl to go across the fields, let alone a young lady. You shut all the doors and make fast, and stay upstairs and keep a look-out; and I'll run down to the village and get help. I'll get someone to come back with me, as well as someone to go on to Ixdale to the police-station."

Mollie was no coward, but she did not like the idea of being left alone while Wheeler went to the village. However, there was no help for it, and anything was better than the prospect of spending the night with an uncanny feeling that the murderer was in hiding somewhere near them.

"Very well," she said. "You go, then, but make haste; oh, do make haste back!"

"You may be sure I will!" replied Wheeler briskly, as she snatched up her bonnet and hastily tied the strings. "Now, don't you be frightened, Miss Mollie; you've no cause to be afraid. The man's not in the house now, and we'll make all fast so he can't get in. And mind you stay upstairs till I come back, and lock yourself in."

These directions did not, of course, tend to calm the nervous fears of the young girl, who, however, put as brave a face as she could on the matter, laughed faintly, said she was afraid of nothing, and, having seen the old servant start at a good pace down the garden and across the first field on her way to the village, shut and bolted the front door of the cottage, singing loudly to herself to keep up her spirits.

But how lonely it was! And how horrible to know that here, under the same roof with her, were all the jewels stolen by the murderer from Lady Dennington!

Wheeler had hidden them all away in one of the kitchen cupboards, covered with a piece of sacking, and Mollie's eyes wandered

ever and anon in that direction, her heart beating faster whenever she did so. What if the thief should really be about after all, and should take advantage of her being alone to make his presence known before Wheeler could get back? As she asked herself the question, standing at the door which led straight from the kitchen into the dining-room, Mollie fancied she heard a sound in the cellar—that very cellar out of which the jewels had been taken by the old servant.

She gave one look at the cellar door; there was no lock to it and the latch was broken. The door by which she was standing had a lock indeed, but there was no key in it, and Mollie withdrew to the upper floor with an uncomfortable feeling that a cottage in a row is, after all, worth two in a garden.

She went upstairs on tiptoe, shut herself into one of the bedrooms, and looked out of the window.

In the garden, which was a big one for the size of the dwelling, were fruit trees, currant and gooseberry bushes, shut in by a hedge in front and a low wall at the back and sides. Beyond was the road, with a charming view of fields and hills and trees. But the landscape had at that moment no charms for Mollie, for as she stretched out her neck to look as far as possible into her surroundings she caught sight of a man moving stealthily among the apple trees in the little bit of orchard on the right.

She bit her lip hard to repress a scream. It was a long time before she could get more than fleeting glimpses of his figure, and she could not obtain a sight of his face. He was evidently in hiding, and it was only by watching very closely that she was even able to make sure that he was of rather slight build, that he was dressed in the clothes of a labourer, and that he wore a shabby old felt hat, pulled down over his head so as to conceal his face.

She could scarcely doubt that he was the murderer, and that, returning suddenly to the cottage where he had left his ill-gotten booty, he had found, to his dismay, the house occupied and the doors closed.

Then there were the windows. Mollie remembered, with an ugly sensation, that it was easy enough for a man versed in the arts of housebreaking to force an entrance either by that or by some other means. How long had he been there? Did he know that she was alone in the house? Mollie could only hope that he had just arrived, and that he was ignorant, at present, of the number and sex of the inmates.

The time seemed long while she waited, scarcely daring to look out, but listening intently for the slightest sound to indicate either Wheeler's return or the approach of the man from the orchard.

At last, unable to restrain her impatience, and already uneasy at the old servant's long absence, Mollie went again to the window and peeped out in the direction of the spot where she had seen the crouching man. Her heart seemed to stand still; for while there was less to be seen than ever of his figure, she now perceived that there was a gun in his hand.

Full of unrest and excitement which she could not subdue, Mollie went out of the room, listened, and, hearing no sound within the house, went softly down the uncarpeted stairs as far as the open door of the dining-room. She could see the heap of furniture still waiting to be put in place, the carpet already laid, the table in the middle of the room. Nothing appeared to have been disturbed since she and Wheeler were at work together.

An uneasy sense of curiosity, a vague restlessness and anxiety concerning Wheeler and her long absence, which had now lasted more than an hour, made her rash; she went slowly through the dining-room and peeped into the kitchen.

A sort of sob rose to her lips.

On the table, amid all the confused collection of plates, kitchen utensils, straw, and paper, were the unmistakable indications that someone had been making a light repast.

A basket which Wheeler had brought with her to the cottage was open on a chair, while fragments of the sandwiches and biscuits which it had contained lay on the table.

Mollie stared at the table and the basket alternately, trying hard to persuade herself that it was Wheeler who had eaten the sandwiches and left the crumbs lying about. But she knew that this was not so; the old servant had declared herself too tired to eat, and both she and Mollie had decided to leave the refreshment untasted until they should have reduced one room at least to something like order.

The girl looked stealthily round the room, and, stepping backwards, would have withdrawn from the kitchen as noiselessly as she had come, though not with so light a heart. For the uncanny sense that she could not be alone in the house was strong upon her.

There was one step to mount between dining-room and kitchen; she had scarcely reached it when she felt herself seized from

behind. A rough hand was placed across her mouth, and a voice, coarse and husky, said in her ear :—

"Cry out—make a row—and you're a dead woman!"

Mollie was paralyzed with dread, and stood for a moment without making the least effort to get free or even to utter a cry.

It was the very best thing she could have done ; for the man, taken off his guard and believing that she had fainted, soon relaxed his hold and peered round into her face to see whether she had indeed lost consciousness. Quick to seize the chance of escape, Mollie wrenched herself away from him, and running round the kitchen table faced him from the opposite side, mute, panting, with wild eyes.

For the moment she was safe, perfectly safe. The table was large, and there were too many things piled high upon it and underneath it for the man to be able to get at her except by taking the chances of the chase ; and these, she felt, were probably on her side much better than on his.

For Mollie was the usual type of athletic, tennis-playing, swimming, rowing, and riding girl, well grown and lithe of limb ; while her opponent was an undersized, narrow-chested creature, apparently of the artisan class, and a very poor specimen of it.

While they stood, lightly touching the table, taking stock of each other, each with heaving chest and keen eye, Mollie made mental notes of every detail of the man's appearance.

He had to be judged under the most unfavourable auspices, certainly ; but she felt that under no circumstances would he have seemed to her other than mean-looking.

Under the middle height, with a slight stoop and a mean carriage of the head, the man, who was dressed in shabby and dirty clothes of commonplace cut and dark colour, had a sallow skin, small dark eyes, straight black hair, and a slight moustache, while his receding chin and his hollow cheeks were covered by an unpicturesque growth of a few days' dark beard.

His collar was soiled and crumpled, his tie was torn as if it had been frayed out by a thorn-bush, all his clothes showed signs of hard and rough wear. And while his hands and face were very dirty and his hair disordered, Mollie thought she saw, in his dull eyes and in a certain heavy listlessness of manner strange in the circumstances, signs of his having kept a long and weary watch, and of an experience of want and privation.

In the meantime it was difficult for her to believe that this small, commonplace-looking man, who, she felt sure, did not look more villainous than any other man would have done in similar circumstances, could really be the desperate criminal of whom she had read such appalling stories.

Of a low type, mean and undistinguished, he had about him no single attribute of the ordinary brutal ruffian. He was neither big nor burly, loud-voiced nor heavy of jaw. He was just a miserable-looking, undersized wretch, whom she might have taken for a tramp or a pickpocket, but never for the perpetrator of crimes of violence.

The silence during which each took in every detail of the appearance of the other seemed to last a long time. Then the man spoke, not fiercely, not even aggressively, but in the husky tone of half-jocular gallantry peculiar to his class.

"Well, miss, you'll know me again, eh?"

"Oh—oh, yes. What do you want?"

He paused, and appeared to be measuring with his eye his chance of making a spring round the table and seizing her again.

"WELL, MISS, YOU'LL KNOW ME AGAIN, EH?"

"I want nothing but what's right and fair and neighbourly, if so be you treat me square," said he, speaking with an accent in which it was possible to perceive the dialect of his native Suffolk struggling with the Cockney twang he had acquired by residence in London.

"What I've got to say to you's this: I know the 'tecs is a-watchin' me. I've seen 'em outside," and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the orchard, where Mollie had seen the man with the gun. "And I know the stuff's been took away."

As he uttered these last words he suddenly changed his tone, and, leaning forward across the heaped-up table, glared at her out of two bloodshot, black eyes above the pots and pans, the jugs and tea-kettles, in a manner which gave her a fresh insight into his character and temper.

"The stuff?" echoed Mollie, stupidly and without the least idea of what he meant. He glared at her still and growled out in a lower voice:—

"Oh, don't tell me! *You* know well enough what I'm a-talkin' of. But if you must have it different," and he raised his voice a little, "where's the jewels—the jewels what was in the cellar? They've been took away, and what I want to know is, who took 'em? Was it you?"

Under cover of a momentary trepidation at his tone, Mollie took a few moments to consider what line of conduct she had better pursue with this man. It was evident that, at the time when she and Wheeler made the discovery of the hidden jewellery, he had not been near enough to hear or see what was going on. To gain time, instead of answering his question, she asked one in her turn.

"Where were you an hour ago?" she said.

The man frowned, but, still staring at her steadily in a sidelong way that had something menacing as well as offensive in it, he answered, sullenly:—

"I was outside, watching among the bushes till the removal men was gone."

"But how did you get in again afterwards?"

Her curiosity was so strong and so naturally expressed that again he answered, though with the same air of having the words dragged out of him:—

"Why, I got in, of course, by the way I got out—the trap-door in the cellar what they shove the coals through."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mollie.

Neither she nor Wheeler had noticed that one end of the cellar sloped upwards to the roof, and that a square trap-door, instead of the round, iron-rimmed hole common in London, afforded an easy entrance or exit.

There was another short silence, and then the man spoke sharply:—

"Well, what I want to know is who took them things? Was it you?"

A comforting idea flashed through Mollie's mind. Probably he had only just come back into the house, and knew nothing of Wheeler's departure for the village. Perhaps he did not even know that they were only two women by themselves.

"No; it was one of the servants," she answered, boldly.

For a moment this answer seemed to have the desired effect. He glanced hurriedly round him at the doors and at the window, and seemed to be listening. But a look of cunning presently appeared in his eyes, as he retorted with a sneer:—

"Servants, eh? A precious lot of servants you seem to have brought! Where are they? Where's the servant as took the jewels? Now, then, speak out, can't you? Bring her here."

Mollie thought she saw a way of escaping. Doing her best to maintain a perfectly calm and self-possessed manner, she said, glancing at the dining-room door, which was half-open, behind him:—

"If you'll let me go and find her, I'll bring her down and you can ask her about them."

But he was not to be so easily caught. With a short laugh he shook his head and said:—

"No, no; we'll wait till she comes of her own accord—if she's here at all," he added, with a sudden inspiration. "I don't 'ear no noise."

As he maintained his ground, looking steadily over at her, Mollie began to feel sure that he knew as well as she did that he and she were alone in the house. Still there was one comfort—the presence of the detective in the orchard outside. She wondered whether he would hear her if she were to scream. Probably something in the furtive glance she gave towards the window made her companion guess what was passing in her mind. Suddenly he whipped out a revolver from his breast-pocket, and covering her with it across the table, at close range, he snarled out between his set teeth:—

"Just you scream and I'll settle you, just as I did the other one."

Mollie was paralyzed by the words, even more than by the action. Beyond a doubt this was the very man who had murdered

Lady Dennington's maid when she caught him escaping on the stairs. And as she stood as still as a statue looking at the muzzle of the deadly little thing that had killed the poor girl, Mollie said to herself, with a feeling as if a rope had been tightened slowly round her throat, that perhaps to-morrow he would be talking about her in the same way. And his next words seemed to come to her from a long way off, as if she were recovering consciousness after a fainting fit.

"Now, just you tell me this : are you in with them fellers outside, or aren't you?"

She did not attempt to parry the question or to prevaricate ; she dared not, with that little shining thing pointing at her, and with that ugly look in the man's bloodshot eyes as they were fixed upon her, hesitate for a second.

"I'm not 'in with' anybody. I didn't know the man outside was a detective, till you told me so. I only saw there was a man in the bushes, and I wondered who he was."

She had the satisfaction of seeing at once that the man believed her, and she had a sort of instinct, too, that he appreciated her courage, such as it was, and her self-possession. He nodded, put his revolver into his inner pocket, and said, leaning across the table on his hands, and speaking with great intentness :—

"Look here, I don't want to do you no harm, and you've no call to be frightened."

"Not when you threaten to shoot me?" cried Mollie, with spirit. "I do call that harm, and it would frighten anybody."

"I don't want to shoot you. I didn't want to shoot that girl. Why should I? It's a hanging matter to kill a woman. Nobody doesn't do it if he ain't rushed into it. And no more I don't want for to kill you. Lookee 'ere, miss. I'm like, as one may say, a dead man ; if they catch me I shall swing, and nothing can't help me. Do you think, when one is hunted like a mad dog, one's pertickler how one gets away? No ; of course one isn't. And no more ain't I. But all I want is to get away safe, and to take with me what I went through so much to get. Now, come, tell me where the jewellery is first thing, and then I'll let you know what else you've got to do for me so as you shall get rid of me as quick as possible."

She began to think the best thing she could do was to tell him where the jewels were and to let him get away, as he said, and take the risk of getting caught by the detective or detectives. But even as this thought occurred to her she reflected that he was too shrewd to make such an attempt, and she guessed that there was some disagreeable work in store for her.

She pointed to the cupboard on her right. It was nearer to her than to him, and if only he would go to it she might be able to make her escape.

"MOLLIE SLID BEHIND THE BIG KITCHEN TABLE, AND OVERTURNED IT ON TO THE STOOPING MAN."

But he knew there was this danger, and he pulled the table with all its load towards him, and placed it so that the corner touched the wall. Then he walked backwards towards the cupboard Mollie had indicated, while she, nervous and uneasy, retreated a step or two away from him, but did not dare either to get herself into the corner thus made by the table or to risk running past him towards the dining-room.

Very quickly and neatly, with the dexterous hands of an experienced thief, he opened the cupboard, hunted for and found the sack, and taking out the jewels carefully one by one, keeping an eye upon Mollie all the time, he secreted the various ornaments about his person, some in one pocket and some in another, and then, springing nimbly to his feet, turned once more to face her.

Mollie had cast longing but furtive glances, first at the back door and then at the window. But she and Wheeler had made all so fast that she knew it was hopeless to make a dash for freedom while he was so near.

With the jewels once more in his pocket the criminal showed yet another change in his demeanour. He was less anxious, and more inclined to a horrible sociability, which alarmed Mollie infinitely more than even his threats had done.

He leaned against the kitchen range and sniggered.

"Well," said he, "that servant of yours is a long time a-coming, miss. It strikes me as how you and me have got it all to ourselves in here, so we may as well be friendly while we've got to keep company."

Mollie turned cold and shivered. Indeed, she was full of fears on Wheeler's account. She dared not look at her watch, but she knew by the fading of the light that more than two hours must have passed since the servant left the cottage.

"You want to get away?" said she, shortly.

"Yes, yes; that's all right. I want to get away, but when I go, you'll go, too," he said, in an angry growl. "You don't suppose, do you, as I'm a-going out to be nabbed, eh? If you like for to take me out with you as your brother or your sweetheart, well and good. But if you don't choose," he went on, as she made an involuntary sign of dissent, "why, then, when I go you'll be left behind in such a manner as you won't be able to give me away. See?"

He made a dash across the floor and seized her by the wrist with a grip which she found unexpectedly strong for so small a man. "You don't suppose as I've been hiding here in this empty house, a-living on what I could pick up, for days, just to let myself be nabbed through a girl? Now, see here, we'll do things quiet if we can. How much money have you got?"

She answered promptly and truthfully:—

"About three pounds, I think."

And putting her free hand into her pocket she drew out her purse and gave it to him. He took it with a nod, but he did not, as she had hoped, let her go while he looked into it, but just slipped it into one of his pockets after a dexterous outward examination with his forefinger and thumb.

"Now, then," said he, "I shall have to gag you and tie you down, while I look about among the things you've brought with you for another coat. You've got some clothes among your trunks—men's clothes?" he went on, sharply.

"Yes," answered Mollie, very quietly, very submissively.

"In which room?"

"Not the room over this, but the one opposite to it."

"You mean upstairs?"

"Yes."

He considered. He looked round. He spied, what she had feared he would see, a long piece of strong, stout cord which had been round a box. Delight at this opportune discovery, however, made him rash. He turned to pick it up, stooped, and found the cord held down by the end, which had been shut in the back door. He tugged at it sharply.

Seizing the golden moment, Mollie slid behind the big kitchen table and, by a great effort, lifted it, with all its heap of pots and pans, china and glass, and overturned it on to the stooping man.

She heard the sickening crash, heard his cry, wondering, with a horrible feeling of guilt and terror, whether she had killed him, maimed him, or escaped him altogether.

But she could not wait to look. Leaping through the doorway into the dining-room, she flew to the window, turned back the catch, threw up the sash, and, jumping out into the long grass under the window, ran out into the road screaming "Help! help!" as loudly as she could.

As she ran across the garden she cast anxious glances to right and left, looking for the man with the gun, the man whom the criminal had declared to be a detective.

But there was no movement among the bushes; there was no answer to her appealing cry.

With a horrible fear that the murderer would be upon her heels long before she could get help or protection, she ran down the road, where the shadows of the trees were already black and long, in the direction of the village of Laxham. That there was a short cut across the fields she knew, but she dared not trust herself to that, with the fear upon her that the murderer would inevitably be soon upon her track. If once she were to gain the village and raise the hue and cry, he knew that his struggle for freedom would be over.

In the meantime, however, the road was lonely, and with her ears keenly on the alert she fancied she heard a sound on the other side of the hedge on her right hand, as if someone was pursuing her.

At first she scarcely dared to look behind; but when at last, at a turn of the road, she did glance round, she found, to her horror, that her suspicions were correct, and that there was someone on the other side of the hedge in hot pursuit of her.

Fast as she ran she felt, too, that her pursuer was gaining upon her, and a sickening fear seized her that she would be shot at from behind the hedge.

On, on she ran again, without another glance behind, the dust of the road flying about her in clouds, and not a human being or so much as a single cottage in sight.

Should she take to the fields? She could force her way, she knew, through the rather straggling hedge on the left, which ran high above the road, broken by a row of elm trees. At least if she once got into the open she could not be shot down without seeing her assailant; if the murderer should wish to attack her in the wide field he would have to come out, to show himself, and he would be, perhaps, afraid to expose himself so openly to a possible passer-by, since his appearance was in the highest degree calculated to excite suspicion.

She decided to take this course, and, climbing up the steep, grassy bank, got into the field, which was crossed in the middle by a footpath. She was well out in the open on her way to it, when she suddenly perceived, skirting the field some distance behind her, a young man with a gun in his hand and a dog at his heels.

Turning at once, and crying "Help!" as loudly as she could, she ran towards him, sure, from the little she had seen of the man in the orchard, that this was he.

But as she drew near, he on his side running to meet her, she found her tongue faltering, for this was certainly neither a labourer, on the one hand, nor a detective, on the other. Though his clothes were of some rough material, and his hat shabby almost to the point of raggedness, there was about him a look of refinement as unmistakable as his good looks.

"'BY JOVE!' SAID HER NEW FRIEND, RUNNING TO KEEP PACE WITH HER, 'I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE PLACE.'"

Raising his ragged hat and showing a head of curly brown hair and a pair of merry blue eyes, the stranger said, quickly:—

"How can I help you? Have you been frightened—attacked?"

"Both," panted poor Mollie, who could scarcely speak. "Oh, please—please come back to the cottage—Hyde's Cottage—with me. But take care. There's a man there with a revolver! I think—I'm sure, indeed—that he's both a thief and—and a murderer."

"By Jove!" said her new friend, running to keep pace with her, and listening with more interest than surprise. "I knew there was something wrong about the place—had my father's larder robbed two nights—watched

the place myself this morning—saw there were ladies about, so slunk off. See I wasn't far wrong, though, after all!"

"Indeed you—were not," panted Mollie back.

And thus, explaining and commenting as they went, they ran across the field in the direction of the cottage. Long, however, before they reached the road which they had to cross, Mollie caught sight of something which made her stop short with a cry, and then hurry on with redoubled speed.

"What is it?" asked her companion, anxiously.

The girl pointed to something which was lying behind the hedge on the other side of the road. The young man looked, saw a print skirt and a black jacket or shawl, and uttered an exclamation.

"What is it?" he asked. "Good heavens!"

"It's — it's my old servant!" sobbed Mollie, piteously. "She's — she's been murdered! Look! look!"

Both strained their eyes, but neither could detect the slightest movement in the unfortunate creature lying prone in the long grass under the opposite hedge.

The young people, who had come to a point where there was scarcely so much as a bush on their side of the road, so that their view was interrupted only by the straggling hedge on the other side, hurried down into the road, breathless and struck with consternation.

Scarcely, however, had Mollie got halfway across when her companion, flinging his arms unceremoniously round her, dragged her back, and, swinging her round, stood between her and the prostrate figure on the other side of the hedge.

She was too much amazed even to utter a cry. The next moment she felt herself thrust back across the road, and the young man, with a hurried word of incoherent apology, left her so suddenly that she tottered as she stood.

With a horrible feeling that she had but escaped from the hands of a thief to fall into those of a lunatic, Mollie stared in bewilderment at the scene before her.

The young farmer was already springing through the hedge in front of her, and, with his gun cocked, was in full pursuit of a flying figure.

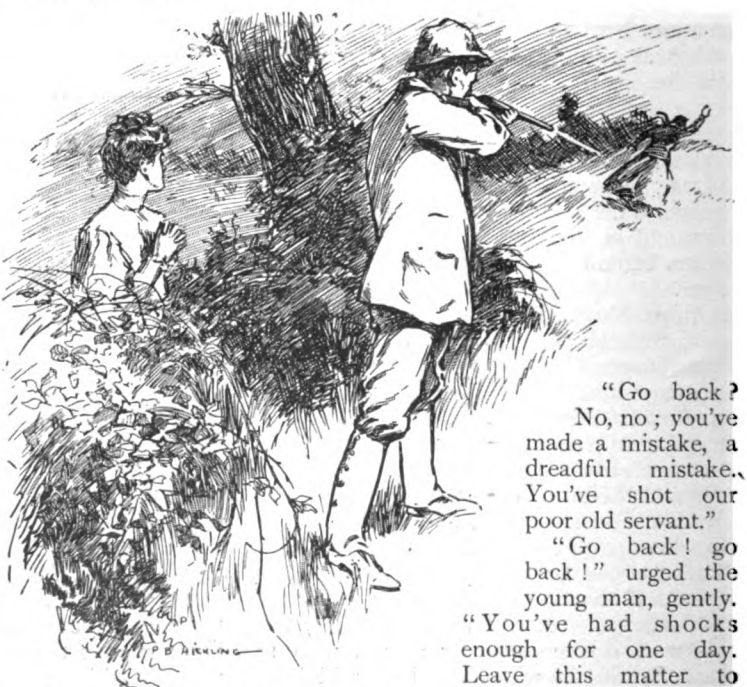
And the figure was that of old Wheeler, scurrying across the meadow at a rate of which Mollie would have thought her limbs wholly incapable.

The next moment, to her horror, she saw the pursuer raise his gun and deliberately fire at the unfortunate woman.

"Don't—oh, don't!" screamed Mollie, as she staggered towards the crazy fellow with the gun. But she was too late. She heard a report, and the next moment the figure in the print dress and the black jacket lay once more prostrate on the ground.

With a loud cry Mollie tore her way through the hedge, and with a reproachful look at the young farmer ran on towards the unlucky Wheeler. But before she had got far she felt a strong hand laid upon her arm, and the voice of the young farmer whispered in her ear:—

"Go back! go back!"



"'DON'T—OH, DON'T!' SCREAMED MOLLIE."

"Go back? No, no; you've made a mistake, a dreadful mistake. You've shot our poor old servant."

"Go back! go back!" urged the young man, gently. "You've had shocks enough for one day. Leave this matter to me."

But already a vague suspicion of the truth had come into Mollie's mind, and, instead of hurrying forward, she threw a frightened glance at the prostrate figure, and saw that though the print dress, the black jacket, and the best black bonnet and veil were indeed those of Wheeler, yet the hand that was clutching the grass in the agony caused by a broken leg was not that of Wheeler, but that of the thief and murderer who, left alone in the cottage, had forced open the servant's box and tried to escape in her clothes.

Mollie st ggered, weeping with fright and horror, back towards the cottage, sick with the terrors she had gone through and also with alarm on Wheeler's account.

Scarcely had she reached the garden, however, when she was met by a woman from the village who was able to explain the mystery of the old servant's long absence. She had been knocked down by a motor-car before she reached the village, and stunned by the fall. Luckily the occupants of the vehicle were not of the type which brings disgrace upon automobilism; they carried the poor woman into Ixdale, where, as she was unknown, she was taken to the cottage hospital and medically attended at once.

She did not recover consciousness for two hours, so that it was not until then that she was able to give an account of herself and to send a messenger to calm the fears of her young mistress.

Mollie burst into tears on hearing of the poor woman's misfortune. And, full of fears on account of her new friend the young farmer, she could not rest.

What if the murderer should shoot him? She had forgotten, in the first moment of stupid submission to her new friend's orders, that the criminal carried a revolver, and might have strength enough to shoot even as he lay writhing on the ground.

"I must go back," she said to the kindly woman who had brought Wheeler's message—"back to the field!"

But she was too much worn out to insist, and when she tried to walk she staggered and almost stumbled, and was obliged to submit to be led back into the cottage, where she fell down on a heap of half-unpacked furniture, and disgraced an athletic generation by losing consciousness.

When she came to herself she remained a moment with her eyes staring and vacant, and then suddenly sat up and said:—

"That man! That man with the blue eyes and the curly hair! I must go back and find him, thank him, warn him. I must—I must!"

Mollie had experienced a good many shocks that day, but not one so overwhelming as that she felt when a pleasant laugh in a man's fresh young voice startled her, and looking towards the window she saw her handsome friend in the ragged hat sitting on the ledge.

He rose to his feet on the long grass outside, and, raising his hat, said:—

"If I'm the fellow you mean I want no thanks. I'm only too glad to have been able to catch a scoundrel who tried to finish his record of ill deeds by murdering you. It was the muzzle of his revolver pointing through the hedge which first opened my eyes to the fact that it was not a dead woman but a live man you and I were chasing."

"And where is he now?" asked Mollie, looking fearfully round her, and clutching the hand of the good woman who was fanning her in the dark cottage room.

"Safe in the local lock-up, and the jewellery and money found on him are safe too. We've made a big haul, and I do hope you'll let me call as soon as your people come down and tell you all the news about him up to date."

"I shall be delighted, and so will they. We shall want to thank you," stammered Mollie.

But he was laughing and waving off her thanks as he went down the garden.

"Who is he?" asked Mollie, as soon as he was out of sight.

"He's Mr. Tom Cheveley, old Squire Cheveley's son, miss, and as nice a young gentleman as there is in the countryside," said the village woman, enthusiastically.

Mollie felt quite sure of that already. And when her people did come down, and the two families called upon each other, she soon began to feel more sure of it still.

And by the time the trial of the murderer, William Ridge, took place, and sentence of death was passed upon one of the most callous criminals that ever lived, Tom Cheveley found that the girl whom he had saved from the murderer's revolver was the only girl in the world for him.

As for Mollie, she had already decided that there was no hero in the world to compare with the man with the blue eyes and the curly hair.

The Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons.

By Colonel Lockwood, M.P., Ex-Chairman of the Kitchen Committee.

THE public invariably exhibits interest in the interior economy and the lesser details of those institutions which, owing to general rules and regulations, are a closed door to the average member of the community, until some happy circumstance makes it possible for an ex-official or person with actual knowledge to draw aside the veil and satisfy the public curiosity. Perhaps there is no institution in the world which excites the interest of the outside world more than the Palace of Westminster, where six hundred and seventy members are, at all events, supposed to spend the greater part of their time.

I entered Parliament in the year 1892, and up to the present have certainly spent more time in the House than the ordinary member. During those hours I have devoted much time to increasing the comfort of my brother-members, and am bound to say that, though I have been the recipient of a good many complaints, I have received many thanks and great compliments from all my colleagues.

Besides taking part in debates and divisions, the private member will almost certainly be selected to serve upon committees, and he soon discovers that if he means business he has but little spare time on his hands.

In the ordinary course of events I was selected to serve on the Kitchen Committee, and after acting in the capacity of member for a considerable period was selected in February, 1901, to the more arduous post of chairman, a position held up to the present year. This chairmanship has not always been a bed of roses, the peculiar tastes and appetites of the multitude of members demanding as much consideration as the occasional slenderness of their purses. Even the House of Commons includes among its members those who desire to secure the maximum of satiety with the minimum amount of expenditure; and this must be apparent when one remembers that the refreshment department caters not only for the most opulent members of the House, but also for the members of the Press and the great staff of assistants without whose co-operation the Palace of Westminster would find itself unable to conduct the affairs of the nation.

COLONEL THE RIGHT HON. MARK LOCKWOOD.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

As a proof that the position of chairman is not in the consideration of some persons one of credit, I may mention a conversation which took place between a man who was canvassing for me at the recent election and a voter. My canvasser called at a house and requested the voter to promise his support in my interest; the voter, without discussing politics, immediately said: "I ain't going to vote for a man who is only in the kitchen; I want a man who is in the 'Ouse," so that it is evident that in his mind the position was not one of distinction. To the credit of my canvasser I ought to record the fact that he was not staggered by this false

estimate of the position, but only showed his annoyance by saying, "Oh, you don't want a man in the kitchen, don't you? Well, if your man gets returned they will put him into the boot-hole, where he will have to clean the other members' boots!"

The chairmanship of the Kitchen Committee was used against me in a variety of ways at the General Election. It was continually belittled, and constantly the charge was brought against me at public meetings that this particular committee was the only one I was fitted to serve upon. The truth is that it is a difficult matter to find members willing to give up a considerable portion of their time to looking after, not only the uninteresting material wants of their fellow-creatures, but also to regulate the expenditure of public money provided for this purpose, for it should be remembered that the Exchequer contributes two thousand pounds a year towards the catering department. Experience has proved that the messing arrangements of a regiment, the conduct of a club, or, in fact, of any large assembly of persons where attention to detail is required, are usually more effectively managed by a comparatively small committee; accordingly what is technically known as the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons is not a large body of persons. There are the General Committee and a sub-committee. The committee is chosen by the Whips of both parties in proportion to their numerical strength.

For instance, in the present year eleven members of the Government side are chosen by Mr. Whiteley and four by Sir Acland Hood; then probably two members will be chosen from the Irish party and one from the Labour party, so that really all the interests of the various bodies are represented, making a committee of eighteen in all; thus it will be seen that the various groups get a proportionate representation. This plan has invariably recommended itself, and I believe will continue to do so, as the varying tastes and general idiosyncrasies of each group become more marked as the life of a Parliament becomes prolonged. As this body of eighteen men would, of course, be too unwieldy to conduct the endless details of the refreshment department, a sub-committee of six members is selected, upon whom falls the work of writing cheques, inspecting bills and accounts, and generally preparing the work for the meeting of the larger committee. All the accounts of the week are produced before the sub-committee, which examines all books and receives the

From a Photo. by] MINISTERS' DINING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. *[F. Frith & Co.*

reports from Mr. C. F. King, their manager, and pays ready money to tradesmen for all goods received. Complaints from members are, in the first instance, brought before this committee, which thoroughly weighs and sifts the evidence, and lays the conclusion before the General Committee.

As each Session commences the committee have to select their chairman, and of recent years the chairman of the Kitchen Committee has generally been changed with the Government. This year, though some of my colleagues were kind enough to express the hope that I would allow myself to be nominated again, notwithstanding the change of Government, I could not accept the position, as I felt that the plan adopted of passing the chairmanship over to the party in office carries with it considerable advantages. Many very useful men have served on the sub-committee, such as Sir James Bailey, Dr. MacDonnell, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Jacoby, the present chairman, and they all worked hard for the comfort of their brother-members.

All samples of wines and spirits to be consumed in the House are in the first case brought to the notice of the sub-committee, and I initiated a plan which might be followed with advantage by some big clubs, which is that, although the taste of the committee was excellent, especially as regards known wines, I did not trust them absolutely, but requisitioned the services of some of the most expert tasters in London, with the result that the committee have secured some of the very best wines and spirits at most reasonable prices. Most of the wines purchased but a short time ago have largely increased in value, especially champagne.

It is a wonderful sight to see the professional tasters, with some dozens of samples in front of them, unnamed, but simply numbered, giving not only their opinions on the contents of each glass, but often going so far as to name the year and brand of the samples submitted.

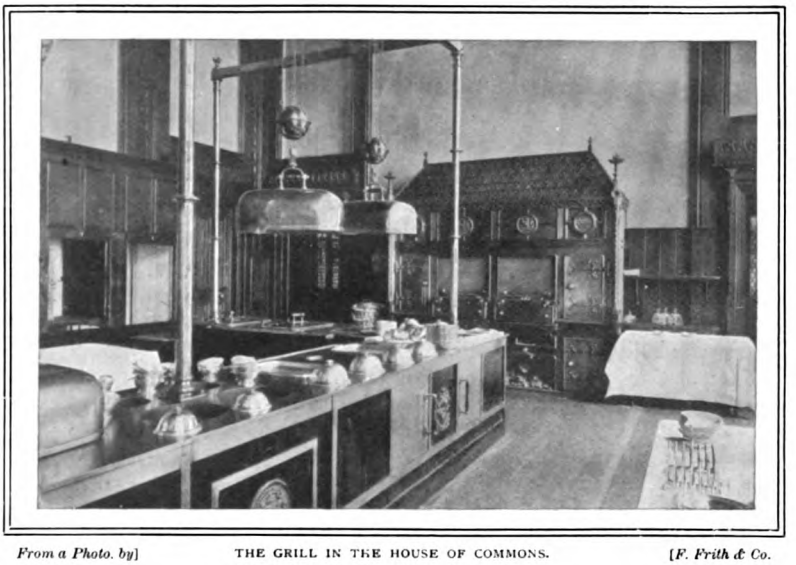
To show the amount of business transacted by the department let me mention that in 1902, the Coronation year, 184,692 meals were served out. Of course, this was an exceptional year, but in the year 1901 142,660 were served; in the year 1903 the total number was 108,781; in 1904 148,700, and in the last year of the Conservative regime, 1905, the number of meals served was 153,741. It will be seen, therefore, that the total number of meals served during my term of office was, roughly speaking, 750,000. The number varies according to the amount

From a Photo. by] MEMBERS' DINING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. *[F. Frith & Co.*

of work and pressure in the House itself, for when members have to be constantly in attendance, awaiting the appeal of the party Whip, they may have to avail themselves of the resources of the kitchen instead of the more peaceful meal that has been prepared for them at home.

There would be no difficulty in providing for the wants of the members of the House of Commons were the numbers to be provided for always known beforehand; but there are many circumstances that arise, especially unforeseen ones, that greatly increase the difficulties of catering for the House of Commons. For instance, a delicate question may arise during the debate, and the Whips may insist on keeping all members as late as possible; or divisions may take place just before seven-thirty, which keeps members until eight o'clock. In such cases double the number of members will demand dinner, and the resources of the kitchen and the activity of the staff are taxed to the fullest extent. Then, again, in anticipation of a great full-dress debate, dinner will be prepared for five hundred. The debate suddenly collapses or runs out before time, there is a count-out, and few, if any, members will require dinner. The stock of provisions ordered has to be consumed somehow, and a large loss has to be faced on the weekly bills. Then, again, the suspension of Standing Orders may lead to an all-night sitting, and that sitting may be carried on until twelve o'clock the next day, when suppers and breakfasts are demanded by tired members, not in the best of tempers, and therefore very difficult to please. These are but a few of the examples of uncertainty that arise in the House of Commons. Patience as regards his food is not a characteristic of the English member, and there are some legislators who are only too ready to find fault with the slightest detail, should everything not prove to their liking. Irritated by some trifle—a fit of indigestion brought on by a badly-cooked meal at home, or failure to catch the Speaker's eye—this last incident in particular—sends members to their food in the House only too ready to find fault with everything.

Large numbers of teas are given on the Terrace, and all the smart ladies of London come down to while away a couple of hours.



From a Photo. by] THE GRILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. *[F. Frith & Co.*

The number given frequently exceeds seven hundred a day, and this continues throughout the week. These teas are all demanded at the same time—that is, between five and six. The still-room of the House of Commons is badly situated, and has but a small window through which to pass supplies. Members with parties of ladies soon lose their patience if there is anything like delay, which is curious, as one would have thought that the longer the ladies stayed the better pleased the members would have been. In the old days we had waiters on the Terrace, and it was during my chairmanship that waitresses were appointed in the place of the men. Would anyone imagine that even such a simple affair as this caused us trouble? At one time there were serious heart-burnings in the minds of the wives of some of the members owing to the good looks of our excellent female staff, and those ladies did not fail to let it be known that they were anxious on the subject. I don't know how Mr. King got over this difficulty.

The kitchens and larders are as bad as they can be, and there is not an hotel in London that is not better appointed. There is really no larder accommodation, and the kitchen is just under the members' smoking-room, quite impossible from the utilitarian point of view. The cellars, however, are quite the best to be found in London, with ample capacity and an even temperature.

Readers of this article may well ask if a member of Parliament, without previous similar training, can successfully carry out those duties for which the manager of a big hotel in London would demand a salary of between two thousand and three thousand pounds a year. I answer, unhesitatingly, "No!" It is neither the Chairman nor his committee who keeps the details of this huge concern going, but the head of the refreshment department, Mr. C. F. King, whose patience, capabilities, urbanity, and level-headedness enable him to succeed where most would fail. His trials are great and his rewards are few, but those who work with him know the qualities that underlie his strong personality. Previous to Mr. King's appointment as manager at the House of Commons he was steward at the Senior United Service Club from 1892 to 1899, and when he resigned this post he was followed by the good wishes of almost every member of the club.

The extremes of catering that are met under the present management are very great. It is possible on payment of one shilling to get a cut from hot joints, two vegetables, the choice of two sweets starred on the menu, with bread, cheese, and butter, and always a good service; but, of course, there is a wider variety for those whose palates are not tempted by the everyday joint. The following menus give an idea of the more sumptuous meals that are provided:—

Mr. Ian Malcolm's dinner to the Australian visitors on the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's signing the Declaration of the Independent Parliament of the Commonwealth.

MENU DU DINER DU 6 AVRIL, 1901.
Caviare d'Astrakhan.
Petite Marmite.
Truite Meuniere.
Poulet à la Diable.
Selle d'Agneau à la Broche.
Legumes de Saison.
Asperges Vertes.
Sauce Mousseline.
Omelette au Rhum.
Laitances au Parmesan.
Vins: Bordeaux, Château Cantenac, 1893.
Champagne, Heidsieck, 1892.
Port, Dow's, 1881.

The National Union of Conservative Associations. Luncheon, 1st June, 1905.

MENU.
Truite froide.
Côtelettes d'Agneau aux Petits Pois.
Pommes Nouvelles.
Poulet Froid et Langue.
Salade.
Asperges, Sauce Mousseline,
Omelette Soufflé Vanille.
Café.

Coronation Luncheon in Westminster Hall, Thursday and Friday, June 26th and 27th, 1902.

MENU.
Poissons:
Truite à la Diplomate.
Saumon Froid à l'Anglaise.
Homard à la Printanière.
Mayonnaise de Saumon à la Danemark.
Salade de Crabe.
Entrées:
Chaufroid de Cailles à la Coronation.
Poulet Froid à l'Alexandra.
Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Princesse de Galles.
Ballotine de Pigeon à la Royale.
Grosses Pièces:
Aloyau de Bœuf au Raifort.
Poularde et Jambon à la Gelée.
Langue de Bœuf à la Française.
Quartier d'Agneau, Sauce Menthe.
Bœuf Pressé à la Commons.
Asperges en Branches.
Salade Portugaise. Salade de Saison.
Salade Parmentier.
Entremets:
Macédoine de Fruits au Champagne.
Gelée aux Liqueurs.
Pâtisserie Assortie.
Glaces:
Glace Vanille et Crème Framboise.
Dessert. Café.
Champagne Cup, Hock Cup, Claret Cup, Minerals, etc.

Complimentary Dinner to Colonel Mark Lockwood, M.P., by his colleagues of the Kitchen Committee, Wednesday, May 31st, 1905.

MENU.
Melon Glacé.
Bisque d'Ecrévisses.
Truite Grillée, Sauce Verte.
Filet de Poulet Maintenon.
Selle d'Agneau.
Petits Pois Français. Pommes Voisin.
Cailles de Vigne.
Cœur de Laitues.
Asperges d'Argenteuil, Sauce Vinaigrette.
Fraises au Firsch.
Barquettes à la Lockwood.
Dessert.
Café.

The Committee made this dinner the occasion for presenting the Chairman with a handsome silver cigar and cigarette case, as a mark of the high esteem in which they held him.

Perhaps one of the most important, and, I might almost say, one of the most famous, undertakings of the committee was to entertain the French fleet in Westminster Hall on August 12th last year. This

was the first occasion when Westminster Hall was used for a function of this character, as the disappointment of the Coronation prevented it being used then, so our distinguished visitors lunched in the hall that had been closed to Englishmen since the reign of George III. On this day one thousand five hundred persons were served with luncheon; tea was given on the Terrace to the ladies, who also received bouquets and souvenirs—and even then the resources of the kitchen were not sending for the use of the committee the best that their hothouses and gardens could produce, and, as the visitors said, no display of fruit could ever rival it. The decorations of the table were composed of La France roses.

Something might be said in regard to the reductions in prices that have been effected of recent years. That excellent champagne, Clicquot, 1893, is now served to members at eight-and-six per bottle, it having been reduced from ten shillings. St. Julien,

From a Photo. by] MEMBERS' TEA-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. *[F. Frith & Co.*

exhausted. At each end of the hall was placed, on raised tables with two carvers, a baron of beef—a sight with which Frenchmen were unfamiliar; but the attractiveness of the roast beef was so strong that both the huge joints disappeared before the appetites of our visitors. A point of interest in connection with this luncheon is that, when the visitors came through the central hall into Westminster Hall, the band of the Queen's Westminsters played the Marseillaise. Rehoboams, or double magnums of champagne, equal to six bottles of wine, were used at luncheon—bottles that measure twenty inches long by five and a half inches wide—and the fruit for dessert was the most magnificent display ever seen on an English table. The noblest and richest families in the kingdom vied with each other in

1893, has been reduced from three shillings to two shillings per bottle, and similar reductions have been carried out in the whole of the wine list. An exceedingly cheap and genuine claret can be purchased for tenpence per bottle. The yearly sale of wine is over five thousand pounds, and as the stock in hand is just over six thousand pounds, having been bought at prices below those at present holding in the trade, the Liberal Government has evidently come into a good thing.

Cigars are bought in large quantities and readily disposed of, and are on sale from one penny to two shillings. A large cabinet of Havana cigars was bought recently at a cost of four hundred and fifty pounds, but they are rapidly disappearing. Roughly, the trading account for the year is twenty-three thousand pounds, and all the accounts, having

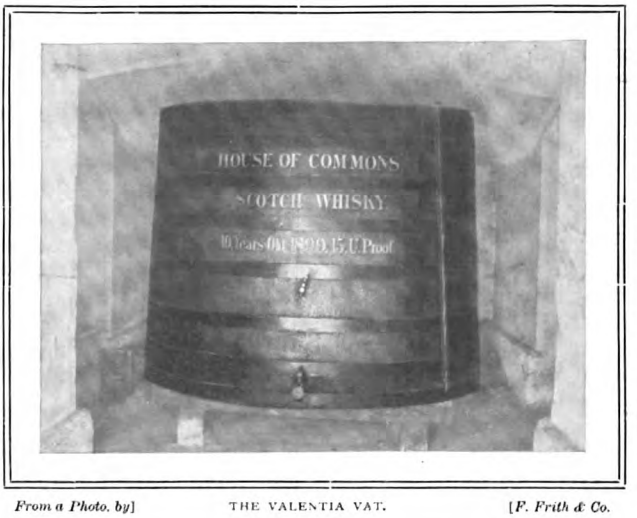
been passed by the committee's auditors, have to go before the Government auditors.

Something should be said, too, about the Valentia vat. For years it had been the custom of the committee to buy their whiskies in small quantities in wood and bottle, but experience taught them that the system was not a good one, both for reasons of quality and economy. The committee, therefore, decided to build a huge vat capable of holding a full two years' supply of whisky. This decision enabled them to buy larger quantities at cheaper rates; also the spirit in the wood naturally improves day by day. The vat system also tended to put a stop to those spirit merchants who had supplied whisky in bottle advertising their goods as the same as those "supplied to the House of Commons." This statement may dispel an idea existing in the minds of the public at the present time—*i.e.*, that the labels above referred to are always strictly accurate. The "Valentia Vat" was thus christened in compliment to the distinguished chairman who held office during its construction, and was declared ready for use in the year 1899. The capacity of the vat is seven hundred and eight gallons. As it is tapped about half-way down, the liquor never falls below three hundred and fifty gallons, and on reaching this point the vat has to be replenished. It is always filled with ten-year-old whisky, so that naturally the blend becomes excellent. There is also an Irish vat filled in the same manner with ten-year-old whisky.

MR. CHARLES KING, THE MANAGER OF THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.
From a Photograph.

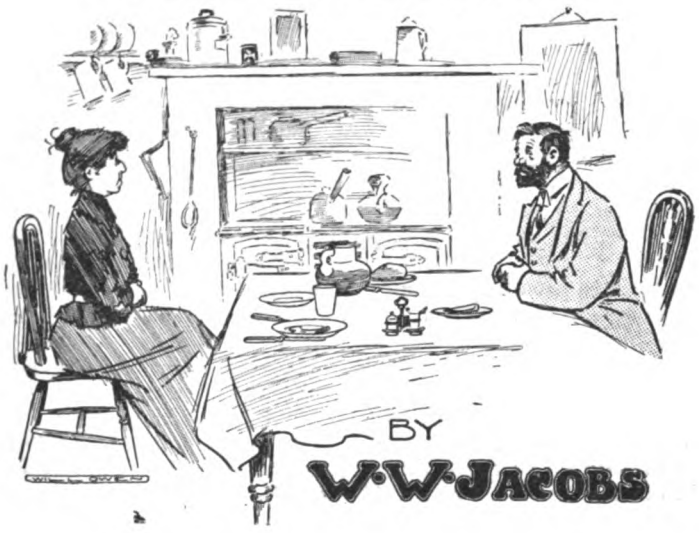
I am often asked if amusing incidents have come to my knowledge during my tenure of the chairmanship. I do not remember many, but one that has a comic side is the following. A member complained of gross incivility on the part of a waiter. After efficiency civility is one of the first qualifications we demand in our staff, so that I was much perturbed by this complaint, and hurriedly sought an interview with the complaining member. I found him after some difficulty, and elicited from him that the true ground of complaint was that, after a heated altercation on the subject of a fourth helping of meat, the waiter had declined to go outside the precincts of the House of Commons with the irate member, and then and there settle the affair in old English fashion with their fists. I did not think that this incivility was one worthy of reprehension, and therefore soothed my enraged colleague's feelings and dismissed the complaint.

The new House of Commons has certainly changed much in its composition—some think for the better, some say it is ruined. We hear that an advanced section of the Labour party intend to bind themselves to total abstinence while within the precincts of the House, and I was asked by a representative of the Press if this would make much difference to our profits. My answer was "No!" For some years past total abstinence has been increasing in the House; of this fact the experts of the Kitchen Committee are aware, and are quite ready to deal with the situation.



From a Photo. by] THE VALENTIA VAT. *[F. Frith & Co.*

THE CHANGELING



BY

W·W·JACOBS

MR. GEORGE HENSHAW let himself in at the front door, and stood for some time wiping his boots on the mat. The little house was ominously still, and a faint feeling, only partially due to the lapse of time since breakfast, manifested itself behind his waistcoat. He coughed—a matter-of-fact cough—and, with an attempt to hum a tune, hung his hat on the peg and entered the kitchen.

Mrs. Henshaw had just finished dinner. The neatly-cleaned bone of a chop was on a plate by her side; a small dish which had contained a rice-pudding was empty; and the only food left on the table was a small rind of cheese and a piece of stale bread. Mr. Henshaw's face fell, but he drew his chair up to the table and waited.

His wife regarded him with a fixed and offensive stare. Her face was red and her eyes were blazing. It was hard to ignore her gaze; harder still to meet it. Mr. Henshaw, steering a middle course, allowed his eyes to wander round the room and to dwell, for the fraction of a second, on her angry face.

"You've had dinner early?" he said at last, in a trembling voice.

"Have I?" was the reply.

Mr. Henshaw sought for a comforting explanation. "Clock's fast," he said, rising and adjusting it.

His wife rose almost at the same moment, and with slow and deliberate movements began to clear the table.

"What—what about dinner?" said Mr. Henshaw, still trying to control his fears.

"Dinner!" repeated Mrs. Henshaw, in a terrible voice. "You go and tell that creature you were on the 'bus with to get your dinner."

Mr. Henshaw made a gesture of despair. "I tell you," he said, emphatically, "it wasn't me. I told you so last night. You get an idea in your head and——"

"That'll do," said his wife, sharply. "I saw you, George Henshaw, as plain as I see you now. You were tickling her ear with a bit o' straw, and that good-for-nothing friend of yours, Ted Stokes, was sitting behind with another beauty. Nice way o' going on, and me at 'ome all alone by myself, slaving and slaving to keep things respectable!"

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"It wasn't me," reiterated the unfortunate.

"When I called out to you," pursued the unheeding Mrs. Henshaw, "you started and pulled your hat over your eyes and turned away. I should have caught you if it hadn't been for all them carts in the way and falling down. I can't understand now how it was I wasn't killed; I was a mask of mud from head to foot."

Despite his utmost efforts to prevent it, a faint smile flitted across the pallid features of Mr. Henshaw.

"Yes, you may laugh," stormed his wife, "and I've no doubt them two beauties laughed too. I'll take care you don't have much more to laugh at, my man."

She flung out of the room and began to wash up the crockery. Mr. Henshaw, after standing irresolute for some time with his hands in his pockets, put on his hat again and left the house.

He dined badly at a small eating-house, and returned home at six o'clock that evening to find his wife out and the cupboard empty. He went back to the same restaurant for tea, and after a gloomy meal went round to discuss the situation with Ted Stokes. That gentleman's suggestion of a double alibi he thrust aside with disdain and a stern appeal to talk sense.

"Mind, if my wife speaks to you about it," he said, warningly, "it wasn't me, but somebody like me. You might say he 'ad been mistook for me before."

Mr. Stokes grinned and, meeting a freezing glance from his friend, at once became serious again.

"Why not say it was you?" he said, stoutly. "There's no 'arm in going for a 'bus-ride with a friend and a couple o' ladies."

"O' course there ain't," said the other, hotly, "else I shouldn't ha' done it. But you know what my wife is."

Mr. Stokes, who was by no means a favourite of the lady in question, nodded. "You *were* a bit larky, too," he said, thoughtfully. "You 'ad quite a little slapping game after you pretended to steal her brooch."

"I s'pose when a gentleman's with a lady he 'as got to make 'imself pleasant?" said Mr. Henshaw, with dignity. "Now, if my missis speaks to you about it, you say that it wasn't me, but a friend of yours up from the country who is as like me as two peas. See?"

"Name o' Dodd," said Mr. Stokes, with a knowing nod. "Tommy Dodd."

"I'm not playing the giddy goat," said the other, bitterly, "and I'd thank you not to."

"All right," said Mr. Stokes, somewhat taken aback. "Any name you like; I don't mind."

Mr. Henshaw pondered. "Any sensible name'll do," he said, stiffly.

"Bell?" suggested Mr. Stokes. "Alfred Bell? I did know a man o' that name once. He tried to borrow a bob off of me."

"That'll do," said his friend, after some consideration; "but mind you stick to the same name. And you'd better make up something about him—where he lives, and all that sort of thing—so that you can stand being questioned without looking more like a silly fool than you can help."

"I'll do what I can for you," said Mr. Stokes, "but I don't s'pose your missis'll come to me at all. She saw you plain enough."

They walked on in silence and, still deep in thought over the matter, turned into a neighbouring tavern for refreshment. Mr. Henshaw drank his with the air of a man performing a duty to his constitution; but Mr. Stokes, smacking his lips, waxed eloquent over the brew.

"I hardly know what I'm drinking," said his friend, forlornly. "I suppose it's six-half, because that's what I asked for."

Mr. Stokes gazed at him in deep sympathy. "It can't be so bad as that," he said, with concern.

"You wait till you're married," said Mr. Henshaw, brusquely. "You'd no business to ask me to go with you, and I was a good-natured fool to do it."

"You stick to your tale and it'll be all right," said the other. "Tell her that you spoke to me about it, and that his name is Alfred Bell—B E double L—and that he lives in—in Ireland. Here! I say!"

"Well?" said Mr. Henshaw, shaking off the hand which the other had laid on his arm.

"You—you be Alfred Bell," said Mr. Stokes, breathlessly.

Mr. Henshaw started and eyed him nervously. His friend's eyes were bright and, he fancied, a bit wild.

"Be Alfred Bell," repeated Mr. Stokes. "Don't you see? Pretend to be Alfred Bell and go with me to see your missis. I'll lend you a suit o' clothes and a fresh neck-tie, and there you are."

"*What?*" said the astounded Mr. Henshaw.

"It's as easy as easy," declared the other. "To-morrow evening, in a new rig-out, I walks you up to your house and asks for you to show you to yourself. Of course, I'm

sorry you ain't in, and perhaps we walks in to wait for you."

"Show me to myself?" gasped Mr. Henshaw.

Mr. Stokes winked. "On account o' the surprising likeness," he said, smiling. "It is surprising, ain't it? Fancy the two of us sitting there and talking to her and waiting for you to come in and wondering what's making you so late!"

Mr. Henshaw regarded him steadfastly for some seconds, and then, taking a firm hold of his mug, slowly drained the contents.

"And what about my voice?" he demanded, with something approaching a sneer.

"That's right," said Mr. Stokes, hotly; "it wouldn't be you if you didn't try to make difficulties."

"But what about it?" said Mr. Henshaw, obstinately.

"'AND WHAT ABOUT MY VOICE?' HE DEMANDED."

"You can alter it, can't you?" said the other.

They were alone in the bar, and Mr. Henshaw, after some persuasion, was induced to try a few experiments. He ranged from bass, which hurt his throat, to a falsetto which put Mr. Stokes's teeth on edge, but in vain. The rehearsal was stopped at last by the landlord, who, having twice come into the bar under the impression that fresh customers had entered, spoke his mind at some length. "Seem to think you're in a blessed monkey-house," he concluded, severely.

"We thought we was," said Mr. Stokes, with a long appraising sniff, as he opened the door. "It's a mistake anybody might make."

He pushed Mr. Henshaw into the street as the landlord placed a hand on the flap of the bar, and followed him out.

"You'll have to 'ave a bad cold and talk in 'usky whispers," he said, slowly, as they walked along. "You caught a cold travelling in the train from Ireland day before yesterday, and you made it worse going for a ride on the outside of a 'bus with me and a couple o' ladies. See? Try 'usky whispers now."

Mr. Henshaw tried, and his friend, observing that he was taking but a languid interest in the scheme, was loud in his praises. "I should never 'ave known you," he declared. "Why, it's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you could act like that?"

Mr. Henshaw remarked modestly that he had not been aware of it himself, and, taking a more hopeful view of the situation, whispered himself into such a state of hoarseness that another visit for refreshment became absolutely necessary.

"Keep your 'art up and practise," said Mr. Stokes, as he shook hands with him some time later. "And if you can manage it, get off at four o'clock to-morrow and we'll go round to see her while she thinks you're still at work."

Mr. Henshaw complimented him upon his artfulness, and, with some confidence in a man of such resource, walked home in a more cheerful frame of mind. His heart sank as he reached the house, but to his relief the lights were out and his wife was in bed.

He was up early next morning, but his wife showed no signs of rising. The cupboard was still empty, and for some time he moved about hungry and undecided. Finally he mounted the stairs again, and with a view to arranging matters for the evening remonstrated with her upon her behaviour and loudly announced his intention of not coming

home until she was in a better frame of mind. From a disciplinary point of view the effect of the remonstrance was somewhat lost by being shouted through the closed door, and he also broke off too abruptly when Mrs. Henshaw opened it suddenly and confronted him. Fragments of the peroration reached her through the front door.

Despite the fact that he left two hours earlier, the day passed but slowly, and he was in a very despondent state of mind by the time he reached Mr. Stokes's lodging. The latter, however, had cheerfulness enough for both, and, after helping his visitor to change into fresh clothes and part his hair in the middle instead of at the side, surveyed him with grinning satisfaction. Under his directions Mr. Henshaw also darkened his eyebrows and beard with a little burnt cork, until Mr. Stokes declared that his own mother wouldn't know him.

"Now, be careful," said Mr. Stokes, as they set off. "Be bright and cheerful; be a sort o' ladies' man to her, same as she saw you with the one on the 'bus. Be as unlike yourself as you can, and don't forget yourself and call her by 'er pet name."

"Pet name!" said Mr. Henshaw, indignantly. "Pet name! You'll alter your ideas of married life when you're caught, I can tell you!"

He walked on in scornful silence, lagging farther and farther behind as they neared his house. When Mr. Stokes knocked at the door he stood modestly aside with his back against the wall of the next house.

"Is George in?" inquired Mr. Stokes, carelessly, as Mrs. Henshaw opened the door.

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Stokes affected to ponder; Mr. Henshaw instinctively edged away.

"He ain't in," said Mrs. Henshaw, preparing to close the door.

"I wanted to see 'im partikler," said Mr. Stokes, slowly. "I brought a friend o' mine, name o' Alfred Bell, up here on purpose to see 'im."

Mrs. Henshaw, following the direction of his eyes, put her head round the door.

"'GEORGE!' SHE EXCLAIMED, SHARPLY."

"George!" she exclaimed, sharply.

Mr. Stokes smiled. "That ain't George," he said, gleefully; "that's my friend, Mr. Alfred Bell. Ain't it a extraordinary likeness? Ain't it wonderful? That's

why I brought 'im up; I wanted George to see 'im."

Mrs. Henshaw looked from one to the other in wrathful bewilderment.

"His living image, ain't he?" said Mr. Stokes. "This is my pal George's missis," he added, turning to Mr. Bell.

"Good afternoon to you," said that gentleman, huskily.

"He got a bad cold coming from Ireland," explained Mr. Stokes, "and, foolish-like, he went outside a 'bus with me the other night and made it worse."

"O-oh!" said Mrs. Henshaw, slowly. "In-deed! Really!"

"He's quite curious to see George," said Mr. Stokes. "In fact, he was going back to Ireland to-night if it 'adn't been for that. He's waiting till to-morrow just to see George."

Mr. Bell, in a voice huskier than ever, said that he had altered his mind again.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Stokes, sternly. "Besides, George would like to see you. I s'pose he won't be long?" he added, turning to Mrs. Henshaw, who was regarding Mr. Bell much as a cat regards a plump sparrow.

"I don't suppose so," she said, slowly.

"I dare say if we wait a little while——" began Mr. Stokes, ignoring a frantic glance from Mr. Henshaw.

"Come in," said Mrs. Henshaw, suddenly.

Mr. Stokes entered and, finding that his friend hung back, went out again and half led, half pushed him indoors. Mr. Bell's shyness he attributed to his having lived so long in Ireland.

"He is quite the ladies' man, though," he said, artfully, as they followed their hostess into the front room. "You should ha' seen 'im the other night on the 'bus. We had a couple o' lady friends o' mine with us, and even the conductor was surprised at his goings on."

Mr. Bell, by no means easy as to the results of the experiment, scowled at him despairingly.

"Carrying on, was he?" said Mrs. Henshaw, regarding the culprit steadily.

"Carrying on like one o'clock," said the imaginative Mr. Stokes. "Called one of 'em his little wife, and asked her where 'er wedding-ring was."

"I didn't," said Mr. Bell, in a suffocating voice. "I didn't."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," said Mr. Stokes, virtuously. "Only, as I said to you at the time, 'Alfred,' I says, 'it's all right for you as a single man, but you might be the twin-brother of a pal o' mine—George Henshaw by name—and if some people was to see you they might think it was 'im.' Didn't I say that?"

"You did," said Mr. Bell, helplessly.

"And he wouldn't believe me," said Mr. Stokes, turning to Mrs. Henshaw. "That's why I brought him round to see George."

"I should like to see the two of 'em together myself," said Mrs. Henshaw, quietly. "I should have taken him for my husband anywhere."

"You wouldn't if you'd seen 'im last night," said Mr. Stokes, shaking his head and smiling.

"Carrying on again, was he?" inquired Mrs. Henshaw, quickly.

"No!" said Mr. Bell, in a stentorian whisper.

His glance was so fierce that Mr. Stokes almost quailed. "I won't tell tales out of school," he said, nodding.

"Not if I ask you to?" said Mrs. Henshaw, with a winning smile.

"Ask 'im," said Mr. Stokes.

"Last night," said the whisperer, hastily, "I went for a quiet walk round Victoria Park all by myself. Then I met Mr. Stokes, and we had one half-pint together at a public-house. That's all."

Mrs. Henshaw looked at Mr. Stokes. Mr. Stokes winked at her.

"It's as true as my name is—Alfred Bell," said that gentleman, with slight but natural hesitation.

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Stokes, somewhat perturbed at Mr. Bell's refusal to live up to the character he had arranged for him.

"I wish my husband spent his evenings in the same quiet way," said Mrs. Henshaw, shaking her head.

"Don't he?" said Mr. Stokes. "Why, he always seems quiet enough to me. Too quiet, I should say. Why, I never knew a quieter man. I chaff 'im about it sometimes."

"That's his artfulness," said Mrs. Henshaw.

"Always in a hurry to get 'ome," pursued the benevolent Mr. Stokes.

"He may say so to you to get away from you," said Mrs. Henshaw, thoughtfully. "He does say you're hard to shake off sometimes."

Mr. Stokes sat stiffly upright and threw a fierce glance in the direction of Mr. Henshaw.

"Pity he didn't tell me," he said, bitterly. "I ain't one to force my company where it ain't wanted."

"I've said to him sometimes," continued Mrs. Henshaw, "'Why don't you tell Ted Stokes plain that you don't like his company?' but he won't. That ain't his way. He'd sooner talk of you behind your back."

"What does he say?" inquired Mr. Stokes, coldly ignoring a frantic headshake on the part of his friend.

"Promise me you won't tell him if I tell you," said Mrs. Henshaw.

Mr. Stokes promised.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," said Mrs. Henshaw, reluctantly, "but I get so sick and tired of him coming home and grumbling about you."

"Go on," said the waiting Stokes.

Mrs. Henshaw stole a glance at him. "He says you act as if you thought yourself a man," she said, softly, "and your everlasting clack, clack, clack, worries him to death."

"Go on," said the listener, grimly.

"P'r'aps I'll tell you some things about him some day."

"It would be only fair," said Mrs. Henshaw, quickly. "Tell me now; I don't mind Mr. Bell hearing; not a bit."

Mr. Bell spoke up for himself. "I don't want to hear family secrets," he whispered, with an imploring glance at the vindictive Mr. Stokes. "It wouldn't be right."

"Well, *I* don't want to say things behind a man's back," said the latter, recovering himself. "Let's wait till George comes in, and I'll say 'em before his face."

Mrs. Henshaw, biting her lip with annoyance, argued with him, but in vain. Mr. Stokes was firm, and, with a glance at the clock, said that George would be in soon and he would wait till he came.

"MR. STOKES SPRANG FROM HIS CHAIR AND, WITH CLENCHED FISTS, STOOD ANGRILY REGARDING THE HORRIFIED MR. BELL."

"And he says it's so much trouble to get you to pay for your share of the drinks that he'd sooner pay himself and have done with it."

Mr. Stokes sprang from his chair and, with clenched fists, stood angrily regarding the horrified Mr. Bell. He composed himself by an effort and resumed his seat.

"Anything else?" he inquired.

"Heaps and heaps of things," said Mrs. Henshaw; "but I don't want to make bad blood between you."

"Don't mind me," said Mr. Stokes, glancing balefully over at his agitated friend.

Conversation flagged despite the efforts of Mrs. Henshaw to draw Mr. Bell out on the subject of Ireland. At an early stage of the catechism he lost his voice entirely, and thereafter sat silent while Mrs. Henshaw discussed the most intimate affairs of her husband's family with Mr. Stokes. She was in the middle of an anecdote about her mother-in-law when Mr. Bell rose and, with some difficulty, intimated his desire to depart.

"What, without seeing George?" said Mrs. Henshaw. "He can't be long now, and I should like to see you together."

"P'r'aps we shall meet him," said Mr.

Stokes, who was getting rather tired of the affair. "Good night."

He led the way to the door and, followed by the eager Mr. Bell, passed out into the street. The knowledge that Mrs. Henshaw was watching him from the door kept him silent until they had turned the corner, and then, turning fiercely on Mr. Henshaw, he demanded to know what he meant by it.

"I've done with you," he said, waving aside the other's denials. "I've got you out of this mess, and now I've done with you. It's no good talking, because I don't want to hear it."

"Good-bye, then," said Mr. Henshaw, with unexpected hauteur, as he came to a standstill.

"I'll 'ave my trousers first, though," said Mr. Stokes, coldly, "and then you can go, and welcome."

"It's my opinion she recognised me, and said all that just to try us," said the other, gloomily.

Mr. Stokes scorned to reply, and reaching his lodging stood by in silence while the other changed his clothes. He refused Mr. Henshaw's hand with a gesture he had once seen on the stage, and, showing him downstairs, closed the door behind him with a bang.

Left to himself, the small remnants of Mr. Henshaw's courage disappeared. He wandered forlornly up and down the streets until past ten o'clock, and then, cold and dispirited, set off in the direction of home. At the corner of the street he pulled himself together by a great effort, and walking rapidly to his house put the key in the lock and turned it.

The door was fast and the lights were out. He knocked, at first lightly, but gradually increasing in loudness. At the fourth knock a light appeared in the room above, the window was raised, and Mrs. Henshaw leaned out.

"HE STRUCK A MATCH AND, HOLDING IT BEFORE HIS FACE, LOOKED UP AT THE WINDOW."

"*Mr. Bell!*" she said, in tones of severe surprise.

"*Bell?*" said her husband, in a more surprised voice still. "It's me, Polly."

"Go away at once, sir!" said Mrs. Henshaw, indignantly. "How dare you call me by my Christian name? I'm surprised at you!"

"It's me, I tell you—George!" said her husband, desperately. "What do you mean by calling me Bell?"

"If you're Mr. Bell, as I suppose, you know well enough," said Mrs. Henshaw, leaning out and regarding him fixedly; "and if you're George you don't."

"I'm George," said Mr. Henshaw, hastily.

"I'm sure I don't know what to make of it," said Mrs. Henshaw, with a bewildered air. "Ted Stokes brought round a man named Bell this afternoon so like you that I can't tell the difference. I don't know what to do, but I do know this — I don't let you in until I have seen you both together, so that I can tell which is which."

"Both together!" exclaimed the startled Mr. Henshaw. "Here—look here!"

He struck a match and, holding it before his face, looked up at the window. Mrs. Henshaw scrutinized him gravely.

"It's no good," she said, despairingly. "I can't tell. I must see you both together."

Mr. Henshaw ground his teeth. "But where is he?" he inquired.

"He went off with Ted Stokes," said his wife. "If you're George you'd better go and ask him."

She prepared to close the window, but Mr. Henshaw's voice arrested her.

"And suppose he is not there?" he said.

Mrs. Henshaw reflected. "If he is not

there bring Ted Stokes back with you," she said at last, "and if he says you're George, I'll let you in."

The window closed and the light disappeared. Mr. Henshaw waited for some time, but in vain, and, with a very clear idea of the reception he would meet with at the hands of Mr. Stokes, set off to his lodging.

If anything, he had underestimated his friend's powers. Mr. Stokes, rudely disturbed just as he had got into bed, was the incarnation of wrath. He was violent, bitter, and insulting in a breath, but Mr. Henshaw was desperate, and Mr. Stokes, after vowing over and over again that nothing should induce him to accompany him back to his house, was at last so moved by his entreaties that he went upstairs and equipped himself for the journey.

"And, mind, after this I never want to see your face again," he said, as they walked swiftly back.

Mr. Henshaw made no reply. The events of the day had almost exhausted him, and silence was maintained until they reached the house. Much to his relief he heard somebody moving about up-stairs after the first knock, and in a very short time the window was gently raised and Mrs. Henshaw looked out.

"What, you've come back?" she said, in a low, intense voice. "Well, of all the impudence! How dare you carry on like this?"

"It's me," said her husband.

"Yes, I see it is," was the reply.

"It's him right enough; it's your husband," said Mr. Stokes. "Alfred Bell has gone."

"How dare you stand there and tell me them falsehoods!" exclaimed Mrs. Henshaw. "I wonder the ground don't open and swallow you up. It's Mr. Bell, and if he don't go away I'll call the police."

Messrs. Henshaw and Stokes, amazed at their reception, stood blinking up at her. Then they conferred in whispers.

"If you can't tell 'em apart, how do you know this is Mr. Bell?" inquired Mr. Stokes, turning to the window again.

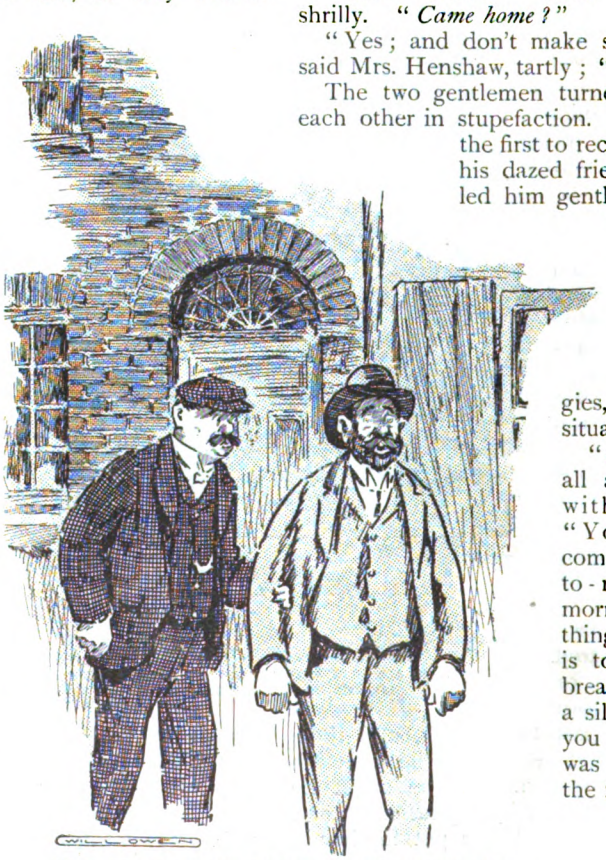
"How do I know?" repeated Mrs. Henshaw. "How do I know? Why, because my husband came home almost directly Mr. Bell had gone. I wonder he didn't meet him."

"Came home?" cried Mr. Henshaw, shrilly. "*Came home?*"

"Yes; and don't make so much noise," said Mrs. Henshaw, tartly; "he's asleep."

The two gentlemen turned and gazed at each other in stupefaction. Mr. Stokes was the first to recover, and, taking his dazed friend by the arm, led him gently away. At the end of the street he took a deep breath, and, after a slight pause to collect his scattered energies, summed up the situation.

"She's twigged it all along," he said, with conviction. "You'll have to come home with me to-night, and to-morrow the best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it. It was a silly game, and, if you remember, I was against it from the first."



"MR. STOKES, TAKING HIS DAZED FRIEND BY THE ARM, LED HIM GENTLY AWAY."

Nerve.

SOME INSTANCES OF HUMAN FORTITUDE.

By Harold Begbie.

EVERYBODY, I suppose, has admired in some form or another the hardy American who fell from the top of a sixteen-storey building, and made no remark whatever as he whizzed past fifteen floors, and even at the last storey in his descent only murmured, resignedly, "Now for the bump!"

This is what we call a story of "nerve," and it was some such spirit as this which Hamlet acknowledged when each petty artery in his body became "as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve." Nerve is not the singular of nerves, it is its antithesis. More than the lack of a little "s" separates it from that other word. It is divided from it by the impassable gulf which divides temperament from temperament, personality from personality.

Who shall measure the difference between the woman who swoons at the sight of a mouse, and the woman of whom it is written in "Heartless Rhymes":—

> Aunt Jane remarked the *second* time
> She tumbled off a 'bus:
> "The step is short from the sublime
> To the ridiculous";

or the difference between the man who takes gas for a tooth extraction and the man who remarked on getting his toe jammed under a Nasmyth hammer, "*Now* I have put my foot in it"?

Before proceeding to relate certain instances of remarkable nerve we would caution the reader from confusing an indifference to the sufferings of others with courage under one's own. We should not feel generous admiration, I think, for the friend of Lord Beaconsfield who, hearing of the old statesman's protracted death-pangs, exclaimed, airily: "Ah, overdoing it—as he always overdid everything."

The nerve of which we are thinking is a thing vastly different from any mere insensibility to sympathy. Yet the same admirable quality which enables an engine-driver to stick to his post in a moment of incredible danger may likewise provide a woman with the necessary retort to maintain her social prestige.

Whose blood has not quickened at the story of young Egerton, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, brought back on a litter smoking a cigar, with his legs blown to pieces by a shell and waving his hand to the stricken, gaping crowd of his sailors, with the laughing jest, "Well, boys, my cricketing days are over now"? And not less fine, though less known, is the story of an officer brought down shattered to pieces from the top of Spion Kop, who called almost with his dying gasp to the troops

"WELL, BOYS, MY CRICKETING DAYS ARE OVER NOW."

waiting to ascend, "You'll want water up there; take it up with you."

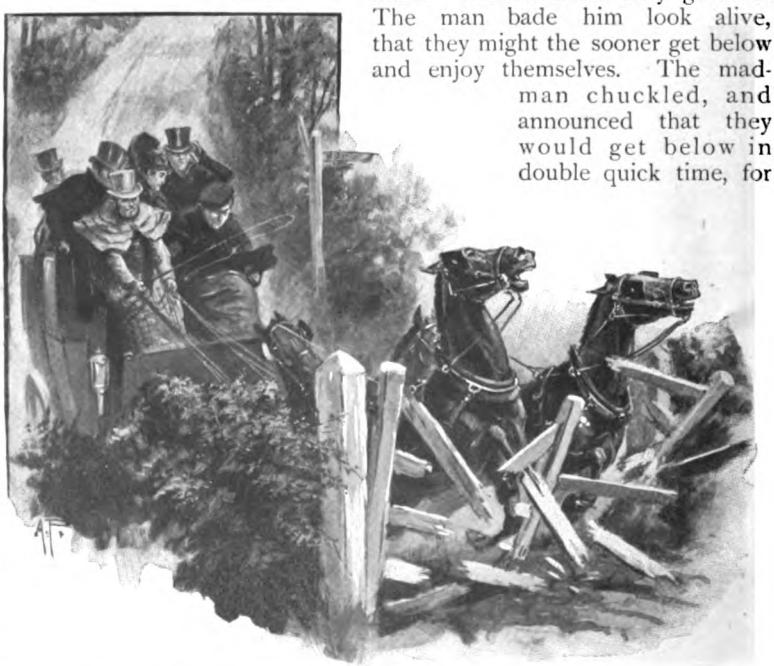
But even these stories do not quite express what we mean by the term "nerve." They are, as it were, the flourishes of courage, the gallant epigrams of valour—the last swagger of humanity flung over the shoulder to the world in sunlight by those whose faces are set inevitably to the valley of the shadow. "Nerve," on the other hand, signifies, in its highest interpretation, an enduring quality of the soul against which all the winds and the waves beat only to find it still standing steadfast; not defiantly, not contemptuously, not vaingloriously, not splendidly, and not tauntingly—but just standing.

Of all the stories of nerve which have come my way, none has so impressed me as a tale of the old coaching days. Going down a severe hill the brakes of the coach gave way, and the horses, taking fright, bolted. The danger was a sharp curve towards the bottom of the descent. To swing round this corner at break-neck speed meant the overturning of the coach. The driver, an old man, saw a way out. In front of him, just where the road swerved in this manner, was a five-barred gate leading into a field. Getting his reins well together, and keeping his horses' heads straight to the gate, he bent over the team and flogged them with all the fury of his old arm. They flew forward, maddened by the whip and terrified by the rattling coach behind them, and went straight for the little grassy ascent leading to the gate. The old coachman held them to it with iron hands. The leaders struck the gate, the bars flew asunder like match-wood, and in another instant the coach was at a standstill in a ploughed field. Then did the old coachman take off his hat and mop his brow with a bandanna handkerchief. Before he had finished with this operation his hat was near dropping out of his hand with its load of purses.

Perhaps a man is never so much in need of nerve as in those cases where he faces terror alone. There is a subconscious comfort in the presence of other fellow-beings which helps us in some way to emerge from hot corners with less disgrace to our courage. But when we are alone with horror, when death comes upon us in our solitude, then it is that we are apt to surrender the fibres of our being to the coward Panic.

I cannot imagine a worse situation than that of a certain steeple-jack, who found himself one day at the top of a church steeple with a madman grinning into his eyes. The madman was his mate. Both men had been at work on this steeple for many days, and had talked together while they hung in their saddles with the utmost accord. But on this particular day one of the men looked up to see madness in the eyes of his companion. In that moment he was alone with danger. No shout could avail. From the street below he looked like a spider snoozing in its web. The roofs and chimneys of the houses seemed to be level with the ground. High up in the loneliness of empty air he was alone with a madman.

The man kept his wits about him, and addressed some cheerful remark to his mate. The madman only grinned. The man bade him look alive, that they might the sooner get below and enjoy themselves. The madman chuckled, and announced that they would get below in double quick time, for



"THE LEADERS STRUCK THE GATE, THE BARS FLEW ASUNDER LIKE MATCH-WOOD."

that he was going to jump from the steeple with his friend in his arms. The other laughed as if at a good jest, and turned to his work. Then he began pushing with his feet against the steeple to get a swing into his saddle; he meant to grab the madman and hold him till help came. But the madman was also swinging his saddle, and before the sane man realized his danger the madman's fingers were closing round his throat and he was being thrust backward in his saddle. There they swung in the dizzy air, high over the unconscious city. By something of a miracle the man found his hands clutching at his tool-box as he swung back. His hands closed on a wrench. He grabbed it, made an upward thrust with his strangled body, and caught the madman a jangling blow across the side of his head. Then he clutched the fellow's body to save it from falling, and, after a moment's breathing, quietly lowered himself and his unconscious mate to the ground below.

"THE MADMAN'S FINGERS WERE CLOSING ROUND HIS THROAT."

What if he had killed the madman?

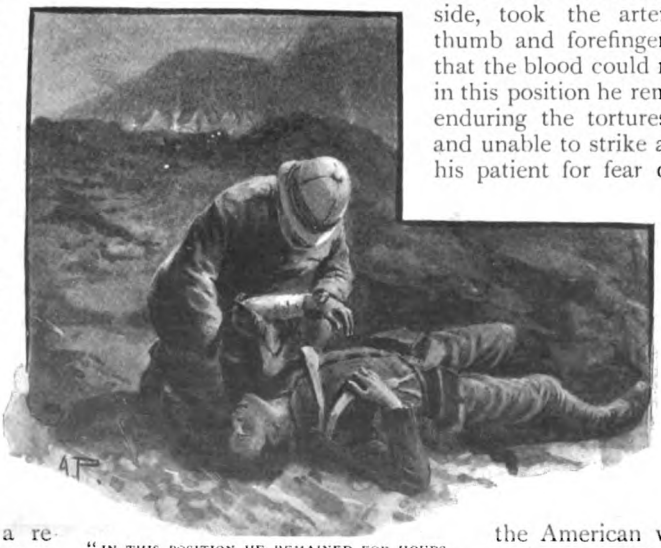
This terrible supposition reminds me of another story. In one of the loneliest lighthouses along the British coast, where visits come only at the longest intervals, a man fell suddenly ill and died. His colleague was left alone with a body which he dared not cast into the sea. Not only this, every day "Decay's effacing fingers" made a trial for murder more and more possible. He was alone with a dead body which was destroying its own evidences of a natural death.

The living man went on doing the work of the lighthouse night and day. He would go downstairs, when the weather permitted it, and stand at the door where the waves washed, holding his reason to the natural world with an effort which we can scarcely imagine. He might throw bread to the gulls, watch the play of the waves, or shade his eyes to study a steamer on the horizon, but not one moment went by in which his brain was not haunted by the solitary thought of his horrible situation. And then there were the nights up in the tower, with the winds shrieking round the lighthouse and the desolation of the waters on every side. When relief came he was a stricken man; but he was doing the work of the lighthouse with punctual care and quiet courage.

There was a man I knew who was once called upon to perform as difficult an act of nerve as one can well think of. He was in charge of a small detachment of men in a certain campaign of not many years ago, and he found himself upon one occasion in a position of extremest danger. His one hope lay in the courage of his men. So long as they did not lose their heads he felt confident of pulling through. But in the midst of this danger the sergeant began to show the white feather. The officer cautioned him quietly. The caution was of no avail. The sergeant openly and loudly protested the danger of the situation; he counselled, with all the hot and tumbling words of panic, an immediate retreat. He began to affect the nerves of the men. Then the officer stood over him before the men and

warned him, in a cold and level voice, that if he did not pull himself together he would be shot then and there. It was all of no avail. The poor fellow's nerves had gone to pieces. More in pity than in anger, the officer drew his revolver, went to the sergeant, and, before the wondering soldiers, shot him dead. Then he turned to his men, called out the coolest of them, and made him a sergeant.

In a quieter way the surgeon is often called upon to display the courage of emergency. The courage of his every operation is a matter of habit; his nerves have become schooled to the business; we do not wonder or applaud his nerve. But there come occasions when courage of a certain kind is suddenly called upon; and rarely does the surgeon fail. I shall never forget a certain evening in one of the London hospitals, whither I had accompanied the surgeon on our way to a dinner-party, at the sudden call of the telephone. A poor fellow had been knocked down and run over by an omnibus. The house-surgeon had telephoned for his chief because it was a matter of life and death. When we arrived at the hospital the surgeon pronounced for an immediate operation. The patient was taken from the ward and borne by the lift to the operating-room. For a certain part of the time I was in the room. On the table lay the groaning man, breathing stertorously, with the chloroform held over his nose and mouth by one of the students. The surgeon, with his dress-coat thrown aside and his shirt-sleeves turned up, was busy scrubbing his hands. Students in white jackets prepared the instruments, the lint, and the ligatures. Two nurses stood like statues at the end of the room. With the electric light burning brightly, and with the white-robed figures moving quietly to and fro, speaking in awed whispers, the scene had something of a religious character. The surgeon, approaching the table in his long white jacket, seemed like a priest surrounded by his acolytes.



"IN THIS POSITION HE REMAINED FOR HOURS, ENDURING THE TORTURES OF A CROSS-FIRE."

It was towards the end of the operation, at one of the most critical moments of the undertaking, that the dreadful thing happened. Without a moment's warning, with a suddenness which in itself was nerve-shaking, all the electric lights went out. There was an instant exclamation of horror, a swift shuffling of feet, and then in the midst of the panic came the calm voice of the surgeon with the one word, "Candles!"

In the darkness he stooped over the incision, his hands holding the man's life in, and waited for the candles to come. It was a moment requiring extraordinary calm. The fifty possibilities of what might happen, from the question of the chloroform to the question of the gaping wound, were each one of them, as they flashed through the surgeon's mind, sufficient to heat and flurry his brain. But when the doors opened and the students came breathlessly in bearing candles and lamps, it was with hands that betrayed neither physical exhaustion nor mental stress that the great surgeon continued and concluded his operation. An hour later he was among the most entertaining guests at the end of the dinner to which we had been invited.

Mr. Winston Churchill once told me of an Army doctor who had sprinted out from camp at night to a wounded soldier, meaning to bring him in on his shoulder, but who found that the man was swiftly bleeding to death. With a courage beyond all praise this doctor knelt down at the man's side, took the artery between his thumb and forefinger, and held it so that the blood could not escape. And in this position he remained for hours, enduring the tortures of a cross-fire, and unable to strike a match to study his patient for fear of attracting the enemy's bullets. Of all the exciting experiences in his romantic career, Mr. Churchill regards this cool action of the doctor as the very bravest.

Mr. Cleveland Moffatt, the American writer, before he took to chastising the wickedness

of plutocracy, spent a great deal of his time among men whose lives expose them to the "nerviest" of experiences. In almost every case he found these men to possess the most phlegmatic temperaments, and heard them speak with the utmost *sang-froid* of experiences sufficient to curdle the blood of ordinary citizens. He told me when he was last in England of bridge-builders who will pause to strike a match on the sole of an upturned boot as they are walking along a girder less than one foot broad, hundreds of feet above a river!

In one of his books, too, he tells of an Irishman who quietly sat down on one of these dizzy girders hanging over nothing, and fell fast asleep. When his mates saw it they were "a bit perturbed"—I think that was the phrase. And the cause of their perturbation lay in the difficulty of waking Pat. For it is a curious thing that in work at high altitudes the sudden unexpected touch of a swinging rope is sufficient to send a man hurling to destruction. Nothing must be sudden or unexpected. If destruction looms up, the man who perceives it must drawl his intelligence in the most nonchalant fashion. A shout would send a hundred men crashing to death. A man at work in the air has been known to fall by the mere brushing against the back of the head of a rope suddenly loosed by an unthinking workman.

In the case of Pat sleeping placidly on the girder, two men volunteered to go to the rescue. One approached him from the right side and one from the left. Walking noiselessly along the narrow girder, they drew nearer and nearer to the Irishman, and then made a simultaneous grab at his shoulders and held him. Their united strength prevented his awakening from overturning all three into the river below. When he was quite awake they told him not to do it again, and walked off along the girder "steadying themselves against the wind." Their nerve carried them through a task which might have appalled the bravest man who ever wore the Victoria Cross.

Women display courage in their own incomparable fashion. Typical of woman's method of encountering danger is the story of the woman who observed, as she was concluding her toilet for the night, the presence of a burglar under her bed. Without letting the man know that she had perceived him, this woman quietly put on her dressing-gown and knelt down at the bedside to say her prayers. She prayed aloud. She made her own personal intercessions to Heaven, and then prayed for all poor sinners living in the darkness of estrangement from God, "particularly this unhappy man lying under my bed, meditating the wickedness of stealing, and perhaps of murder."

This woman saved the situation, just as with equal nerve another woman saved a very different position in the social world. The fascinating Lady Blessington had been the kindest of friends to Napoleon III., when he was living in a very beggarly fashion in London. When she went to Paris after his return she found that the Emperor took no notice of her presence, and expressed not the smallest desire to manifest his gratitude. Lady Blessington's friends were amazed; Lady Blessington was annoyed. Presently her opportunity came. At a crowded reception, surrounded by her friends, she encountered the forgetful Emperor. In the midst of his Royal progress through the brilliant rooms he paused for a moment before his old friend, and exclaimed, in a tone of passing interest: "Ah, Miladi Blessington! Restez-vous longtemps à Paris?" To which Lady Blessington made answer, "Et vous, sire?"

The crushing nature of this retort could only have come from a cold brain—a mind capable of inflicting extreme pain on a fellow-being out of sheer enthusiasm for right. It is not the easiest thing to bring oneself to do to reprove a King, but the gorgeous Lady Blessington, as her history tells, was a woman of amazing nerve.

On the whole question one wonders whether that quality of the mind which is signified by the term "nerve" is as vigorous and efficient to-day as it was in the past. Anæsthetics have in some measure dispensed with the need of courage. We are not now taught in childhood the extreme value of cultivating insensibility to pain. Mrs. Wesley, it will be remembered, was wont to whip her children regularly in childhood so that they might ultimately learn to endure suffering without tears! Such a training was not without great value in days when a man who went to the wars might have to submit his leg or arm to the surgeon's saw without anæsthetic of any kind. To-day you may very easily hear a young man boasting of his "nerves." "Oh, how *could* you bear it?" they cry, with countenances expressing rather contempt than admiration, when you tell them of some painful experience. Casabianca has become a subject for parody. As for the Christian martyrs—is it not openly agreed that every doctrine would be sacrificed before

"LADY BLESSINGTON MADE ANSWER, 'ET VOUS, SIRE?'"

the rack, the thumbscrew, and the faggot? I sometimes wonder what Latimer thinks of our religious courage, if he ever concerns himself with the earth. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley. Play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

It may be argued that horror of pain manifests a keener degree of sensibility. This, of course, is the shield under which the coward always stoops before the world. But pain has ever been pain and nerves have always been nerves, and long before the dawn of refinement there were cowards. I think it is rather that modern life has so exhausted the opportunities of suffering that we have encouraged in ourselves an intenser apprehension of pain than was known to our fathers. We have come to think of pain as being worse than it really is. To-day we find the most admirable control of the nerves among those men whose lives are spent in the midst of many and great dangers.

I heard recently of a poor lady whose mind had suffered under the emotionalism of a certain religious revival; she had come to regard herself as a lost soul, and in order to prepare herself for the torments hereafter she was actually found thrusting her hand into the fire. She wounded herself dreadfully, but she had actually schooled herself to bearing the torture for some considerable time.

Here it was an unnatural force behind the mind which drove a tenderly-nurtured woman to endure almost unimaginable suffering. But we have reason to believe the force of a concentrated will can school the nerves to contemplate almost any degree of danger and can accustom the mind to endure the sharpest agonies without a murmur of complaint.

If we knew the truth of things we might find, in the heart of a woman going about her homely work with the doom of cancer in her blood, courage of an order to which the greatest heroes of romance never attained. Carlyle once gave up his admiration to a murderess who walked unflinchingly to the scaffold.

"Always do what you are afraid to do," was a piece of advice commended by Emerson. I knew a man who was so ashamed of his cowardice that he accustomed himself to wake up at a certain hour in the night in order that he might make the dark and lonely tour of his father's house. In time he was able to endure the drawing of a tooth without gas!

It is worth while, I think, to lay stress upon the modern need for *teaching* endurance to children. It is not so well recognised to-day as it was in the past that fearlessness is one of the first attributes of a fine nature. According to a modern poet, one of the marks of a gentleman is "a soul incapable of fear." According to all historians, courage is the glory of the race.

"Sir," said a gentleman to one who feared, "you are aspersing the honour of your mother."

Puck of Pook's Hill.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

VI.

ON THE GREAT WALL.

When I left Rome for Lalage's sake
  By the Legions' Road to Rimini,
She vowed her heart was mine to take
  With me and my shield to Rimini –
  (Till the Eagles flew from Rimini !)
    And I've tramped Britain and I've tramped Gaul
    And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall
  As white as the neck of Lalage—
  As cold as the heart of Lalage !
    And I've lost Britain and I've lost Gaul
(the voice seemed very cheerful about it),
    And I've lost Rome, and worst of all,
      I've lost Lalage !

THEY were standing by the gate to Far Wood when they heard this song. Without a word they hurried to their private gap and wriggled through the fence almost atop of a jay that was feeding from Puck's hand.

"Gently !" said Puck. "What are you looking for?"

"Parnesius, of course," Dan answered. "We've only just remembered yesterday. It isn't fair."

Puck chuckled as he rose. "I'm sorry, but children who spend the afternoon with me and a Roman Centurion need a little settling dose of magic before they go to tea with their governess. Ohé, Parnesius !" he called.

"Here, Faun !" came the answer from Volaterrae. They could see the shimmer of bronze armour in the beech crotch, and the friendly flash of the great shield uplifted.

"I have driven out the Britons," Parnesius laughed like a boy. "I occupy their high forts. But Rome is merciful! You may come up!" And up they all three scrambled.

"What was the song you were singing just now?" said Una, as soon as she had settled herself.

"That? Oh, *Rimini*. It's one of the tunes that are always being born somewhere in the Empire. They run like a pestilence for six months or a year, till another one pleases the Legions, and then they march to *that*."

"Tell them about the marching, Parnesius. Few people nowadays walk from end to end of this country," said Puck.

"The greater their loss. I know nothing better than the Long March when your feet are hardened. You begin after the mists have risen, and you end, perhaps, an hour after sundown."

"And what do you have to eat?" Dan asked, promptly.

"Fat bacon, beans, and bread, and whatever wine happens to be in the rest-houses. But soldiers are born grumblers. Their very first day out, my men complained of our water-ground British corn. They said it wasn't so filling as the rough stuff that is ground in the ox-mills. However, they had to fetch and eat it."

"Fetch it? Where from?" said Una.

"From that newly-invented water-mill below the Forge."

"That's Forge Mill—*Our* Mill!" Una looked at Puck.

"Yes; yours," Puck put in. "How old did you think it was?"

"I don't know. Didn't Sir Richard Dalyngridge talk about it, Puck?"

"He did, and it was old in his day," Puck answered.

"It was new in mine," said Parnesius. "The men looked at the flour in their helmets as though it had been a nest of adders. They were only trying my patience. But I addressed them, and we became friends. To tell the truth, they taught me the Roman Step. You see, I'd only served with quick-marching auxiliaries. A legion's pace is altogether different. It is a long, slow stride, that never varies from sunrise to sunset. 'Rome's Race—Rome's Pace,' as the proverb says. Twenty-four miles in eight hours, neither more nor less. Head and spear up, shield on your back, cuirass-collar open one hand's breadth—and that's how you march through Britain."

"And did you meet any adventures?" said Dan.

"There are no adventures South the Wall," said Parnesius. "The worst thing that happened me was having to appear before a magistrate near Lindum, where a wandering philosopher had jeered at our Eagles. I was able to show that the old man had deliberately blocked the road, and the magistrate told him, out of his own Book, I believe, that, whatever his Gods were, he should pay proper respect to Rome."

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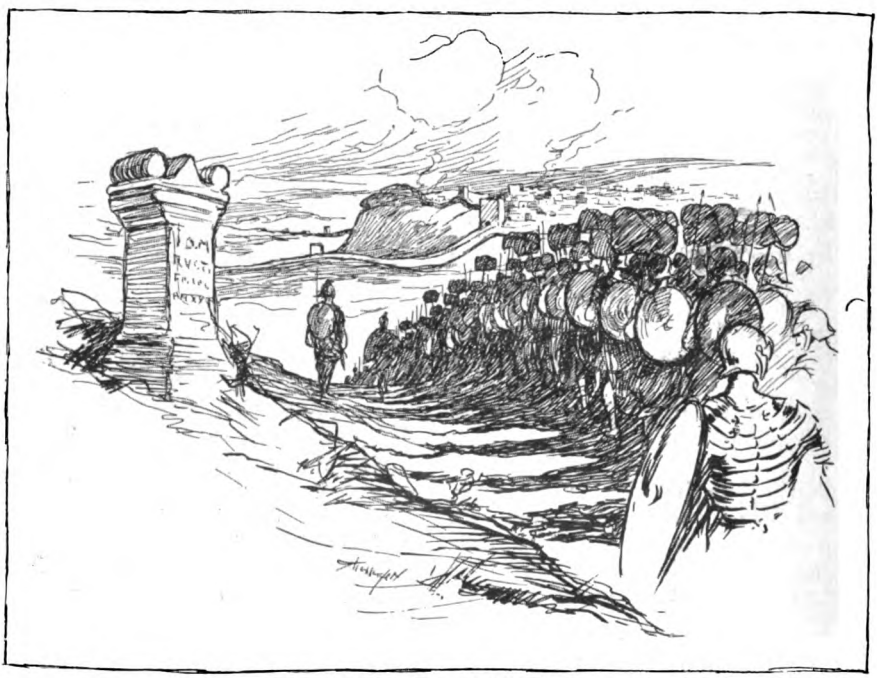
"What did you do?" said Dan.

"Went on. Why should *I* care for such things, my business being to reach my station? It took me twenty days.

"Of course, the farther North you go the emptier are the roads. At last you fetch clear of the forests and climb bare hills, where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been. No more pretty girls; no more jolly magistrates who knew your Father when he was young, and invite you to stay with them; no news at the temples and way-stations except bad news of wild beasts. That's where you meet hunters, and trappers for the Circuses, prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves. Your pony shies at them, and your men laugh!

"The houses change from open villas to shut forts with watch-towers of grey stone, and great stone-walled sheepfolds, guarded by armed Britons of the North Shore. In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on—and the wind sings through your helmet-plume—past altars to Legions and Generals forgotten, and broken statues of Gods and Heroes, and thousands of graves where the mountain foxes and hares peep at you. Red-hot in summer, freezing in winter, is that big, purple heather country of broken stone.

"Just when you think you are at the world's end, you see a smoke from East to West as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theatres, barracks and granaries, trickling along like dice behind—always behind—one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the Wall!"



"AND THAT IS THE WALL!"

"Ah!" said the children together.

"You may well," said Parnesius. "Old men who have followed the Eagles since boyhood say nothing in the Empire is more wonderful than first sight of the Wall!"

"Is it just *a* Wall? Like the one round our garden?" said Dan.

"No, no! It is *the* Wall. Along the top are towers with guard-houses, small towers, between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast, from guard-house to guard-house. A little curtain wall, no higher than a man's neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance you see the heads of the sentries sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the Wall, and on the Picts' side, the North, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tyres of wheels joined by chains. The Little

People come there to steal iron for their arrow-heads.

"But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the South side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather woods and ruins where Picts hide, and on the other, a vast town—long like a snake, and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall.

"My Cohort, I was told, lay at Hunno, where the Great North Road runs through the Wall into the Province of Valentia." Parnesius laughed scornfully. "The Province of Valentia! We followed the road, therefore, into Hunno town, and stood astonished. The place was a fair—a fair of peoples from every corner of the Empire. Some were racing horses: some sat in wine-shops: some watched dogs baiting bears, and many gathered in a ditch to see cocks fight. A boy not much older than myself, but I could see he was a Centurion, reined up before me and asked what I wanted.

"'My station,' I said, and showed him my shield." Parnesius held up his broad shield with its three X's like letters on a beer-cask.

"'Lucky omen,' said he. 'Your Cohort's the next tower to us, but they're all at the cock-fight. This is a happy place. Come and wet the Eagles.' He meant 'have a drink.'

"'When I've handed over my men,' I said. I was angry and ashamed.

"'Oh, you'll soon outgrow that sort of nonsense,' he answered. 'But don't let me interfere with your hopes. Go on to the Statue of Roma Dea. You can't miss it. The main road into Valentia!' and he laughed and rode off. I could see the statue not a quarter of a mile away, and there I went. At some time or other the Great North Road ran under it into Valentia, but the far end has been blocked up because of the Picts, and on the plaster a man had scratched, 'Finish!' It was like marching into a cave. We grounded spears together, my little thirty, and it echoed in the barrel of the arch, but none came. There was a door at one side painted with our number. We prowled in, and I found a cook asleep, and ordered him to give us food. Then I climbed to the top of the Wall, and looked out over the Pict country, and I—thought," said Parnesius. "The bricked-up arch with 'Finish!' on the plaster was what shook me, for I was not much more than a boy."

"What a shame!" said Una. "But did you feel happy after you'd had a good——" Dan stopped her with a nudge.

"Happy?" said Parnesius. "When the men of the Cohort I was to command came back unhelmeted from the cock-fight, their birds under their arms, and asked me who I was? No, I was not happy; but I made my

"THE MEN OF THE COHORT I WAS TO COMMAND CAME BACK UNHELMETED FROM THE COCK-FIGHT."

new Cohort unhappy too. . . . I wrote my Mother I was happy, but, oh, my friends"—he stretched arms over bare knees—"I would not wish my worst enemy to suffer as I suffered through my first months on the Wall. Remember this, among the officers was scarcely one, except myself (and I thought I had lost the favour of Maximus, our General), scarcely one who had not done something of wrong or folly. Either he had killed a man, or taken money, or insulted the magistrates, or blasphemed the Gods, and he had been sent to the Wall as a hiding-place from shame or fear. And the men were as the officers. Remember, also, that the Wall was manned by every breed and race in the Empire. No two towers spoke the same tongue, or worshipped the same Gods. In one thing only we were all equal. No matter what arms we used before we came to the Wall, *on* the Wall we were archers, like the Scythians. The Pict cannot run away from the arrow, or crawl under it. He is a bowman himself. *He* knows. . . ."

"I suppose you were fighting Picts all the time," said Dan.

"Picts seldom fight. I never saw a fighting Pict for half a year. The tame Picts told us they had all gone North."

"What is a tame Pict?" said Dan.

"A Pict—there were many such—who speaks a few words of our tongue, and slips across the Wall to sell ponies and wolf-hounds. Without a horse and a dog, *and* a friend, a man would perish. The Gods gave me all three, and there is no gift like friendship. Remember this"—Parnesius turned to Dan—"when you become a young man. For your fate will turn on the first true friend you make."

"He means," said Puck, grinning, "that if you make yourself a decent chap when you're young, you'll make rather decent friends when you grow up. If you're a beast, you'll have beastly friends. Listen to the Pious Parnesius on Friendship!"

"I am not pious," Parnesius answered, "but I know what goodness means; and my friend, though he was without hope, was ten thousand times better than I. Stop laughing, Faun!"

"Oh Youth Eternal and all believing," cried Puck, as he rocked on the branch above. "Tell them about Pertinax."

"He was that friend the Gods sent me—the boy who spoke to me when I first came. Little older than myself, commanding the Augusta Victoria Cohort on the tower next to us and the Numidians. In virtue he was my superior."

"Then why was he on the Wall?" Una asked, quickly. "They'd all done something bad. You said so yourself."

"He was the nephew, his Father had died, of a very great man in Gaul who was not always kind to his Mother. When Pertinax grew up, he discovered this, and so his uncle shipped him off by trickery and force to the Wall. We came to know each other at a ceremony in our temple—in the dark. It was the Bull Killing," he explained to Puck.

"*I* see," said Puck, and turned to the children. "That's something you wouldn't quite understand. Parnesius means he met Pertinax in church."

"Yes—in the Cave we first met, and we were both raised to the Degree of Gryphons together." Parnesius lifted his hand towards his neck for an instant. "He had been on the Wall two years, and knew the Picts well. He showed me first how to take Heather."

"What's that?" said both together.

"Going out into the Pict country with a tame Pict. You are quite safe so long as you are his guest, and wear a sprig of heather where it can be seen. If you went alone you would surely be killed, if you were not smothered first in the bogs. Only the Picts know their way about those black and hidden bogs. Old Allo, the one-eyed, withered little man from whom we bought our ponies, was our special friend. At first we went to escape from the terrible town, and to talk together about our homes. Then he showed us how to hunt wolves and the great red deer with horns like Jewish candlesticks. The Roman-born officers rather looked down on us for doing this, but we preferred our heather to their amusements. Believe me," Parnesius turned again to Dan, "a boy is safe from all things that really hurt when he is astride a pony or after a deer. Do you remember, O Faun," he turned to Puck, "the little altar I built to the Sylvan Pan by the pine-forest beyond the brook?"

"What? The stone one with the line from Xenophon?" said Puck, in quite a new voice.

"No. What do I know of Xenophon? That was Pertinax — after he had shot his first mountain hare with an arrow — by chance! Mine I made of round pebbles in memory of my first bear. It took me one happy day to build." Parnesius turned to the children quickly.

"And that was how we lived on the Wall for two years—a little scuffling with the Picts, and a great deal of hunting with old Allo in the Pict country. He called us his children

sometimes, and we were fond of him and his barbarians, though we never let them paint us Pict fashion. The marks endure till you die."

"How's it done?" said Dan. "Anything like tattooing?"

"Their priests prick the skin till the blood runs, and rub in coloured earth and juices. Allo was painted blue, green, and red from his forehead to his ankles. He said it was part of his religion. He told us about his religion (Pertinax was always interested in such things), and as we came to know him well, he told us what was happening in Britain behind the Wall. By the Light of the Sun," said Parnesius, earnestly, "there was not much that those little people did not know! He told me when Maximus crossed over to Gaul, after he had made himself Emperor of Britain, and what troops and emigrants he had taken with him. We did not get the news on the Wall till fifteen days later. Wonderful! And I tell another strange thing!"

He jointed his hands across his knees, and leaned his head on the curve of the shield behind him.

"Late in the summer, when the first frosts begin and the Picts kill their bees, we three rode out after wolf with some new hounds. Rutilianus, our General, had given us ten days' leave, and we had pushed beyond the Second Wall—beyond the Province of Valentia—into the higher hills, where there are not even any of Rome's old ruins. We killed a she-wolf before noon, and while Allo was skinning her he looked up and said to me, 'When you are Captain of the Wall, my child, you won't be able to do this any more!'

"I might as well have been made Prefect of Lower Gaul, so I laughed and said, 'Wait till I am Captain.' 'No, don't wait,' said Allo. 'Take my advice and go home—both of you.' 'We have no homes,' said Pertinax. 'You know that as well as we do. We're finished men—thumbs down against both of us. Only men without hope would risk their lives on your ponies.' The old man laughed one of those short Pict laughs—like a fox barking on a frosty night. 'I'm fond of you two,' he said. 'Besides, I've taught you what little you know about hunting. Take my advice and go home.'

"'We can't,' I said. 'I'm out of favour with my General, for one thing; and for another, Pertinax has an uncle.'

"'I don't know about his uncle,' said Allo, 'but the trouble with you, Parnesius, is that your General thinks well of you.'

"'Roma Dea!' said Pertinax, sitting up. 'What can you guess what Maximus thinks, you old horse-coper?'

"Just then (you know how near the brutes creep when one is eating) a great dog-wolf jumped up behind us, and away our rested hounds tore after him, with us at their tails. He ran us far out of any country we'd ever heard of, straight as an arrow till sunset, towards the sunset. We came at last to long capes stretching into winding waters, and on a grey beach below us we saw ships drawn up — forty-seven we counted. Not Roman galleys—but the raven-winged ships from the North where Rome does not rule.

"WE THREE RODE OUT AFTER WOLF WITH SOME NEW HOUNDS."

Men moved in the ships, and the sun flashed on their helmets—winged helmets of the red-haired men from the North where Rome does not rule. We watched, and we counted, and we wondered, for though we had heard rumours concerning these Winged Hats, as the Picts called them, never before had we looked upon them.

"'Come away! Come away!' said Allo. 'My Heather won't protect you here. We shall all be killed!' His legs trembled like his voice. Back we went—back across the heather under the moon, till it was nearly morning, and our poor beasts stumbled on some ruins.

"When we woke, very stiff and cold, Allo was mixing the meal and water. One does not light fires in the Pict country except near a village. The little men are always signalling to each other with smokes, and a strange smoke brings them out buzzing like bees. They can sting, too.

"'What we saw last night was a trading-station,' said Allo. 'Nothing but a trading-station.'

"'I do not like lies on an empty stomach,' said Pertinax. 'I suppose (he had eyes like an eagle), I suppose *that* is a trading-station also.' He pointed to a smoke far off on a hill-top, ascending in what we call the Picts' Call, thus: Puff—double-puff: double-puff—puff! They make it by raising and dropping a wet hide on a wetted fire.

"'No,' said Allo, pushing the platter back into the bag. 'That is for you and me. Come along.'

"We came. When one takes Heather, one must obey one's Pict—but that wretched smoke was twenty miles distant, well over on the east coast, and the day was as hot as a bath

"BELOW US, ALONE IN A HOLLOW, HOLDING HIS PONY, SAT MAXIMUS, EMPEROR OF BRITAIN."

"'Whatever happens,' said Allo, while our ponies grunted along, 'I want you to remember me.'

"'I shall not forget,' said Pertinax; 'you have cheated me out of my breakfast.'

"'What is a handful of crushed oats to a Roman?' he said. Then he laughed his laugh that was not a laugh. 'What would *you* do if *you* were a handful of oats being crushed between the upper and lower stones of a mill?'

"'I'm Pertinax, not a riddle-guesser,' said Pertinax.

"'You're a fool,' said Allo. 'Your Gods and my Gods are threatened by strange Gods, and all you can do is to laugh.'

"'Threatened men live long,' I said.

"'I pray the Gods that may be true,' he said. 'But I ask you again not to forget me.'

"We climbed the last hot hill and looked out on the eastern sea, three or four miles off. There was a small sailing-galley of the North Gaul pattern at anchor, her landing-plank down and her sail half up; and below us, alone in a hollow, holding his pony, sat Maximus, Emperor of Britain. He was dressed like a hunter, and he leaned on his little stick; but I knew that back as far as I could see it, and I told Pertinax.

"'You're madder than Allo!' he said. 'It is the sun!'

"Maximus never stirred till we stood before him. Then he looked me up and down, and said: 'Hungry again? It seems to be my destiny to feed you whenever we meet. I have food here. Allo can cook it.'

"'No,' said Allo. 'A Prince in his own land does not wait on wandering Emperors. I feed my two children without asking your leave.' He began to blow up the ashes.

"'I was wrong,' said Pertinax. 'We are all mad. Speak up, O Madman called Emperor!'

"Maximus smiled his terrible tight-lipped smile, but two years on the Wall do not make a man afraid of mere looks. So I was not afraid.

"'I meant you, Parnesius, to live and die a Centurion of the Wall,' said Maximus. 'But it seems from these,' he fumbled in his breast, 'you can think as well as draw.' He pulled out a roll of letters I had written to my people, full of drawings of Picts, and bears, and men I had met on the Wall. Mother and my sister always liked my pictures.

"He handed me one that I had called 'Maximus's Soldiers.' It showed a row of fat wine-skins, and our old Doctor of the Hunno hospital sniffing at them. Each time Maximus had taken troops out of Britain to help him to conquer Gaul, he used to send us more wine—to keep us quiet, I suppose. On the Wall, we always called a wine-skin a 'Maximus.' Oh, yes; and I had drawn them in Imperial helmets.

"'Not long since,' he went on, 'men's names were sent up to Cæsar for smaller things than this.'

"'True, Cæsar,' said Pertinax; 'but you forget that was before I, your friend's friend, became such a good spear-thrower.'

"He did not actually point his hunting spear at Maximus, but balanced it on his palm—so!

"'I was speaking of time past,' said Maximus, never fluttering an eyelid. 'Nowadays one is only too pleased to find boys who can think for themselves, *and* their friends.' He nodded at Pertinax. 'Your Father lent me the letters, Parnesius, so you run no risk from me.'

"'None whatever,' said Pertinax, and rubbed the spear-point on his sleeve.

"'I was forced to reduce the garrison in Britain, because we need troops in Gaul. Now I come to take troops from the Wall itself,' said he.

"'I wish you joy of us,' said Pertinax. 'We're the last sweepings of the Empire—the men without hope. Myself, I'd sooner trust condemned criminals.'

"'You think so?' he said, quite seriously. 'But it will only be till I win Gaul. One must always risk one's life, or one's soul, or one's peace—or something.'

"Allo passed round the fire with the sizzling deer's meat. He served us two first.

"'Ah!' said Maximus, waiting his turn. 'I perceive you are in your own country. Well, you deserve it. They tell me you have quite a following among the Picts, Parnesius.'

"'I have hunted with them,' I said. 'Maybe I have a few friends among the heather.'

"'He is the only armoured man of you all who understands us,' said Allo, and he began a long speech about our virtues, and how we had saved one of his grandchildren from a wolf the year before."

"Had you?" said Una.

"Yes; but that was neither here nor there. The little green man orated like a Cicero. He made us out to be magnificent fellows. Maximus never took his eyes off our faces.

"'Enough,' he said. 'I have heard Allo on you. I wish to hear you on the Picts.'

"I told him as much as I knew, and Pertinax helped me out. There is never harm in a Pict if you but take the trouble to find out what he wants. Their real grievance against us came from our burning their heather. The whole garrison of the Wall moved out twice a year, and solemnly burned the heather for ten miles North. Rutilianus called it clearing the country. The Picts, of course, scampered away, and all we did was to destroy their bee-bloom in the summer, and to ruin their sheep-food in the spring.

"'True, quite true,' said Allo. 'How can we make our holy heather-wine, if you burn our bee-pasture?'

"We talked long, Maximus asking keen questions that showed he knew much and had thought more about the Picts. He said presently to me: 'If I gave you the old Province of Valentia, could you keep the Picts contented till I win Gaul? Stand away, so that you cannot see Allo's face, and speak your own thoughts.

"'No,' I said. 'You cannot restore that Province. The Picts have been free too long.'

"'Leave them their village councils, and let them furnish their own soldiers,' he said. 'You, I am sure, would hold the reins very lightly.'

"'Even then, no,' I said. 'At least not now. They have been too oppressed by us to trust anything with a Roman name for years and years.'

"I heard old Allo behind me mutter: 'Good child!'

"'Then what do you recommend,' said Maximus, 'to tide over till I win Gaul?'

"'Leave the Picts alone,' I said. 'Stop the heather-burning at once, and—they are

improvident little animals—send them a shipload or two of corn now and then.'

"'Their own men must distribute it—not some cheating Greek accountant,' said Pertinax.

"'Yes, and allow them to come to our hospitals when they are sick,' I said.

"'Surely they would die first,' said Maximus.

"'Not if Parnesius brought them in,' said Allo. 'I could show you twenty wolf-bitten, bear-clawed Picts within twenty miles of here. But Parnesius must stay with them in Hospital, else they would go mad with fear.'

"'*I* see,' said Maximus. 'Like everything else in the world, it is one man's work. You are that one man.'

"'Pertinax and I are one,' I said.

"'Now, Allo, you know that I mean your people no harm. Leave us to talk together,' said Maximus.

"'No need!' said Allo. 'I am the corn between the upper and lower millstone. I must know what the lower millstone means to do. These boys have spoken the truth as far as they know it. I, a Prince, will tell you the rest. I am troubled about the Men of the North.' He squatted like a hare in the heather, and looked over his shoulder.

"'I also,' said Maximus, 'or I should not be here.'

"'Listen,' said Allo. 'Long and long ago the Winged Hats'—he meant the Northmen—'came to our beaches and said, "Rome falls! Push her down!" We fought you. We were beaten. After that we said to the Winged Hats, "You are liars! Make our men alive that Rome killed, and we will believe you." They went away ashamed. Now they came back bold, and they tell the old tale, which we begin to believe—that Rome falls!'

"'Give me three years' peace on the Wall,' said Maximus, 'and I will show you and the ravens how they lie!'

"'Ah, I wish it too! I wish to save what is left of the corn from the millstones. But you shoot us Picts when we come to borrow a little iron from the Iron Ditch; you burn our heather, which is all our crop; you trouble us with your great catapults. Then you hide behind the Wall, and scorch us with Greek fire. How can I keep my young men from listening to the Winged Hat—in winter especially, when we are hungry? My young men will say, "Rome can neither fight nor rule. The Winged Hats will help us to push down the Wall. Let us show them the secret roads across the bogs." Do *I* want that? No!' He spat like an adder. '*I* would keep the secrets of my people though I were burned alive. My two children here have spoken truth. Leave us Picts alone. Comfort us, and cherish us, and feed us from far off—with the hand behind your back. Parnesius understands us. Let him have rule on the Wall, and I will hold my young men quiet for'—he ticked it off on his fingers—'one year easily: the next year not so easily: the third year, perhaps! See, I gave you three years. If then you do not show us that Rome is strong and terrible, the Winged Hats, I tell you, will sweep down the Wall from either sea till they meet in the middle, and you will go. *I* shall not grieve over

"'NO NEED!' SAID ALLO. 'I AM THE CORN BETWEEN THE UPPER AND LOWER MILLSTONE.'"

that, but well I know tribe never helps tribe except for one price. We Picts will go too. The Winged Hats will grind us to this!' He threw a handful of dust in the air.

"'Oh, Roma Dea!' said Maximus. 'It is always one man's work—always and everywhere.'

"'And one man's life,' said Allo. 'You are Emperor, but not a God. You may die.'

"'I have thought of that, Allo,' said Maximus. 'Very good. If this wind holds, I shall be at the East end of the Wall by morning. To-morrow, then, I shall see you two when I inspect.'

"'One instant, Cæsar,' said Pertinax. 'All men have their price. I am not bought yet.'

"'Do *you* also begin to bargain so early?' said Maximus. 'Well?'

"'Give me justice against my uncle Icenus, the Duumvir of Divio in Gaul.'

"'Only a life? I thought it would be money or an office. Certainly you shall have him. Write his name on these tablets—on the red side; the other is for the living!'

"'He is no use to me dead,' said Pertinax. 'My mother is a widow. I am far off. I am not sure he pays her all her dowry.'

"'No matter. My arm is reasonably long. We will look through his accounts in due time. Now, farewell till to-morrow, O Captains of the Wall!'

"We saw him grow small across the heather as he walked to the galley. There were Picts, scores, each side of him, hidden behind stones. He never looked left or right. He sailed away Southerly, full spread before the evening breeze, and when we had watched him out to sea, we were silent. We understood Earth held few men like to this man.

"Presently Allo brought the ponies and held them for us to mount—a thing he had never done before.

"'Wait awhile,' said Pertinax, and he made a little altar of cut turf, and strewed heather-bloom atop, and laid upon it a letter from a girl in Gaul.

"'What do you do, O my friend?' I said.

"'I sacrifice to my dead youth,' he answered, and, when the flames had consumed the letter, he ground them out with his heel. Then we rode back to that Wall of which we were Captains."

Parnesius stopped. The children sat still, not even asking if that were all the tale. Puck beckoned, and pointed the way out of the wood. "Sorry," he whispered, "but you must go now."

"We haven't made him angry, have we?" said Una. "He looks so far off, and thinky."

"Bless your heart, no. Wait till to-morrow. It won't be long. Remember, you've been playing 'Lays of Ancient Rome.'"

And as soon as they had tip-toed out of Far Wood, that was all they remembered.

"'I SACRIFICE TO MY DEAD YOUTH,' HE ANSWERED."

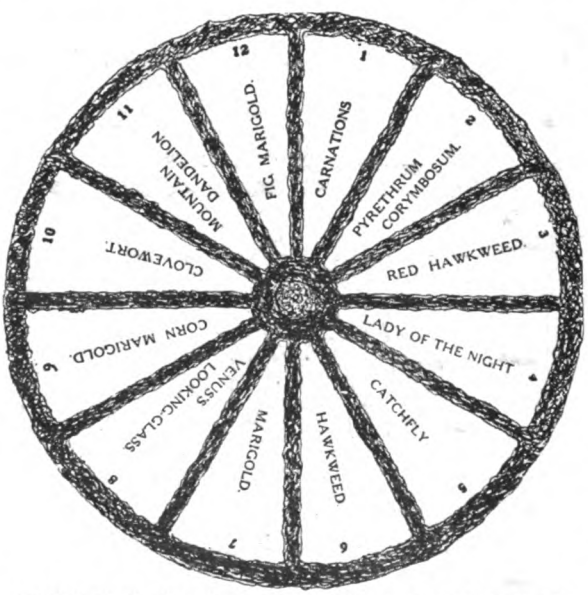
(*To be continued.*)

How to Make a Floral Clock.

By S. Leonard Bastin.

MANKIND has apparently been interested in the passage of time from the earliest days of recorded history. Many and varied are the devices which have been introduced to record the fleeting hours, most of them being far more notable for their strangeness than for their accuracy. One of the most curious of all horological contrivances was that invented by the great Linnæus, and to which he gave the name of floral clock. The famous naturalist had observed that certain kinds of plants only commence to display their blossoms at a particular hour of the day, and he found that in a general way these varieties were wonderfully good time-keepers. In his garden at Upsala the Swedish scientist carried out a great number of experiments, with the result that eventually he had a list of plants each one of which he had proved opened its flowers at a certain hour of the day—in all, providing an almost unbroken sequence from the dawn to dusk of a summer's day. By an arrangement of these plants in beds, each bed representing an hour, it was possible on any moderately bright day to tell the time within half an hour or so, by finding out the last plant which had opened its flowers.

For a time, in the gardens of Europe, both public and private, floral clocks became the rage. Many efforts were made to improve the list of plants suitable for the purpose which Linnæus had given to the world, the most notable attempt being that made by Decandolle at Geneva. This botanist verified the times, added new names to the number of plants already used in the construction of floral clocks, and generally improved the designs of these unique contrivances. Indeed, his list of "timekeeping" plants is, even at the present day, about the best which has yet been suggested.



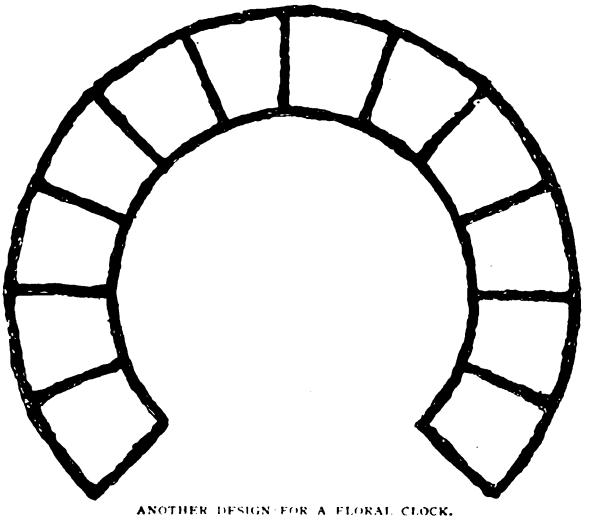
A FLORAL CLOCK SHOWING FLOWERS WHICH OPEN THEIR BLOSSOMS AT THE INDICATED HOUR.

From being things of frequent occurrence in gardens floral clocks have become almost extinct, and it is safe to say that in England there are not many people who have engaged in this fascinating form of the gentle art of horticulture. Yet the floral clock is within the reach of everybody who can find it in his heart to set aside a tiny piece of ground in the sunniest portion of his domain.

The preparation of a bed in which to design a floral clock requires a little scheming. Of course, it may be made in any shape which suits the fancy of the deviser, but one of the most satisfactory forms is the circle, as in the specimen here depicted. The circle should be divided into exactly twelve sections, and the dividing lines should be marked out (as may be the whole bed) with some hardy, low-growing plant, such as the evergreen saxifrage, stonecrop, etc. The divisions are supposed to represent the twelve hours of the day, reckoning from six in the morning until five in the afternoon.

Another and perhaps even better design for a floral clock than that already given is in the form of a horseshoe, as shown below, the arch-like curve being divided into twelve parts. In this shape it is an easy matter for an observer to inspect the clock, for on standing between the two ends of the horseshoe the whole of the twelve hours can be taken in almost at a glance.

It is now necessary to find twelve plants which shall each display their flowers at a different hour of the day, from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m. Of course, it is obvious that the selection of plants for the floral clock must consist of those which will all bloom at the same time of year, and, as the device should be at its best in June and July, only plants which flower at these seasons would be of any service. The following list of varieties is a good one, put together as the result of experiments by several persons. The approximate hour of opening is given before each species, though it must be borne in mind that this would be likely to vary in widely-separated localities. Wherever possible the popular name of the plant has been given:-



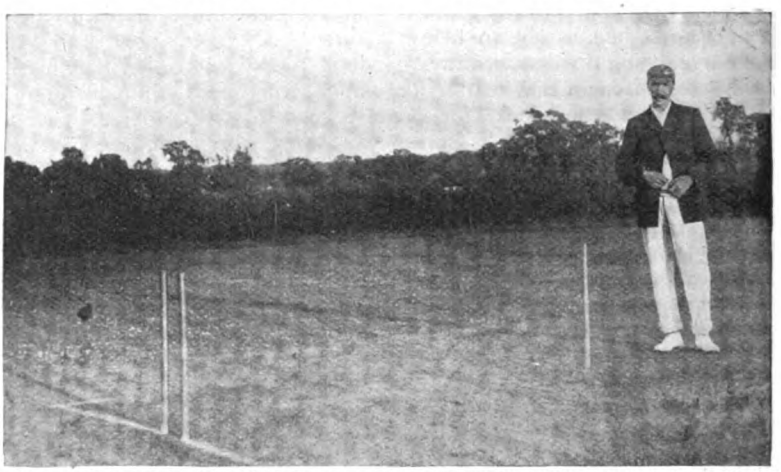
ANOTHER DESIGN FOR A FLORAL CLOCK.

6	o'clock.	Hawkweed (Hieracium aurantiacum).
7	,,	Marigold (Calendula pluvialis).
8	,,	Venus's Looking-Glass (Specularia speculum).
9	,,	Corn Marigold (Calendula arvensis).
10	,,	Clovewort (Arenaria rubra).
11	,,	Mountain Dandelion (Taraxacum montanum).
12	,,	Fig Marigold (Mesembryanthemum).
1	,,	Carnations.
2	,,	Pyrethrum corymbosum.
3	,,	Red Hawkweed (Hieracium).
4	,,	Lady of the Night (Mirabilis dichotora).
5	,,	Catchfly (Silene noctiflora).

Curiously enough, the most difficult hours in the day to fit with plants are twelve and three. A large number of the African succulents popularly called fig marigolds open about this time, though these would not succeed well in cold localities, and in such situations the section might be filled with carnations, as the different varieties of this flower vary a good deal as to their times of opening. So far as the writer has been able to discover, the red hawkweed is the only available plant which displays its blooms for the first time anywhere near three o'clock, and, as a rule, it is rather earlier than this time. Still, amongst the enormous number of fresh kinds of plants which are being introduced into our gardens, there must be some that would just fit in for these two awkward hours. It will not be the least pleasurable part of the possessor of a floral clock to strengthen and improve the list of plants best suited to the purpose.

Of course, the floral clock might be extended to embrace a greater number of hours than those suggested above. Several plants begin to unfold their blooms before six o'clock, as, for instance, the goat's beard, which opens its yellow blossoms at four, whilst it is followed by the yellow Siberian poppy at five. In the same way some plants wait until after five in the afternoon before showing their flowers. Thus, the evening primrose does not wake up until six o'clock, and the pretty little Marvel of Peru not much before seven. Later still, but a plant which would not be suitable for an outdoor bed, is the Queen of the Night cactus. This species does not display its magnificent white blossoms until about ten o'clock at night.

Curious Incidents in Cricket.



THE BALL STRUCK THE MIDDLE STUMP, WHICH STUCK UPRIGHT IN THE GROUND SEVERAL FEET BEHIND THE WICKET.

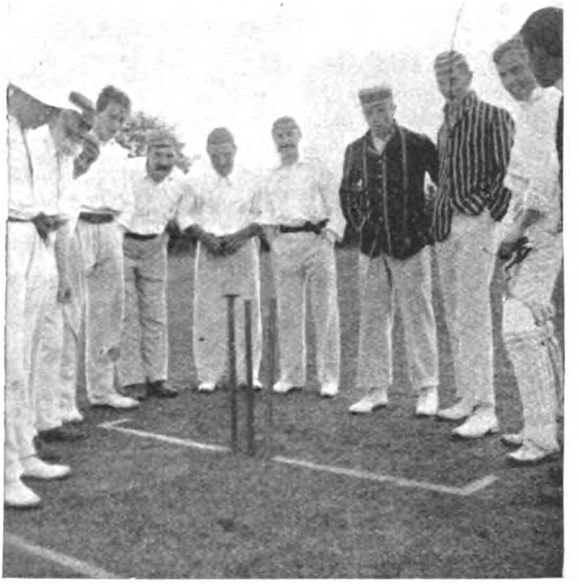
INCIDENTS are constantly happening in the course of everyday life which would have been thought impossible if they had not actually occurred. Cricket is a game which seems to be peculiarly liable to experiences of this description, and doubtless instances have come under the personal observation of many of our readers, while the stories which have been handed down to us are almost without number. One of these, for example, which is variously related of Fuller Pilch and of W. G. Grace, runs to the effect that the batsman in question received a ball in the chest, which, falling inside his shirt, became lodged in the folds, so that, as no fielder could recover it and it was obviously not a "lost ball," the batsmen were able to keep on running until they had won the match. Such a story may or may not be founded on fact, but in the extraordinary incidents collected in this article their authenticity is borne out by actual photographs taken on the spot.

Mr. H. J. Butler, of Merton, Surrey, is responsible for the photograph at the head of this article, which represents a most remarkable event that happened in a cricket match between Carshalton and Mitcham second eleven. The middle stump was sent out of the ground and turned over twice in the air, and then came down several feet from the wicket in a perfectly upright position and remained fixed in the ground exactly in a straight line with the position it formerly occupied. The photograph was taken by Mr. H. H. Forsyth, of Carshalton, exactly as the stump stood.

During the Elementary Schools Shield Competition at East Dereham the following incident occurred. The ball struck the outside of the off stump. The wicket shivered and left the leg bail in the position indicated in the photograph. Clearly all three stumps must have moved to leg. The middle and off stumps regained position more quickly than the leg stump, thus allowing the leg bail to fall off the middle stump. The leg stump in recovering position must have wedged the bail tightly against the middle stump. The case, with a diagram of the position of the wicket, was sent to Mr. F. E. Lacey, the

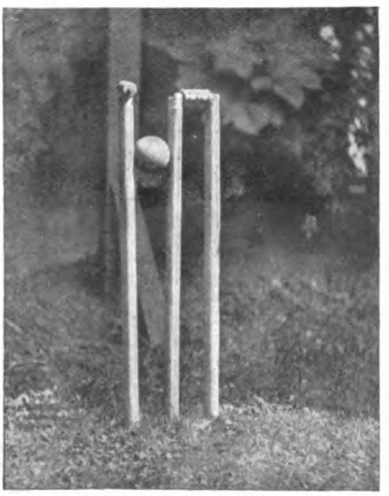
THE BAIL DISLODGED BUT NOT FALLEN.

secretary of the M.C.C., who wrote: "On the facts as stated an umpire would be justified in giving a batsman out." The photograph represents the two umpires examining the wicket. One of the umpires is the Rev. F. Marshall, M.A., well known in Rugby football circles, to whom the Cricket Competition among the elementary schools in Mid-Norfolk is mainly due. The shield was presented by Mr. F. Wilson, M.P. for Mid-Norfolk, on the suggestion of the Rev. F. Marshall. Miss M. Breze, of Windsor House, Cromer Road, Sheringham, R.S.O., was good enough to send us this remarkable photograph.



A BAIL LEFT BALANCED ON ONE STUMP.

The incident depicted in the photograph reproduced below happened while Mr. E. Hughes, of Little Sutton, Cheshire, was bowling "slows" to a friend of his by way of practice in the garden. In this case, not only has the bail been shifted, though remaining balanced on the stump, but the ball has become wedged in the wicket in a manner which no laws of probability would allow for a moment. The knotty point about this incident is whether the batsman was out or not, as, though the off bail is obviously still on the wicket, it must have been knocked off at the moment the ball hit the stumps.



THE BALL WEDGED BETWEEN THE STUMPS AND ONE BAIL LEFT BALANCED—WAS THE BATSMAN OUT?

The adjoining photograph, showing a group of cricketers inspecting a wicket, was taken by Mr. Manley, of Lewisham, the captain of the Goldsmiths' Institute Cricket Club. It represents an apparently impossible occurrence—the wicket having been bowled down, yet one bail left balanced on the off stump.

Mr. K. C. Auchmuty, of Kingsland, R.S.O., Herefordshire, thus describes the incident depicted in our final photograph: "Batting the other day at a private net, I played forward gently on the on side; the ball hit a bucket which had been left, half full of water, at 'mid-on.' The bucket, as may be seen, received it with a smile, though while the water came pouring out one might have fancied that it knew not whether to laugh or cry. Its expression seemed worthy to be photographed if it would 'kindly keep that' till a camera could be brought. It did. We have put the bucket on the shelf, but are keeping the ball rolling."

A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FORCE OF A HARD DRIVE.

Curiosities.

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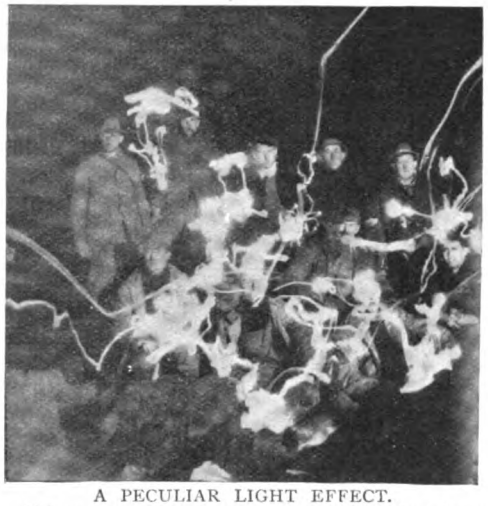
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A PECULIAR LIGHT EFFECT.

"I enclose with this a photograph, taken in a mine, that I think may be of interest. The camera was placed on a bench of rock, the shutter opened, and the men then began to group themselves, forgetting the candles carried on their hats. The progress of each may be traced by the line of light made on the film as they were moving about. When ready a flashlight was taken, but, as the stope in which they were was very large, very little shows but their faces."—Mr. J. M. Fox, Ishpeming, Michigan.

WHAT IS IT?

"I send you a photograph taken a few weeks ago on the top of one of the main tubes of the Royal Albert Bridge which spans the Tamar between Devonport and Saltash. The bridge is considered Brunel's greatest masterpiece, and was opened on May 3rd, 1859. The tube shown in the photo. is sixteen feet nine inches broad, twelve feet three inches high, seventy feet above the rail, and two hundred and sixty feet above the foundations. The total length of the bridge is two thousand two hundred feet, and the two great spans over the river are each four hundred and fifty-five feet. This photo. is, I believe, the only one ever taken on the top of the bridge."—Mr. H. Stuart Whitley, Trevella, Eastbourne.

JOAN OF ARC IN TOWELS.

"Whilst I was walking down the Rue Legrange in Paris my attention was attracted by a crowd stationed outside a large hosier's shop, and on drawing near I found that its interest was excited by a most novel statue of Joan of Arc which was placed in the interior of the shop. Having never seen a piece of statuary composed of materials other than stone, metal, wood, or plaster, I got permission to photograph this Maid of Orleans fashioned out of textile fabrics, and I herewith send it to you for reproduction. Yes; strange though it may sound, this really admirable figure of

the inspired girl of Domrémy, seated on her charger and holding in gallant posture the flag of France, is made out of the stuff with which we dry our faces in the morning—Turkish towels! Moreover, her stirrups are made out of cuffs, collars are used with telling effect for other portions of the figure, and ribbons are brought into requisition as reins. Note, too, what an excellent battlement can be formed by means of a few dozen Turkish towels, collars, and cuffs. I was told that this equestrian statue was the work of an ingenious shopman, who owed his recent promotion to having suggested it to his employer. The head of the establishment was somewhat sceptical of the man's success, but when he saw the result of two days' work he was so delighted that he advised his firm to preserve the statue for exhibition purposes at their various branches. And this has been done, with a marked increase in business."—Mr. Frederic Lees, 37, Rue Gros, Auteuil, Paris.

SOME O Russia Are Chained to WheelbarroSTICE.
The Picture Shows How Prisoners in Are Made to Feel That They Are Slws So That Waking or Sleeping
They F THE VICTIMS OF RUSSIAN JUaves.

A NEWSPAPER ENIGMA.

"It frequently occurs that you see words misspelled or letters transposed in the daily paper, due to the great haste in which the newspaper is prepared. But never has the writer seen a more puzzling newspaper enigma than the above. The person in charge of the make-ready could not have made it more of a puzzle had he tried. The meaning of the above sentences (which, as they now stand, form utter nonsense) will become clear when you transpose the three centre type-bars, thus, No. 3 to No. 1, No. 1 to No. 2, and No. 2 to No. 3, and the meaning will be clear."—Mr. P. C. Henry, Butler Buildings, Cincinnati.

THE LEOPARD'S LARDER.

"Here is a photograph which I have just received from India. It is of the carcass of a wild deer found dragged up and jammed by its head into the fork of a tree. My friend calls it 'the leopard's larder,' and I think it is a good name, as that is the only tree-climbing animal in those parts capable of killing a deer and strong enough to drag such a weight high enough to be out of the reach of wild boars and jackals, which abound in plenty in the neighbourhood. The photograph was taken in some forest land adjoining a tea estate in the Western Doon, Northern India."—Mr. W. E. H. Condon, R.M.A., Woolwich, S.E.

A BALLOON ACCIDENT.

"This is a snap-shot of a balloon (in connection with a parachute descent) which caught fire just as it ascended from Fillis Circus, Cape Town. Fortunately the parachutist had not taken his seat in the car."—Mr. D. T. Jenkins, P.O. Box 32, Cape Town.

THE EFFECT OF FIRE ON VARIOUS COINS.

"This photograph illustrates in a curious manner the effect of fire on copper, silver, and gold. At a recent disastrous fire at the weaving mills of Messrs. Samuel Salter and Co., Ltd., Trowbridge, one of the weavers left the money she had been paid for a piece of cloth in a small desk in the factory. The coins were half a sovereign, half a crown, a two-shilling piece, and two penny pieces, or fourteen shillings and eightpence altogether. After the fire the coins were discovered in the state illustrated, but though the gold piece was left intact, except that it had become entirely embedded in the other coins, the copper coins seem to have entirely melted, welding the whole into a solid mass. The silver coins are just discernible by their milled edges, but are melted together; but the half-sovereign looks as good as new. The photograph was taken by Messrs. Houlton Bros., of Trowbridge." — Mr. John Mackie, 31, Stallard Street, Trowbridge, Wilts.

A BURIED SPRING-GUN.

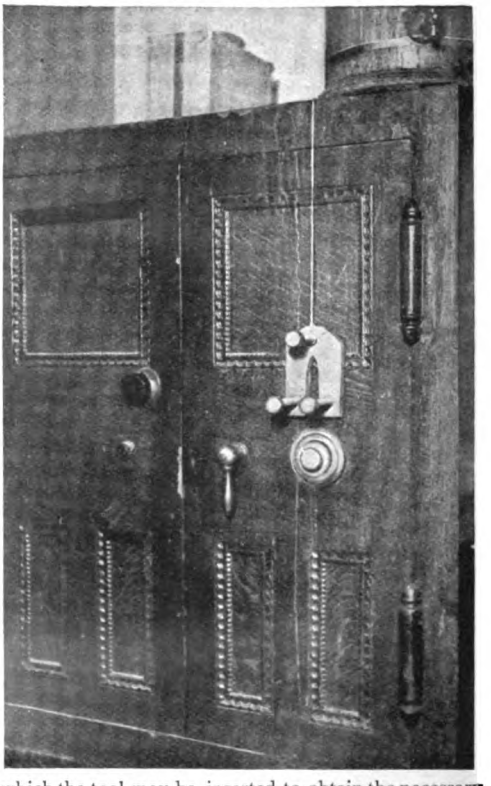
"This spring-gun was recently found embedded in the bark of an old oak in the grounds of the Old Manor Farm, Somerleyton, which dates back to 1565. The object of the gun, no doubt, was to protect the place against intruders. The hammer was actuated by two wires which led off on either hand to other trees at a distance, so that anyone striking against them would fire the gun and give the alarm, or if they came within range would be brought down by the charge. The muzzle is about six inches long, and the bore one and a half inches; it was evidently fired by some form of percussion cap. The course taken by the firing wires can be seen by the marks in the bark leading left and right from the base of the gun. It is in a good state of preservation, and is now about four feet from the ground."—Mr. M. W. Morgan, 67, Market Place, Great Yarmouth.

MEDIEVAL HUMOUR.

"I enclose two photographs for your Curiosity pages. They are not really good, but the circumstances under which they were taken were very trying, being close to the floor in a narrow aisle and in a very bad light. They are ancient carvings on pew doors in a little church at Sprotbrough, near Doncaster, Yorks, and represent 'before and after marriage.' The church is also interesting in many ways, for it was here that Sir Walter Scott attended whilst he was writing 'Ivanhoe.'"—Mr. F. A. Bevan, 7, Ampthill Square, London, N.W.

SCIENTIFIC SAFE-BREAKING.

"The following photograph illustrates the unique method adopted by expert American thieves in breaking open so-called 'burglar-proof' safes. The safe depicted is equipped with a combination lock. So finely is this attachment fitted to the safe door that it is impossible to prise it off with a chisel, owing to there being no crevice of any description into



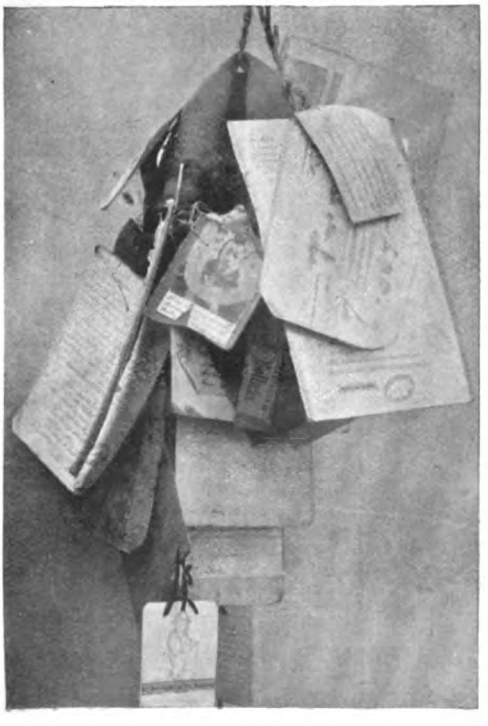
which the tool may be inserted to obtain the necessary leverage. Therefore, the thieves tear off the lock by means of the device shown in our photograph. This contrivance is fashioned out of heavy metal, and is attached to the top of the safe by means of a wire immediately over the lock. It is then dropped upon the lock, and the force with which it strikes the latter is sufficient to tear it completely off after a few such blows have been administered. The mechanism of the lock is then laid bare, and by means of his skeleton keys and other safebreaking impedimenta the thief rapidly gains access to the contents of the safe."—Mr. F. A. A. Talbot, 108, Addison Road, Hove.

THE STRENGTH OF A HUMAN TOOTH.

"I got out of bed in the small hours of the morning and imagined I was near the centre of the side of the bed. Convincing proof that I was not where my imagination placed me was soon forthcoming. Stooping suddenly (my height is 5ft. 10in.) with sufficient impetus to carry my head within less than two feet of the floor, the brass knob arrested my further descent after I had gone down about two feet—the metal received a terrific blow. I was partially stunned and found my mouth full of blood. It was the brass knob on the foot of the bed. Impact and withdrawal were almost simultaneous, and as soon as I could I struck a light, expecting to find several teeth gone, but beyond a very slight chip this tooth (one of the two front teeth), which was stopped three or four years ago, stood the blow. Singularly enough I lost the other front tooth by an accident in New Zealand several years ago—it was replaced by an artificial one, and this substitute helped to penetrate the brass, but, not being quite so far forward as the live tooth, it naturally met with much less resistance, as the perforation was caused by the sharp edge of the natural tooth. It would be an interesting problem to calculate the force of the blow, but I leave this to abler mathematicians."—Mr. Chas. E. Scutt, Gaiety Theatre, Hastings.

A MUCH-TRAVELLED HAT.

"My photograph is that of an old felt hat found on the most northern of railways—namely, that in Lapland, Norway. It was sent from there from station to station, its ultimate destination being the Pope in Rome. The joke has been appreciated by the various people to whom the hat was addressed. In the course of its journey it has become almost hidden under luggage-labels, pictures, pieces of paper with verse and epigrams, and notes of introduction, so much so, in fact, that there is very little of the hat to be seen. The photograph was taken by Mr. C. Wohlert."—Mr. M. Holm, Railway Station, Holstebro, Denmark.



THE HIGHEST MONUMENT ON EARTH.

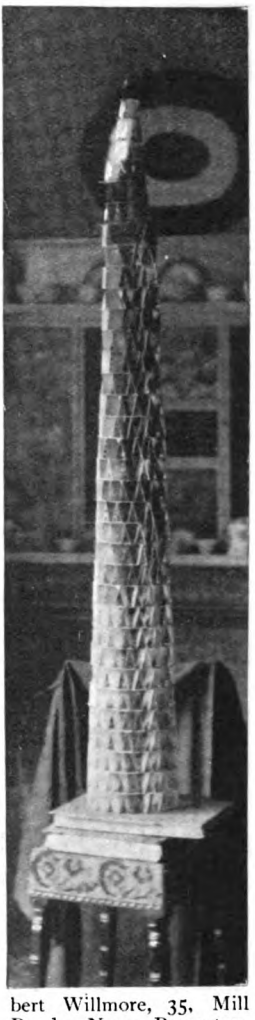
"I send you a photograph, taken by Mr. A. Bardi, of the highest monument on earth, or rather of the one standing at a higher elevation than any other. There has been unveiled on the summit of the mountain Roccia Melone, near Susa, in Italy, at 11,601 feet above sea-level, a bronze statue of the Virgin Mary. The funds to raise this monument were derived from the offerings of more than 130,000 school-children. After celebration of Mass and a short speech by the president of the committee, there was immured in the base of the monument an iron box containing the names of the 130,000 children who contributed the funds; further, a large medal with the effigies of King Umberto and Queen Margherita, presented by their Majesties and struck specially for this occasion. Besides the civil and military authorities and the clergy, a deputation of the above-mentioned children attended the function. The height of the monument is about twenty feet, and at a distance of over thirty miles the same can be clearly seen through a telescope."—Mr. E. D. Frank, 26, Hermannstrasse, Frankfort, Germany.

THE BLACK DWARF.

"The original person from whom Elshender the Recluse, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'The Black Dwarf,' was drawn was a poor unfortunate deformed man named David Ritchie. The accompanying photograph of him, which is probably unique, is taken from a statue, and said to be a good likeness. The statue gives an exact representation of his height, about three feet, and stands within the private grounds of Halyards mansion-house, near Peebles, only about a mile distant from the hut where 'Bow'd Davie' (Crooked David) lived. It was presented to a late proprietor of Halyards, after the death of the dwarf. There are probably now only two authentic pictures of the dwarf himself in existence. David Ritchie was born in Tweeddale about 1740. He is said to have been deformed from the time of his birth, though he himself was wont to declare that his uncouth appearance was due to ill-treatment during infancy. Owing to the taunts of his fellow-beings regarding his deformity, he lived and died a hermit and a misanthropist. He ordained that when his end came his remains 'should not be mixed with the common rubbish of the churchyard,' as he chose to express it, and he selected a lonely spot in the glen for his interment. When he died, however, in 1811, he was buried in the old kirk-yard of Manor, from which place his remains were stolen by a party of Resurrectionists. It was in 1797 that Sir Walter Scott, during a visit to a friend at Halyards House, first met with Bow'd Davie, the Black Dwarf."—Mr. C. J. H. Cassels, Ghight Cottage, 20, Addison Terrace, Crieff, Perth, N.B.

A REMARKABLE CARD TOWER.

"This circular structure, which took several hours to erect, stood five feet one and a quarter inches in height, the diameter of base being seven and a half inches. It had thirty-five tiers of arches, the topmost containing one arch, the bottom eighteen. There were 404 arches in all and 1,209 cards. It was built entirely with small playing-cards measuring one and three-quarter inches by one and a quarter inch. These cards were in no way attached to one another. The photograph was taken by Mr. R. S. Hill, Upton-on-Severn."—Mr. H. Herbert Willmore, 35, Mill Road, New Brompton, Kent.



HOUSE INJURED BY AN ANTS' NEST.

"This photograph represents a piece of a white ants' nest that destroyed two walls of the kitchen of a house in Albany, Western Australia. The nest, which is of a very hard substance, by some means got dislodged from its position on a steep hill. It rolled down for about two hundred yards, being reduced in size as it went, and finally crashed into a house at the bottom, doing the damage shown in the picture."—Mr. J. F. McMillan, View Street, Cottesloe, Western Australia.

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